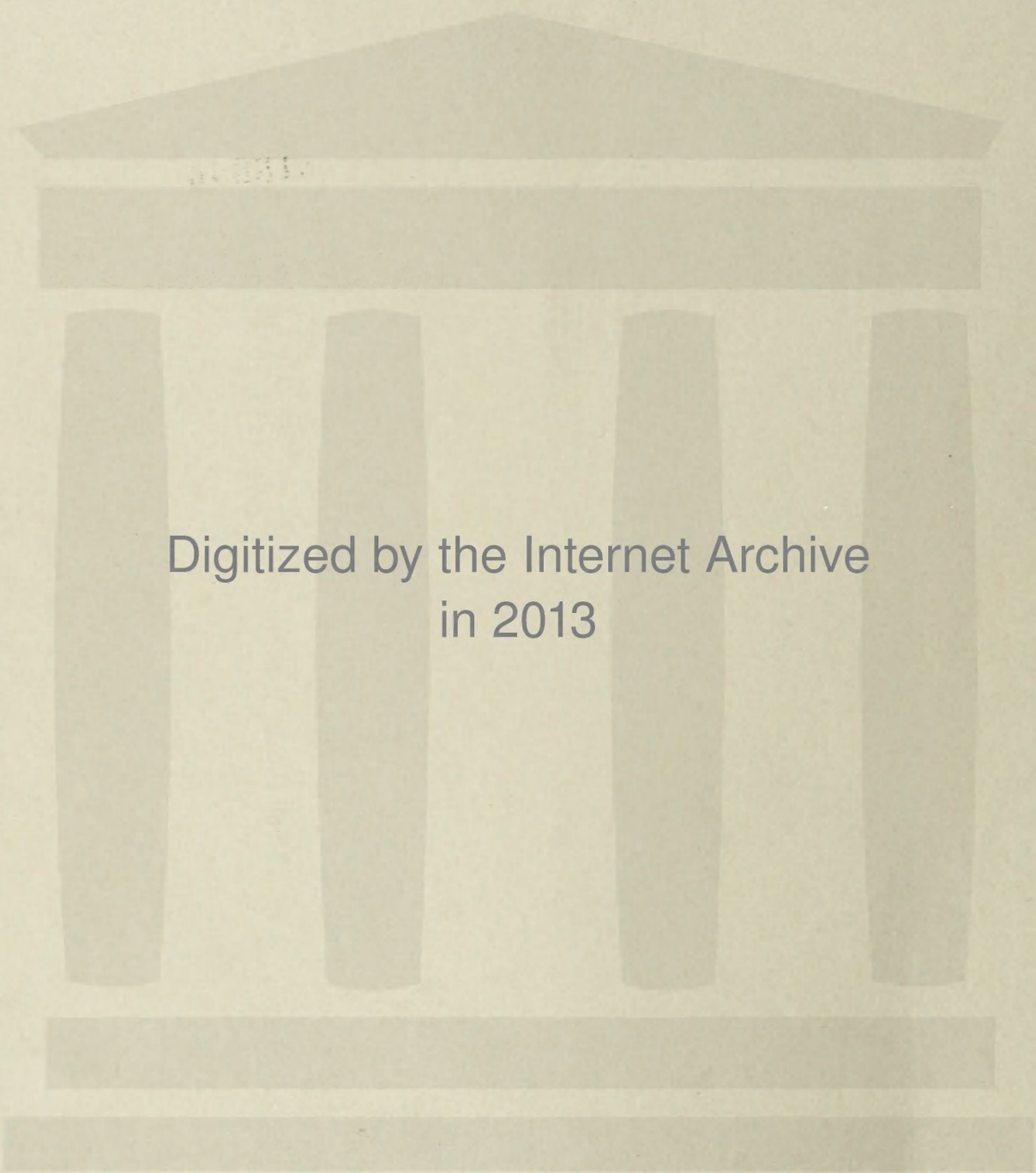
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JULY, 1961
35 CENTS

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

July, 1961

VOL. LXXVIII NO. 7

Journalities



Marjorie Dann

MARJORIE DANN (*Lillie's Boy*, page 34), former English teacher and airline hostess, is now full-time mother and part-time writer. "I grew up on a farm in Kansas," she reports, "and have vague but exciting memories of cyclones and early-winter wolf hunts. The urge to write has been with me since childhood—that inner voice, you know, saying 'You *must*.' I try."



Robert Paterson

ROBERT PATERSON claims Friday the thirteenth is his lucky day. "That's the date I met my wife, Merle, nineteen years ago. Our family now consists of three daughters, one son, and a Shetland sheep dog. Living in our Windsor, Ontario, home is a bit riotous in the winter. Merle's escape is ham radio (VE3EMY); mine is writing." His story: *New Girl in Town*, page 46.



Curtiss Anderson

CURTISS ANDERSON, the *Journal*'s new managing editor, comes from Minnesota with a nine-year pause in Iowa. He has had a variety of writing and editing experiences, beginning in the fourth grade. He wrote a play, *Mr. Kemp's Kidnapping Kase*, and a fellow actor substituted his own lines at the climax. His wife, Ann, is a writer—and a pretty one. "She edits me too," Curt says. (For his work, see Page 89.)

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Medical men know that constipation caused by a lack of food bulk can often be prevented.

That is why Kellogg's All-Bran is known as the "ounce of prevention." Just one ounce—half a cup—of this high-bulk cereal provides wholesome food bulk that nature requires each day for regularity.

The "ounce of prevention" that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies is especially helpful to folks as they get along in years and whose diets are likely to be deficient in bulk-forming foods.

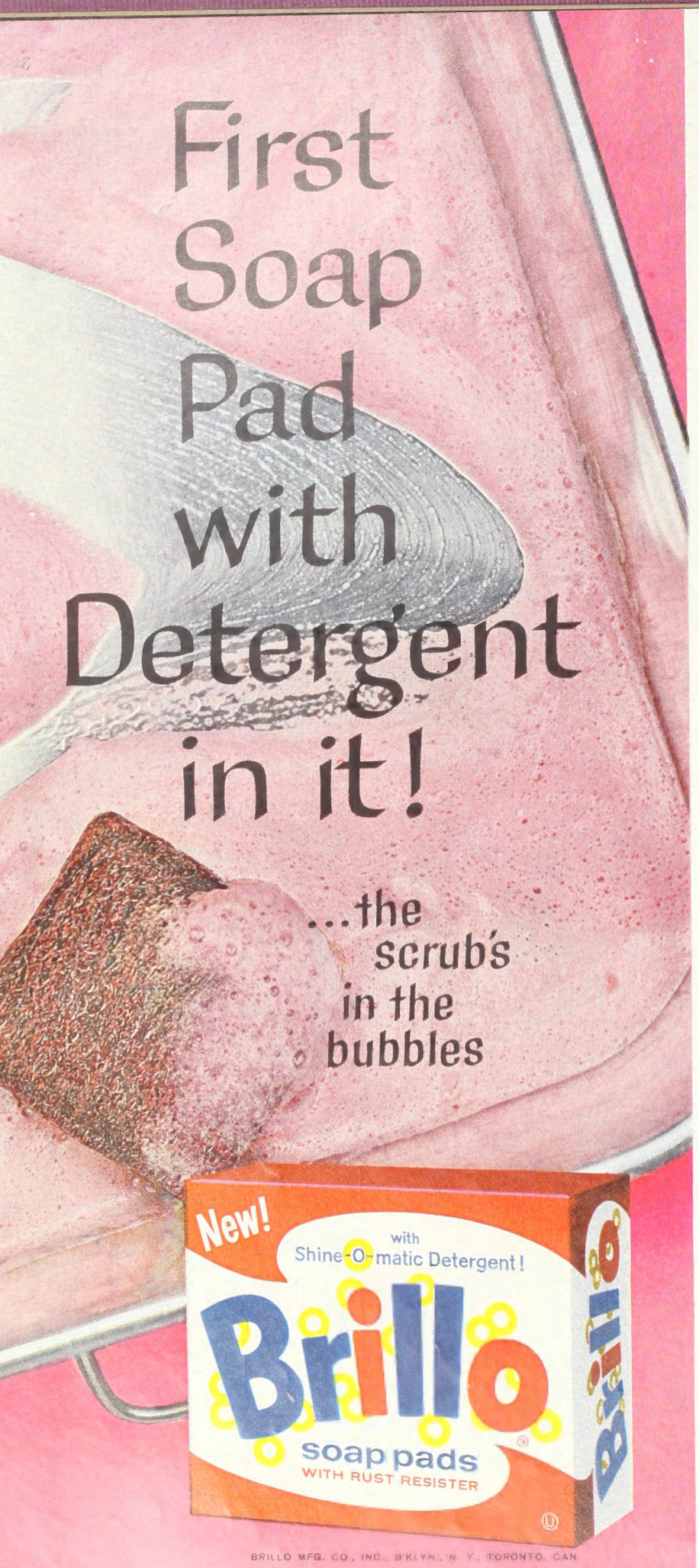
The time to stop constipation is before it starts. When you eat a small bowl of crisp, good-tasting Kellogg's All-Bran each day—have it with milk at breakfast or as a bedtime snack—you can relax in the pleasant confidence that you are getting wholesome food bulk your system needs.

Why don't you try it. Just be sure you get Kellogg's All-Bran. It's the real Battle Creek formula with the pleasant flavor of old-fashioned bran muffins—and a crispness that doesn't disappear when you add the milk. The little shreds of whole bran stay crisp right down to the bottom of the bowl. Kellogg's Original All-Bran.

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LETTERS OUR READERS WRITE US

ALABAMA

SAVE FOR A DREAM

Dear Editors: Tonight I looked into the eyes of my husband of thirty-nine years and suddenly realized that I did not know him at all. Very soon he will be sixty-five; and we won't go hungry, we won't be cold, we won't be lonely as long as we are together. But as long as I live I will see his face as he watched TV and said wistfully, "It must be wonderful to be a newsman and go all over the world."

If I had managed—and I could have—to save just $100 a year and put it into a special savings account, I could have given him one wonderful year of travel after he retires. He could have seen Westminster Abbey, have decided for himself whether Hong Kong is the most interesting city in the world.

To all the countless girls who will soon be brides I say: Don't spend all your income as you earn it. Save to meet at least one of his dreams.

Birmingham A BADLY SPOILED WIFE

NEW YORK

FAT AND *HAPPY*

Dear Ladies: I'm fat! And I haven't noticed my husband becoming a shrinking violet because of me. Our home is filled with our children's friends, and I hope they'll love and remember me for the interest I show in their activities and for what I feel in my heart.

Please don't make all fat people maladjusted neurotics. I know a few neurotics who are shapely and pretty.

Sincerely,

Oxford MRS. DOUGLAS LOUGHREN

CALIFORNIA

MY FAVORITE TEACHER

Dear Editors: Ever since I heard that she had retired, I've kept writing, in my mind, *Dear Miss Penney: You probably don't remember me after so many years and so many pupils, but I want to thank you* —— At this point I stop. It is easy to thank someone for flowers or a book, but how to say thank you for intangibles that widen one's understanding, enrich one's life, and help one in times of temptation or trouble?

She taught journalism; but it was for what she was herself, and for things she said that had nothing to do with the book's lesson, that I am grateful. She had a way of gently dropping an idea into a classroom and watching it reach inward and outward in thought. Thus she remarked one day, "We are punished by our sins, not for our sins," and the words have echoed in me as a helpful deterrent countless times in the years since.

Miss Penney truly loved young people, and she had a knack of noticing quiet people's unspoken needs. I remember the time she came up to me in the school cafeteria and asked if I wouldn't like to eat with a Swedish girl who was new in this country and could not speak English well. I was a shy child from a sheltered home, and it had never occurred to me that there was somebody, shyer and lonelier than I, who might need me. I wish Miss Penney could know how many times, across thousands of miles and the silence of years, she has given me a needed push toward someone of a foreign race, or a different color, or just someone on the edge of a group and ill at ease. Someone who, except for her remembered words, might have gone friendless and unnoticed.

I see her still, a small woman, no longer young, with no remarkable physical feature except her dark eyes that had an inner glow. I thought of her then as beautiful. I think of her as beautiful now. Sincerely,

Whittier HORTENSE ROBERTS MUNGER

PENNSYLVANIA

DON'T BE *TOO* DEFLATED, MOM!

Dear Editors:

No task impossible, you say?
I've made clown suits, snow suits and
Sunday-go-meetin' suits,
Mended awnings, throw rugs and even
Dad's fishing boots.
All my endeavors inconceivably
were a hit—
Until my tot cried, "Sew my balloon,
there's a hole 'n it!"

Sincerely,

Pittsburgh MRS. FONTAINE DEVICTOR

WISCONSIN

"UNPLEASANT" SUBJECTS

Dear Journal Editors: A reader recently asked in your letters column, "Isn't there enough sorrow in the world without your publishing articles on unpleasant subjects in the *Journal?*"

Many women like Mrs. M. C. would rather interest themselves in "light" reading than in bettering the communities in which they live. But if more women would unite in fighting demoralizing situations, we could *abolish* some of the sorrow in the world. Keep up the good work. Sincerely,

Milwaukee MRS. LLOYD MCGEE

NEW YORK

TAKE A BIBLE TO RUSSIA

Dear Mrs. Bass: Recently I was challenged by a Russian pastor, "Why do not the visitors who come to our country each bring in one Russian Bible and leave it? You have failed us!"

Can you help? Will you ask your readers who are visiting the U.S.S.R. to take along a Russian Bible? For a *free* copy, plus the latest tourist-tip booklet, write to Box 3456, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. Sincerely,

THE REVEREND STEVE DURASOFF

South Ozone Park

CONNECTICUT

IT BURNS ME UP!

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...tops all in cheese flavor!



Nothing adds so much zest to a grill as Borden's Chateau. Taste its lively cheese goodness glorifying hamburgers, bubbling in franks, enriching buns.

So good for children, too. All-purpose Chateau gives more essential protein, calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin A in a single (2-oz.) slice than an 8-oz. glass of whole milk. So economical in the 2-lb. loaf.

Beautifully behaved—cuts clean, melts creamy, keeps well. No wonder an independent survey shows families prefer Borden's Chateau, the original cheese food, 2 to 1.



BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES VERY BIG on FLAVOR

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BRING US YOUR PROBLEMS

Our readers are our friends and we are theirs. For years they have brought their *Journal* many questions. Some of them, and our answers, we feel might interest many. Our editors' close touch with human life is revealed in the *Journal*'s power to reach so many millions of women so deeply, month after month, year after year. Let us help you with your problems. When writing, address Problem Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Dear Journal: I am a working wife. Since my husband is a student, I'm obliged to go on working for several years. But my endurance is running out! I'm constantly fatigued. I don't have the energy to do justice to my job or to my home. I'd never ask my husband to give up his medical studies. (I think he'd give up me first.) What shall I do?

WORN OUT

Make an appointment with your doctor for a complete physical examination. Then sit down with your husband and take stock. Perhaps he could accept more of the household responsibilities. If not, both of you could settle for less-than-perfect housekeeping. You might look for a job that is less taxing. But remember that problems, like salaries, should be shared.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My neighbor has family problems and apparently needs psychiatric care. I'm kind to her, but feel I could do more. What agencies are there to help such people? How can I best advise her?

A.E.O.

You might describe to your neighbor how an imaginary friend found help with a similar problem by talking to her doctor or minister, or going to a family-welfare agency or outpatient psychiatric clinic. (To locate these, look in your telephone directory, or write your state mental-health association.) A sympathetic listener often is comforting. But only a trained professional should attempt to advise a person in serious trouble—amateurs may cause more trouble.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: I have always wanted to be married. But here I am, 39 years old with no prospects. People say I am not bad-looking. I can cook. I have a good job as secretary to a boss who thinks well enough of me to keep raising my pay. Why can't I get married?

MAIDEN

Probably because you want to be married more than you want to marry. Men are supposed to be the stronger sex, but every man needs a woman to remind him of it. If you stopped thinking first of yourself and concentrated on making some man think you thought he was the greatest, you would be surprised how soon he couldn't do without you. And, curiously enough, how you couldn't do without him. If you can give admiration and liking generously, genuinely, it is usually returned—with interest.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My son's wife is one of those pretty young things without much sense. She lets their children fill up on soda pop and candy, and run around in the summer without much on except dirt. I'm sure she doesn't cook good meals for her family; once I dropped in to find them eating frozen dinners. My son doesn't seem to care. Sometimes I have to bite my tongue to keep from speaking my mind!

MOTHER-IN-LAW

You've got the right idea. Keep biting your tongue. Mothers-in-law should speak their minds only in locked, soundproof rooms or occasionally let off steam to a sympathetic but objective husband. Be a friendly grandma, but keep your opinions to yourself.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: I was two months pregnant on my wedding day. My husband and I had planned to marry anyway and have been very happy, but now as my oldest daughter grows up I wonder what to tell her. My doctor says the circumstances of her birth should be forgiven and forgotten. But some of the neighbors know the truth. Should I explain to her why she was born only seven months after our marriage, before she hears the story from someone else? What will she think of her parents?

IOWA READER

If you have been good parents, there's little danger that your daughter's opinion of you will change. Better not bring up the subject. Your neighbors have probably "forgiven and forgotten," particularly if you have proved to be good parents. If your daughter does ask this question you fear, you could tell her some children are born prematurely. Later, when she's much much older, you might tell her that it made you happy to have your love rewarded by her—but it caused much pain also and that's why young people should never anticipate their marriage vows.

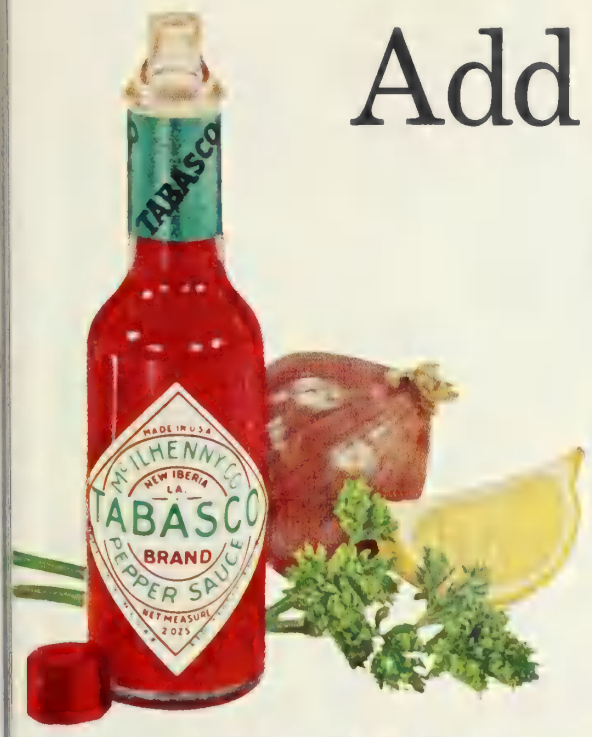
THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: What do you do when you have a beatnik in the family? My husband's brother wears sandals, a beard and a four-month growth of curly hair. He looks dirty and disreputable. I'm so embarrassed when I have to introduce him to our friends that I finally told him he could not visit us unless he changed his appearance. Now most of my in-laws consider me a narrow-minded grouch. Am I being unreasonable?

CONVENTIONAL WIFE

Not if you prefer censure to embarrassment. Your brother-in-law is entitled to be a nonconformist in his own pad, but when he is your guest he should avoid offending you and your friends. To placate your in-laws you might invite him when you don't expect other company. If your husband can take it, you should be able to stand him. If looking at the beatnik brother-in-law is too painful, get some dark glasses for yourself but keep your mind clear.

THE EDITORS



Add excitement ...add Tabasco®!

Why do simple everyday foods have new brightness, new interest, when you add Tabasco? Because this world-famous product is so much more than just a pepper sauce. Only Tabasco is made from the unique variety of red peppers developed at Avery Island by the McIlhenny family over a century ago and then pressed and mellowed, like fine wine, for years in oaken casks. That's why only Tabasco can spread this matchless flavor and appetizing aroma all through your favorite foods.

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Nothing could be simpler, yet nothing could be more effective in giving extra zest to salad dressing. Just add ¼ teaspoon TABASCO to ½ cup dressing. Watch appetites perk up!



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New idea! Bake in the cool of the morning, serve chilled and sliced—or diced in a man-size main-dish salad. TABASCO gives life to this homey favorite. It's in the TABASCO recipe booklet.†



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Another cool main dish, light but nourishing—and TABASCO makes it tempting enough for even the hottest day. Lots of protein in the shrimp and gelatine—and lots of enjoyment.



MARINADE FOR MEATS

Perfect for shish kebab! Combine 1 cup each vinegar and salad oil, a bit of minced onions and garlic. 2 teaspoons each salt and dry mustard, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon TABASCO. Really out of the ordinary!



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Easy but rather fancy, good for family or company. Pick your favorite from the three variations in the TABASCO recipe booklet.† In each case your eggs are done just right in butter seasoned with TABASCO.



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Broil it outdoors or in, TABASCO makes the finest steak even more flavorful. The trick is simplicity itself — just rub the steak with TABASCO and salt before cooking.

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"Tabasco" is also available in Canada.

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Starch new, easy time-saver way

Why starch each garment every time you wash it. Perma Starch stays in thru 8 to 15 washings —doesn't wash out. Irons easier, too. And no "starchy" look. It's wonderful! Try it!

New Improved
PERMA STARCH



"It's a Dumas Milner product it's a wife-saver"



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"Parents who make a great fuss about illness will, in general, bring up children who act the same way. And stoical parents will raise little stoics."

INJURY AND ILLNESS — YOUR CHILD'S ATTITUDE REFLECTS YOUR OWN

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

In the early years of our marriage my wife Jane and I found that the most difficult adjustment we had to make was to our different attitudes toward illness. When she was sick occasionally with acute sinusitis, she admitted she was sick and stayed home from work. If she had fever, she went to bed and expected to have a doctor take care of her. She wanted the appropriate medicine or other treatment. When I had an illness, I ignored it unless the symptoms were truly alarming. I kept on working, though this was a disservice to my patients and colleagues as well as to myself. I would take medicine if ordered to by a doctor, but if he gave me a choice I would brush it aside. I'd rather take the pain of tooth filling than take Novocaine.

But it wasn't just that I reacted in this way to my own illness. It made me uncomfortable to see Jane doing what I called "giving in" to her symptoms. I ostentatiously ignored them and I made it clear that I thought she should change her attitude and ignore them too. Needless to say, she felt that I was an inconsiderate husband—in this respect, anyway—and I was. To make matters worse, I was spending all my working hours taking care of other people's diseases.

Differences like these are, of course, built up during childhood by family attitudes. But even in the same family the influences on a boy are apt to be different from those on a girl. Boys are usually taught not to cry, not to run to their mother when hurt (or insulted), to work things out for themselves—not only by words but by their father's example. Most girls are permitted to have feelings and to show them, to admit the need for help, to put themselves in the care of another person when the occasion demands it.

Dr. Sybille Escalona in a study of young mothers found that the ones who took naturally to a woman's role in other respects were able to relax and enjoy being waited on in the obstetrical hospital, in contrast to others who felt, as soon as the baby was born, that they ought to be giving themselves their sponge baths, hopping out of bed to go to the bathroom.

It's believed that an important emotional characteristic of the men who get ulcers of the stomach and duodenum is a particularly intense denial of the normal human need to be cared for at times. It's interesting, too, that though four out of five ulcers used to occur in men, the proportion in women has been steadily rising in recent decades, presumably because of woman's changing role.

In different parts of the world there are widely varying traditions about the acceptance of suffering. In some northern American Indian tribes boys used to practice CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



ABBOT MILLS

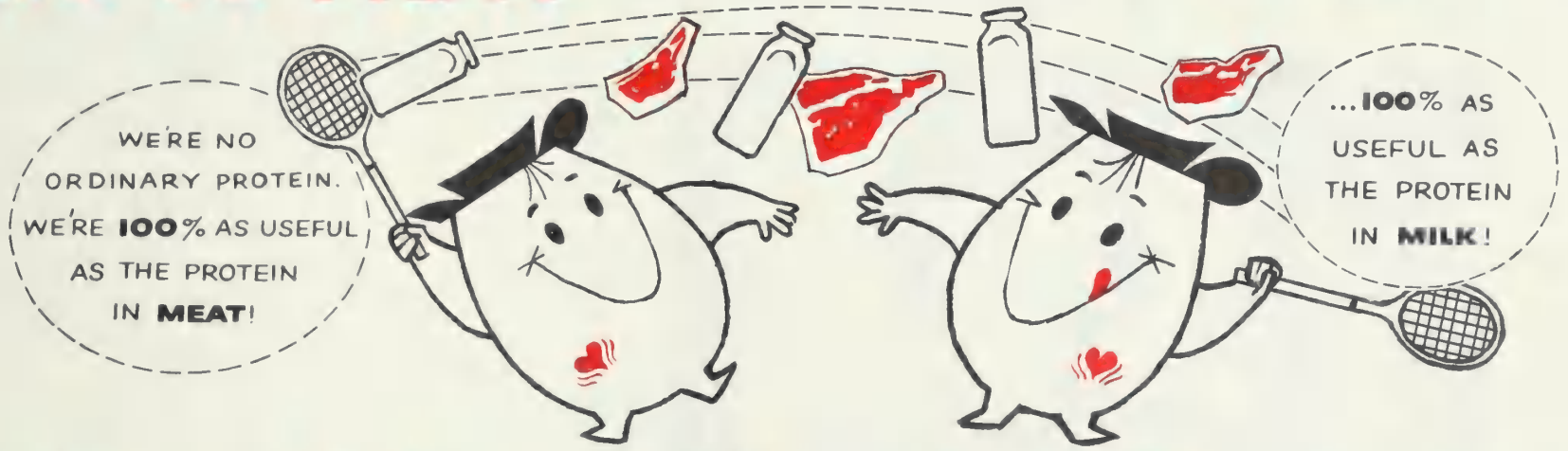
Is he trying to avoid school? "I'd take the child's word about the way he was feeling the first time. But if he turned out to be full of beans all day, with no further signs of illness, I'd certainly pack him off to school next morning."

This is Life





This is NEW



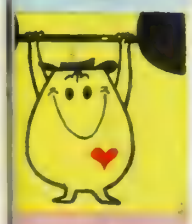
Life has The Most Useful Protein

-EVER IN A READY-TO-EAT CEREAL!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN PROTEIN . . .



Some proteins are "lazy." They just can't build up your body because they don't have the right amount of certain essential protein elements.



Some proteins are "hard working." They build, repair and maintain body tissues. But these working, *useful* proteins aren't stored in the body. That's why you need them every single day.



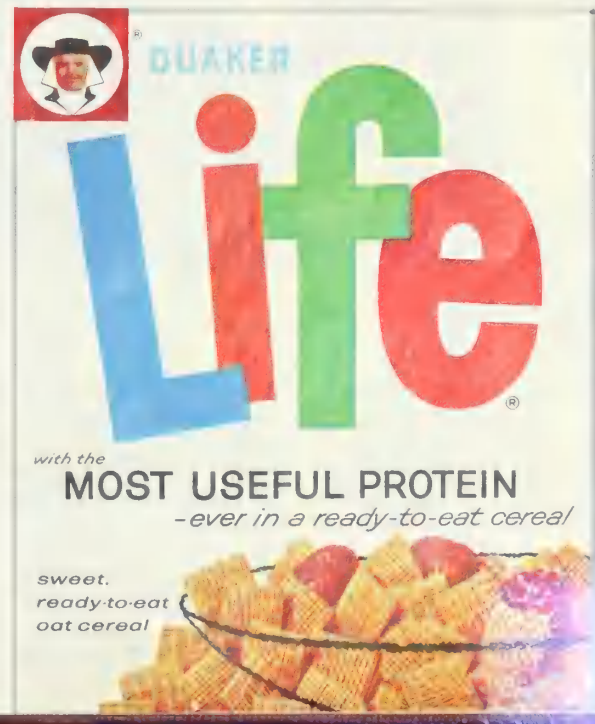
Life gives you "working" protein. The *useful* kind of protein. Even before you add milk, Life's protein is 100% as useful as the protein in meat and milk!

The Quaker Oats Company

Now from oats...nature's richest protein grain... Quaker brings you Life

Quaker starts with the good protein-rich oat grains. Spins them into tiny, bite-sized pieces of shredded oats. Life gives you special protein—useful protein—the same quality of protein you get in meat and milk. And Life gives you, too, 100% of your daily need of 3 essential vitamins. Have some tomorrow!

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... tense, irritable, headachy?



Take a "BAYER® BREAK"!



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3 With Bayer Aspirin and a few minutes' rest, you'll feel fine in practically no time. Try it.

When the hot weather and high humidity get you down —make you feel tense, headachy, all worn out, just stop for a few minutes and take a "Bayer Break"! Thanks to **instant flaking action**, Bayer brings the fastest, gentlest relief you can get from hot-weather aches and pains. Next time you feel "heat beat," take a "Bayer Break." We promise you'll feel better fast!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

torturing themselves in order to learn to endure pain without a trace of emotion. I remember when I was first an intern and had on my ward a patient from another country who was moderately sick. He was taking it well. But in the visitors' room there were ten or fifteen relatives of his, most of whom were weeping or wailing. One woman threw herself on the floor with a shriek. I was bewildered and embarrassed. The way I'd been brought up, the more strongly you felt about a situation the stiffer you kept your upper lip and the lower you kept your voice. It took me a long time to realize that this stern self-control is a peculiarity of only certain groups, and that the dramatic show of feeling in the family in the visitors' room was only their way of showing a proper sympathy with the patient.

What's the application of this to child rearing? We can see that parents who make a great fuss about illness will, in general, bring up children who act the same way. And stoical parents will raise little stoics. It seems to me sensible to avoid either extreme. The child who grows up too easily alarmed about bodily ailments is apt to be generally worrisome. He'll always be a hindrance in emergencies. Furthermore, his friends and associates, in the American scene, will consider his anxiety undignified and boring. And the person who has to ignore any infirmity in himself constantly jeopardizes his own and other people's health. Because he also can't stand having his family admit their diseases, he creates tensions in all of them.

The issue is first apt to present itself dramatically in the three- and four-year-old period. This is the age when children are unusually sensitive to ideas of injury, illness and death. They readily become worried about the physical differences between boys and girls. Partly this is because they are intensely curious, and interested in cause and effect. Partly it's because they identify with other people and can imagine what it would feel like to have the afflictions they see. So they are easily frightened by pains, cuts, blood. (The reassuring concept of making things get well has great appeal, too; at times they search their bodies for scratches to cover with bandages.) So they have to depend on their parents for their cues in how to take injuries and illness. Only the parents have the experience, the knowledge, the stability to set the tone realistically. If a mother goes all to pieces over a small accident, the young child has to assume that he is in desperate danger. If the father sternly insists that a hurt doesn't hurt, the child has to learn to deny his feelings in order to keep his father's respect and his own.

Though it's good for children when parents can avoid overanxiety, there is no need for them to be hardhearted. To put it positively, they can aim to be realistic. Then they teach their children the real significance of different injuries and diseases, and how to care for them. They should feel free to be sympathetic to the degree warranted, because everyone who's miserable needs comforting. If a mother then sees that her child is making too much fuss about a small injury, she reassures him in a matter-of-fact tone, tapers off on her sympathy, changes the subject.

Occasionally there is the problem of the young child who persists in being excessively apprehensive about injuries and diseases despite a levelheaded mother. Then the question should be considered whether he is unduly troubled in the unconscious levels of his mind. It may be sensible to get help from a child-guidance clinic or a family social agency.

Sometimes the explanation, when a child keeps running to his mother or the school nurse begging for sympathy and bandages for imaginary scratches, is that the mother without realizing it is stern and critical most of the time and melts into sympathetic kindliness only when he is suffering physically.

I've often been consulted the first thing in the morning by a mother who suspects that her child is using a physical complaint to avoid going to school. As she says, she would feel guilty if she hardheartedly sent him off and it turned out that he was developing a real disease. On the other hand, there is something in his tone of voice that makes her suspicious. She doesn't want to have the wool pulled over her eyes and she realizes that in the long run it wouldn't be good for the child to get away with this. I myself would lean in the direction of taking the child's word for it the first time. One day lost out of a school year is not that serious. I'd put him to bed, take his temperature morning and afternoon, keep an eye on his behavior. If he was full of beans all day and developed no further signs of illness, I wouldn't reproach him, but I'd be quite firm about packing him off to school the next morning. It's fairly common for children to form a mild aversion to school after being reprimanded by a teacher or having a fight with another child. Adults sometimes yield to the impulse to avoid going to work or to a certain social function on a similar basis. However, if the dread of going to school is intense and persistent, the problem is potentially more serious. On the one hand, the parent should promptly get in touch with a child psychiatrist or guidance clinic. (Clinics are apt to accept school phobias on an emergency basis.) Meanwhile, it is usually considered best to insist that the child continue to go to school because the longer he stays away, the harder it will be for him to return.

There is considerable variation throughout the world in beliefs about what causes illness and injuries. In the uneducated regions they are most often considered the work of displeased gods or mischievous demons or malevolent neighbors. But right in our own country there is a wide range too. There are people who always see a significant connection between their disease and one that occurred long ago in a relative, no matter how dissimilar these may be from a medical point of view. There are millions of Americans who hold superstitious belief about certain ills, for example, that the umbilical cord becomes wrapped around the unborn baby's neck when the pregnant woman reaches for an object on a high shelf. Others tie every symptom to some indiscretion in diet. There are people who assume that all their afflictions are intended by God as just punishment.

These attitudes of adults are not essentially different from those that small children develop. This first became apparent in child guidance work. When a child visits a psychiatrist regularly over a long period of time he learns gradually that the therapist will not criticize him for "bad" thoughts, and feels free to express his ideas in the stories he makes up, the pictures he draws, the dramas he creates with dolls. Almost invariably he will ascribe his own sickness or accidents (or those of his parents and brothers and sisters) to naughty things he has done or to evil wishes he has had. Partly this is due to parental teaching. "You caught a cold because you didn't wear your rubbers." "You fell off your tricycle because you were riding too fast." "You've given mother a headache because you were quarreling all day." "You got a stomach-ache because you ate too much candy." "You might put his eye out with that stick." Parents, trying to teach healthy habits and good behavior, have the natural impulse to make use of all the misfortunes that come to hand. But even when mothers don't use this approach, I think their children often come to the same conclusions. They are normal human beings, so they disobey occasionally and they have guilty feelings. Then any thing that happens to make them feel sick or uncomfortable automatically hooks up with the guilt. And because they all have mean wishes at times toward other members of the family (and don't know yet that thoughts don't cause bodily harm), they assume that these actually cause the hurts and illnesses that afflict others.

Since it's preferable to keep children from becoming excessively guilty people, and from being guilty about the wrong things, I think it's preferable not to accuse them of having harmed themselves and, particularly, of having harmed others, when there is no proof of bad intention. Even when a child has hurt another deliberately or in anger, but is of generally considerate character, it may

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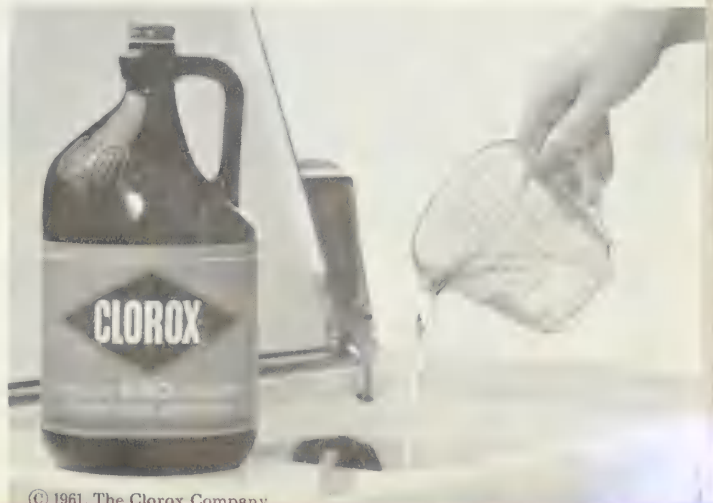


Why scrub collars?



Just add Clorox® to your suds and let your washer do the work

Stubborn stuff, oily body dirt. Gets into collars, sheets, underwear and practically everything else in the family wash. And suds alone just can't get it out. But Clorox can. Because Clorox bleach actually adds cleaning power to your wash suds. So stop scrubbing, just give your detergent a helping hand with Clorox, every time!



Clorox does more than whiten... it gets <u>out</u> dirt that suds leave <u>in</u>!

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cha cha cha

Get into step, darling. Without a ruffle on her wiggle, why, a girl's behind the times! Look at mine. All nylon tricot. Light and airy. And very, very flirty. (Mother says she just can't wash the dance out of them — even in the washing-machine!) And that *fit*. Custom-made, wouldn't you think? But guess who made them? Not mother, darling. Chix!



C-H-I-X! Mother says Chix makes no end of fancy pants for smarty pants like us. And did I tell you? They're *lined*. Mother calls it vinyl. I call it *divine:* it's just as soft as *I* am. Get a wiggle on, darling. Everybody in our set is wearing Cha Cha Chix . . . But you're a *boy?* Why didn't you tell me? They've got marvelous stripes and things for *boys!*

Chix Baby Panty

MADE BY Johnson & Johnson COMPANY

PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON
WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

RATE YOUR BRIDGE GAME—AS A RESPONDER

Your partner (dealer) has opened with One Club. Next hand passes. What action do you take with the following hands?

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
♠ A 10 3	♠ A Q J 10	♠ J 10 8 6 5 4 2	♠ J 7 5	♠ A Q 9 4 2
♥ K J 7	♥ 10 6 5 3 2	♥ 10	♥ J 6 3	♥ K Q 10 7 5 3
♦ K Q J	♦ Q J 4	♦ 7 5	♦ A 9 8	♦ None
♣ Q J 8 5	♣ Q	♣ Q J 4	♣ A Q 10 5	♣ A 10

6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
♠ Q 10 7 5	♠ Q 6 4	♠ A J 10	♠ A J 8 4	♠ 7
♥ 9 7 5	♥ Q 8 7 5	♥ Q J 8	♥ A	♥ 5
♦ J 8 4 2	♦ Q J 10 2	♦ A J 9 5	♦ K Q 6	♦ Q J 8 3
♣ J 6	♣ 7 3	♣ 10 7 4	♣ A J 8 5 2	♣ K 9 8 6 4 3 2

ANSWERS:

1. RESPOND THREE NO TRUMP. This call denotes an opening One No Trump bid (16–18 points). It denies a decent four-card major. If the spades and clubs were reversed, we would bid one in the major on the first round.

2. RESPOND ONE HEART. This is a very good hand. Since you will, of course, bid again, it is best to show the longest suit first.

3. RESPOND THREE SPADES. For strategic reasons, do not bid One Spade with this type of holding. You want to lock the opposition out and at the same time give partner a clear picture of your long suit but indifferent hand. Take five points for Four Spades.

4. RESPOND ONE DIAMOND. Too weak for Two No Trump, and Three Clubs is always unwise with a balanced holding. You will naturally take further action on the next round. Indeed, a game will eventually be reached.

5. RESPOND ONE HEART. You lack the requirements for an immediate force. In all doubtful cases, it pays to take the one-over-one route in order to hear partner's natural rebid.

6. PASS. In order to make a reply, the responder's hand should contain six points. The partnership invariably gets into difficulties when the auction is kept open with less. Here, if partner cannot make one club, the opponents can surely make something their way. Holding five spades or five hearts, you would dig in and keep the bidding open.

7. RESPOND ONE HEART. This is a pretty bad hand, and you will speak only once voluntarily, therefore choose the major over the minor.

8. RESPOND TWO NO TRUMP. This call shows a balanced holding and a count of 13 to 15 points. It is 100 per cent forcing to game.

9. RESPOND TWO SPADES. This jump shift guarantees 19 or more points. It just about assures a small-slam commitment, and every effort will be made to check on a grand slam.

10. RESPOND FOUR CLUBS. There is no right call with this freakish holding. Two Clubs, One Diamond and Three Clubs are decidedly incorrect. A preemptive reply in clubs should promise a six-card holding. Take five points for Five Clubs.

Score 10 for each correct solution

90 or more: A fine bidder.
70 or more: In the upper bracket.
50 or more: Better-than-average.
30 or more: You just about get by.
Below 30: You definitely need help.

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump bid or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, 13 points are required for an opening bid.

INJURY AND ILLNESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

vise to reassure him that he didn't mean to urt him that badly. If a child is definitely nean, he (and his parents) needs professional elp rather than more and more reproaches hat are doing no good.

When a member of the family has a serious lisease, it's good to remember that a child nay well be harboring a completely unrealistic conviction that he's partly to blame. A parent should at least explain in simple terms the cause of ill health in a close relative and then listen to a child's questions and comments, to see how he understands it or misunderstands it. If the parent gets a hint that the child feels guilt, it's wise to get it out in the open so that he can be reassured. "Maybe you think you made Susie sick because you were mean to her that day. But that didn't make her sick. It was a germ she caught."

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.



when it's not overdone

bringing up baby®

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5



Sun-tanning sessions for sun-loving sons and daughters are in order on fine, balmy days. If you let the words "careful" and "gradual" be your guides, baby's basking will be blissful *and* beneficial.

- **Be lavish** *with baby oil. It protects petal-soft skin and speeds the tanning process.*
- **Start slowly.** *Two minutes the first day, divided fore and aft. Increase by 2 minutes each day, with a final 30 minute limit, even if you think baby's completely tan.*
- **By-pass blazing** *noon-day hours. Mid-morning and mid-afternoon are best.*

P. S. A pad on ground or guarded porch are much better sunning areas than baby's carriage, which may get overheated.

Sun sessions have a happy ending when you offer cool snacks of Gerber Fruit Juices. 2 tbs. of Gerber Egg Yolks, blended with a can of Gerber Orange Juice and a cup of milk, make a welcome toddler nog.

Summertime and the "eating is easy" with over 50 delectable Gerber Strained Foods. (Appetites stay bright when you spark your baby's menus with variety.) Fruits, vegetables, meats, dinners, high meat dinners and desserts make up the happy list. All are prepared to preserve the utmost in nutritive values.

Summer feeding suggestions. If baby's still warm from a spell in the sun, let him cool off before feeding him. A lap-sitter should be shirted for feeding, so your arm won't stick to his back. Ditto for a toddler so his back won't stick to the high chair.

Message from Dan Gerber. You will be interested in the care we take to guard the quality and nourishment of your baby's food. Take the meat that goes into our High Meat Dinners. All meat is government inspected before purchase and all through processing. Besides these inspections, the meat must undergo tests for color and flavor, as well as for minimum fat, proper moisture and protein content to make sure it meets the nutritive requirements set for your baby.





Here at Gerber we carefully prepare over 100 cereals, strained and junior foods to meet your baby's nutritional needs. We're proud to say:

"Babies are our business ...our only business!"

EYES "SQUINTY-TIRED" FROM SUN GLARE?



COMFORT YOUR EYES WITH MURINE



Murine is isotonic—blends perfectly with natural eye fluids. That's why it soothes away eye discomforts caused by sun squint, hay fever, dust, wind. Keep Murine handy this summer in your car, your golf bag, at the beach. Use it often to relieve that "tired eye" feeling and so relax tension.

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"What kind of father image do you think you're creating?"

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

I've just tasted one of my Dream Girl's chunky handmade hamburgers; after subsisting seven weeks on the dainties of eleven foreign lands I liked it better'n any Beef Stroganoff I ate abroad.

For $5.95 I bought at our neighborhood hardware store a 42" net to bounce a ball back at me so I play catch with myself. (In twenty minutes, more exercise than five hours of foursome golf with a maharaja cart.)

My visits to "backward" lands persuade me they need more feminine influence, female guidance. P.T.A.'s or women's clubs can do things for 'em that Nasser can't.

"A girl's most delicate problem," muses Betty Comfort, hiding her son's illegal firecrackers, "is to learn how to run her husband and yet seem submissive."

When our cruise ship docked at New York we compared notes in the customs shed and concluded: Not even one marriage for sure, among the 135 widows and 15 widowers!

After a lifelong study, almost, I'm convinced that a crooked seam in a woman's stocking is more damaging than a run. (Anyhow, my Sultana contends, they should wear seamless stockings.)

On the Riviera I enjoyed a chat with Somerset Maugham, of whose books 60,000,000 copies have been sold. I was reminded again, a man can be great even if he stands a few inches under six feet tall.

What America needs: not a five-cent ice-cream cone, but more sidewalk cafés. It's more healthful to eat and drink outdoors: and it's far more fun.

I've rebelled occasionally against paper napkins: but in a showdown I prefer paper to cloth ones so heavily starched and glazed they won't wipe egg off your chin.

Brighter American tourists discern that villagers in Morocco or Yugoslavia are more like *villagers in America than they are different. The differences merely "protrude" more.*

A doctor's rich widow in our town reminds friends and acquaintances she was a nurse before she married him. "And I'm still a nurse!" she brags of her proud profession.

What we small-town biggies mustn't forget is that there are places on earth where the fez and the beret outnumber the hat or the bare butch haircut. We are a minority.

I like crisp fresh salads, thanks to my wife; but she forgives me because I also like day-old salads, tarragon-saturated and wilted. When I concoct a big salad I leave half in the icebox to age.

If only to prove to Europeans that Americans too love beauty, we might issue a series of stamps based on beloved paintings, from Botticelli's Venus on the half shell to Seurat's promenade along the Seine. People'd buy 'em who never write letters.

"If I were a doctor," muses Peter Comfort, affixing a "Garden of Eden" tile of Adam and Eve to his patio wall, "I'd diagnose most ills as failure to keep warm in raw weather, or to overeating, or oversights in cleanliness."

Recently I've reread *War and Peace:* not full-length; in the 510-page condensed version. I'd rank a few American novels as high; and I believe most 800-page novels might be abridged unharmed.

Why don't American towns and villages adopt that delightful foreign custom, the promenoir *at sundown? Everybody saunters for a look at everybody else, and enjoys it more'n sitting at home looking at TV.*

In my teens I'd have withered if a girl beat me at tennis. Today I'm not so much bothered, it's so much fun to play with 'em, win or lose. (And girls play a lot better tennis than they used to!)

On our wedding anniversary I wore the same suit I wore when we were married. Proudly; though a few adjustments may have been made in years when I was robust.

Words change: In our courting days "to pet" was synonymous with "to neck." Today a girl who necks enthusiastically might get furious at the word "pet."

At Main Street cafeteria lunch we men agreed—women look fussy if overly adorned: piquant hat, veil, earrings, necklace, brooch, maybe a fur collar on the summer coat, and dominantly gem-studded specs.

Thanks to President Kennedy, I needn't apologize for rocking chairs scattered at my house and office. I like to rock, and until the brave-new-world man in the White House began to rock it was deemed old-fashioned.

. . . When Harlan III warns his playmates "Don't hurt my little brother!",
. . . Or Patrick calls the pot roast "roast pot" and his sister Suzi corrects him: "It's post rot, Pat!",
. . . And my son-in-law's investment club runs his $200 up to $319 in a year,
. . . Or my daughter-in-law, in her third pregnancy, reveals herself witty and philosophical,
. . . And my Royal Consort turns out to be a wondrous partner in our swing dance lessons,

Then I'm an enchanted family man, and the most provocative Zsa Zsa type becomes a wallflower.

A taste of Italy

The spaghetti and meatball dinner that's a homemade delight

All the fixings for a homemade Spaghetti and meatball dinner. Complete with eight bigger, all-beef meatballs. Sauce with the Chef's touch, made from the finest ingredients according to an old Italian recipe . . . 8 ounces of spaghetti to cook to taste. Lots of tangy cheese. Try Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinners with Meat or Mushroom Sauce, too. Only pennies a serving.



COMPLETE IN ONE BOX



A meal in a minute with the Chef's touch in it

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®



Also available in Canada.



If you're afraid of dyes...

...

and fed up with rinses...

get Tecnique! ...

Natural color! (Beautifies your color—no touch-up!)*
Lasting color! (Up to eight weeks—won't rub off!)
Conditioning color! (Penetrates hair with fine oils!)



Never before . . . hair color that's gentle as a rinse yet leaves no telltale rub-off on pillow, brush or towel. New Tecnique® makes your own hair color come alive with highlights and accents that last up to eight weeks. Gray strands? They blend in evenly with your natural hair color. No touch-up problems . . . unlike drastic dyes, Tecnique does not change your basic hair color—so there's nothing you have to keep up...no dye line as new hair grows in.

And unlike hair-coating rinses, Tecnique's color and fine conditioning oils penetrate the hair for new beauty and luster that last and last! Conditions your hair...makes it soft to touch, easy to manage. Ideal for permanent-waved and bleached hair, too. Tecnique is shampoo-simple . . . you can't make a mistake. Just pick the color accent you like best. 2.00 plus tax —at fine cosmetic counters everywhere. Also available as a salon service.

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D. Pennsylvania State University Department of Psychology

"Something is wrong with our marriage"

"I WANT TO FEEL IMPORTANT"

"Hank is just about everything a woman could want in her husband. He's a real brain (with a Ph.D. to my mere B.A.), hard-working, and already very successful in his field. He's conscientious, considerate, a good father to our three children (aged two to five), and he provides amply for our comfort now and for our future security.

"But we're opposite in so many ways. I love to go out and be with people, he doesn't. Yet when we're in a group he's the center, because he can talk to almost anybody about anything, while I'm reduced to a self-conscious nothing. Intellectually, I know I'm inferior. His ideas of marriage are practical and realistic, while I'm romantic, he says. I want to feel he respects me and needs me, but he's so independent he doesn't need anybody.

"I try to be a good wife—serve appetizing meals, keep the house clean and attractive, look after my appearance, and always welcome his love-making. I've given up outside interests in order to devote all my time to him and our home. But I don't think he appreciates my efforts.

"I admit I'm jealous and possessive. He never looks at another woman, but he says—joking, I hope—that he will if I nag him. I want him to work less and stay home more, but he says I'm dreaming of a storybook marriage. I want him to make me feel important, but I'm so mixed up I don't know how to make him understand. I do know I must quit nagging and complaining."

This letter sounds as though it might have been written by a bride of a few months, suffering pangs of disappointment because she is no longer the sole object of her husband's attention. Actually, Elaine is thirty and has been married eight years. Her discontent is real, but it arises not from material hardship, not primarily from her husband's shortcomings (she says he is everything a woman could want), but from her dissatisfaction with their personal relationship. And this dissatisfaction in turn stems from her unrealistic expectations and her lack of confidence in herself. If she can analyze her feelings (perhaps we can help) she should be able to relieve or even eliminate the difficulty.

She demands reassurance of her own worth, and expects her husband to supply it. Since he is self-reliant and unusually able, he may not understand or respond to her need for appreciation. But no matter what he says or does, he cannot convince her she is a worth-while person until she believes it herself. In eliminating outside activities, she has cut off a valuable source of the recognition she needs.

She is unrealistic in her expectations of marriage. She wants to dominate her husband's time and attention in a way that is possible during the honeymoon, but is not compatible with the demands of his job, their children and their place in the community.

She identifies too much with her husband, too little with her children (whom she barely mentions) and with individuals and activities outside her home. In concentrating on the mechanics of homemaking, she has denied herself the opportunity to be a person in her own right.

She feels inferior. Admittedly her husband's educational attainments are greater than hers, but why should she try to equal him in the areas where he is most adept? Unconsciously she is trying to compete with him. Instead, while admiring his gifts she should cultivate her own talents.

She doubts his love, and admits she is jealous and possessive, though he has never given her cause. Again, her misgivings are really doubts of herself, for she fears she is not worthy of his love.

She wants to change him. Despite his many talents and good qualities (which she concedes) she wants to transform him into her image of a loving husband. Perhaps he doesn't express his love in words as often as he might, but very probably he shows his affection and appreciation in other ways—by facial expression, tone of voice, little caresses, by the very life he leads. Let her ask herself which she really wants—a romantic lover, or a faithful, conscientious husband and father?

If Elaine can honestly analyze her own emotions, she will have taken a long step toward improvement. But she must go further, and confide in her husband. If he is as intelligent and considerate as she says, he will want to co-operate. For a wife to share her problems with her husband is not an admission of weakness; it is a declaration of confidence.

Nagging, complaints and demonstrations of jealousy are worse than useless. She realizes she must discontinue such behavior. Even more important, she must try to overcome the cause—her own instability, insecurity and immaturity. Since her husband is strong, forceful and a natural leader, why not seek and accept his leadership in the fundamental matter of modifying her personality and their relationship? By appealing to him, she will at once increase the sharing she so deeply craves.

"I RESENT FEELING FRUSTRATED"

"Jack and I are celebrating our first wedding anniversary this month. I am twenty-two, he is twenty-four. We are both working and saving to buy a home, and we are happy except for one problem.

"Like most brides, I was full of high hopes when we married, and I can truthfully say that I looked forward to the sexual side of marriage with pleasant anticipation. I don't have feelings of guilt or uneasiness about sex, but something must be wrong, since I get so little from it.

"I don't discuss it with Jack for fear he will think I am criticizing him, but sometimes I am so pent up that he knows something is wrong. I can't help feeling resentful that he is satisfied when I am so frustrated. At first I gladly co-operated, thinking everything would soon be all right. Instead, though I become more aroused, I also become more upset because I get nothing out of it. I'm reaching the point where I don't want him to touch me, though I love him and want our marriage to be happy.

"This isn't a problem you can talk over with just anybody, and I don't know where to turn. I tried to talk to my mother, but all she said was that this is a part of marriage you just go along with. But what do you do when you can't go along with it? I want to enjoy it, but I can't."

Bride and groom differ in sex drive. At age twenty-two, the average groom has very strong sex desire, usually in excess of his bride's. If she is typical, her desire for sexual relations will not approach the frequency and intensity of her husband's until she is twenty-eight to thirty.

Satisfaction and climax are not synonymous. Although husbands nearly always achieve climax, they may be dissatisfied if their wives seem indifferent or unresponsive. On the other hand, many wives who do not attain climax still enjoy the closeness of the physical relationship, just as they enjoy affection and loving warmth.

Age affects adjustment. A husband's sexual desire slowly but steadily declines as he grows older; a wife's gradually increases till about age thirty, then remains at the same level for about ten years. Each passing year of the first twenty of marriage increases the possibility of good adjustment.

Frustration can be upsetting, but differences can often be adjusted if there is full and frank exchange of information between the couple about their feelings.

Blaming the mate is foolish and futile. Rarely is either the husband or the wife alone responsible for sexual maladjustment. Both spouses should recognize that their success or failure in this vital area is a mutual responsibility.

Rigid requirements are inappropriate. Insistence on arbitrary standards of time, procedure or ritual behavior will sooner or later destroy the spontaneity, vitality and rejuvenating power of making love. If differences in need are great, some acceptable compromise must be worked out.

Sex is not love, but it is a profound expression of love. Consideration, co-operation and communication are the keys to successful sexual adjustment as they are to most other marriage problems. But if your adjustment is not satisfactory, then counsel should be sought without delay.

Prior to the turn of the century, a wife's right to sexual fulfillment in marriage was seldom considered, let alone discussed. But Sigmund Freud's conviction that sexual fulfillment was vital to health and happiness initiated profound changes in the philosophy of love and marriage. Since then, extensive research has further modified attitudes toward and expectations of sex.

Today, women do want and expect sexual fulfillment in marriage. But many brides (husbands too) enter their new status with inadequate knowledge and unrealistic expectations of the role of sex in marriage. Some young couples expect too much of sex too soon, fearing their marriage is doomed unless it brings immediate and complete fulfillment to the wife as well as to the husband. Fully a third of brides experience some degree of disappointment and frustration in the sexual relationship during the first year of marriage.

For most married people, physical relationship would never become a major problem if they knew, understood and accepted some of the elementary facts about sex. With this knowledge to guide their expectations, they should be able to adapt to each other's needs and wishes, and gradually develop a mutually satisfactory adjustment.

DO YOU AGREE?

"Is sexual maladjustment usually due to physical causes?"

Rarely. Psychological factors and attitudinal conflicts are more likely to be involved.

ASK YOURSELF: Do I Distrust My Husband?

Nothing undermines a husband's love more insidiously than his wife's distrust. If he is doing things that make her question his loyalty, he sees her accusations as justifying his misconduct. If he is innocent of any misbehavior, her distrust is construed as a lack of love and understanding. Answering these questions "Yes" or "No" may help you evaluate your own behavior, as well as any doubts you have.

DO YOU:

1. ***Think your husband keeps things from you?***
2. ***Find it difficult to confide in him?***
3. ***Ask full explanations when he is late?***
4. ***Often open his personal mail?***
5. ***Surreptitiously search his pockets?***
6. ***Telephone him when he works at night?***
7. ***Check car mileage when he drives alone?***
8. ***Make him account for personal expenses?***
9. ***Question his friends about his actions?***
10. ***Put him on the spot about his behavior?***
11. ***Feel inferior to your husband?***
12. ***Believe that he often neglects you?***
13. ***Rate your marriage as not very happy?***
14. ***Often feel sexually dissatisfied?***

Count your "No" answers. If the total exceeds 10 or 11, you probably have faith in both your husband and yourself. But if your score is 7 or less, something is definitely wrong. Unless you have tangible and specific evidence of wrongdoing on the part of your husband, the trouble may be within yourself. In any event, your best course of action is to consult a counselor at once.



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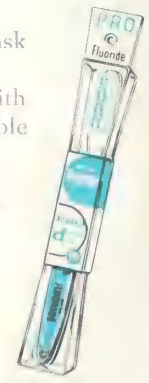
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There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but the names which are used are fictitious.

"Promise me you won't use forceps, Doctor! My mother had two forceps deliveries and she tells me they are simply dreadful. If there's any trouble, won't you do a Caesarean instead?"



ABBOT MILLS

TELL ME, DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

Kathy Winston's eyes, when the doctor entered the labor room soon after her arrival at the hospital, were like those of a wounded animal. "It hurts, Doctor!" she whimpered. "Can't you give me something for the pain?"

The contractions were coming at regular intervals and there had been a little show, but it was still early in the first stage of labor. Kathy had been an excellent patient throughout her pregnancy. The doctor would not have expected her to panic so easily. He made a brief examination, then sat down beside her bed.

"You know, Kathy," he said gently, "I never told you that you would bring this baby without some toil and trouble. And don't you remember we were going to say 'contractions' rather than 'pains'? These aren't real pains you are experiencing now. You are tensing up in anticipation of the contractions. That makes them worse. You can have something to take the edge off if you like. A barbital or a mild narcotic, that is to say. Up to a certain point, it will do no harm. But as I explained when we discussed childbirth anesthesia, the longer you can go without artificial assistance, the better for both you and the baby."

Kathy's tense body relaxed visibly. "I know that's true, Doctor. I'll try to stand it a while longer." Then her muscles tightened again. "Doctor, why did you have those X rays taken? What is wrong?"

"Nothing is *wrong*. But you do have a good-sized baby, with a fairly large head, still rather high. I took the X-ray pictures to find out about your pelvic capacity. When we know things like this ahead of time, we can plan our strategy better. Also, it helps us to decide what to do and when to do it if you should need some assistance. That's all there is to the X-ray pictures."

Kathy seized the doctor's hand. "Promise me you won't use forceps! If there's trouble, do a Caesarean. Please, Doctor, please!"

"Kathy, you know I can't make any promises of that kind at this stage. We agreed that I would give you as close to a natural delivery as possible, but that in case of emergency I would have to be free to use my best judgment."

"Just don't use forceps, is all I ask. Mother had them with her first two babies, my older brothers. She says it was ghastly. The babies' heads were squeezed out of shape, and they were bruised all over, and she was dreadfully torn herself. The third time—that's when she had me—she simply *made* the doctor do a Caesarean."

"Well, Kathy, you have to remember that you and your mother are two different people. Your pelvis is snug, but adequate. The baby's head is large, but not unduly large. These factors are likely to make labor somewhat slow and tedious, but it should be perfectly normal. We'll be watching you and the baby's heart tones the whole time. If it seems necessary to give you some assistance, we'll do it immediately. Now you just relax and ride along with the contractions."

The doctor found Kathy's husband, Bob, hovering anxiously in the hall outside. "How is she, Doctor?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



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IVY POISONING?
SOOTHE WITH SODA



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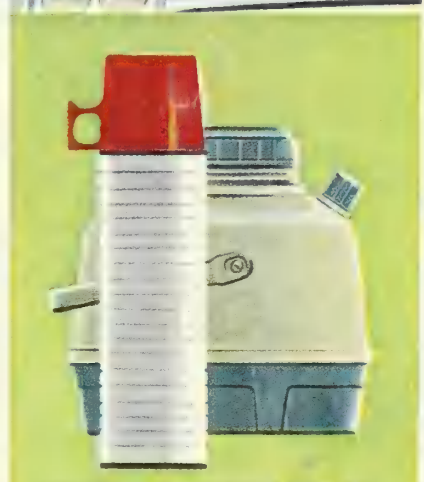
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Bob had accompanied Kathy to the doctor's office several times and he had appeared to be a sensible, dependable young man. The doctor felt he could talk to him freely.

"Physically, her condition is fine. Labor is progressing slowly, but well enough. I am concerned about her mental state, however. That is making it much harder for her. She's practically hysterical on the subject of forceps, and I don't believe we've ever so much as mentioned them."

"It's her mother, Doctor," Bob said gloomily. "Ever since Mrs. Wilkins got here, we've been treated to play-by-play accounts of all the suffering she and her friends and her friends' friends went through when their babies were born. Her choicest morsel is the way Kathy's older brothers were yanked out by forceps, bruised and bleeding and ruined for life, to hear Mrs. Wilkins tell it, though they are perfectly all right as far as I can see. We've had that one served up with dinner every night. I guess the whole business finally broke Kathy's nerve."

The doctor shook his head. "We obstetricians run into quite a lot of that, Bob. There are women who seem to take a ghoulish delight in trotting out all the childbed horrors they can think of when a young wife is approaching her first delivery. They don't seem to realize the effect they may be producing on the expectant mother. Well, Bob, you go back in there and sit with Kathy. Talk to her, read to her, time her contractions, tell her funny stories—anything you can think of to divert her. I'll be back before long, and I'll see to it that Mrs. Wilkins is kept out of the labor room."

Reassured by constant encouragement from the doctor and her husband, Kathy relaxed with the contractions, and got through the next long hours with only minor sedatives and painkillers. Toward the last she worked valiantly. By the time she was ready to go to the delivery room she was tired, and glad to accept the "saddle block" the doctor suggested. It was a low spinal anesthetic, the doctor told her. He thought it the safest and best in this kind of childbirth. She would be able to keep on pushing, and thus continue to help, but would be relieved of pain. And at long last, when the doctor laid a big, lively baby boy in her arms, Kathy was weary but blissful.

That evening the doctor made a surprise visit to Kathy's hospital room. Dropping into an armchair, he said, "I have a confession to make, Kathy. I did use forceps in delivering your baby."

Kathy gasped. "Why, Doctor, I never knew it! And I was conscious every minute! You *couldn't* have used them. You're teasing me!"

"Word of honor. It was not a forceps extraction, but what we call 'elective' or 'control' forceps. You may find this hard to believe after that long labor, but at one point the baby started coming too fast. I used the forceps to restrain the head a bit, so that the tissues at the outlet wouldn't be torn."

"But, Doctor, I thought forceps pulled babies out when they didn't want to come, and that's what makes them dangerous. I had the impression that good doctors didn't use them any more. And look what happened in my mother's case!"

"There is and has been a good deal of misunderstanding about forceps, Kathy," the doctor said, settling himself comfortably in his chair. "I'm going to let you in on a little secret. When I was a medical student, the professor in obstetrics was a strong antiforceps man. In our teaching cases, in the charity ward, use of forceps was sharply restricted, and we students weren't allowed to use them at all. But when I was transferred to the pavilion of the hospital where the professor delivered his private patients, I found that he and his colleagues, too, were using forceps in the majority of their deliveries, including normal ones."

"That seems strange. I don't understand it."

"It's quite representative of the contradictory attitudes held toward forceps since the very beginning. I believe it's partly due to the sly, underhanded way in which they were introduced. The story has some amusing aspects, I think. They were supposedly invented around the year 1620 by a French family named Chamberlen, who kept them a secret for three generations. Then a Chamberlen came along who must have been something of a scalawag. He traveled about Europe doing deliveries that had an aura of black magic because of his methods. He would envelop the field of delivery with the folds of his greatcoat, and never let anyone see the forceps which he concealed in a hidden pocket. People couldn't account for the quick, seemingly easy childbirths he conducted.

"Eventually he got into some kind of trouble, and was persuaded to sell his secret to other doctors. But he sold them only *one* blade of the forceps! Naturally the purchasers were not able to duplicate his results, and the whole affair was a medical scandal for many years.

"Finally, early in the eighteenth century, the complete, double-bladed forceps became common property, but they have had a rather checkered history ever since. In this country they were frowned on for many years. Some doctors used them, but covertly, because of the prejudice against them. Eventually people began to understand, and forceps were given credit for the good they accomplished. But the prejudice lingered on as well."

"Was that why your professor talked in one way and acted in another?"

"Possibly. But I think the main thing was that attitudes toward forceps were just beginning to change around the time of my student days, as they were employed in less radical ways. It was being proved that judicious use of what we call 'prophylactic' or 'control' forceps for the very last part of delivery may do several good things. For one, it may protect both mother and baby from an unexpected, compulsive ejection of the child, such as threatened at the last in your case. For another, it may cut off an unnecessary hour or two or even three from labor, with considerable benefits to both mother and baby.

"Too, a faulty position of the baby's head may be set right by a harmless forceps manipulation. What we call a posterior position, for instance, when the baby faces forward instead of back, may be corrected easily. In breech deliveries, forceps may be very helpful, sometimes lifesaving. There are even times when the difficult forceps extraction you mentioned—high forceps, it's called—may be the safest kind of delivery in skilled hands. Though I admit there is quite an argument on that point. And there is no question but that in unskilled hands, high forceps can be pretty bad.

"However, forceps, and especially high forceps, used to get a lot of blame they didn't deserve because they had to be applied so often after the mother and baby were both worn out—already jeopardized, you might say. Before the advent of safer Caesarean section, and during the era when forceps were frowned on, labors too often were allowed to go on to the point of desperation. When forceps were applied as a last resort, generally by a belatedly summoned consultant, they got the blame for the whole situation. The tremendous improvement in doing Caesarean section has been a great boon in this respect.

"But Caesarean section is still a serious operation, even under ideal circumstances, and much more so if mother and baby are not in good condition. Forceps may well be preferable as long as the situation is not too difficult or radical."

"You've mentioned skill or lack of it several times, Doctor. Are medical students given training now in the use of forceps?"

"Since the subject has come out into the open, students and interns are given much more opportunity to learn the proper use of these instruments. Also, better and more adaptable types of forceps are available. Indications for the use of 'elective' or 'assist' forceps are as precise as those for the induction of labor, or the performance of Caesarean section. Your mother ought to be told about that."

"But, Doctor," Kathy objected, remembering something, "wasn't it the forceps that made that lump on my baby's head? You told me in the delivery room it was something called a *caput*. But mother talks about lumps on the heads of my brothers when they were born. She blamed them on the forceps."

"That lump on your baby's head is exactly what I said it was—a *caput*. It's the result of a snug pelvis and a long, though normal, labor. It is just a little collection of water under the skin—what we call a localized edema. It has absolutely nothing to do with forceps, and it will be gone in three days." The doctor stood up. "I must run along, Kathy—I have another patient in the labor room. I hope I have relieved your mind somewhat about forceps."

"You have, Doctor, though I still think we had better not let mother know you used forceps on me! But thank you, Doctor, for your explanation *and* the forceps, with all my heart!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses "spontaneous abortion."

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

"I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad" was heard from verandas across the country on hot July evenings in 1911. Frilly lingerie hats and lawn fetes were popular. Upton Sinclair and nine of his Socialist followers were jailed, and you could rent a four-bedroom house for $10 a month.

"No honorable man will make love to a girl or win an avowal of affection from her until he has asked her to marry him," believes Laura Hathaway in her "Intimate Chats With Girls" in the July, 1911, JOURNAL.

Says The Plain Country Woman, "On Sunday-afternoon drives I meet scores of young couples in buggies. Many remain in each other's arms quite unabashed as we pass."

"An excellent timesaver is an index of stored household objects with the title, 'Where Is it?' But remember to keep the index always in one spot."

"When your baby boy is ready to take his first steps, turn the hem of his long dresses up to his shoetops."

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"To keep fingernails clean while gardening, fill them with white soap."

"We now know that the much-dreaded infantile paralysis is caused by a living virus. It is felt that dust, mixed with horse manure, spreads the disease."

"The woman who stands behind a store counter for nine hours a day injures her health—yet it is the women customers who demand it."

"How often the freshness of a room is marred by a darkened and discolored ceiling from kerosene lamps."

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Flower and animal symbols, Jewish life and folklore were favorite subjects of Marc Chagall, who painted this water color BOUQUET VERT ET VIOLET. *Born in Russia in 1899, Chagall now lives in France.*

THE SENTIMENTALISTS

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

With my breakfast orange juice I like to read the morning paper.

In more peaceable times I used to turn first to the front page, eager to learn what had happened overnight to the world. Recently, though, for the sake of my digestion (which is easily upset by news that Armageddon is just around the corner) I have been starting with Books. After all, in books, bombs destroy only paper planets. How long, however, even that department will help me down my toast and egg I can't say; for the furies pursue me there. The page is explosive with double-column advertisements which run pretty much like this:

Did you think you were shockproof? That you had explored in literature every avenue of sadism, vice, perversion? Then read SEX IS A MANY-COLORED COAT, *the thrilling new novel by Delbert de Sade, and see how wrong you were. A tenderly brutal examination of love and lust in this decadent decade.*

"*A must for every thinking citizen. Leaves no stone unturned.*"—The HoHoKus Bulletin.

"Explicit, daring, violent," cries the blurb for THE TWO-LEGGED INSECT, another five-hundred-page dissertation on "The manners and morals of Exurbia" by "the most daring of our younger writers, Casanova Stubbs."

"Nothing you have ever read before could have prepared you for the frankness of NAKED IN THE LABYRINTH," shouts another, if there are still type and newsprint left to assault my shrinking spirit.

It is with relief that I pick up a pencil to solve the daily crossword puzzle over a final cup of coffee. Like the novels advertised, it will also abound in four-letter words, but of a less picturesque sort. If this trend in Books continues I may have to fall back on Sports. It is not only that I lack stamina. I also lack patience. For—and now I am going to be as frank and explicit as any novelist about to come to grips with an unsuccessful marriage—I am as bored with the books as I am with the advertisements. I am weary of immorality in fiction. I am sick to death of shock. Particularly I tire of sentimentality, the great wave which washes over literature in these self-indulgent years and which the ads are exploiting. Not since the nineteenth century has the public been so deluged with treacle.

"Ridiculous!" you may say if you have read thus far. "The stamp of the age is violence. How can you call sentimental a body of writing which leans so heavily on sin and suffering, vice and despair?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Dear Mr. G:

The Clark Gable story—his youthful failures, his tragic romance, his overwhelming success—recalled with warmth and affection by his and Carole Lombard's personal secretary.

By JEAN GARCEAU
with INEZ COCKE

PART ONE OF THREE

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were rehearsing a time step in Carole's living room when I arrived at her house in Bel Air that October day in 1938.

The phonograph was going and Carole was having a difficult time because her partner seemed rather awkward.

"No, no!" she was saying as I came in. "Remember, it's one, two, three . . . *kick!* One, two, three . . . *kick!*" Then the music ground to a stop and both collapsed on a sofa, breathless with laughter.

"Jean," Carole said when she saw me, "I want you to meet a big moose with two left feet!"

"In other words, just a clumsy country boy," Clark said, grinning. He held out his hand. It was a wonderful, firm handshake. *I shall like this man,* I thought.

He was wearing slacks and a turtle-neck sweater and his hair was mussed, but he radiated such charm and vitality that I began to see what people meant when they said a sort of magic happened when he was present. When he smiled his crooked smile he seemed much handsomer than he was on the screen.

We talked about *Idiot's Delight,* which he was making with Norma Shearer. The part called for him to dance with a chorus line, and Carole, who'd been a hoofer in her Mack Sennett days, was helping him with the routines.

"Alfred Lunt originated the role on the stage," Clark said. "I've got some big shoes to fill."

This modesty is refreshing, I thought, for Clark was tremendously popular and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer considered him their most valuable male star. Men admired and respected, women idolized, him. Everything he said or did or wore was news. A newspaper-editors' poll conducted by Ed Sullivan, the columnist, had named him "King" of the movies, and no one had ever challenged his right to the title. As a final criterion of success, his foot and hand prints had been duly recorded in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood before hordes of shrieking fans.

And now he was going to play Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind.* Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper and others had been touted for the part, but the fans—millions of them—had written David Selznick, the producer, demanding Clark.

"Are you excited about playing Rhett?" I asked.

"Frankly, I'm scared to death," he said seriously. "He's a tremendous challenge. I've read the book over and over, trying to feel my way into the character. I hope I can do justice to him."

"But the fans all want you in the part," I said.

"That's just the point," he replied. "It's like starting with five million critics. I can't let them down."

"Jean," Carole said, "this man's a worrier."

The next day Carole asked me to work for her exclusively as personal secretary and business manager. I realized then that the meeting with Clark had not been sheer coincidence, that she'd deliberately staged it so that he might "look me over."

It was a flattering offer, but I hesitated, for I was (and still am) interested in being Mrs. Russel Garceau and providing the proper after-office-hours home life for the husband to whom I'd been married for eight years.

I knew that "Fieldsie," Carole's former secretary, had lived with Carole, been companion, friend, secretary, alter ego, for many years; and I wasn't sure that I could fill her shoes and still have a home life of my own.

We talked it over and Carole promised that we'd keep things on a strictly nine-to-six basis. "If you're game to try it, I am," she said, and from that day on I was one of the family. This was one of the most important decisions of my life—one I have never regretted.

Carole's house was an English Tudor type on St. Cloud Road. Her mother, whom we all called Bessie, lived in nearby Brentwood. There were two brothers, Frederick, a Bullock's Department Store executive, and Stuart, a stockbroker. A warm relationship existed between Carole and her family, and she and Bessie were especially close.

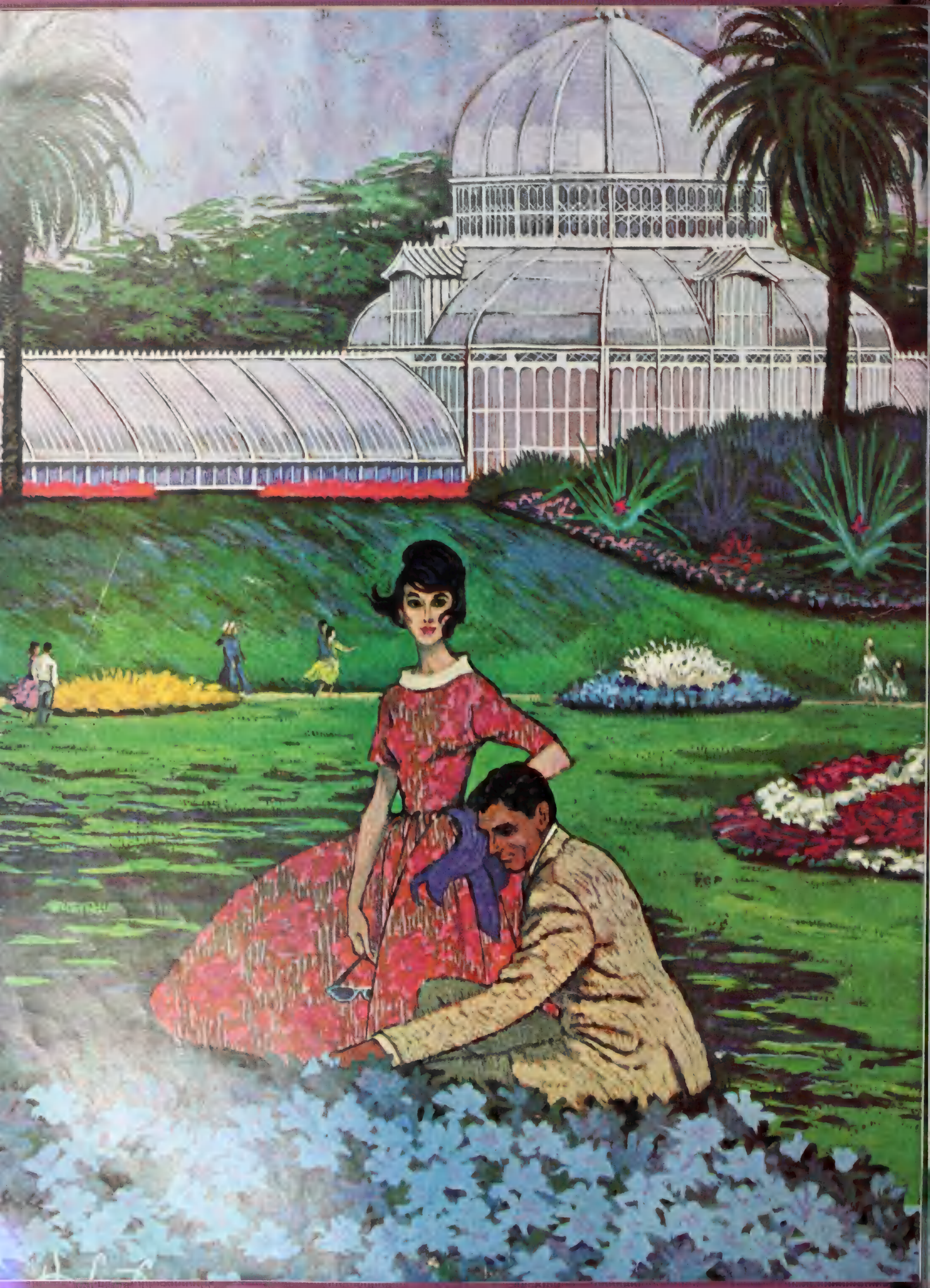
When I took over her business affairs, Carole was making *Made for Each Other* with Jimmy Stewart for David Selznick and was one of the highest-paid free-lance stars in the business. Despite the fact that she was a delightful madcap, she had a reputation for being a shrewd businesswoman, a fact I was able to confirm when we went over her investment portfolio.

Everyone on the set adored her—cameramen, electricians, crew, make-up men, hairdressers, studio police. She was gay, she was witty, she was kind and generous. She was "one of them," CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

© 1961 by Jean Garceau and Inez Cocke

"I've always wanted a place like this," Clark said, looking around, his eyes shining. "It will be the first home I've had since I was a boy. Ma, I think we're going to be very happy here."


ORNIA WORLD'S F
S 91



a Father Needs a Wife

By JOHN ED PEARCE

Wives were jealous of him, and husbands felt sorry for him. His house was the neatest in the neighborhood, and his daughters were the prettiest.... What was he—man or wife?

As the dawn of the wet May morning seeped into the suburb of Oakdale, Harry Alexander stirred, floated slowly upward toward consciousness and stuck his head through the surface of sleep. The clock, set for 6:45, showed 6:38, and this gave Harry a feeling of pleased surprise.

It was part of his routine to shave at night, so that he could get out of the bathroom quickly in the morning, giving Joan and Tracy time to get in and out before breakfast. He performed his morning rites now, looking closely and with increasing depression at the face in the mirror. Once he had thought the face handsome, and had practiced smiling as he combed his hair, watching the gray eyes light up with what he had considered a devilish twinkle. But now he wondered how Helen had ever found him attractive.

As he took the dirty clothes from the hamper and threw them into a pile in the hall, the embryo of a thought stirred somewhere in his mind, too faint to recognize, and he wondered if he had forgotten or was forgetting something of importance. Then the alarm rang, and as he went to shut it off Joan shuffled out of the girls' room, raising her hand in salute and smiling sleepily. Her dark hair, so much the color of her mother's, hung in frayed pigtails about her shoulders, and her face, still heavy and calm with sleep, showed Helen's blue eyes and wide mouth.

"Hi," she said softly, and his heart went out to her. *Lord bless all people who wake up in a good mood,* he thought. "Get Tracy cracking, will you?" he asked, and she nodded. One of the worst things about being left to take care of the two girls, he had found, was getting his younger daughter wound up and started on the day. Once activated, she was a creature of shrieks and laughter, flying limbs and endless motion. But the firing-up process was agonizing.

He passed through the kitchen to the utility room, put the clothes in the washer, threw in a cup of detergent and turned dials that started a watery thrashing within. On his way to the refrigerator he turned the gas on in the oven and under two burners, then took from the refrigerator a tray containing a bowl with three eggs ready for scrambling, a container of orange juice, a stick of butter and a bottle of milk. Preparing for breakfast was his last act each night before going to bed, so that cups, saucers, plates, spatula and paper towel for draining the bacon were all ready for use when the routine of breakfast began.

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THE Journal's COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1961 BY JOHN ED PEARCE

Laura was an optimist. She was also, Harry discovered next day as they toured San Francisco, very nice company.

She didn't believe anything he said. but she learned to like his lip.



who's against love?



By WILL STANTON

It must have been about 10:30 A.M. when this young woman came into my office, slammed a copy of the Mills Company *Messenger* on my desk and wanted to know if I was the Floorwalker. This sort of thing happens frequently.

"What can I do for you?" I asked. She said her name was Mrs. Jessica Fielding and she was a member of the committee for the new school bond. I said she was too young and pretty to be involved in that sort of project. She said she wasn't interested in my opinions.

"Well," I said, "I'm sure you didn't climb two flights of stairs to tell me that."

"I came up here to see just what sort of person you were," she said. She had a tight little smile and a pair of blazing eyes.

"Essentially," I said, "I'm a kindly, sensitive person who has a tough job to do."

"In the past six months you have gone on record as being against better schools"—she started ticking off items on her fingers—"against highway improvement, Federal housing, the Community Chest ——"

"A healthy difference of opinion ——" I said.

"You have made slurring remarks about Little League baseball, adult education, Leonard Bernstein, a balanced diet and Mount Rushmore."

I gave her my friendliest smile. "I guess you can't please everybody."

"Don't get the idea that anyone takes your ridiculous magazine seriously," she said, "but the school-bond issue is going to be very close. It's just possible that enough of your readers might stagger into the polls to defeat it."

I bowed. "If I can be of service in any way ——"

"You print one more word about schools in this—this scrapbook of yours"—she shook the *Messenger* in my face—"and you're in trouble. That's a promise." She whirled and stalked out.

Well, as Toomey says, some days are like that. Toomey is my boss. Between us we publish the Mills Company *Messenger*.

When I first went to work for the *Messenger*, it was a sort of monthly bulletin sponsored by some of our local stores. I started a column about the newest books and records under the pen name of Floorwalker. After a few months I decided to quit, so for my last column I picked out the CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY



The Three Lives of Queen Elizabeth II

She is giving her children training and schooling entirely different from her own — and sometimes "poppa" spanks. (Who is that little Indian in a war bonnet, riding a pony, streaking across the lawn at Balmoral Castle? Why, that's Princess Anne.)

BY RALPHE M. WHITE

FOR EIGHT YEARS THE SERVANT CLOSEST TO THE QUEEN

Queen Elizabeth, naturally shy and serious, has difficulty in getting down to the boisterous, roustabout level of childhood. Her husband has no such inhibitions. On weekends I have seen Prince Philip join the royal children in noisy games of Cowboys and Indians, whooping and yelling as loudly as they do while pursuing them round the shrubberies at Windsor. (Windsor, with its 5000 acres of Great Park, fourteen miles around and including some of Britain's best farmland, is ideal for Cowboys and Indians and for riding a pony as ten-year-old Princess Anne imagines that American cowboys ride at a roundup.)

Blue-eyed little Prince Andrew, with light golden hair—newest member of the royal family—weighs 26 pounds and boasts seven sharp white teeth. On his first birthday last February only his sister was at home to share the day with him. The queen and Prince Philip were miles away in India, and Prince Charles, in his fourth year at boarding school, was at Cheam. Charles, twelve and going on thirteen, will have a birthday of his own on November 14. There was a birthday cake for Andrew with one shining candle in the third-floor nursery suite—a little

KEYSTONE PRESS



Summers at Balmoral are spent mostly out-of-doors. Prince Philip has taught Charles and Anne to swim, fish, cook over campfires. Baby Andrew is "spectator" at sports. The dog in the photograph is the queen's Welsh corgi, Sugar.

PART II
THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN

EUROPEAN



"As unlike as chalk and cheese." Charles, Prince of Wales, is serious, rather shy and at school gets good grades in history and French. Princess Anne, 10, is quick, venturesome, once climbed out on roof at Balmoral. She was one of the bridesmaids at Princess Margaret's marriage to Antony Armstrong-Jones.

world of its own, entirely apart from the rest of mammoth Buckingham Palace. By radiotelephone the queen and Prince Philip talked to their younger son from New Delhi, giving him their birthday love; Andrew's part of the "talk" was a gurgle.

Such separations and such disappointments as missing the baby's birthday are accepted by Queen Elizabeth II as an inevitable part of the lot of monarchy.

While she was in India and on the more recent visit to Italy, she took her home movie camera with her everywhere so that, on her return home, she could show Charles and Anne something of what she had been doing while she was away. Photographs of the queen made during the forty-nine-hour tiger hunt which was staged in her honor by the Maharaja of Jaipur—her most adventurous experience so far this year—showed her wearing a bush jacket and slacks, the camera slung over her shoulder. The queen did no shooting during the hunt except with the camera.

Charles, from his school at Cheam, sends a letter to his mother every week, and every week receives one from her, written in her rapid handwriting on scarlet-crested note paper.

Even when the queen is at home, with a hundred and one duties of monarchy to occupy her working day, she has no time for the usual tasks of mothering her children, seeing to it that they clean their teeth and wash behind their ears, preparing meals and sewing on buttons. These tasks are done for her by others. In the ordinary family if a child falls sick, it usually devolves upon the mother to nurse it back to health. But when Prince Charles came down with chicken pox one Easter his mother, who had never had chicken pox, was not allowed near him. The best she could do was call him up for long chats over the nursery telephone. She was the monarch—and no risk must ever be taken with the monarch's health.

The queen's two older children are as different from each other as chalk from cheese. Princess Anne is quick, agile, venturesome, never still, always on the go. Like Princess Margaret, whom she knows as "Margo," she is always singing and has considerable talent for mimicry. She was once spotted walking about the palace with her small face puckered up in a rather curious fashion. It turned out that she was imitating a member of the staff who had the habit of whistling silently to himself as he went about his duties.

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The Three



CENTRAL PRESS

There is scarcely a weekend when they are at Windsor that the queen and her daughter do not spend most of Saturday morning riding together. Photo shows them tying up a boat on the lake at Frogmore, Windsor, while Sugar supervises.



CENTRAL PRESS

For baby Prince Andrew (with seven sharp little white teeth now), she interrupts important sessions over state documents. But she had to miss his first birthday celebration in February.



Making friends with some of the calves on the Balmoral Castle estate. Prince Philip personally directs farming here and at Sandringham, has been especially successful raising pigs.

Lives of Queen Elizabeth II

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

At heart Princess Anne is something of a tomboy princess. At Balmoral once she climbed up on the roof of one of the outbuildings and dared her brother to join her there.

And another time, also at Balmoral, a succession of imitation war whoops brought everyone running to the front windows. Princess Anne, her fair hair surmounted by an Indian headdress which her parents had brought back from their tour of Canada, was riding her pony bareback round and round the front lawn, whooping and shouting at the top of her healthy young lungs.

There is scarcely a weekend when they are at Windsor that the queen and her daughter do not spend most of Saturday morning riding together in Windsor Great Park. Both of them show every consideration to the horses they ride.

Each year when the queen takes part in that picturesque military ceremony known as Trooping the Colors, which she attends on horseback, she gives instructions for a bundle of carrots to be waiting at the door of the palace on her return. When she gets back she dismounts and feeds the carrots, one by one, to her horse.

Anne shares her mother's passionate love for horses. One of her favorite toys is the battered, tailless rocking horse which stands in the nursery corridor in Buckingham Palace where in Queen Elizabeth's childhood she and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, kept their thirty toy horses on wheels, grooming them, polishing their saddles and "feeding" them daily.

The palace governess of those days, Marion Crawford, has recorded that the first time she ever saw the present queen—then Princess "Lilibet," aged five—she was in bed, the cords of her dressing gown tied to the footposts, energetically driving a team "twice around the park."

The queen is an expert horsewoman and her small daughter takes after her. But there was one occasion when Princess Anne was a shade too venturesome in her horsemanship. She came galloping through the small copse which lies to the rear of Balmoral Castle. Just beyond the copse a clothesline had been fixed up in readiness to air some household linen in the warm sunshine. The princess rode smack into it. The line caught her full across the face, plucked her from the saddle and threw her to the ground. Uninjured and undeterred, she was on her feet again in an instant and climbing back into the saddle.

Prince Charles, by contrast, is more placid, a serious, rather stolid CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



KEYSTONE PRESS

Royal coach. The queen wheels little Prince Andrew for sunny airing on grounds at Balmoral Castle with Princess Anne eagerly awaiting her turn as wheeler.



CAMERA PRESS-PIX

Princess Anne shares mother's love of horses. Here, after a morning canter, she has just unsaddled William, the pony on which she and brother Charles both learned to ride.



CENTRAL PRESS

Queen Elizabeth takes a picture during Badminton Horse Trials with her brother-in-law, Antony Armstrong-Jones, standing next to her. Princess Anne and Prince Charles watched through binoculars. On royal tours queen uses home movie camera to show children where she has been.



"Some people," Agnes thought, "get most everything they want. Some people have kids and won't even look after them."

LILLIE'S BOY

By MARJORIE DANN



ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

The little savage birds of discontent were tearing again at Agnes's insides. More like bats they were, dark and swooping with wiry claws. And it was all because of Lillie, her sister who lived in the town; and Lillie's boy.

Lillie always had things better than Agnes. When her husband had died, Lillie went right to work and bought a new piece of linoleum for the kitchen and a good secondhand refrigerator and had new screening put on the back porch.

Agnes's house didn't even have a back porch. She complained to Maurice.

"Foolishness," said Maurice without looking up from the mail-order catalogue. "You don't need ruffles on a truck farm. You and I've got a good truck farm. We don't need ruffles."

Agnes slashed at a large potato with vicious energy. She was cutting seed potatoes for tomorrow's planting on the hillside acre. Maurice was long in deciding what to put in the triangle acre next to it. Maybe beans, maybe not.

But Lillie. Lillie always managed to get what she wanted somehow. Linoleum, refrigerator, screening. And *she* had a boy. Agnes always wanted a boy in the worst way. Why, Lillie could even have had Maurice once, a long time ago. Well, maybe.

But Lillie didn't do right by that kid of hers. She didn't appreciate having a kid; letting him run the streets the way he did and him only fifteen. Well, if Lillie didn't care a hoot, no reason for Agnes and Maurice to care. The boy was no concern of theirs.

With her wrist, Agnes swept a lock of hair from her eyes. It fell forward again when she reached into the basket of potatoes. She stabbed her knife into a potato and dropped her hands into her lap, palms up. Lillie's hands never looked like that. They were plump and white from working in Larson's Drygoods all day. Already she giggled when a man spoke to her. What did she care about that kid of hers just so long as she got herself a man? Well, no need for Agnes and Maurice to fret. She glared at Maurice.

"Now you listen here, Maurice Miller," she said. "We don't spend no more of our time and thought on that boy of Lillie's. She makes a decent wage, doesn't she? She can buy new refrigerators, can't she? Can you name one living reason why she can't look out for her own kid? You hear me, Maurice?"

Her voice rose threateningly as she talked. It carried an accusation rather than a command. Maurice rocked back in his rocking chair. He hauled his stockinged feet off the footstool and planted them firmly on the floor. Maurice was always so comfortable. Slow and even and comfortable.

"You're a lucky one, Agnes Miller," Lillie once said. She squeezed Maurice's shoulder with her plump, pretty hand. "No other man but Maurice could take your ranting so CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

Agnes had spent years trying not to want all the things her sister had. But in this case what woman could have succeeded?

ARE HONEYMOONS HAPPY?

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN
In collaboration with THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JON ABBOT



"Most men are tender and considerate—the husband who forces himself on an unwilling bride has vanished."

Every mother's fondest dream for her daughter and every girl's goal in life is a happy marriage. A bride's honeymoon expectations determine to a large extent its success or failure. Knowing what lies ahead can help a girl in love view her honeymoon and marriage realistically. This nationwide study of honeymoons by the American Institute of Family Relations is printed in the conviction that many young people will be helped to a much greater understanding of each other in the very beginning of their marriages.

How happy are honeymoons? Women between the ages of 16 and 72 were questioned about their wedding trips taking place as recently as 1961, a few as far back as 1909.

Half of the women questioned found their honeymoons happy. Of these, 21 per cent were "ecstatic."

The honeymoon failed to live up to expectations for the other half. It was a painful experience to one bride in every ten. It was a disillusionment and disappointment to 19 per cent and completely neutral and devoid of feeling to 27 per cent.

Rare is the bride who enters marriage with feelings of confidence and serenity. Self-doubts, apprehension, even pure fright arise as the moment approaches. "Although I felt warm and loving before the wedding, I could feel myself freeze as I put on my bridal veil and I didn't unfreeze for months," one bride describes her feelings.

Embarking on their honeymoons, 57 per cent of the women said they felt happy and expectant and 28 per cent confident and calm. However, 21 per cent also indicated that they were fatigued and exhausted, 16 per cent felt apprehensive and fearful and 20 per cent overstimulated and tense. A few brides said they felt a little of each of these feelings—"a kind of wild churning."

The brutal husband who forces himself on his unwilling bride has vanished (if he ever existed) with the gaslights of the Victorian era. The wives in this survey overwhelmingly stated their husbands were gentle, tender and considerate throughout the honeymoon. Only six in every hundred women found their husbands brusque.

There was little evidence of honeymoon trauma producing deep emotional scars lasting into years of marriage. Only a tiny handful of women found it took them any time to recover from any disagreeable aspects of their honeymoons.

Very few brides found the honeymoon too long—only two in a hundred found it so—while 32 per cent, in retrospect, said it was "too short." Half of the honeymooning couples kept on the move

Many wretched honeymoons were the start of beautiful and enduring relationships—and vice versa.

A Kentucky girl eloped with her beau, her mother and two girl friends. Happy after twenty-three years of marriage, she would choose the same arrangement again.

Herewith surprising results of the first scientific survey ever made of happiness on honeymoons.

nd the other half stayed in the same spot. Few women found their oneymoons poorly planned; 10 per cent said they had done too uch traveling, 7 per cent complained of lack of privacy, and 4 per ent found it exhausting. "Just too much," commented a woman hose honeymoon encompassed Lake Louise and Banff. On the her hand, many brides who drove three and four thousand miles two weeks said, "Marvelous! Not at all tiring! Enjoyed every inute of it."

Although popular opinion regards the honeymoon primarily as period of sexual adjustment, women apparently judge its success y how well they got along with their husbands in *all* ways.

Almost half the women found "nothing" difficult about adjusting to living with their husbands at first. The rest said their honeymoons were marred by the husband's immaturity, insensitivity, mper and sexual demands—in that order. Many recognized, however, that they, too, were excessively selfish or demanding.

"At the beginning I felt my husband's demands were unfair," xplained one woman. "Now I never refuse and he asks less and I el like asking more."

At least one woman spent her honeymoon listening to her husand's wartime escapades. "It seems one role of wife is mother onfessor," she wrote. "Naturally, I didn't believe it all."

Many personality problems first showed up on the honeymoon. The qualities that make you fall in love with a man don't seem to e the ones that make a good husband," a college girl discovered. aid another, "A poor disposition and bad temper will seriously afect your honeymoon, your marriage, and later on your children." bserved a third, "Opposites attract when you're young, but cause ouble when you're both under the same roof."

Excessively neat husbands bothered wives as much as untidy nes. "My husband's a night person who just wakes up at midight—I'm a morning person" caused honeymoon conflict. Extroerts sought the stimulation of crowds and introverts looked for lence and seclusion on their wedding trips. How to spend money aused quarrels. "After being a carefree career girl, it was hard to et used to spending my husband's money" was a sentiment stated y many. "Discussing money problems when you are tired or ritable always ends in hostility" found another.

An immediate conventional honeymoon was the choice of 61 er cent of the married couples. One in four couples had just a eekend interruption of work together, while 8 per cent postponed ie wedding trip indefinitely.

Most popular honeymoon spot was "in the mountains." One ollege couple spent two months fire-watching in a remote mouniintop area of Montana. Said the bride, "We heartily recommend a re tower where there is no one but you, and God's beauty eigns." As an afterthought she added, "Two weeks would have een ideal."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



"I cried every day."

Designed for little Princesses



Princess Caroline



Caroline Kennedy



Princess Anne



This Paris-designed coat in a lovely blue tweed is universally becoming. Rows of stitching give added detail to the collar and pocket flaps. Match it to a felt breton. Vogue Design No. 2900.



Party dresses, a little girl's favorite kind of dress, should be delightfully simple. Our lace-trimmed white organdy has a plaid ribbon sash. Vogue Design No. 5013.



Dotted swiss embroidered with field flowers is the party version of this design. For school, make it in plaid cotton with a white collar and cuffs and a velveteen weskit. Vogue Design No. 5328.



For summer, Caroline Kennedy might wear a robe such as this in flowered chintz with white beading outlining the yoke. In the winter, the same robe in washable challis. Vogue Design No. 5329.

Inspired by three of the most beguiling children in the world, we show you typical clothes that these young ladies are often photographed wearing. Caroline Kennedy has won the hearts of America in her delicate lace-trimmed party frocks. Princess Anne has a lovely English complexion, wears clear colors prettily and is often seen in her kilt (she has her very own Balmoral tartan which is reserved exclusively for the royal family). Princess Caroline of Monaco, a dark-haired four-year-old beauty, is always seen in distinguished, simple clothes. Keep these designs in mind for "back to school" sewing for your own little princess.

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR



This demure party dress is made of black-and-white-checked taffeta. The puff sleeves are made of imported eyelet cotton. She wears a velvet ribbon sash and a nosegay at the waistline. Vogue Design No. 5319.

Smocking has become increasingly popular in sizes 8 to 14. When smocking extends to the waistline, the effect is slim and young. Our dress, in yellow, has a white collar and cuffs and white smocking. Vogue Design No. 5331.



DRAWINGS BY
MARGARET SUMMERFELD



This authentic kilt in an Anderson tartan has lovely deep pleats. The jacket is bound in novelty braid and her Scotch cap is included in the pattern. Vogue Design No. 5318.



Princess Anne might well have a lavender tweed coat, simply tailored with a deeper velvet collar that is so typically English. The coat is double-breasted and has patch pockets. Vogue Design No. 5335.

FOR OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 94.

ENCHANTING AS



THE STARS . . .

By WILHELA CUSHMAN Fashion Editor

The shining fact is that every pretty girl is a star in her own right on a summer night, in dresses like these, in drifting chiffon, organdy, piqué.



Dolores Hart (playing in "Francis of Assisi")
likes a cool printed organdy of wisteria shades and blues,
sublimely feminine, by Adele Simpson.

Audrey Hepburn, momentous dark-eyed beauty,
in private life Mrs. Mel Ferrer, likes the simplest long evening dresses.
Hubert de Givenchy's white piqué with a fringed cape collar.
"Breakfast at Tiffany's," her latest picture.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN RAWLINGS



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS FAURER

Maggi Brown of the green eyes
and blazing hair
wears misty green shantung organza,
embroidered and
appliquéd, by Hattie Carnegie.
The matching stole is cool and beautiful.
A dress that needs no jewels.

ENCHANTING AS THE STARS...

Eva Marie Saint (right), starring in "Exodus,"
blond and radiant in half-white, half-golden-yellow chiffon,
with a finely shirred skirt to swirl in the summer breeze.
Current and timeless, designed by James Galanos.
In private life, Miss Saint is Mrs. Jeffrey Hayden.





A pretty suit worn without a coat is one of the fashions Mrs. Duke likes best. This beautiful tweed in a bright Spanish pink with a leather sash is from Balenciaga.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke

wife of the Chief of Protocol of the United States

"Keep it simple" is Mrs. Duke's instant answer to the clothes situation, her own or anyone's. World traveled, natively knowledgeable about fashion, she lives by her own advice, in Washington, Southampton or anywhere she goes. She likes black because it is uncomplicated, cosmopolitan, highly eligible for any occasion. Next to black—and perhaps because of her Spanish heritage, brunet hair and complexion—she loves strong, effective colors: red, yellow, deep pinks, never mild in-betweens. She buys what she really likes and keeps her clothes a long time, still has a little black silk Balenciaga from her trousseau. She likes Balenciaga, orders some of her clothes from the European collections.



A simple black alpaca coat for every daytime occasion, a small velvet hat.



A mixture tweed suit for casual or country wear, the kind that lasts for years, worn with a blue sweater.



Silk-matelassé luncheon suit, by Hattie Carnegie, worn with a chiffon hat.



Other fashions she designs herself and has made by a good tailor she has found; still others she buys "off the hook." Favorites are: slim sheath dresses; slacks at home and in the country (she would live in them if she could); a simple black daytime coat; a black suit with satin and chiffon blouses. Mrs. Duke is totally natural, talks easily and charmingly, likes to entertain, to travel. Her travel technique is simple too: "Take as little as possible and always be ready to go."

Some of her travel specialties: a couple of long evening skirts, one black, one white, and tops to go with them (as well as one short evening dress); colorful wools and two black dresses; a "comfortable crushable beret"; an "old familiar" traveling bag; a suit and "thousands of scarves and blouses"; a make-up kit always packed. The Dukes have two delightful children—daughter, Maria-Luisa (Mari Lu), seven years old, and Dario (Dari), their four-year-old son.

WILHELA CUSHMAN FASHION EDITOR

One of Mrs. Duke's short dinner dresses in printed chiffon with a stole.

For official receptions, one of Mrs. Duke's favorite dresses (right) is in mauve brocade which she brought from Hong Kong and designed herself.



Over the top of his newspaper Sam Porter glanced uneasily toward the kitchen from which came the low, tense murmur of his fifteen-year-old daughter Peggy talking to her brother Billy as they cleaned up the supper dishes.

"It's my turn now—and they can *crawl*——" The rest was lost to Sam. But the tone was unmistakable.

"Aw, you're nuts!" came Billy's high, young voice.

"Well, I mean it!" said Peggy. "They can crawl!"

Sam frowned. Was this the same daughter who not two months ago had stood before him in an agony of loneliness and confusion?

"They don't *like* me!" she had whispered, tears welling from the blue eyes so like her mother's. "Am I a *creep* or something?" Sam had put his arms around her. "It isn't that they dislike you, honey. But they've lived in this town all their lives. They've grown up with their friends. And you're new. They'll get to know you, and then they'll love you as much as we do."

"But I've been here two whole weeks and they don't even seem to *want* to know me!" And then the sobs had come, and holding her, Sam himself had never felt more lonely or inadequate. Helen would have known what to do. But Helen was gone. And he was a widower. And he and Peggy and Billy were alone in this world except for one another. It had been tough enough in their own town. But at the beginning of the year the printing company he worked for had transferred him here to Birchwood, where they were strangers.

"We'll think of something, honey," he'd said with an assurance he had not felt. "Don't you worry."

Now he heard the kitchen-cupboard doors slam, and quickly busied himself with the newspaper.

"Hi, daddy," Peggy said from the living-room doorway. "Anything in the paper tonight?"

Sam forced a grin as he looked up at her. "You got a mention in Bill Dillon's column today. By the way," he added, "how are you getting along with the kids at school?"

She met his gaze for a moment, then shrugged. "They're no problem."

Sam let the newspaper slip to the floor. It had been a long, hard pull, and now it looked as if it had been wasted. That first night, when Peggy had cried out her bitterness to him, he had lain awake in bed a long time, his mind searching for a way to ease her hurt. By breakfast next morning, he at least had a question.

"Peggy," he had said, buttering a piece of toast, "what do you do best?"

Billy's grin flashed over his glass of milk. "Sleep in, maybe? She sure can do that!"

"No, I'm serious," Sam continued. "Is there any one thing you excel in?"

Peggy frowned at her plate and hunched her shoulders. "Why do you ask?"

Sam smiled. "Honey, I did a lot of thinking last night." He lit a cigarette. "Maybe I have an answer."

She eyed him dubiously.

"If there's something you can do really well—be the best at, I mean—it could be the key you're looking for."

"But what?"

Sam spread his hands. "I know you're a good swimmer. Do you suppose you could become a good enough swimmer to be a credit to your school?"

Peggy said slowly, "Our school doesn't even have a tank."

"There's one downtown at the community center."

"I know. But nobody goes there."

"All the better," Sam said. "Then nobody will know."

"Know what?" Peggy shook her head dolefully. "I just don't understand, daddy," she said. Her glance went to the clock. "I'm going to be late for school if I don't get out of here pretty soon."

Sam put a hand on her shoulder. "O.K., honey. But you think about this swimming business. And don't say anything to anyone."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

NEW GIRL IN TOWN

By ROBERT PATERSON

It was more than just a race that Peggy had to win.

This town was their future. Was Peggy going to reject it because it had once hurt her pride?



USTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

Hollywood News

How the Stars Eat and Exercise

By BET HART and JEAN ANDERSON

"Don't lose your figure! Don't lose your figure! Don't lose your figure!" are the three classic warnings to an actress. A star's figure *is* her fortune, for an extra inch around her waist may look like three on film (a camera automatically adds 10 pounds). Take a look at *your* latest snapshot. How do you measure up?

Unfortunately, there are no miracle pills to add or subtract weight, although Pauline Kessinger, manager of the Paramount commissary, admits that many stars were once on "trick diets." Some of them still are; however, there are more calls at Paramount for her "weight watcher's diet" (1 broiled hamburger, 1 sliced tomato, cottage cheese and black coffee) than for tiger's milk, a low-calorie drink "in" several years ago. Some stars have developed their own liquid supplements: Robert Cummings's cocktail (powdered skim milk, water, raw egg yolk, brewer's yeast, 1 ripe banana and a dash of honey) and Bob Hope's blend of yoghurt and tomato juice. Such beverages, however, aren't "meals" but midday energy "lifts." And of course there are calls for the 900-calorie liquid formulas which stars substitute for one or two meals or use as a nutritional bonus. (Remember the *Journal*'s Fabulous Formula that started it all?) Most stars, having learned through a series of on-again-off-again crash programs, now diet soundly as a way of life, realizing that individual body and personality types must be considered as well as calorie counting.

A star must slim down without sacrificing her beauty and vitality, and *never* may she become gaunt or flabby. To tone her muscles and flesh, she exercises regularly and correctly. And to keep her skin clear, eyes and hair shining, spirits up, the best diet is a varied one *high* in protein, fresh fruits and vegetables, but *restricted* in carbohydrate and fat.

Available now to calorie-counting stars (and to you, too) is the season's luscious, low-calorie harvest: young chickens, lamb and beef, and a seaful of shrimp, scallops, lobster and tender white-meated fish (almost all fish except salmon, herring and tuna are blessedly low in calories). And when dressed in a fragrant lemon sauce or marinated in a low-calorie salad dressing, m-m-m-m! Summer's a salad bowl of fresh fruit and vegetables, too, all kind to your figure. And how lucky for the dieter that herbs and spices add *imagination* and *intrigue* only. Take advantage of iced tea, coffee and the array of chilled fruit juices and low-calorie soft drinks.

The loudest and most common dietary complaints come from the reducer (some still don't believe that good food can produce dramatic weight loss), and yet there *are* those who *can't gain*. Their problem is equally challenging because the pounds must be added proportionately. Maintaining weight isn't so simple as it sounds, either. Even though your weight remains the same, you can still lose your figure because pounds have an irritating way of rearranging themselves.

Jack Lemmon, Janet Leigh and Natalie Wood, who costar in our story, agree that keeping in shape is an important part of their job—and a common-sense combination of sound diet and physical activity. Janet Leigh, our Slow Burner, ate and exercised herself into a smaller dress size (her figure, now 14 pounds lighter, is considered one of Hollywood's best). Jack Lemmon, the Steady Burner, "eats like a wise horse," but does work out to keep muscles firm and flesh *where* it should be. Natalie Wood, a vivacious Fast Burner, nibbles all day in her fight to put on a pound or two. Decide which of these stars' problems parallels yours, then take a tip from your star. Their secrets are sound and *can* help you.

Do you know your figure type?

The first step toward making over your figure is knowing your body type. It determines *what* you should eat and *how* you should exercise. There are three general classifications (see sketches and descriptions at right). If you can't fit yourself into one of the groups, you may be a combination. Many people are. For example, if you have firm hard muscles but a stubborn spare tire, you're probably part Slow Burner, part Steady Burner. Choose the type or types which suit you best, then read the "success story" of the star who shares your figure frustrations.

The Slow Burner (endomorph):



You literally burn your calories slowly, and those your body can't use for energy are stored as fat. Pounds come quickly but go slowly, settling around your waist and hips and thighs in soft, round bulges. No trim sheaths for you, but gored skirts to cover up unless you're determined to carry out a diet-and-exercise routine to slim down.

The Steady Burner (mesomorph):



You're sturdy and stocky with firm, hard flesh which walking and most sports refuse to budge. You're active, apt to go at a project with all you've got. Your weight remains pretty much the same regardless of what you eat—and you've a good appetite! To lose you must do special spot exercises and go on a strict diet. Hard work!

The Fast Burner (ectomorph):



Bony and fragile, you long to fill out your figure with becoming curves. But no matter how much you eat or how often, you can't put on more than a pound or two. You're apt to be tense. Your muscles and nerves are always active. Just sitting still you may burn more calories than the average person does sweeping the house.



ABBOT MILLS

Are you a Slow Burner like JANET LEIGH?

Janet Leigh came to Hollywood at 18, "padded with baby fat.". To reduce, she (1) skipped afternoon sundaes and candy bars and (2) studied nutrition and developed her own low-calorie diet. "I didn't try to lose a lot of weight fast because crash diets aren't good for you and their effects don't last long." Instead, Janet cut her calories to 2000 a day, gradually reduced the number to 1000. Results? In less than two months she had shed 14 pounds without "becoming tense or nervous." And *more* important, "I haven't *gained an ounce since* except when I was pregnant" (15 pounds gained with her first child, 10 pounds with the second). Janet's current vital statistics: 5′6″, 110 pounds ("but I'm very small-boned"). She believes that she has maintained her weight because she *took time* on that first diet to establish good eating habits which have remained the basis of her daily diet. "I just can't eat all the rich and gooey things I used to love. I've found it's just as easy to eat fruit as pastries. And one of my favorite salads is a wonderful one my husband [Tony Curtis] makes with crisp, crisp cucumbers and onion rings in a vinegary dressing—and it has practically no calories at all!" Another favorite is also of Tony's doing: a goulash with lots of tomatoes and frankfurters, green peppers and herbs that's a meal in itself (recipes on page 62). Janet considers fad diets "like anything in the extreme, bad." At the time she began her diet, she also started dancing lessons. "It just happened and it's lucky for me that it did. I lost weight without ever getting flabby." Today Janet is active, "playing tennis whenever I can. And I get a lot of exercise just running the house." In addition, she exercises regularly, taking professional tips from Tony's instructor (try the spot-reducer exercises shown by her on page 108). Janet's recommendations for losing weight: a varied low-calorie diet (1000 to 1200 calories a day with emphasis on lean meat, fruits and vegetables) and exercise *every* day. "If you don't have a favorite sport, *find* one." And "no nibbling between meals and *never, never* a bedtime snack!"

Janet Leigh, who had to lose pounds—and inches—before being movie perfect, keeps her pretty figure "the way I find it fun to do . . . outdoor exercise."



Tony, Jamie, Janet and Kelly Curtis have a poolside picnic of hamburgers, green salad and fruit dessert. No bun for weight-watching Janet.



ABBOT MILLS

To unwind after a day at the studio, Jack Lemmon stops by Chasen's restaurant to relax over "lots of meat and salad." His dinner companion is actress Felicia Farr.

Are you a Steady Burner like JACK LEMMON?

Jack Lemmon eats whatever he likes, sometimes gains ("when I'm abroad") but often loses and *can't* gain ("when I'm shooting and am under enormous mental and physical pressure"). Jack is 5′10″ and likes to weigh 150. "Bad shape for me is five pounds over." He admits to being "always hungry," but believes he eats a good diet out of pure choice. "Fortunately, I lean to protein which I think is the best diet for keeping energy and resistance up, weight down." Jack doesn't approve of health kicks. More important, he believes, is eating wisely. "As children we're taught to clean up our plates, and that's disastrous. We shouldn't always eat *everything*. A major cause for fat Americans today is that we forget that our metabolic rate slows down as we grow older and fail to adjust our eating habits. For example, when I was sixteen, doctors discovered that I burned up a thousand more calories per day than the average guy. But I'm older now and couldn't eat what I ate then without gaining."

A bachelor, Jack does little cooking and prefers to stop by a favorite haunt like Chasen's, where he can relax with friends over a good meal. "Dave Chasen still makes his own chili. I don't know what he does to make it so special, but it's the best I've ever eaten. He also does a fantastic salad with spinach and bacon." (We've persuaded Chasen's to share these two recipes with you. See page 63 for our exclusive.) "Or I heat up something Millie (my mother) has cooked. Millie's a crazy cook, the kind who'll say on meeting you, 'How do you do? What's your favorite food?' She keeps my freezer stocked, also does a lot of original chicken-and-vegetable casseroles I can just heat and eat." We've included one of Mrs. Lemmon's special favorites on page 63. (P.S. It's a favorite of Jack's too.) One reason, perhaps, that Jack doesn't worry often about gaining is that he rarely eats desserts. "I just don't crave them." And he *doesn't* eat between meals.

Whenever Jack must lose weight fast for a picture, he goes on a high-protein, 1000-calorie-a-day diet and takes a house at Malibu, where he can run up and down the beach an hour or so every morning. He also plays golf each week, "which doesn't really count as an exercise," and occasionally works out at the gym. Because it's often harder for a Steady Burner to lose weight, posture exercises involving stretch, co-ordination and balance are especially good. Do several exercises for a short time; and if you're not in shape, Jack recommends, don't overdo!

JOHN ENGSTEAD



For getting into shape, Jack picks his favorite spot, the beach, to do the exercise he's been enjoying since school days, running. "I probably look like a nut, but the routine works!"

Are you a Fast Burner like NATALIE WOOD?

"Most people believe everyone exercises to reduce. I exercise to gain!" says Natalie Wood. Exercising, done correctly, will build your body up, just as it will shed those extra pounds if you are at the endomorph end of our body-type chart. Natalie dances her way to a prettier, firmer figure. The warmup exercises she does help keep her in shape for strenuous dance routines. Try this predance exercise of Natalie's: Stand straight, feet together, arms stretched out and palms facing floor. Lower arms to side, back and up, pushing shoulders back as far as they will go. As hands reach top position, raise to half-toe. Returning to original foot position, bend over and touch toes. If you are not so agile (and can't reach your toes), turn to page 108 for Natalie's favorite warmups. If you have an angular shape that just won't fill out, you, like Natalie, run on nervous tension. The exercises will relax you, build you up. For gaining, just as difficult as losing, do the exercises s-l-o-w-l-y!



JOHN ENGSTEAD

"A lot of my friends complain about how hard it is to lose weight. Well, it's *hard* for me to *gain*. I have to lay off chocolate, fats and fried foods—all the things that would make me gain—to keep my face from breaking out." Natalie, who is just 5′2½″ tall, adds that her ambition is "to hit 100 pounds." She hasn't yet. Her weight fluctuates between 90 and 98, although her appetite is good, especially when she's doing a film that's fun. "Unfortunately," says Natalie, "I don't care for sweets and I don't crave food in the middle of the day, although I did when we were doing *West Side Story* because the routines were so strenuous."

The best way for Natalie to gain without ruining her complexion is to eat the rich Italian *pastas*, Oriental foods "with lots of rice" and hearty Mexican dishes which she is so fond of. "I also eat quite a few potatoes, although I have to go easy on the butter and I adore our cook's Burger Stroganoff with wild rice, and her salad dressing which is rich but doesn't bother my complexion" (recipes on page 63).

Natalie's husband, Robert ("R. J.") Wagner, shares her underweight problems. "Only his are worse because he is so athletic. I'm not. In fact, dancing is the only active thing I do other than an occasional game of table tennis and swimming. I pretty much run on nervous energy, and since both my mother and father are small, I suppose gaining will always be a struggle for me. What works best is dancing to build my appetite, eating three big meals a day—and in between too. I don't have any calorie goal. I just eat as much and as often as I can." **FOR MORE ON DIETING, SEE PAGE 62**

Natalie Wood and her husband, Robert Wagner (left), like to give gay, informal dinners. Enjoying a Japanese meal with them, Japanese style, are Bob and Joan Conrad.

ABBOT MILLS



blue Sky dining

On a brilliant blue evening an early star gleams, the table is set under a rustling pear tree. Gloriously thick and juicy Mushroom-Stuffed Sirloin Steak is broiled rare, outdoors or in. A casserole of Scalloped Potatoes Provençales, gilded with Gruyère cheese, is crusty on top, creamy-soft within. Thick red tomato wedges, slices of pale-green cucumber and tender zucchini rounds are drifted with water-cress dressing. July's darling, corn on the cob, piles high in a golden, buttery mound. Dessert: our superb Strawberry Tower, concocted from layers of cake, sliced strawberries and whipped cream!

Mushroom-Stuffed Sirloin Steak

1 flat-bone sirloin steak cut 3″ thick (about 7 pounds when trimmed and tied)
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
Salt and pepper

STUFFING:

6 tablespoons butter
6 cups very finely chopped mushrooms
2½ teaspoons powdered rosemary
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 cups fine soft white bread crumbs

½ pound mushroom caps
¼ cup butter for sautéeing } *Garnish*
Parsley

Sprinkle each side of the steak with ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder. Using a sharp knife, cut a horizontal slit 5″ wide and as deep as possible from the fat edge of the steak toward the bone. The slit should lie as near the center of the steak as possible. *For the stuffing:* Heat the butter in a large skillet. Sauté the mushrooms over high heat until pale golden. Add the rosemary, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix well. Add the bread crumbs and mix again. Cool. Fill the slit in the steak with about 1 cup stuffing, packing it firmly. Secure the edges with skewers. Put the remaining stuffing into a greased 1-quart casserole. Cover and bake casserole in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20–25 minutes. If using an outdoor grill, make sure all coals are glowing. Place the steak on broiler rack 5″–6″ from the heat. Broil until surface is well seared; this should be about 25 minutes for a 3″ steak if you like it rare, or about 35 minutes for well done. Season with salt and pepper and turn over. Broil on the other side, cooking slightly less on the second side. Season with salt and pepper and serve on a hot platter or steak board. Remove skewers and string. Garnish with mushroom caps (sautéed in butter until golden) and parsley. Slice the steak down ⅜″ thick. Serve with a little of the extra stuffing. Makes 8–10 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Golden-brown mushroom caps garnish a superb 3″ steak, stuffed with chopped mushroom filling. Serve plenty of warm melted butter with the sweet fresh corn.

STUART-FOWLER



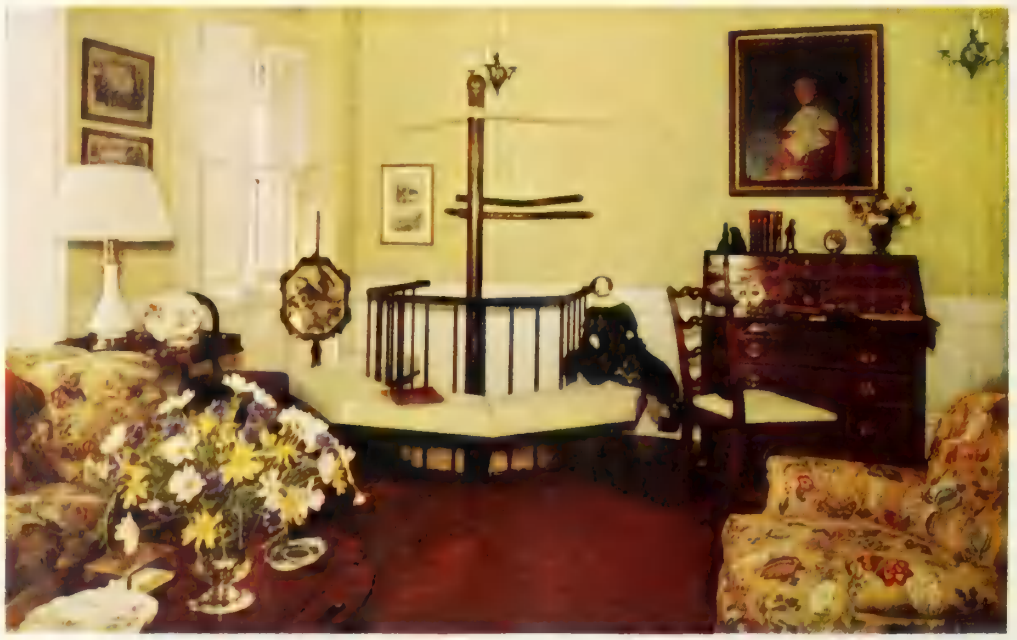
Throughout America, more and more inspired people are turning their imaginations to the possibilities of old, outgrown buildings: a small schoolhouse in Iowa; a former railroad station in Truro, Massachusetts; and big solid barns all over the country. If your turn of mind is to remodeling, these structures often offer advantages not found in many new houses. The price is usually attractive, the location sometimes excellent, and the architecture presents offbeat, original features.

For instance, in San Francisco, this 1908 firehouse, bought and remodeled by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Davies, retains much of its flavor in the façade, in high ceilings, in the old wooden walls which have been left intact throughout most of the house. On the first floor are a garage and a huge room that the owners have turned into a Fire Museum; on the floor above, living-dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and baths all surround a flowering terrace.

Comfort And Charm In A Converted Firehouse



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD DAVIS



INTERIORS BY ADELAIDE O'NEILL



TERRACE PLANTING BY JEAN W. WOLFF

Firemen's quick-descent brass pole is still here, extra seating around it in off-white linen-covered benches. To furnish the house many treasures were bought at auctions which fit the Victorian mood of the high-ceilinged living room. Among these is a growing collection of memorabilia on fires and their fighting, including old photographs, prints, and even two antique engines in perfect condition in the roomy museum behind garage on ground floor.

Color scheme here is red, yellow and white with accent of blue. Walls throughout the house were left as they were when the firemen answered alarms from "Engine 31." They are painted yellow to the chair rail and white from there to floor—a good, simple way to minimize height of ceilings. Tall, wide window is curtained in sheer white cotton; the smaller one is neatly fitted with louvered shutters. Deep red rug has a high, looped wool pile.

In the dining area, the tall ceiling has been lowered to make this space seem wider, cozier. Walls are same yellow and white, curtains carry over same material and trim from the living room. Spring, summer and fall the deck is a delight for entertaining or just plain sitting. Master bedroom with its rose-spattered wallpaper can be seen across terrace. Another bedroom is accessible at left.



. . . . . Annual Report

We Want Quality Performance

Five years ago we took a candid look at appliance service and reported the good and the bad as we found them. Then, we said, service could and should be better. We still believe it's realistic to expect good, prompt and reasonably priced maintenance wherever products are sold. And many manufacturers agree; they are working toward that goal. Many have organized training schools for servicemen; many now use simpler parts, keep stocks of repairs available and some even dispatch trucks speedily by radio to cope with emergencies. The picture *is* improving, and every day we hear of more good developments. You should keep prodding the poor performers and patronizing the good ones.

Lately you've told us of new frustrations. The problem: lack of basic quality and performance in some quarters. Annual models have many new features—most of them sound, to be sure, but others are more showy than functional. The complaint: there's been too much emphasis on complicated accessories and on how appliances look; too little on how they work and how long they last.

There've been notable exceptions, such as makers who insist all improvements be tried and true and who concentrate on quality manufacturing. And we found it heartening that the 1961 lines show a swing to simpler designs to fill honest needs. But quality performance of appliances is a partnership affair—we all have a share.

MEMO TO HOMEMAKERS

WHILE SHOPPING: decide what you need and choose a model to fill that need. The simplest one that does what you want done will be less breakdown-prone than a more complex one. A tip: avoid gadgets that won't be useful. Look for designs without textured surface, tricky switches and pushbuttons to complicate cleaning, fancy trim and name plates which collect and hold soil. Prettiness isn't always practical.

WHEN BUYING: make sure the reputation for maintenance in your neighborhood is good. Ask a user what service she gets before you buy. It's realistic to expect today's appliances will need more attention than earlier ones (they're more complicated). For instance, mother's wringer washer lasted twenty years, never needed service but needed a lot of tending. Today's machine may last half as long and need some servicing during its lifetime, but it automatically washes dirty clothes vigorously, dainty ones gently, adds detergent and bleach, strains out lint and spins out water, all on its own. Most agree it earns an earlier retirement.

WHEN USING: read the maker's instructions, even if you've had a similar model before.

WHEN BREAKDOWNS OCCUR: call the dealer from whom you bought the appliance first (or the service agency agreed on). You'll get better service if you've kept sales slips and warranty cards. If you can't get satisfaction, send a special-delivery letter with details to the manufacturer's service manager—the address is on the instructions and on the name plate attached to the appliance.

Women everywhere love their wonderful convenience appliances. Watch a woman's face glow as she points out the beauty of her new refrigerator or new dryer. Because her pride is so strong, her attitude so possessive, a woman feels betrayed when a favorite appliance fails. She expects charm and a long life of daily dependability. Sometimes she may even expect too much.

Often it's her fault if the mechanical wonders go wrong. She may have failed to read the directions. Or having read them, failed to follow them. But occasionally it's the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD STUART



to Housewives . . . . .

manufacturer's fault. A model may be too hard to service, too complicated. Sometimes it hasn't been tried out severely enough. Sometimes, with all care, a lemon gets out—an imperfect machine that should never have gone to the showroom.

Women everywhere are asking for better performance and longer life for the 15,000,000 major appliances sold each year. It's because they rely on their service this is important. See left for more about these problems. For news in appliances to help give you more free time, less household work and worry, see the summaries that follow.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON HOMEMAKING EDITOR



Report on Ranges

A sampling of news: Controlled heat, that stays at the level you've set, has come to the stove top. There's an electric unit that not only will maintain any heat you need but adjusts to fit large, medium and even small pans (to melt butter for instance). In a new-style gas burner, air and gas are scientifically mixed; result: cleaner flame, more even heat. It's easier, too, to do a roast as you like it. An oven with a skewerlike arrangement takes the meat's temperature, automatically reduces oven heat to hold the roast for hours, juicy and the way you like it (see picture at left). . . . For those who relish pancakes, light and golden every time, griddles cook via controlled heat too. . . . And speaking of control, there are gas ovens where you can count on 140° F. temperatures, gentle and low for keeping food hot without overcooking. . . . Of interest to do-it-yourselfers: some ranges are planned so *you* can do minor repairs. Getting major repairs done is easier, too, because many manufacturers, heeding homemakers' pleas, have designed ranges to be *fixed from the front*. . . . Families frequently on the go will like compact ranges which have the luxurious look of built-ins at a fraction of the cost. You can take them with you. One type has an eye-level oven, counter-height cooktop. . . . Another version trimly slides between counters and the oven is underneath. . . . The newest oven of all is finished on all sides, can be hung on the wall or put on a shelf—wherever there are connections. . . . Electronics have come to the kitchen in the form of a speed-record-breaking oven that wastes no time warming up (it's still a luxury, though, at $750). . . . There are bigger ovens (up to 30″ wide) for those who entertain in a big way, as well as second small ovens for hot breads or casseroles. . . . We've always considered range cleaning one of the most uncreative chores. Manufacturers, with us in mind, have designed ovens with slide-out linings or replaceable foil inserts. The oven door gets out of the way, too, by swinging up or down, drop-leaf style. Smooth, one-piece tops and glassed-in switch panels eliminate hard-to-clean crevices; one swipe with a sponge makes a clean sweep. Burner tops and electric units lift up and have removable drip pans.

MEMO TO MANUFACTURERS

WE WELCOME: worth-while improvements that meet living requirements—but *please* don't make us guinea pigs.

WE WANT: more emphasis on quality and less to go wrong. We want simpler controls and instructions clear, easy to read and to follow (we've seen some), if possible on the appliance itself (no eyeglasses needed). We want designs *and* materials without nasty cracks to clean.

WE NEED: salespeople who know what products will and won't do; we need maintenance men who help us when needed.

WE APPRECIATE: the new emphasis on usefulness: products designed so they can be serviced without dismantling. Follow-up checking by post card to verify serviceman's service is helpful.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE



What's New in Freezers and Refrigerators

Just what the once-a-week shopper wanted, a refrigerator that keeps *fresh* meat *fresh* seven to nine days in a special compartment where near-freezing temperatures and humidity are carefully controlled (see picture at left). . . . If you don't want to double up on freezer space, there's a refrigerator whose only freezing is in a small ice compartment. Also, a combination in which the freezer top converts into additional refrigerator room. . . . To save stooping, a side-by-side refrigerator-freezer combination. It's roomier too. . . . One step beyond self-defrosting are the refrigerators and freezers which don't frost at all. . . . Newest refrigerator shelves are two-part with halves that move up and down independently. They're attached at the back; the walls are free. . . . Swing or slide-out shelves simplify cleaning and retrieving foods at the back. . . . Gone are ice-tray problems in the gas and electric refrigerators which automatically make and collect the ice. . . . For those who want this kind of specialist, there is a separate ice-making machine, 16″ wide (it needs its own plumbing). . . . Junior-sized cabinets are back, to serve as second refrigerators. . . . Refrigerators and freezers have slimmed down, now "fit in," eliminating hard-to-clean cracks. Trimmer insulation, equally effective, means roomier refrigerators (freezers too). . . . To complement kitchen colors, many models have a choice of front panels. . . . A word of advice: beware of rickety plastic parts (some plastic is durable but, alas, not all of it is).



Dishwashers Make News Too

Doing the dishes topped the unpopularity poll until dishwashers came along. Still, there was the messy chore of prescraping and rinsing. In newest models you simply shake off loose particles, the machine's sprays rinse the rest away. . . . For sparkling dishes, some models add a "nonspot" liquid to the last rinse—especially welcome in hard-water areas. . . . Built-in heaters to boost water temperatures will also mean better dishwashing. . . . Adjustable cycles, available in some machines, can cope with all kinds of dishwashing chores, whether pampering fine crystal or washing the pans. . . . In answer to pleas for bigger capacity, there are models 30″ wide. . . . Loading isn't the puzzle it once was, with less rigidly organized racks and these made so more pieces fit in. Top and bottom racks often operate independently so that last-minute additions don't upset the whole pattern. . . . Some machines are now sound-muffled (less annoying after-dinner clatter). . . . Others condense and drain away steam to keep your kitchen cool and dry. . . . If you're planning a special kitchen color scheme, look at models whose replaceable front panels can be fitted with wood and/or color. . . . Blessed be those portables (see left), completely automatic, which require no expensive plumbing but hook into kitchen faucets without blocking the sink. Some can be permanently installed when doing so becomes practical. . . . Although some plastics warp and some colors fade under constant machine washing, much fine china, melamine plastic and glassware bear up beautifully.

A Look at Laundry Equipment

Today's automatics not only wash, rinse and dry the clothes; many also measure and dispense the bleach *after* sudsing begins for best results. Others add fabric softener to the rinse (to cut "static" in synthetics and make towels fluffier). To suit the loads, easy and vigorous actions, high and low water heats, full and partial fillings are available automatically. . . . Some dryers will sprinkle the clothes for you. Other dryers, instead of working on a timed cycle, automatically shut off when the clothes are damp for ironing or properly dried. A boon, because the harshest creases come from overdrying. . . . Combinations with speeded drying cycles can do a load an hour (washing and drying can be done separately too). . . . A blessing for those who live in old houses are dryers that don't need heavy-duty wiring. They dry more slowly, true, but *can* be quickly converted to the faster three-wire (230-volt) circuit. . . . Check on those spacesaving washers and dryers which back up to the wall—they have cutouts behind for the attachments. Some designs are more compact yet can handle bigger loads (up to twelve pounds). The biggest help where space is small is a slim (just over 2′ wide) washer-dryer. . . . If you take your laundry out, you'll find quarter-operated ironers in some centers. . . . You can even do your own dry cleaning in coin-operated machines that clean up to eight pounds of clothes in filtered solvent, don't add creases (or remove the ones that are supposed to be there).



Conclusions About Cleaners

There are electric floor washers (see right) which will wash and dry floors by drawing up their own wash water. Available, too, are double-duty vacuum cleaners (both upright and canister) which will also wet-wash and dry a floor, then with a quick change of attachments do the dry cleaning jobs we've always loved them for. But when floors are really soiled, a revolving brush machine loosens the dirt. They're versatile, too, for with a change of brushes they are ready to buff up a shine on waxed floors—or brush cleaners into rugs. . . . If you're tired of commuting to the cleaning closet for accessories, make a note of the new tank types which carry their attachments along with them. . . . One of the newest attachments around is a revolving brush for better rug cleaning. It slips onto the end of the cleaning wand. . . . Slimmed-down uprights mean fewer tight squeezes under furniture. Some models straighten out to hang flat, saving valuable closet space.



HOW TO PLANT AROUND IDEAS

1. Never the planting smack against the house.
2. Always the walk-around.
3. Always the levelness by terracing.
4. Always get rid of the glare by trellising.
5. Always the fencing for framing and privacy.

DESIGNED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR



Hurdle fencing espaliered with forsythia now frames a front garden.



The house cried out for privacy and planting.



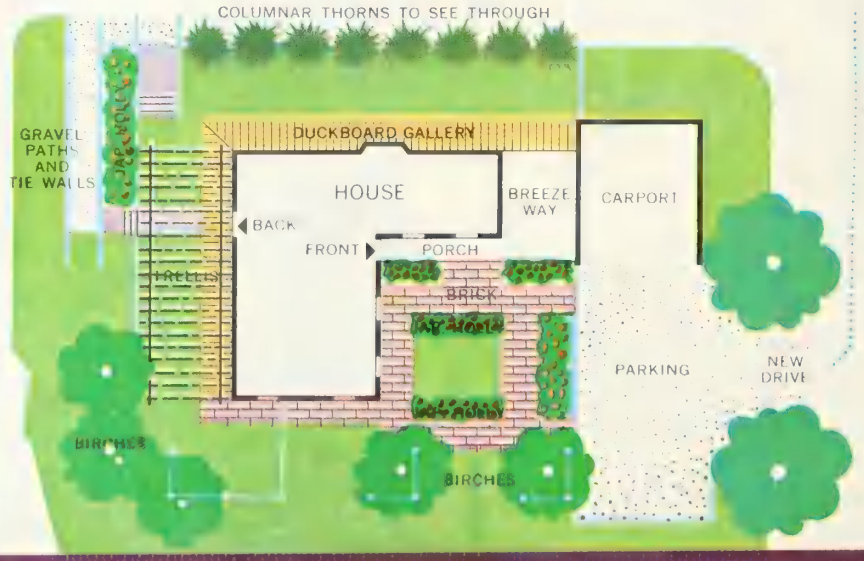
The blessed relief of shade and terracing.

The little picture at the left that is trying not to be noticeable is the way the house looked in front. It looked much worse in back. Millions of houses have been in the same bad way, all for the same reason. The building budget didn't allow for landscaping.

Five per cent of the cost of the house is what it takes to make a house look the way this one looks now. No other 5 per cent of the cost keeps on making the house grow in value and attractiveness. For good landscaping gets better year after year.

The surrounding walk is four feet wide: brick or gravel on the low sides; duckboard off the ground on the high. The trees are a further framework of hawthorns and white birches. The trellis supports are slender pipe. The retaining walls are discarded railroad ties, good for a lifetime of levelness and nonmaintenance. By RICHARD PRATT

The plan explains how the drive was relocated, how the walk-around was accomplished, the entrance front framed with fencing, and the family side made useful and attractive.



3 SOUPER SALADS

Make 'em the easy way...with soup!

They're cool. They're quick. They're creamy-delicious. Wonderful soup salads! You make them first thing in the morning (or even the night before) . . . and you make them with soup for extra-rich flavor, subtle wake-up seasonings. Then into the refrigerator. And no matter how high the mercury climbs, your family has a taste-tempting treat when dinnertime comes around. Try a cool-off salad soon.



Creamy Tuna Salad. Sprinkle 1 env. unflavored gelatine on ½ cup cold water to soften; place over boiling water; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese; add dissolved gelatine, a 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), ½ cup shredded carrot, ⅓ cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pour into 1-qt. mold. Chill until firm. Unmold; serve on crisp salad greens. 4 servings.



Ham-Macaroni Salad. Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ tsp. prepared mustard, dash Tabasco, dash pepper. Stir in 2 cups cooked macaroni (4 oz. uncooked) and 1 cup diced cooked ham. Chill. Serve with tomato wedges. 4 to 6 servings.



Shrimp Lamaze. Blend 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 cup mayonnaise. Add ¼ cup sweet-pickle relish, ½ tsp. grated onion, ½ tsp. prepared mustard, and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Makes about 2½ cups dressing. Serve over cooked shrimp. Or try with lettuce wedges, hard-cooked eggs or mixed greens. Delicious every way!

Look for other easy recipes on the back of every can.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*

THIS ILLUSTRATION IS BASED ON THE CALENDAR STONE OF THE ANCIENT AZTECS OF MEXICO



How to survive your season in the sun...

To HELP YOU have a wonderful time during your season in the sun, these do's and don't's are worth remembering.

Do get your suntan gradually. This summer, many work days will be lost . . . and many vacations spoiled . . . by overexposure to the sun. Never expose more than a few minutes at first. Increase sunning five minutes daily thereafter.

Even if you get tanned, you can still burn if you're unprotected for long periods. Use a protective cream or lotion. Should you get a severe burn with blisters, have your physician treat it.

Do take it easy. If you suddenly plunge into strenuous activities, you'll probably regret it. Break in gradually . . . that way you'll avoid undue muscular aches and pains and perhaps a strain on your heart. Pace yourself. Stop when you begin to feel pleasantly tired.

Do be a careful camper. If you plan a camping trip at some far-away place, take along an adequate selection of first aid supplies—plus a few household remedies.

When building a fire outdoors, keep it small, watch it constantly and have pails of water or sand nearby. Never leave a fire until it is out completely.

Don't take chances in the water. Accidental drowning will claim some 3000 lives in our country this summer. Always follow a most important rule of water safety . . . never swim alone. And when toddlers are around water, watch them constantly. Even if you think you're an expert swimmer, be extra careful in strange waters.

Learn rescue breathing as illustrated and explained on Metropolitan's first aid chart offered below.

Don't be a risky boater. Know and obey all the marine "rules of the road." Provide life jackets for every passenger at all times. If possible, stay with any small craft that upsets, and signal for help.

Keep away from swimmers and go slow when near docks and where the waterways are crowded. Watch the weather. Stay ashore if it's threatening.

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BASIC MAINTENANCE MENU

FOR

SLOW BURNERS adapt maintenance menu as follows:	STEADY BURNERS	FAST BURNERS adapt maintenance menu as follows:
BREAKFAST		
1 egg only, poached or soft boiled; omit butter, cream and sugar.	8 OZ. FRUIT JUICE or BOWL OF FRUIT 2 EGGS 1 SLICE BUTTERED WHOLE-WHEAT TOAST COFFEE	Add bacon, ham, jam, cereal, 8 oz. whole milk, cream and sugar.
MIDMORNING		
Will power.	WILL POWER.	Coffee and pastry, or milk or fruit juice and cookies.
LUNCH		
Substitute 8 oz. liquid low-calorie formula for meat or sandwich, low-calorie dressing for regular. Omit cream, sugar and butter.	¼ POUND MEAT or SEA FOOD OR A MEAT, CHEESE or EGG SANDWICH MIXED GREEN or FRUIT SALAD COFFEE or TEA	Add potatoes, gravies and sauces; dessert, cream and sugar; 8 oz. whole milk.
MIDAFTERNOON		
Will power.	WILL POWER.	Sundae, milk shake, candy bar or salted nuts.
DINNER		
Omit bread and butter, season vegetables with lemon or low-calorie dressing, skip dessert, cream and sugar and avoid fried foods.	¼ TO ½ POUND MEAT or SEA FOOD ONE or TWO VEGETABLES MIXED GREEN or FRUIT SALAD BREAD AND BUTTER DESSERT (BUT NOT RICH!) COFFEE	Add vegetables, sauces like hollandaise, potatoes with lots of butter or gravy, bacon and/or cheese to green salads, rich desserts, cream and sugar for coffee.
BEDTIME		
Will power.	WILL POWER.	Milk and cookies.

TONY'S CUCUMBERS

(about 24 calories per serving)

3 cucumbers, peeled and sliced
Salt (about 1 teaspoon)
1 Bermuda onion, peeled and thinly sliced
¼ cup white wine vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
Coarse fresh-ground pepper
Paprika

Place the sliced cucumbers in a bowl and sprinkle well with salt. Let stand 10 minutes. Squeeze the cucumbers and place in another bowl along with the sliced onion. Mix 2 tablespoons cucumber water with the white wine vinegar and sugar. Season cucumbers with coarse-ground pepper to taste, pour vinegar mixture over all and redden surface with paprika. Cover and chill for about ½ hour or until ready to serve. For a minimum-calorie meal, add lemon-broiled whitefish or scallops, or a broiled baby lamb chop, and Italian bread sticks. Makes 4 servings.

TONY'S GOULASH

(about 210 calories per serving)

2 tablespoons butter
3 onions, peeled and sliced
½ green pepper, cored and cut into julienne strips
1 pound frankfurters, cut into 1" lengths
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
¼ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon marjoram
1 bay leaf, crumbled
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Pinch fennel
1 can (1-lb.-12-oz.) tomatoes
1 cup tomato juice
4 ounces wide noodles

Sauté the onions, green pepper and frankfurters in the butter, stirring occasionally, until onion is clear and transparent. Season with garlic, basil, marjoram, bay leaf, salt, pepper and fennel. Add tomatoes and tomato juice and simmer, covered, for about 20 minutes. Mix in wide noodles and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes or until noodles are tender. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings. Dieters add a tossed green salad with low-calorie dressing and fruit for dessert. (Good low-calorie fruits are cantaloupe, grapefruit, fresh peaches, oranges.) You'll have a hearty meal that adds up to less than 250 calories!

CHASEN'S ORIGINAL SPINACH SALAD

(about 160 calories per serving)

1 pound fresh spinach, washed and stems removed
¾ pound bacon, fried until crisp, then drained on toweling and crumbled
2 tablespoons bacon drippings
¼ cup red wine vinegar
3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
⅔ cup olive or salad oil
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Break spinach into bite-sized pieces and chill until crisp. Meanwhile, make the dressing by combining bacon drippings, vinegars, garlic, oil, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Place crisp spinach leaves in a large salad bowl, salt and pepper to taste, add crumbled bacon and just enough dressing to coat each leaf lightly. Store remaining dressing in the refrigerator. Toss and serve at once. Makes 6–8 servings.

CHASEN'S FAMOUS CHILI

(about 220 calories per serving)

½ pound pinto beans
5 cups canned tomatoes
1 pound green peppers, seeded and coarsely chopped
1½ tablespoons salad oil
1½ pounds onions, peeled and coarsely chopped
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
½ cup finely chopped parsley
½ cup butter
2½ pounds ground beef chuck
1 pound ground lean pork
⅓ cup chili powder
2 tablespoons salt
1½ teaspoons pepper
1½ teaspoons cumin seed
1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate

Wash beans, place in bowl and add water until about two inches above beans. Soak overnight. Simmer, covered, in the same water until tender. Add tomatoes and simmer 5 minutes longer. Sauté green pepper slowly in salad oil for 5 minutes. Add onion and cook until tender, stirring frequently. Add garlic and parsley. In a large skillet melt the butter and sauté the beef and pork for about 15 minutes. Add the meat to the onion mixture, stir in the chili powder and cook for 10 minutes. Add the meat mixture to the beans and season with salt, pepper, cumin seed and monosodium glutamate. Simmer, covered, for 1 hour. Remove cover and continue cooking for 30 minutes. Skim fat from top. Makes 4 quarts. This chili freezes beautifully. Simply cool, place in quart containers and freeze. To serve, reheat.

MILDRED LEMMON'S CHICKEN-AND-EGG CASSEROLE

(about 738 calories per serving)

Whenever Jack Lemmon feels like a high-calorie splurge, this recipe is it! Fast Burners take note!

6 chicken breasts (halves) boned steamed and skinned
6 hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoons commercial salad dressing or mayonnaise
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon caper juice
1 tablespoon capers
5 dashes liquid hot pepper seasoning
8 tablespoons butter
8 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons parsley flakes
½ teaspoon garlic powder
Pinch nutmeg
2 cups light cream mixed with ¾ cup chicken broth
2½ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
1 package (10-oz.) frozen baby Lima beans cooked until tender in ¼ cup light cream
Pepper to taste
Corn-flake crumbs

Cut the chicken breasts in half lengthwise and set aside. Slice the eggs in two lengthwise and scoop out the yolks. Mash the yolks and combine with the salad dressing, ½ teaspoon salt, caper juice, capers and a dash of liquid hot pepper seasoning. Stuff the eggs. Melt the butter in a saucepan, blend in flour, parsley flakes, garlic powder, 1 teaspoon salt and nutmeg. Add cream-chicken-broth mixture and heat, stirring, until smooth and thickened. Now mix in grated cheese and 4 dashes liquid hot pepper seasoning and heat, stirring, until melted. Lay the eggs, yolk side up, in the bottom of a shallow 3-quart casserole. Place pieces of chicken in and around the yolks and pour ½ of cheese sauce over all. Using a perforated spoon, spoon the beans which have been salted and peppered to taste on top of cheese sauce, top with remaining cheese sauce and cover surface with a thin layer of corn-flake crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35–40 minutes or until mixture bubbles up and surface is golden. Makes 6–8 servings.

NATALIE WOOD'S SALAD DRESSING

(about 67 calories per tablespoon)

½ cup corn or other salad oil
¼ cup red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon minced parsley
⅛ teaspoon seasoned salt
⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
Pinch cracked pepper

Combine all ingredients in a shaker-type bottle and shake well to blend. Use to dress mixed crisp greens (romaine, endive, water cress and scallions). For variety add 1 tablespoon minced parsley to the greens and 3 or 4 thinly sliced radishes. Salt and pepper the greens. Use just enough dressing to coat each leaf, then toss. Makes ¾ cup dressing. Store any left in the refrigerator to dress other salads later.

BURGER STROGANOFF FOR WEIGHT GAINERS

(about 643 calories per serving)

3 tablespoons butter
2 pounds ground beef round
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
1 teaspoon garlic salt
Salt and pepper to taste
1 onion, peeled and chopped
½ green pepper, cored and chopped
9–10 mushrooms, wiped with a damp cloth and sliced
2 stalks celery, chopped
1½ cups canned tomatoes
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 package (8-oz.) wild rice cooked according to package directions

Melt the butter in a large heavy skillet, add the meat and seasonings. Brown the meat. Stir in the onion, green pepper, mushrooms and celery and sauté, stirring, until onion is golden and transparent. Add tomatoes, reduce heat, cover skillet and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove cover, stir well and then just before serving mix in the sour cream. Taste for seasoning and adjust if necessary. Serve over cooked wild rice. Makes 4–6 servings.

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You can cook with confidence. DEL MONTE is always rich and thick with kernels. Its hearty satisfying flavor won't fade out in cooking. The color is deep gold and appetizing. Try it in this country recipe:

Cut deep crosswise slashes in about 8 oz. (½ lb.) cooked Polish-type sausage or smoked sausage links. Simmer 1½ cups sliced carrots, ½ cup sliced celery, 2 Tbsp. chopped onion, ½ tsp. dried marjoram and ¼ tsp. salt in ½ cup water, till carrots are just tender. Stir in 1 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE® Brand Golden Cream Style Corn.

(Count on DEL MONTE to be the same every time – no need to alter your recipes *after* you open it!)

Stir in 1 slightly beaten egg, ½ cup grated cheddar cheese, ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, 2 Tbsp. minced green pepper. Pour into a 1½-2 qt. baking dish. Heat sausage in 2 Tbsp. water to remove fat; place on corn. Bake at 375° F. 40 min., or till bubbly-hot. Serves 4.

(Yes, DEL MONTE is America's idea of what good cream style corn should be. Why not buy DEL MONTE always?)



A FATHER NEEDS A WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

he girls came in, and as they placed the
on the table he washed the utensils. The
were part of the routine too. And though
might grumble about their chores, he had
d that they did not really mind if they
made to know that they had an impor-
part in the operation of the home. It was
minutes after seven.

Can I have a sweet roll?" Joan asked
ntively.

You mean, '*May* I have a sweet roll?"

Oh, all right," she said. "*May* I have a
t roll?"

You may have anything in the kitchen."
aid. "You know that. And you may have
eet roll, if you want to get pig fat."

Oh-h-h-h," she moaned. She talked con-
tly of dieting and worried greatly about
"figure." But her growing body cried out
ood and her appetite cried out for sweets.

Have another glass of milk," he suggested.
looked pained, but drank the milk.

racy asked, "You going to P.T.A. tonight,
dy?"

don't know," he told her. "We'll see."

Oh, *daddy*," she said. "Why don't you
P.T.A.? All the other parents go."

'm allergic to being bored to death," he
. "I break out in yawns."

I hate Miss Burtchard," said Tracy. "You
w this horrible boy next to me, this
kie? Well, he hit me with his ruler and
ke my pencil and Miss Burtchard didn't
thing to him."

oan looked smug. "I just love my teacher,"
said. "She's the sweetest thing. She told
was the best class president she ever had,
that I was smart enough to be in high
ool."

Oh, you're a paragon of virtue, all right,"
ry assured her.

What's that?"

Look it up," he told her.

arry went upstairs to check the rooms
e the girls dried and put away the dishes
swept the kitchen. He watched them as
finished their chores and put on their
s, Tracy's pony tail swinging as she moved.
was a slender, graceful child, with his gray
and light hair, and it occurred to Harry
she might even turn out to be prettier
Joan.

Need anything?" he asked. "Money, ciga-
es, booze?"

Oh, *daddy!*" Mock exasperation.

I need twenty cents for Scout dues," said
n. "I forgot last week."

Here," said Harry, handing her a quarter.
ep the change. Buy yourself a boy friend."

No, thank you," she said primly, but
ing.

She already has a boy friend," giggled
cy. "I saw him talking to her yesterday
n they were playing kickball, and all the
s yelled and laughed at him because he's
boy friend."

Well," said Harry. "And who is this kick-
Romeo?"

It's that old David Barnes," screeched
cy. "He's awful! Boy, I wouldn't want him
my boy friend."

Don't worry," said Joan. "You won't get
. Or anybody else, you skinny little old
g."

Oh, yeah?" said Tracy. "I've got lots of
friends. The boys in my room think I'm a
ng doll."

Harry regarded them with amazement.
ow do you know the boys in your room
k you're a living doll?" he asked Tracy.

Oh, you know," she said, giggling. "They
after you and hit on you. You can *tell*.
kie, this real, horrible, icky boy that sits
to me, he wants to be my boy friend, but I
't stand him."

How about Jackie Higgins?" asked Joan
y.

Oh, shut up!" wailed Tracy.

Enough," said Harry. "We'll continue
e true confessions later. Right now, you'd
er get out to the bus."

They picked up their books.

"Daddy," said Joan, "are we going to Grandma Tracy's this summer?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Do you want to go?"

"Oh, sort of. When she called me on my birthday, she said she and Aunt Phyllis want us to come real bad. She said we could go to camp and have an English bike."

"Aunt Phyllis said she'd get us new bathing suits and Bermuda shorts and everything," Tracy pointed out.

"Well," said Harry, "we'll think about it."

Joan pecked at his cheek, but Tracy threw her arms around him and kissed him long and wetly, and he watched them cross the lawn and go toward the bus stop on the corner. Then he went back to the utility room, switched the clothes from washer to dryer and set the dial for forty minutes. He took his coat and went out to the car.

Harry drove into Weston and parked in front of the Weston Sports Shop. He unlocked the door and went in to the familiar sight and smell of the sporting goods and athletic equipment from the sale of which he and Dave Samuels drew their living. In the rear of the long room a low latticework fence enclosed an office area, and here Harry hung his coat and tore a leaf from the desk calendar as he sat down at the desk. May 20, it said, and it suddenly occurred to him why he had felt all morning that sense of having forgotten something.

It was just one year since Helen had died.

During the winter Harry read A Farewell to Arms, and concluded that writers had it easy. He formed this opinion on the last page when Hemingway's hero, hearing that the girl had died in childbirth, turned and walked back to the hotel in the rain and that was the end of it.

Which was fine, Harry thought, except that in life it didn't end there. You picked up the phone and the man said Mr. Alexander? And you said yes? And he said this is Sergeant James, and I'm down at General Hospital and I think you'd better come down, and you say why, what's wrong? And he says your wife, sir, she's been in an accident, and you say how bad is it, and he says I'm afraid she's dead, Mr. Alexander, I'm very sorry, and you say, thank you, sergeant, I'll be right down, and you hang up the phone and that's the end of the book.

But not the end of the story. You've got to go out and find the girls. They're playing down the street and you find them and say come on home, and Oh, why? they say. We're having such a good time. Please, can't we? And mamma said we didn't have to come home until she got back, and you say doesn't make any difference, come on home. Right now. And you think desperately, *God, let me do this right, if there is a right way. God, give me self-control.*

"Sit down," you say when you reach the living room, and they sit on the sofa. (Why sit down? Is bad news better sitting down?) "Girls," you say, "girls, I've got bad news. Real bad. Try to be real, grown-up women when I tell you, will you?"

"What's wrong, daddy?" Eyes big with fear.

"Your mother's been in an accident." *Oh, be honest. Get it out. Say it.* "She's been hurt awfully bad. Your mother's dead."

"Mamma's killed?" Tracy. Her face collapses. The eyes fill. Well, they say crying is better. Joan stares with rigid face, the numbed brain struggling to comprehend. And then the tears. They sit there, hands in their laps, crying. Softly. Oh, they say. Oh, mamma.

You kneel by them, gathering them into your arms. For comfort? Whose? To give strength or to get it? *Oh, my children. My beloved children.*

Harry didn't like to think of the funeral, the too-sweet flowers, the close, hushed room so full of the sound of organ music. He was glad he had not let them bring the girls. No, he had said. They're my children, and I say they're not going. I'm not going to have them remembering their mother like that, in a grave.

Back at the house, they sat for miserable moments, trying to be natural, talking about nothing. The preacher was nice, wasn't he? Yes, he was. The flowers were pretty. Awful pretty. Your friends were kind. Yes. Yes, they were.

"Harry," Mrs. Tracy said finally, "what about the girls?"

"They're doing pretty well," he said. "They're good girls."

"I mean, what are you going to do about them? Who will look after them?"

"Why," he said, "I will."

"But can you do it alone, Harry? Are you willing to take the risk with their health, their well-being? It takes a woman's full time to take care of a house and children, Harry. It takes your time to run your business. Seriously, Harry, don't you think it would be better if they came back with us?"

"No, ma'am. I want them here with me. I'm their father. They're my children. They belong with me."

"Now Harry." (Patiently. Reason with the boy.) "We're thinking of the children's welfare. We're hoping you'll do as much."

"I am," he said. "I am thinking of their welfare. I think it's important that they stay here with me. I'm the one constant, stable factor in their lives. I can't leave them. I'm the one thing that makes life keep on going for them. And I can take care of them. Don't worry about that. They need me, and I'll take care of them."

Often in the months following her death, Harry thought about Helen and always the thought brought back a sense of loss and pain and regret, and a stab always of shame.

They were married during World War II and they enjoyed a three-day honeymoon near Linville Falls before Harry was forced to pack his new Navy luggage and leave for USNOB, Norfolk.

He was glad that Helen could not see the eagerness and excitement inside him as he packed. For though he hated to leave her, the honeymoon had begun to pall a little, and he was ready to get back to the Navy. Love, he realized, is not quite enough for a man's whole day, and they had had little to talk about. It would be better, he concluded, when they were settled down.

Helen was purposefully gay as she helped him pack, and at the station they made determined conversation, joking about the people around them. Only when the train appeared down the track did the tears come.

"Gotta go, I guess," Harry said. They kissed. "Write when you can."

"Oh," she said, "call me your wife. Just once more. I want to remember it."

"You're my wife," he said tenderly. "My lovely wife."

The train moved. Harry ran and caught the handrail and swung aboard, and she ran alongside, crying and waving, to the end of the platform. He leaned out and waved as long as he could see her.

Now, thirteen years later, Harry sat in the office of the Weston Sports Shop and thought again of the strange patterns of circumstance that shape our lives and give the race not to the swift. *Two miles from here*, he thought, *lies the body of that girl who ran along the station platform that morning, waving and crying, who held me tightly and said, "Oh, call me your wife."* Even less distance away, her two daughters sat in schoolrooms, and already the memory of her was dimming in their minds and thoughts of boys and teachers and English bikes and summer vacations were crowding in.

Since Helen's death, Harry had been opening the shop in the morning, and leaving a couple of hours before Dave closed it, except for Wednesday and Saturday, when his maid, Sally, came at noon and stayed until six. The early hours were seldom busy, and Harry had time to answer mail and check stock. This morning it also gave him a chance to answer Mrs. Tracy's letter, but he had not been able to frame a reply when Dave came loping in, his bony, handsome face dark with irritation.

"How're things down Sunbeam Lane?" asked Harry, and Dave snorted.

"Kids!" he snapped angrily. "Boy, if we didn't have strong laws in this country, there wouldn't be a wife or child left living today."

"Laws do spoil our fun," said Harry. "What happened?"

"Lucy," said Dave. "Sweet little vitamin-packed, uninhibited Lucy won't drink her milk. Throws it on the floor. Twenty-five cents a quart and she throws it on the floor. Then she kicks me in the leg."

"So?"

"So I hit her. And she squalled and here came her mother and started lecturing me on why the psychologists were right when they said parents weren't fit to bring up children. She got noble. Told me that if I had to hit someone, hit her, not the child. Boy, old David, looking at Bathsheba in the shower, never knew such temptation. I've earned the stars in my crown today." His anger had by this time vanished, Harry noticed. He didn't stay mad long, especially where Betty was concerned.

Harry gathered the papers up from the desk and started sorting them for the files. The letter from Mrs. Tracy was among them, and he folded it and returned it to his pocket, feeling the pleasure go out of the day as he did it.

"What's wrong, admiral?" Dave asked. "Something eating you?"

"The girls," said Harry. "Mrs. Tracy, their grandmother, wants me to hand them over. She's threatening to take it to court. Not in so many words, but threatening, just the same, and she's had a private detective on me. I know that. Remember that phony insurance salesman I was telling you about?"

"Yeah."

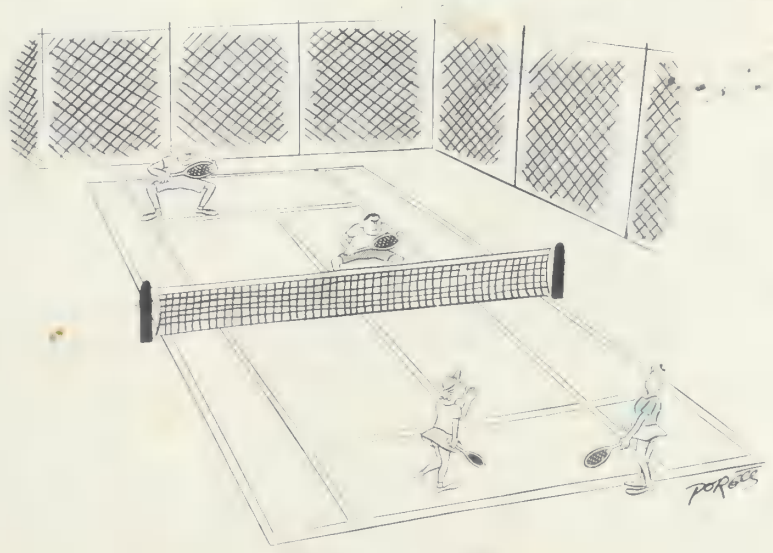
"Mrs. Tracy says she has reports that I neglect the children, and that I have women in the house for hot purposes."

"Women!" exclaimed Dave. "You haven't, have you?"

Harry shook his head. "I qualify for the priesthood."

"A man your age," marveled Dave. "I don't see how you do it."

"The trouble is," Harry said, "how am I going to prove it?"



"Let them win one."

"Well, boy, whatever you decide, I'm with you. I hope you fight them, myself. If it's money, well, we don't have to expand this place yet. We can get the money."

That, thought Harry, was his biggest consolation, knowing he could count on Dave. They had been friends almost from the moment they met back in June, 1943, in the Navy. He watched Dave pace restlessly up and down the small office enclosure of the Sports Shop, and reflected that life couldn't be too bad if one person proved worthy of love and trust.

"Look," said Dave. "It's none of my business, but did you ever think that maybe it would be better if you did let Mrs. Tracy have the girls? They'd be well taken care of. And you're a young man, boy. You oughtn't spend the rest of your life doing dishes. You ought to live a little. For yourself, I mean. You ought to have a woman of your own."

"I've thought about it," Harry said. "But I just don't think I want to travel that road again."

"Ah-h-h." Dave made an impatient gesture. "I know. You've got a hang-over. But don't let it do things to you, man."

"Listen," said Harry. "I've got nothing against women ——"

"You sure of that?" Dave interrupted.

"Yes, I think I am," said Harry. "I think about them. I look at them. But I just don't feel that I could ever marry one of them again."

Dave scowled and shook his head. "You've got it wrong, boy. A good marriage is just putting two pairs of hands to the job instead of one. It's living."

"O.K.," said Harry. "When you come down to it, living is having somebody to take care of, something to work for, right? You work for Betty and your children. I take care of my two kids. That's purpose, isn't it? Achievement. Whatever you want to call it."

Dave shrugged. "O.K. But just the same, you've either got to get yourself a woman, or you've got to fight to keep your children and maybe lose the fight. It just looks to me like a woman's the best bet."

Harry was feeling fed up with things, partly because it was Thursday night. Thursday night was wienies-and-beans night and he hated wienies and beans. It was P.T.A. night and he hated P.T.A. It meant Gracie would come to sit, and though he didn't hate Gracie, he resented paying her fifty cents an hour to watch television and leave the peanut-butter jar open in the kitchen.

He emptied the can of baked beans into a casserole and sliced wienies over them. The door slammed and Tracy came clumping into the kitchen, panting, her hair flying.

"Hi," she said. "What are we having for dinner?"

"Pressed duck," he said.

"Oh, *daddy*," she said. "We are *not*. It's wienies and beans."

"Surprise!" he said. "Something different!"

She laughed. She knew what was for dinner—tonight and every night. Roast beef on Sunday, beef stew on Monday, tuna and rice on Tuesday, hamburger and French fries on Wednesday, spaghetti on Friday and liver on Saturday. The thought depressed him.

"What's a pressed duck, anyhow?" asked Tracy.

"Huh?" he asked. "Oh. Well, it takes two people, see? You get this duck, and you hold him, and the other person gets an iron, and you press him real flat. Well, when you let him go, he looks down, and he sees how flat he looks ——"

"Oh, *daddy!* You're just being silly again."

"Ha!" he said. "Did you ever press a duck?"

"No. Of course not."

"All right, then," he said triumphantly. "And if you don't go get washed and set the table, I'm going to press you."

She scampered out, and he found that his black mood had dissipated. Joan came in and he told her to get ready for dinner. *Good girls*, he thought proudly. He hadn't done too badly.

"Whose turn?" he asked as they sat down to dinner.

"Mine," said Joan, and she intoned: "Thank You for the world so sweet; thank You for the food we eat; thank You for the birds that sing; thank You, God, for everything."

"You going?" asked Tracy, as they raised their heads.

"Going where?"

"*You* know, daddy. P.T.A."

"Yes," he said wearily. "I'm going."

"You don't want to go," she said accusingly.

"That's God's own truth," he said. "I don't."

Joan looked at him reprovingly. "Uh-oh, daddy. Put a penny in the bad pot."

"A penny? I didn't say anything bad."

"You said 'God.'"

"There's nothing wrong with just saying 'God.' It's the way you use it that counts."

"What's a son of a bitch?" asked Tracy.

Harry clapped his hand to his forehead. "Where did you get that one? You been hanging around the poolroom?"

"What *is* a poolroom, anyhow?" asked Joan.

"It's a place where you shoot pool and learn dirty words and things. I don't think they have them any more. Thank goodness. You'd probably be hanging around them."

This struck the girls as extremely funny, and they dissolved into giggles.

"How about that word?" asked Joan. "The one Tracy asked about."

"Words mean more than they seem to," said Harry. "That one's a nasty word, and don't ask me why. Just don't say it. That's an order."

"When we're bad, you punish us," Tracy said darkly. "Grownups never get punished. That's not fair."

"Don't worry," said Harry. "We punish ourselves."

"You don't spank yourself," said Tracy. This struck her as very funny. "Is it bad if I can't do arithmetic?"

SPICE OF LIFE IN A VARIETY OF LIGHT

By ELIZA LOUISA DAWSON

Coming through pink flowers of peppermint,
He looks down to see the log house in the valley:
Fragrance from a thousand flowers wilting
Beneath the hot orange sun, a gardenia sachet
In a blue-painted chest.

The sun sinking behind mountains:
Pink flowers that fade in the moonlight.
A flounce of white lace in the dark: and moths
With clove-scented wings fly in the open door,
And circle the lamplight on the blue-painted chest.

"Not bad in the sense of right or wrong," he said. "But it isn't good."

"Oh, Tracy," said Joan disgustedly. "With Tracy everything gets back to arithmetic. There's something I'm supposed to ask you, daddy."

"Ask away."

"Will you vote for the school tax? Mrs. DeWeese said this morning for us to ask our parents to vote for it. She said if we don't get more taxes, we won't have good schools."

"Turning child against parent," Harry said mournfully. "Might as well be in Russia. You'll all grow up and turn your parents in to the FBI."

"You mad?"

"Oh, no. I smile as I pay. If taxes get any higher, who's going to buy you clothes?"

"You mean taxes is money?" asked Tracy, outraged.

"What did you think, silly?" said Joan.

"Taxes is money, all right," said Harry. "Our money. And if I have to keep on paying more, there's going to be less left for Bermuda shorts. Get it?"

"Golly!" Tracy wailed. "Don't pay any."

"Thus," sighed Harry, "endeth innocence."

The brightly lighted school auditorium was crowded when he arrived. The reports, including those by officers, chairwomen and heads of subcommittees, were finally over, and the tributes began. The P.T.A. president paid a long, stumbling tribute to the school principal, who paid an equally long—a slightly ungrammatical—tribute to the P.T.A. president.

The tributes ended, the president launched the assistant county superintendent in charge of elementary-school supervisors, Miss Mad Herrick. The audience applauded hopeful and Miss Herrick gushed forth a stream praise for her administration, detailing the ho rors of schools of the past and the wonders schools of the present. Schools teach so muc better now, she said, and Harry thought Tracy's arithmetic. Children are so much be ter adjusted, she cooed, and he thought Dickie, who broke Tracy's pencils. The schoo spent money like misers, she assured the and Harry wondered why the misers found necessary to have so many assistant supe intendents in charge of elementary-school s pervisors. She ended with a plea for the scho tax, and the audience rose and rushed for th doors or the refreshment table.

Harry drove home and found Gracie su rounded by soft-drink bottles and apple core As she left, Harry heard muffled giggles fro the girls' room.

"Why aren't you asleep?" he demanded.

"We're waiting for you to kiss us goo night."

He bent over Joan's bed briefly, but Tra put her arms around him and clung, and I sat for a while, holding her.

"I like it when you hug me," she said. wish you did it more."

"I don't want you to get the habit," he to her, and she giggled happily.

"Grandma Tracy hugs us all the time," sa Joan. "I don't like it."

"Neither do I," said Tracy. "She's like Au Phyllis. She *cries*."

"Always calling me a poor child," sniffe Joan. "I'm not a poor child."

"You're going to be a poor red-bottome child if you don't go to sleep," Harry told he but there was no sense in pretending sternne with them. They knew when they had th edge on him.

"Are we going to grandma's this summer' Joan asked.

"Yes," he said. "You're going. But on thing: You're coming back. Your gran mother has been asking about letting yo come to live with her."

"I don't want to stay with her," Tracy sai "I'll visit, but I want to live here at home."

"That's just what you're going to do," I said. "And if she asks you about it, just t her that your daddy told you that you we coming back home, and that's that. You're n children. I've taken care of you and intend keep on taking care of you. I'm responsib for you. Understand?"

"Sure," said Joan. "We just wanted know. We didn't know whether to ask yo about it or not."

"Well, you know now."

"Goody," said Tracy.

Harry kissed them again, went downstai and set the table for breakfast. Then he we into the den and sat down at the desk. He fe shaky but determined as he started to write th letter.

Harry liked to have fellows over on Frida nights to watch the fights on television—Do George, Josh Cooper and sometimes Da or Jim Wilson from down the street. The laughed and hollered around and told jokes sea stories, stories about the Army or Navy whatever service they had been in. After th had gone home, Harry started wondering wh the Navy had got to be so funny. It hadn been funny when he was in it. It had be rough and unpleasant, and he had wante only to get out of it and forget it. But now th Navy seemed like a pretty good outfit, ar he was proud of the picture that hung in th den, showing him standing on the destroyer bridge, eyes squinted against the Pacific su

And there had been times when the Na could be strangely gentle. There was the da when, northeast of Manus, the radioman duty had come into Harry's room and hande him a message. And within a few moments th captain had come in and told Harry that h would see about a plane as soon as they g into port. With leave orders and a priorit he had had little trouble getting back to th

STOPS SUNBURN PAIN



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New anti-pain lotion contains benzocaine used by doctors

Don't suffer hours trying to treat sunburn pain with old-fashioned remedies that lack the very ingredient your sunburn needs most —a scientific pain stopper that really works!

1. **STOPS PAIN!** Solarcaine puts pain nerves to sleep. You get cooling relief instantly!
2. **PROMOTES HEALING,** as antiseptic ingredients help prevent infection!
3. **HELPS PREVENT BLISTERING, PEELING** . . . for a smooth, even tan!
4. **STOPS MINOR ITCHING** caused by sunburn, insect bites, minor skin rashes!
5. **SOOTHES SKIN!** Moisturizes, softens.
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tates; he arrived the day after his mother was uried.

"It was her heart," his father said as they ood beside the new grave. "She just wore erself out, you might say," and Harry wept, emembering the thin, tough, patient woman ho had been his mother, and whom he had nown so little. He wished strongly for Helen hen, and the next day he left for Dallas.

As men will who grieve, he turned to his ife. In the crowded railway station in Dallas e held her close.

"Don't try to talk about it, honey," Helen aid. "You'll just make yourself feel worse. I now it's been awful for you, but you're home ow, and I want you to have a good time, and e as happy as you can and not think about it." Her voice was loving, and he knew she meant ell, but he had a strong urge to talk about is mother, and he felt irritated when she issed him and said again, "We're just going o be happy together for a while, huh?"

Harry had hoped that he and Helen could e alone for a while, but the Tracys were a regarious, club-joining, partygoing family, nd though Mrs. Tracy decided that parties or Harry would not be appropriate, a great hany people happened to drop by during the ext three days. When someone was not drop- ing by, he and Helen went out and dropped n on other people, friends of Helen's who, she aid, were just dying to meet him.

The day he caught an Army plane for the Vest Coast, the Tracy family came down to ee him off. Phyllis cried, and Mrs. Tracy issed him and Mr. Tracy wrung his hand and old him to give it to those yellow devils, oy, and Helen acted the brave wife, and then he flight was delayed and they sat for agoniz- ng minutes trying to make light talk and fail- ng miserably.

"Oh, it seems like you could stay just a lit- le longer," Helen wept when the plane was inally ready.

"I'm due," he said. "The Navy calls." This vas not exactly true, he admitted to himself ater in the plane. He might have stayed longer vithout fear of punishment.

The truth was that Harry was frightened. He had been at first surprised and then deeply listressed to find himself wanting to get back lo the ship to think calmly about himself and Helen. Since their marriage they had been to- gether less than a week, all told. He had just come back from a year at sea, into the arms of his beloved wife. Yet by the third day he had found himself bored, not just with the Tracys and Helen's friends, and with doing nothing, but with Helen. He told himself that it was the strangeness, the shock of his mother's death, the old memories stirred by his journey to Arlmont. He needed reorientation. That was the answer. It must be. It was not Helen. He loved Helen. They were going to spend their lives together.

His attempt to find the basis for his emo- tions led only to conclusions that were dis- quieting and which he could not accept, and he gave it up and slept until the plane reached San Francisco. At Alameda, where he found his way to the Transportation Office, he was told that he would have to wait in line for a hop. He put in his name, checked into BOQ, and for forty-eight hours did little but sleep.

On the third day, feeling rested and re- freshed, he got his blues pressed and went into town. He walked the streets, listened to some music in a record shop, and visited a local USO. He ate a sandwich and drank a soft drink and stood for a while watching the dancers. Then someone at his elbow said, "Don't you dance, lieutenant?" Her name was Marjorie Burnet.

She was not a girl to stir the senses. Slender, of medium height, she lacked the curving, fe- male fullness that made Helen at once desir- able. But there was about her a purity of line, reddish hair that hung shoulder length, well- boned face, sensitive profile, green eyes made more green by the soft green of the dress she wore: She had a gentle grace, a poise that spoke of self-control.

"I'd love to dance," said Harry, "with you."

They danced, and he did not notice if he danced well. They sat at a table and talked, and he knew that here was the person he had waited for, the girl he had wanted to tell things, the girl who made him realize the things he wanted to say. When the band played Good Night La- dies, she held out her hand.

"May I see you home?" he asked, but she shook her head.

"We're not allowed to leave with a service- man," she said with a smile of regret. "But you might call me."

He called her the next morning. Hypno- tized with the surging joy that filled him and the sudden great sweetness of living, he sensed only dimly the futility and ultimate tragedy of his act. Her voice on the telephone was happy, and her face when she answered the door at his ring told him what he had to know and what, knowing, left him no road of return.

She showed him San Francisco. They rode cable cars and wandered through Chinatown, walked along the docks with the salt breeze cool against their faces, ate on checkered tablecloths by candlelight. Hand in hand they climbed hills and watched the great, gray ships come home. They went to the Top of the Mark and gazed out over the city and the brooding Pacific to which he must, so soon, he thought, return. And when they parted the only ques- tion either asked was "When?"

He told her about his mother and her sym- pathy was quick and real, as though she hurt because he hurt, and he dulled the still-sharp edge of grief with words, telling of his mother, her strength, her patience, her goodness.

"I hope someday my son can speak of me as you speak of her," she said. "That would be reward enough for one life."

The thought turned inside him like a jagged knife. In his heart, too, he hoped that Mar- jorie might one day have the son she wanted; for the time he would not recognize that it could not be his. But lying awake that night he faced himself for the first time. He knew then that it must end.

They had five days together. With precious gas they drove down the peninsula and ran laughing along the long, deserted beach, and roasted wienies over a driftwood fire. They climbed to a small park overlooking the Golden Gate and watched the ships churn through the choppy waters of the channel be- neath the arching bridge. And that night they sat before the fire in her living room and she read poetry. The fire glinted in her hair, and when he went to sit beside her her smile was tender, as though she caressed him.

"You've never kissed me, have you?" she said. And then, "Why?"

"Because I love you," he said. And it was true.

"I know," she said softly. "I've known it from the moment we met. You can't love and be loved and not know."

And now it must be said, and *Oh, God, why,* he asked, *why did it have to be this way? Do I deserve this?* It must be said, and so he said it: "I'm married."

There was no sudden intake of breath, no parting of lips. She sat quietly, unmoving, and in a moment said, "Oh." She looked blank, and shook her head as if to clear her mind.

"I do love you," he said. "That much, be- fore God, is true."

"Then why . . . what about your wife? It's so strange."

She was crying now. The tears ran down her cheeks and she fished in her pocket and held the handkerchief against her eyes.

"Good-by, Marjorie," he said. What good to ask her forgiveness, when he could never have his own?

She blew her nose and stood up. "Good-by, Harry," she said, but when he reached the door she called to him, and he turned. "It would be awful," she said, trying to smile, "if the first man I ever loved didn't kiss me. Wouldn't it?"

They walked slowly toward each other, and then she was in his arms and their lips met and held. Then she turned away, and as he closed the door behind him he knew that he would never see her again, nor ever stop searching for her.

It was three weeks before he stood again upon the deck of his own ship, weeks filled with self-reproach and shame and regret and an endless, unyielding, unceasing pain for what might have been. He went about his duties mechanically, not aware that he was aging, growing, learning, not realizing that the fear of dying had somehow left him.

Finally a mail boat came alongside, and in the wardroom the mail clerk dumped a pile of letters on the green top of the table, and among them Harry saw the familiar handwriting. He read the first few words, then went to his room, and for the first time in years prayed long and earnestly; to be forgiven, to be given the strength and patience and wisdom to right the mistakes of the past, to be a good husband to Helen, and, please God, a good father.

"Hello, papa," the letter began. "Or should I say papa-to-be?"

"Have you heard from grandma yet?" Joan asked at breakfast Saturday.

Harry shook his head. Ten days had passed without an answer to his letter, and he was be- ginning to worry. The delay, he suspected, in- dicated that Mrs. Tracy was consulting her lawyer. "The girls are pleased at the prospect of visiting you," he had written. "School is out here June 5, and they can come any time after that. I think we had better plan on their returning not later than September 1, since schools start the following week and we will need a few days to prepare for it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



A piece of the pie that won over more than 200,000 others!

The "Why" behind a First Prize Pie



"I always thicken my fruit pies with Minute Tapioca. It's really so much better than cornstarch or flour."

—Sherry Anne Shirley, Bunker Hill, West Virginia, 1st Prize Winner, 29th Annual Cherry Pie Baking Contest, National Red Cherry Institute.

Minute Tapioca gives fruit pies the bright, clear look and true fruit flavor you can't achieve with cornstarch or flour. No pasty film clouds color or taste. And because Minute Tapioca's tiny bubbles burst in oven heat to mingle with the fruit, they plump out the filling—make it juicy, yet never runny.

For your prize-winning pie, simply mix Minute Tapioca with sweetened fruit, let stand while you make the crust, pour into pie shell, bake.

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savor that flavor
It's Miracle Whip





Of course, this delightful potato salad gets its creamy rich texture from Miracle Whip. But it's that Miracle Whip flavor that will turn your head. It's intriguing. It's subtle. It pleases the tongue. 20 spices create that delicious distinctiveness. How we mix and measure them is very hush, hush. You'll find Miracle Whip Salad Dressing an inspiration in potato salad (deviled eggs, coleslaw—mmm!).

Ring-a-ling Potato Salad

6 cups sliced cooked potatoes
1 unpeeled cucumber, sliced
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon seasoned salt
Dash of pepper
¾ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Lettuce
Red onion rings

'Taters take on a great new taste when you blend them with Miracle Whip like this. Combine the potatoes, cucumber, olives, onion and seasonings. Add the Miracle Whip and toss lightly. Miracle Whip wraps its creamy smooth texture around each tender piece. Blends its bouquet of seasonings inside. Serve in a lettuce-lined bowl, garnish with onion rings. So good, you'll have a picnic even if you never leave home.

TINUED FROM PAGE 67

word of a trial period. No mention of dy. Shrewd, he told himself. If Mrs. y took the girls on the basis of the letter, was pretty well obligated to return them in all. If she did not accept the implications e letter, if she insisted on an agreement erning custody, she would have to force nmediate showdown, and Harry doubted she wanted to take the matter into court re she had a chance to woo the girls to her

The doorbell interrupted his thoughts Tracy bounded out to answer it.

t's Byron," she called. "Can he come in wait while I eat?"

Oh, all right," Harry said.

the time the words were out of his mouth y was back, with Byron sloping along be- her. He was a pasty blond boy whose and pants seemed forever to be going in rent directions. Byron had a continuing ezvous with death. He saw not only every row, but every cat, rat, bug and butterfly fell, and when they fell he bore them off Christian burial.

Well," said Harry, "Lord Byron, the Dig- Odell of Birdland. How's business?"

O.K., I guess." He pulled a small, decaying n from his pocket. "Look," he said deso- y, "it's dead."

The poor thing," said Tracy.

an shuddered. "Get that thing out of !" she snapped. But Byron and Tracy were dy on their way to the graveyard under hedge, and soon the keening of the mourn- could be heard through the screen door.

at Byron!" said Joan. "He's the nuttiest."

e started to reply, but noticed that she wearing her superserious expression.

Daddy," she said, "can we have a talk? A talk?"

Sure," he said. "What do you want to about?"

Well"—she drew a deep breath—"you you want me to have a good time, and be ular, and have the things other girls have, you want me to be a nice girl, and do what r nice girls do; isn't that right?"

Where's this getting us?" he asked.

Well, a lot of nice girls do some things that n't get to do. You say I am sensible. Well, lly believe it would be all right for me to ome of these things. But I'm not going to you to let me do them all the time. Just ."

e had an idea what was coming. "Let's it," he said.

I want to wear lipstick and stockings to the ce next Wednesday night. It's our final y for the dancing class this year. The other will be wearing them. I want to look ." Seeing his expression, she hurried on. von't ask for heels, like some of the girls r. I'll wear my dancing-class pumps. I'll r my blue Sunday dress. I'll wear that lit- girl perfume you got me. But *please*, just once, can't I?"

arry drank the rest of his coffee before vering. "No," he said finally, "I'm afraid " He flinched at the look of disappoint- t that crossed her face, but went on. "I 't care what you say, nice girls of your age 't wear make-up. It's in poor taste."

Gee," she said, "you say you want me to opular, but you won't let me do the things the popular girls do. Look at Donna k. The boys all think she's a doll, and she rs heels and make-up and a bra."

Honey," he said, "this popularity thing is a race. Now, girls like Donna start out g, just like some runners. But by the time 're eighteen, they're burned out, and the girls, who start out sensibly, come on to when popularity means something."

Don't you want me to have any fun be- en now and eighteen?"

Of course I do. I just don't want you to n yourself out before the real game starts, 's all. I want life to be fun when it starts g important. I don't want you to be one hese hard little freaks in pants that run und here in cars and on the back of motor- les, looking as if they'd already seen it all."

I don't want to be one of those either. the girls in dancing class are nice, and y wear make-up."

That was true, he thought. Mothers who were afraid their daughters would not be hounded by boys by the time they were thirteen let the girls wear make-up, heels and nylons in their quest for popularity. It made things rough for the conservative parents.

"Can't I even wear a bra?" she pleaded.

"You know you're not ready for a bra."

Joan reddened. Harry knew that she had few cards left to play. But he was not prepared for the one she threw down.

"Grandma Tracy said she thought a girl my age could wear a little make-up. If I lived with her, I bet ——"

It was a low blow, and only then did he realize how much this meant to her, for she had never been underhanded with him before.

"That was what we used to call dirty pool, Joanie," he said. "You know your grandmother wants you to come to live with her, don't you? And you know I want you to stay here. That's true. But don't get the idea you can play us off against each other. Maybe she would let you wear make-up. That's all the more reason I'm not going to let you go to live with her. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"All right. That's all. You may leave the table."

Biting her lip, she rose without a word and went up the stairs. He heard her door close and the sound of her bed as she threw herself on it. "Please, God," he said, "let me be right."

But am I right? he wondered. *Am I being realistic? Do nice girls do better in the long run? Am I being old-fashioned? Am I a hypocrite?*

He went out to the car. In the back yard he could see the burial party drooping over the fresh grave. As he backed out of the drive, he heard Joan call to him, and when he stopped she came up to the car. She had been crying.

"I'm sorry about what I said," she faltered. "I didn't mean it. I don't want to live with her. Not for anything."

"It's all right," he told her. "And don't worry about the dance. I'll figure out something. O.K.?"

But the crisis over Joan's lipstick continued. Meals were tense. Joan and Harry were unusually polite to each other, but the easy, informal give-and-take was missing.

It was unsettling. Harry's reason told him he was right, but his emotions told him he was wrong. He debated the matter with himself to no decision.

You were harsh.

Not harsh. Strict. You've got to be strict every now and then or you'll lose control. She must remember that she's a child, and I'm her father, or the family has no meaning.

You have no confidence in your own decision. You're afraid to relax a little and trust judgment.

Perhaps so. But when in doubt, stick to standards.

Your standards are unreasonable.

He discussed the matter with Dave and got even less comfort.

"I'm a threatener, myself," said Dave. "I figure it's not going to do any good to preach to them about morals and behavior when everybody around them is acting like crumbs, so I just say 'Don't do it!' "

"Yeah," said Harry. "But they've got to have some reason."

"Look," said Dave. "I leave the moral thing mostly to Betty. That's what you ought to do too. Get yourself a wife."

"Thank you, Doctor Freud. I guess I can confuse them enough myself."

"Old friend," Dave said after a moment, "I'm going to say something you may not like. Maybe I've got no right to say it."

"Go ahead," said Harry. "I asked your advice."

"Well," said Dave, "you're not being fair to Joan."

"How do you mean?" asked Harry.

"You expect too much of that girl. You've forced her to be the woman of the house; you've said yourself she's done more to raise Tracy than you have. She does a lot of the housework too."

"Yeah," Harry agreed.

"You expect her to be a kid one minute, a woman the next, depending on what *you* need. That's asking too much. That's one reason, I suspect, that a lot of people aren't entirely on your side in this custody matter."

"Whose side are you on?" Harry asked, staring at him angrily.

"I don't think you have any right to ask that," Dave said. "But as long as I've gone this far, I think you ought to think pretty seriously whether you're doing all this for the good of your children or to prove—to yourself and everybody else—that you can get along without a woman."

Seething, Harry got up abruptly and walked out of the shop. But he admitted that much of what Dave had said was true.

It was ridiculous, Harry told himself on the night of the dance, but he felt nervous as a cat. He tried to watch television. Gave it up. Picked up a book and tried to read. Put it down. Made himself a cup of coffee. Smoked a cigarette. Went upstairs to see if Tracy was asleep. She wasn't.



"Perfume won Walter for me, but garlic keeps him."

"I don't see why I have to go to bed," she complained. "Gollee, Joan gets to wear lipstick and go to the dance and everything, and I can't even stay up till she gets home."

"You can go to dances when you're as old as she is," he told her. "Tomorrow is the last day of school, and you'll be sleepy in the morning if you don't go on to sleep."

"We don't have to do anything but just get our report cards and come home," she said.

"But you have to catch the bus at the same time."

"You going to let me have Linda spend the night tomorrow night?"

"I told you you could, didn't I? Tracy, you're just talking to get out of going to sleep. We'll wake you up when Joan gets back. How's that?"

"Do you think she'll have a good time?"

"I hope so. Now, no more. Go on to sleep."

"O.K.," she said. She kissed him.

He closed the door and went back downstairs, wondering how long it would be till Joan returned. He had considered staying at the dance, but he didn't have a sitter. Anyhow, at the door of the school Joan had said, "You're not going to stay, are you?" and he knew that he would make her uneasy.

Now, sitting on the sofa, waiting for her to come home from the dance, he thought of the years lost and the hurt given and the love unspent on the trail of nights that led him here to this room and this hour, to wait without someone to wait for him.

Had there been, somewhere in those nights, one fateful moment, some keystone act or word which, had it been said or done, would have completed the structure of the family, brought to union the two sides of the marriage, some smile or kiss or touch of hand that might have saved it all?

He shrank from the memory of the night in the late summer of 1953 when he and Helen had gone to that Saturday-night dance. They had been getting along well for some time, without arguments or long, tense periods of silence. Helen seemed happy and cheerful, and he hoped that they were beginning a new, more stable phase of their married life.

At the club they parked the car in the side lot and went up the long stairs to the ballroom. Some people waved to them as they entered and they joined them, and Harry went into the bar to get some drinks. When he got back Helen was dancing with George Davidson. He wished she wouldn't dance with George so much. There was something lewd about George. Big, blond, loud, always telling dirty stories. George had made a lot of money selling cars, but he still wore street shoes with his swimming trunks.

Harry started to break on Helen, but Emily Davidson stopped him. Emily was a plain, patient, mouse-haired girl, but this evening her face was angry and her mouth was tight.

"I just want to know," she said, "when you're going to put a stop to this."

"A stop to what?"

"Your wife and my husband."

Harry felt a slow sickness rise inside him. "What about them?" he asked.

Emily looked at him closely. "I couldn't believe you didn't know," she said. "God knows everybody else does."

"What have they done?" he asked, and knew immediately that it sounded silly.

"You don't know," she said wonderingly, "that they've been seeing each other, slipping out and meeting every time you go to work?"

Harry felt near to panic, but tried to control his voice, hoping that his face didn't show the fear and confusion.

"I can't believe it," he said. "Helen and I have been getting along just fine lately. She's never done anything that ——" *Emily must be crazy. Crazy jealous.* "I'll talk to her," he said. "I think you're wrong about this."

"You'd better talk fast," she said. "Personally, I'm tired of being the laughingstock of all the talk around here."

"I'll talk to her," he repeated. He went back to the ballroom and found Helen.

"Get your coat," he said. "We're going home."

Surprisingly, she did not protest, and they got into the car and backed out of the parking lot without a word.

Helen sighed. "I saw Emily bending your ear," she said. "I'm sorry. I wanted to tell you first."

"Tell me what?"

"That I'm in love with George and want to marry him."

It seemed to Harry that he had no weight. He felt hollow. He tingled. Yet he could feel his heart pumping, pounding, racing, jarring against the inside of his chest, and when he spoke he was surprised how calm his voice sounded.

"But you're already married," he said. "You're married to me."

"I want a divorce," she said, "naturally."

He had a terrible impulse to laugh. "You want to divorce me and marry George Davidson?" he asked, incredulous.

"I don't expect you to understand why I love George," she said. "And I don't intend to discuss it. We've got other things to talk about."

He wanted to stop and throw back his head and laugh and laugh and laugh. It was so silly.

"We sure do," he said, shaking his head. "What about the children? What about Emily? They've got children too."

"George is going to give them to her."

"That's nice of him. And how about us?"

She fished a cigarette out of her bag, and he took the car lighter and held it for her.

"Thanks," she said. "I want the girls, of course."

It was all too preposterous. But it was happening. She was saying these things. It was really happening. And to him. He'd read about it dozens of times, and now it was happening.

"You mean you expect me to let my two girls live with George Davidson? Joan and Tracy having that bum for a father? Looking at that big red face and those rainbow ties every morning, listening to those dull dirty stories he tells?"

"George said you'd be vindictive," she said. "I was hoping you'd act grown up."

"Vindictive?" he said. "What's vindictive about not wanting that used-car salesman playing daddy to my children?"

"You're forgetting something," she said. "I've talked this over with a lawyer, and there's nothing you can do about my having the children."

"You've already talked to a lawyer?"

"You can see the girls any time you wish," she continued. "I don't want this to come between you, and I hope for their sake you won't try to make a scandal out of this."

They pulled into the driveway and Harry waited in the car until the sitter came out and drove her home. When he returned, he found Helen making a bed on the sofa in the den.

"I thought you wouldn't mind sleeping down here," she said.

"Well. I do mind," he said.

"Very well. Do you want me to sleep here?"

"I want you to come on up and go to bed in your own bed, and me in my bed, and cut out this foolishness," he said tiredly.

"Please, Harry," she said, "don't let's start anything now."

"Start anything? I ought to start and beat some sense into you."

"Don't get dramatic," she said. "Now, please, I want to get to bed." Calmly, she turned down the sheet and turned out the light.

Feeling sick, he went out and up to his room past the girls' door. *No*, he told himself, *they can't have the girls. I won't let them.*

In the years between, other memories had blunted and dimmed, but now, sitting in the den (*Here she lay, here on the sofa; there I stood, beside the television*) he felt the feeling of that night return, and it was still bitter.

A car pulled up in front of the house, and he heard voices saying good night, and went to hold the door open for Joan as she came running across the lawn.

"How was it?" he asked.

"O.K.," she said flatly, but she would not look at him, and he knew it had not been O.K. at all.

"Baby," he said, and turned her toward him. "What's the matter? What went wrong?"

"Oh, daddy " she said. Then her shoulders shook gently and her breath came unevenly, and she was weeping bitterly against him. He led her to the sofa, and held her.

"None of the boys danced with me."

"None of them?"

"Oh, some. But not the cute ones. Not the ones I wanted to."

He held her and patted her. "Baby, if it was my fault, I'm sorry. I really didn't think the stockings would make any difference."

"It wasn't your fault," she said, shaking her head. "Donnie Kesselman had on nylons and all kinds of make-up, but they didn't dance with her either. And not much with Cathy. It was my fault."

So often, he thought, *you have comforted me, and now I can bring no comfort to you.* He wished he knew what to say, but, not knowing, could only hold her and let her talk.

"Don't you suppose I'll ever be cute?" she asked.

THE WALK

By STANLEY DONALDSON

I get out early in summertime
And take a walk, and I make a rhyme
That comes as easy as this'un here
Of nothing fancy and nothing drear,
Up in my head: of the things I see
Waiting out for the dog and me:

The fence I built and the acres broke;
My cabin there with its chimney smoke
As leisurely as the little cloud
A splendid morning has allowed;
The brindle calf with the temperament;
The hawk I tamed that pulled out and went
Wherever a friendly hawk must go.

I'd liked to packed him a bite of meat
And a biscuit bite for a lunch to eat—
It isn't as far with a lunch, you know.

"I think you're the cutest, sweetest girl in the world," he said. *The right words*, he thought, *but from the wrong person.*

In the shade of the shop, the morning was still cool, but outside Weston bloomed and bustled under the late spring sun. Men wrestled power mowers and bags of peat moss into car trunks. Winter's drabness had given way to color, and the world seemed bursting with green leaves, children, dogs, Bermuda shorts and sports shirts.

"Anything in the mail?" asked Dave.

Harry tried to sound casual as he replied, "Oh, a couple of items. We got about eighty per cent of all that county order we bid on—playground equipment as well as athletic gear. Look at that." He handed a list to Dave. "And we got that Little League order too. Six teams, uniforms and equipment."

"You know what this means?"

"It means we've been missing the big ones. We could have doubled the size of this place long ago."

"Harry, old buddy, we're finally getting into the real money, you know it? Incidentally, did you call Jake Grubbs?"

"Yeah," said Harry. "He said he'd be over this morning."

"I don't think a big outfit like his will take on a small job like this, do you?" Dave asked.

"No. But he did us a mighty good turn that time he put us on to all that playground equipment, and I thought we ought to give him a shot at expanding this building. Public relations."

They stood looking out at the sun-bathed street, and their eyes followed a tall, undulating blonde in tight skirt and blouse. But the view was suddenly spoiled by the steaming, red-faced hulk of Jake Grubbs, clad in an unusually sedate sports shirt.

"Never get rich watching that kind of business," said Jake as he entered. They laughed and he said, "What's on your mind, Harry?"

Harry pointed to the set of plans on the counter. "We're figuring on doubling the size of our shop here, Jake, and we thought you ought to have first shot at the job if you wanted it."

"You're going to do what?" Jake's face hardened and he clamped his jaws on his cigar. "What's this all about?" he snapped. "You guys know something you're not saying?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dave. "Our business is growing, so"—he spread his hands—"we gotta get a bigger place."

Jake surveyed them both coldly for a minute. "You didn't have any idea " he said, "that I wanted to buy this place? You weren't planning to start building so you could hold me up for a bigger price, I guess?"

"Where do you get off you're going to buy this place?" demanded Harry.

"Hold on," Dave said. "What's your pitch, Jake?"

"O.K.," said Jake. "Now, I haven't said anything public about this, because there's a couple of pieces of property I've got to pick up yet, but yours is the only one I'm worried about. See, I'm going to put a shopping center in here."

"Here?" said Harry.

"Right down this street and across that lot in back of you and up the other side. Thirty big stores. Parking space for fifteen hundred cars. Everything for the suburban family—nothing to go into the city for except the traffic. It's going to be the biggest thing you've seen out here. I got all the permits, everything. Plan to start work next week. So," he said, breathing out a cloud of cigar smoke grandly "I want to buy your location here."

"We're not for sale," Harry said quickly.

"Now, look," Jake reasoned. "I like you guys. I've watched you scrap for a business here. I want to see you do well. Now I'm willing to make you a real good deal. What did you pay for this shack, anyhow?"

"Forty-five hundred," said Dave. "And we've put another three thousand into fixing it up."

"Don't try to fool an old hand," said Jake sourly. "You ain't spent five hundred on this place. How much you pay for that lot next door?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"You got a good buy. O.K. Say that makes seventy-five hundred, O.K.? All right, tell you what I'll do. Give you twenty thousand for this place. How's that?"

"What'll we do with twenty thousand?" asked Dave. "Live two years and starve?"

"I've got a real nice spot, right in the corner of this shopping center, that I'll let you have. As much space as you'd have here if you doubled the size of your joint. How's that?"

"No other sporting-goods store there?" asked Dave.

"There's not going to be no competition in the Weston Plaza," said Jake. "One store of each kind. Everybody make a living. You'll get fat."

"Sounds good to me," said Dave.

"Wait a minute," said Harry. "What are we going to do the rest of the summer till you get your place ready?"

"That's a thought," said Dave.

"I got a nice place a few blocks down the street," said Jake. "You can have it for upkeep and utilities until the Plaza opens. How's that? That way you won't lose a sale. I'll have my boys move you."

"I'll buy that," said Dave.

"I don't know," Harry said doubtfully. "We'll have to talk this over."

Jake shifted the cigar. "Talk your head off," he said. "Just be here this afternoon around four to sign the papers. Better get yo a lawyer," he said to Dave. "Don't want you partner here thinking I'm gypping him."

They walked to the door as the phone ran Harry picked it up absently.

"Daddy?" It was Joan, and she was talkin in her superimportant voice.

"What is it, baby?" he asked.

"Daddy, listen. Please. Real careful. Dick Boyd is here."

"Look, honey," he said, "I'm real busy righ now. I haven't got time ——"

"Daddy!" she said, and her tone was bot demanding and pleading. "This is *Dick Boyd*."

"O.K. Who's Dickie Boyd?"

"He's the cute boy in my room I was tellin you about," she explained desperately. "He the one that didn't dance with me the othe night."

"Oh."

"And he's *here*. Don't you get it? He cam *here*, to the *house*, to see me. And he wants m to go to the drugstore. Please, *please*, can I?

"*Can* you?"

"May I?"

"Sure," he said. "Are you clean?"

"Oh, *daddy*," she said, "you don't think I' go to the drugstore with Dickie Boyd in dirt jeans or something, do you?"

"All right," he said. "Have a good time."

"Oh, *thank* you," she breathed.

"And remember what I told you," he cau tioned. "Don't go showing off and talkin loud or acting silly. That's no way to impres a boy."

"Oh, *daddy*, I know all that. 'By."

He hung up as Dave came leaping back int the shop and grabbed him in a bear hug.

"Admiral, we've done it! We've got made! Think of it, boy—we got twenty thou sand dollars, a place twice this big, brand new. Man, we're rolling in dough!"

That afternoon, at a few minutes past five thirty, Jake Grubbs took formal possession o the building and handed Harry and Dave check that looked real, despite the astronomi cal figure written thereon. The lawyers pore over the contract, Jake fumed and finally the all signed.

Harry turned to Charlie Kane. "Thanks Charlie," he said. "Send us a bill."

Charlie smiled. "I'm a lot happier abou this than the last time we did business, hey Harry?"

Yes, indeed, thought Harry, and th thought lingered with him as he and Dav finally closed up and drove toward Oakdale. A much happier time than the last. Then he ha sat in Charlie's office and felt the life and hop drain out of him as Charlie explained the fact of divorce.

"You mean she can get away with this?" h asked. "I've done nothing wrong. She has Yet she can make me get out of my home an leave my house and car and children to he and this other man and make me pay for th privilege of doing it?"

"You just asked my advice," Charlie put i mildly, "and I still say that, the way the la stands, you might be better off if you agreed t her terms."

Harry gripped the arms of the chair. "Wh wouldn't the children be as well off with me Better off?"

"Just a minute," Charlie said. "Now, you can fight this suit if you wish. The question is do you want to? You don't want to continu to live with a woman who doesn't want to liv with you, naturally."

Harry sat for a while, looking out the windo at the ugly rooftops of the adjoining buildings "If she wants to go, I might as well let her g decently," he said. "I guess no man wants t keep a woman against her will. But why can't have the children, Charlie? Why should sh get them?"

"Not a chance," Charlie said slowly. "Th laws of this state are like most of the others About the only way you could get the childre would be to get the divorce yourself, and eve then you'd have to prove either promiscuit or desertion on the part of your wife if yo were to be given custody. You can't prov either, can you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"No," Harry admitted. "I can't even prove adultery. I wouldn't want to, even if I could."

"Frankly," said Charlie, "I think we ought to try to stall for a while. See if anything happens. It might, you know. Why not tell your wife that you want a couple of weeks to think it over? Tell her you're not moving out and that if she tells your children anything, you will file suit yourself for divorce, charging adultery. You can't make it stick, but she won't want that sort of suit because of the children, and it will give us some time. Why not try it, and call me as soon as she says anything? O.K.?"

"Sure," said Harry. They shook hands and Charlie walked with him through the office and out into the corridor. Driving home, he rehearsed what he would say to Helen, and realized that it was not going to be pleasant. He doubted that he could carry it off. He still clung to the belief that his wife was not really an adulteress, and wondered if he could make his charge sound serious.

He did not have to find out, for Helen was waiting for him in the living room, and she had been crying. Even as she spoke, her voice shook.

"I'd like to talk to you, Harry," she said, and added, "Do you mind?"

"Of course not," he said. "What about?"

She took a deep breath and blew her nose. "Oh, Harry," she said, her voice breaking, "I don't want to go through with it!"

He was surprised to find that the wave of relief that broke over him was heavily salted with regret, and realized that the prospect of escape had been deeply tempting.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She looked at her hands, twisting in her lap. "Can I come back?" she asked softly.

He shrugged. Now that it was over, he felt no emotion. "Back?" he said. "You haven't left."

"Oh, Harry!" She leaped up and embraced him wildly, clutching at him, babbling. He forced himself to put his arms around her and patted her. *At least*, he thought, *the girls never knew.*

Now, driving into Oakdale, he was conscious of remembering these things, but the memories were jumbled with the emotions of the day, the sale of the shop, and the thought that the wealth that Helen had wanted was finally coming, though much too late.

When he got home, he made Sally's cheek considerably bigger than usual, explaining that the girls were going to visit their grandmother the next week, and that he would need her only one day a week while they were gone. As she left, Joan came thundering down the stairs.

"Daddy!" she squealed. "Guess what?"

"What?" he asked with exaggerated curiosity.

"You know Dickie—Dickie Boyd that took me to the drugstore?"

"Yes?"

"You know what he said?"

"No," said Harry breathlessly. "What did he say, for goodness' sake? Don't keep me dangling here!"

"Oh, daddy," she said. "Well ——"

"Boy, this'll kill you," said Tracy, grinning.

"If it's going to kill me, there's some things I ought to tell you first," he said.

"Oh, will you all be quiet?" Joan snapped. "Well, you know how Dickie and some of the boys didn't dance with me the other night?"

"Yes."

"Well, today Dickie said it was because that horrible old David Barnes went to them all before the dance and told them that I was his girl friend, and to lay off. He said we were *going steady*. Wouldn't that fry you?"

"It would cause me unutterable distress," said Harry. "Go on."

"Well, I just told Dickie my daddy would flip if he heard of me going steady, and that even when I got old enough to go steady I sure wouldn't go steady with that icky old David Barnes and, boy, just wait till I got hold of him I'd tell him an earful. And you know what Dickie said?"

"Pray tell me."

"He said, 'Well, when you get ready to go steady, don't forget old Richard the Lion-Heart.' That's what he calls himself. Wouldn't that break you up?"

"Yeah, and they walked all the way down Windsor and Buckingham on the way to the drugstore," snickered Tracy.

"And that old Donna Stark was out in the yard when we went by," Joan interrupted, "and boy, you oughta seen her when she saw me and Dickie."

"Dickie and me," corrected the father.

"Dickie and me," said Joan. "Man, she swooned like a balloon, and I said 'Hello, Donna,' just as sweet and she looked sick and said 'Hi,' just like that. Boy!"

"Congratulations," said Harry, kissing her on both cheeks. "I never lost faith for a moment. Now, how about some dinner?"

"And he's coming over tomorrow to play, and you can meet him. You'll like Dickie. He's got real nice manners and makes real good grades and everything."

"Byron's coming over too," said Tracy, not to be left out.

"Oh, Byron," sneered Joan.

"Byron's not so icky," squeaked Tracy. "He told me today. He's quit burying things. He said he's going to study and when he gets big he's going to be a scientist and make atom bums and things and he'll be loaded and buy me all sorts of things. Boy, won't I look jazzy, all in my ——"

"Come," said Harry. "Let me offer you heartbreakers a dinner fit for the queens of hearts. Tuna fish and rice."

"Ugh!" they said, sitting down.

"Whose turn?" he asked.

"Mine," said Tracy, and she intoned: "Thank You for the world so sweet; thank You for the food we eat; thank You for the birds that sing. Thank You, God, for everything."

"Amen," they said together.

The summer night was cool and Harry stood for a while outside the front door while the girls got ready for bed, listening to the sounds of Oakdale around him, the aimless voices of television sets, the barking of dogs. He felt restless. The girls' bags, packed for tomorrow's flight, stood just inside the door.

He locked up and climbed the stairs to his room, pausing to see that the girls were covered.

"Thanks," Joan whispered, as he pulled the sheet up over her, and he whispered back, "I thought you were asleep."

"I can't get to sleep," she whispered. "I'm too excited about tomorrow."

"You needn't whisper," Tracy said. "I'm not asleep."

"You ought to be," Harry said. "Both of you. You'll be beat tomorrow. You've got a long trip ahead of you."

They sat up, hugging their knees, and looked at him solemnly.

"Now that it's time, I don't much want to go," said Joan. "It doesn't seem right, us going off and having a big time and you here with nobody."

"Don't be silly," he said. "With you out of my hair, I can relax, go places, take out girls. Big girls."

"Oh, daddy," said Tracy. "You wouldn't really, would you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "I might. Why not?"

"You're not going to get married again, are you?"

"I don't think so," he replied.

"You don't have to, do you?"

He laughed. "What gave you that idea?"

"Well," she said, "Mrs. Tevis said it would be a crime if you didn't get married again, and I was wondering if they would put you in jail if you didn't. For a crime, you know. They put you in jail for crimes."

"Oh, Tracy," said Joan. "Honestly."

"Well, they do," Tracy said indignantly.

"Not for that kind of crime," said Harry.

"Do you think we'll get married, daddy?" Joan asked.

"Sure," he said. "In time."

"You want us to?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

The question stopped him for a moment. "I guess," he said, "because it's the natural way to live—being married. That's what love is about, they tell me, meeting someone, loving, having children, loving them, carrying on the old routine. I suppose that's why we were made the way we are, why we look for someone else, why we get comfort out of living together."

They digested this for a while.

"Did you love mamma that way?" Joan asked.

"Yes," he said, "I did." *Just not enough*, he thought.

"Daddy," Joan said pensively, catching his hand, "do you feel bad a lot of times, since mamma died? I mean, do you miss her?"

"Sure," he said.

"It seems funny, thinking of you and maybe another wife," she said.

"You mean on dates?" said Tracy, astonished.

"What did you think I mean?" Joan asked her. "You asked him if he was going to get married again, didn't you?"

"Get married, yeah," said Tracy, "but not go out on dates! Daddy's too old to go out on dates."

"And how do you think he's going to get married, silly, if he doesn't go out on dates?"

"Oh, you're not so smart, Miss Smarty. He could just meet a woman that wanted to get married, see, and they could get married. But wouldn't he look silly out on dates, dancing and eating drive-in hamburgers and kissing?" The idea convulsed her. Joan looked at her hopelessly.

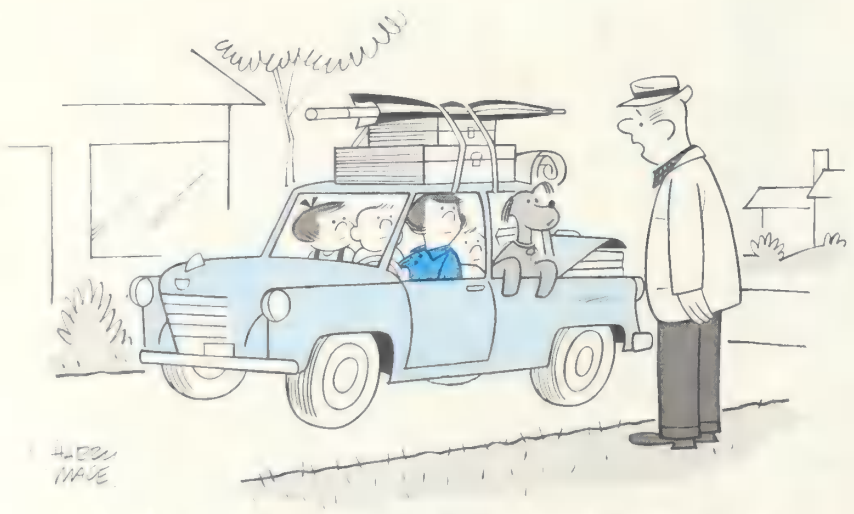
"What's wrong with that?" she demanded. "How old do you think daddy is?"

"He's a daddy, isn't he?" Tracy asked triumphantly.

"Brother!" said Joan in disgust. "Do you think you will, daddy?"

"Get married? Or eat hamburgers at the drive-in?"

"You know what I mean."



"Don't worry about me . . . I'll take a bus and meet you up there."

"I don't know. Would you like for me to get married again?"

"I don't know. It might be nice."

"Not me," said Tracy. "I don't want any other mamma."

You'd probably fall all over yourself, you'd be so tickled if I did bring one home, Harry thought.

"I just wish it was like it used to be," said Joan. "With mamma here and all of us like we used to be."

Harry leaned down and kissed her.

But lying in bed, he remembered Joan's words and asked himself, *Do you? Do you wish she were back? Oh, of course you wish that she might be alive. But would you want her?*

They had had good times, he and Helen, as well as bad, and he remembered them now. Some of the best had come toward the end, after the divorce threat had passed. They took the girls and spent two happy weeks in Florida, fishing, swimming, lying in the sun, playing with the girls, hunting shells. And if the relationship between them was not exactly exciting, it was comfortable and pleasant by the time they returned to Oakdale.

Helen seemed genuinely happy during the first few weeks they were back. She spent a great deal of time with the girls, and dinner was always on time. She got up early to fix him a good breakfast.

The anonymous voice on the phone one day said, "Mr. Alexander?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"You don't know me, Mr. Alexander, but we have mutual friends, and they have asked me, though I don't like to do this too much, to warn you of something."

Harry's heart leaped, raced. His hands began to sweat.

"Where is your wife, Mr. Alexander?"

"She's at the Weston Country Club," Harry told him, "playing golf."

"I'm sorry, sir," the voice said, "but she isn't. Right now I can see her, swimming with a man named George Davidson, who is part owner of a little hunting and fishing lodge right across from my home here on Cannon Creek."

Harry was trembling, "Do you know my wife, sir?"

"I have seen you together at the club, and am rather sure, sir."

"Thank you," said Harry, and hung up.

He called Information. Then he dialed a number, and waited, hearing the phone ring again and again. And then George's voice was on the wire.

"This is Harry Alexander, George. Let me speak to Helen."

"Why, she's isn't—she's not here, Harry. What gave you that idea?"

"Let me speak to her, George."

George's voice was frantic. "You've got it wrong, man. I tell you she isn't here. Say, I think I saw her at the club as I passed. Sure. That's where she is. I'll bet you."

"I'll call the club," Harry said flatly.

"Hey, she might be out playing golf," said George hurriedly. "You'd better give her some time," he added as Harry hung up.

So that was it. All of it. Finished. And as he sat there he felt wrung out, incapable even of anger or bitterness or disappointment.

And he was not even greatly surprised when the police sergeant called and said that Helen and George had been killed when George tried to take the curve too fast at the place where Cannon Creek Lane joined the highway. He was too empty to feel anything but sympathy for his children. And throughout the following days he could only feel a sorrow for wasted years, and a great pity for the girl he had known and who had died.

The airport terminal was crowded and they had to stand in line to get their tickets and have the bags weighed.

"Do you guess we'll see any Texas Rangers?" Tracy asked, and Harry said he doubted it. She looked disappointed. "Won't we see any cowboys or horses or anything?"

"Sure," he told her. "Your grandma's going to take you to a dude ranch. You can ride horses till you grow long ears."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"Oh, *daddy*," said Joan.

"We're coming back in time for school, aren't we?" asked Tracy.

"How many times do I have to tell you ——" he began, but Joan interrupted him.

"What do you expect us to say when you say that, daddy? It's like when you say, 'Aren't you ever going to learn?' or 'What's the matter with you, anyhow?' What are kids supposed to say when you ask them things like that?"

"Man," said Harry, shaking his head. "I hate to think what I'm going to do if you get any smarter as you grow older. You're just about impossible already. Now," he said, "let's see if we remember everything. What do we do on Sunday?"

"We go to Sunday school," they chorused in bored tones.

"What do we do each morning and night?"

"Brush our teeth and wash."

"What do we take each day?"

"Dope," they said, and dissolved into hysterics.

"*Very* funny," he said. "We take a bath. We also keep our hair washed, clean our nails, hang up our clothes and keep our room straight. And we tell the truth and use good manners. Got it?"

"Yes."

"O.K., class dismissed."

"Thank goodness," said Tracy.

The announcer called, "Flight Two-oh-five, now loading at Gate Six. All aboard, please," and they gathered their belongings. Now that the time had come. Harry felt nervous. "Come on," he said. "I'll get you aboard."

He helped them buckle their seat belts and stowed their bags. "Anything you want before we go?"

They shook their heads. Tracy's eyes were very wide, and her mouth was uncertain.

"Well," he said, trying to smile. Tracy tore at her belt.

"I don't want to go," she said and burst into tears. "I'll be lonesome. I won't know what you're doing or anything. What if you got killed? We couldn't come home."

"Honey," he soothed her, patting her. "Honey, nothing's going to happen to me. If you want me, or want to come home, just write. But you're not going to want to. You'll have a big time. Wait and see."

"You won't be lonesome?" she asked, rubbing at her eyes.

"Sure I will," he said. "But I'll see you before long. Now, be good girls. Have a good time. I love you both."

"Good-by, daddy," said Tracy, kissing him.

Joan pressed her face against his. "Live it up," she whispered.

With the girls gone, he found the hours, like the house, empty. There was only drudgery in fixing meals just for himself. There seemed to be even less point in cleaning up a house that no one would see. He began eating dinners at a restaurant in Weston, reading the evening paper so that he would not feel and look so alone when other diners came in by twos and in small groups, laughing and talking.

"Everything O.K.?" asked Dave one morning. "How about coming around to the house for dinner tonight?"

Harry said he didn't want to be a burden to Betty, but Dave laughed.

"Her idea," he confided. "She's invited Pat Mellis. Know her?"

"Oh, the perennial candidate."

But he found the evening a considerable success. After that he began getting invitations to dinner from people he had not seen since Helen's death, all of whom had "the darlingest girl" or "the most intelligent girl" whom they knew he "would just love." And as July melted in its humid heat into August, Harry found himself acquiring a new social status. He was an extra man.

"It makes you feel like a fool," he told Dave. "As soon as dinner's over, the wife starts calling the husband into the kitchen to 'help her.' You can hear the two of them whispering, and the next day when you thank her for the evening, she's got to know 'how everything went,' with her eyes all lit up with that matchmaking fever."

"I thought you liked being the social lion," Dave said. "It's a change, anyhow."

"It's been fun sometimes. And I'll tell you this: being alone this summer, without the kids, has helped me in lots of ways. I've had time to think about things. You know I felt guilty about Helen for a long time. I guess that was one reason I didn't want—that I thought I wanted to live alone."

"Guilty?" exclaimed Dave. "What do you feel guilty about Helen for?"

"I did, but I don't now. Maybe this isn't the time to talk about it, but I did a thing once that wasn't too good. You know, after my mother died, I started back to the ship, and I stopped off to see Helen. We didn't get along too good, considering that we were just married. To tell the truth, I wished I hadn't married her.

"Anyhow, while I was waiting to ship out in Frisco, I met this girl. She was—well ——" He got up and paced slowly back and forth, not looking at Dave, feeling again the longing, the regret. "I didn't tell her I was married. And then I did tell her and then I left. And, boy, I wanted, oh, man, I wanted to divorce Helen and marry this girl. Friend, there's been nothing in life I wanted the way I wanted that, but then I found out that Helen was pregnant, so I made up my mind to forget this other girl, and be a good husband, and I tried to do it. But I never could forget how I felt those five days I knew her. And I just figured that Helen felt it. There are things you can't pretend. There are things you know without even knowing you know, and I figured she knew. So I can't blame her."

"And you've blamed yourself all this time?"

"Sorta. But then, what I did in San Francisco, it was a human mistake. I can see why I did it. Anyhow," he said, smiling, "I didn't mean to cry on you. Just to say that you don't have to worry about my attitude. Maybe, one of these days, I'll find a woman that can make me feel—well, the way I did once."

"Good for you. Incidentally, did you say that girl you met was in San Francisco?"

"Yeah," replied Harry. "Why?"

"Funny thing, but we just got this price list from that new Spindrift outfit in San Francisco, and they've got some real prices on lungs, flippers, cameras, that sort of thing; and I was just wondering if one of us oughtn't to run out there and have a talk with them. Like to go?"

The thought took him aback for a moment. Go back? See again those streets, that bay,

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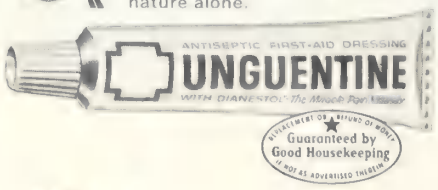
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that glittering sea, those places where once she and he strolled together?

"No," he said. "I don't think so." He could see her running on the beach, the wind in her auburn hair, see the fire glinting against its softness as she raised her head and looked at him with eyes of love. *And oh*, he thought, *how long and clear the heart remembers.*

"Ah, go on," said Dave good-naturedly. "They'll wine and dine you. They're looking for new outlets. What the heck—you might even find yourself another dish. If you had luck there once"—he shrugged—"who knows?"

Find another? No. But face and bury the dream of that one? Yes, that was it. To start again, go back to the point of error and start anew, free of the burden.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll go."

Harry finished packing his suitcase and snapped it shut. He went into the den, made some reminder notes for himself (turn off the master switch, leave note for milkman) and then reread the letter he had received that day from the girls. It read:

Dear Daddy: This is the most gorgeous place you ever saw, with gorgeous big mountains and everything. We have the neatest clothes you ever saw, boots and big hats and everything, and I look pretty neat, even if I do say so. And there are some of the neatest men here you ever saw. Really the end. There's this really darling cowboy here named Lacy and you ought to see him. Too old for me, too bad, but there are a couple of real cute boys here my age, and we have gorgeous times. We had this campfire the other night and this boy named Tommy tried to kiss me, big deal. I did just what you said, though. Your advice isn't the most.

Well, not much more to tell. I am getting real great on a horse. This is a real neat vacation. No work or anything.

Love ya and miss ya loads,
Jo Anni (that's my new name)

PS. *Dear Daddy:* This is Tracy. We are having a good time. I ride all the time. I have this horse which name is Pete and is so sweet. I feed him and put on the sadle or help and everything. Daddy can I have a horse when I get home. When I began riding I was so soar I coudn hardly moove. Daddy are we coming home this fall? I told grama and she said wed see. Will we? I sure miss you. Ther is a cute boy here name Larry but not cuter than Byron who is not as iky as you think. I love you. Love.

Tracy Alexander.

He replied:

Dear Cowgirls: Guess what, pardners? Hopalong Daddy is going to be riding along on a vacation. I have to go out to San Francisco on a business trip, and am going to take a week or so off and go some places, live it up. I'm going to go riding into town and maybe shoot up the saloon every night.

I'm glad you're having such a good time. One of these days we'll have to get a horse. That's a hope, not a promise.

Tracy, I want to tell you once more: you *are* coming home this fall.

Be good girls, and keep having a good time. Always remember what I have told you, and keep in mind the three rules. Tell the truth. Have good manners, and this includes being kind. And don't do anything you wouldn't want me to know about. If you follow these three, you'll be all right.

It's going to be good to see you again. Love from your Daddy

Harry had almost an hour before flight time when he arrived at the airport, and after he had checked his bags, he bought a magazine and sat in the passengers' lounge, reading and watching the other passengers, playing a game of guessing their occupations. The heavy-set perspiring man in the checked suit was a salesman. So was the swarthy, tense one. The Ivy League character was a lawyer. The rimless glasses was an accountant. Then a trim black-haired young woman in a gray suit approached the ticket counter and Harry gave her his attention. About thirty, he guessed. Taught high-school Latin. Maybe a gym instructor, he thought, surveying the trim ankles, the slender hips, the good carriage and full bosom. Not really such a plain Jane as she looked at first. She walked toward the same plane he was taking, and he followed her, taking the seat beside her.

"Do you mind?" he asked, and she shook her head.

He made a show of being occupied, putting his hat in the rack, fastening his seat belt, picking up the magazine he had brought aboard, but he was aware of her and the scent of perfume about her. The plane lifted, climbed and headed west. The no-smoking sign flashed off and Harry reached for a cigarette.

"Would you care for a cigarette?" he asked.

"No, thank you," she replied, with an almost imperceptible glance in his direction.

Her tone left no doubt that he had been rebuffed, and he could feel himself redden. *Oh, come now*, he thought. *No reason why you can't be polite.*

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "We've got more than four hours between here and the coast, and a twenty-minute stop. Might as well have someone to talk to. Makes the time pass easier."

"Really ——" she began, but he went on.

"I'm Harry Alexander. Free, white and thirty-five, and live in a place called Oakdale and run a sporting-goods shop and ——"

"Do you really live in Oakdale?"

"Four-thirty-six Buckingham."

She smiled, and when she did her whole being changed. "I live on Oxford myself," she said. "I'm Laura McClintock."

"How do you do, Miss McClintock?"

"Mrs.," she corrected, and he felt a small disappointment. She looked at him curiously, as though remembering something. "Your wife was . . . she died recently, didn't she?"

"Yes. She was killed in an accident."

> There are four things a woman needs to know. She needs to know how to look like a girl, act like a lady, think like a man and work like a dog.
>
> **MRS. CAROLINE K. SIMON,**
> SECRETARY OF STATE FOR NEW YORK,
> ADDRESS TO STAFF OF
> ASSOCIATION OF INDUSTRIAL NURSES,
> THE NEW YORK TIMES

"And you rear those girls by yourself." It was a statement, not a question. "I've heard about you."

"Neighborhood gossip?" he asked.

"It's an unusual thing," she said. "People are bound to talk about it. I must say you're not at all what I would have expected."

"You mean I should have kept on my apron?"

"I just expected someone . . . well, older, I guess. More sedate. Not someone," she said reprovingly, "who tries to pick up girls on airplanes."

"To be honest, it's the first time I ever did," he said. "You going to San Francisco?"

She was not, as he had suspected, a schoolteacher, but an employee of Benton's, Furnishings and Fabrics, and was going to the coast on a combined buying and pleasure trip. "I plan to spend a few days in Sacramento with some friends."

"I hope to get in a little fishing myself," he told her.

Before the plane made its halfway stop he found that she loved to ride, swim and read, and didn't have enough time for any of them. She liked Florida and New England, raising flowers and listening to music. He noted a sadness in her voice when she said no, she didn't have any children, and he told her that he would gladly lend her a couple. He in turn told her about the Navy and about taking care of the girls, and how simple housekeeping really was when you did it systematically.

"Are you familiar with San Francisco?" he asked her as the plane took off again, and she nodded.

"Fairly," she said. "My husband and I spent a little time there before he left for Korea."

"Oh. Is he in the service?"

"He was in the Marine Reserve," she said quietly. "He was killed in the Korean war."

"Oh," he said, "I'm sorry."

"Now, please don't get that 'poor little widow' note in your voice," she said good-naturedly. "I've been one long enough to get used to it."

"Do you ever?"

She took a long breath, and replied thoughtfully, "No, I guess not. Oh, I don't mean that I can't get used to being alone. I think perhaps the hardest part is being able to accept the way people view you. The women feel so sorry for you, and at the same time they worry a little because you're a single woman and possibly a threat to their husbands. The nice men look at you with pity, which is worse than the way the not-nice ones look, and all the time you're the same person that you always were. I want to shout at them, 'Look; it's me! Laura!'"

"How about the friends who try to marry you off?" asked Harry.

They smiled in appreciation of the shared knowledge.

"I think that if I meet any nice eligible men on this trip," said Laura, "I won't even tell. I'll just say I'm Laura McClintock. Miss. And see what happens."

Harry felt his pride jolted. What did she mean—*if?* Wasn't *he* an eligible man? "Why don't you try it out on me for dinner tonight? You can sharpen your technique in safety."

She had a funny habit, he noticed, of ducking her head slightly when she smiled. "You'd know what I was up to."

"I'll do the same," he told her. "After all, I have to rehearse my lines too."

She looked at him sharply and with what he thought might be a slight embarrassment. "I'd love to," she said.

At the airport, he collected their bags, called a cab and dropped her at her hotel before going on to his. *Nice girl*, he thought, *but not the sort to get mixed up with.* She was looking for a husband. He was not ready yet for the emotional roller coaster of marriage. Still, it was nice to have a date, to be going out his first night away from home. Maybe they could go somewhere and dance.

He was not quite prepared for the Laura who stepped from the elevator when he called her room. Her hair hung glistening almost to her shoulders, and the silver-and-gold brocade sheath revealed the full, soft lines of a figure that the prim suit had concealed. Only a faint flush, and eyes that asked, childlike, for approval, betrayed the impression of sophistication.

"All right?" she asked.

"All right? You look terrific!"

It was true. Admiring eyes followed them through the lobby. They ate by candlelight, by long windows overlooking the bay, and danced until late to a Latin band.

"You dance well for a housekeeper," she told him.

"I bet you tell that to all the housekeepers."

"Just the ones I dance with."

She was a nice height for dancing, he thought. Fitted just under his chin. And holding her, feeling the firm suppleness of her body under his hand, he felt very sure of himself, very masculine.

"How did a girl like you manage to stay single?" he asked her.

"It wasn't hard," she said. "I guess the good men get caught young, and all of a sudden you're thirty-one and you just don't meet many eligible ones. And there's the little matter of love. I never found one I could love. So," she concluded, "I work. How about you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not sure I want to be married again. There are worse things than being lonely. You can be married and still be lonely too. How many happily married people do you know?"

"Not many," she said. "But I don't know many happy single ones, either. I believe that if you find the right person you can be happier married than single."

"The right one? How can you tell?"

"You can tell," she said. "I don't have any worries about that."

No, he thought, *you probably don't.* She was an optimist. She was also, he discovered the next day, as they toured the town, and the next night, when they ate spaghetti and drank red wine in a small place with checkered tablecloths, very nice company. They talked easily, and it occurred to him that they agreed on practically everything. It was good being with her. She had no designs on him. He almost wished that she did.

The next day he visited the Spindrift
mpany plant, met Bill Findley, the
les manager, and enjoyed a tour
ough the plant. Findley was a lik-
le man in his late forties, and easy
do business with. They spent a
asant afternoon, and Harry ac-
pted his invitation to dinner. Mrs.
ndley was a plump, talkative woman
h a quick laugh and an easy man-
, and Harry felt at home at once.
"Is this your first trip?" asked Mrs.
ndley, and he said no, he had spent
me time there during the war.
"That so?" said Findley. "I came
t here during the war myself—met
tty here."
Mrs. Findley laughed. "See? You're
ky you got away free."
I didn't, actually, Harry reflected.
d aloud, almost as though he were
king to himself, he said, "I used to
e a girl in San Francisco."
"Really?" said Mrs. Findley. "Who
s it? I may know her."
"Oh, it wasn't really ——" he
mmered. "I mean, I didn't really
ow her too well. I just happened to
nk of her name. It was Marjorie
rnet."
"Burnet," said Mrs. Findley, think-
g. "I don't . . . wait a minute!
arjorie Burnet! Red-haired girl?
t plump but not thin? Medium
ight?"
"No," said Harry. "This girl was
ry slender."
"Burnet," Mrs. Findley continued
singly. "Yes, I'm sure that was the
l's name that married Larry Tas-
ll. Bill, you remember Larry Tas-
ll, don't you, darling?"
Married. Of course. And what did
u expect? To find her here, waiting
you, after so many years? A girl
e that? Naturally, she'd be married.
that is, it is really Marjorie that
rs. Findley has in mind. Actually,
r hair was more chestnut than red.
d whatever she was, she was not
mp.

Back in his room, he undressed
d stood for a long time smoking in
e dark, looking out over the city
here even now she might be sleeping.
tting ready for bed. And he re-
embered the lines of a poem, and
e words of a song the band had
ayed while they were dancing. *Oh,*
rget it, he told himself. *Now that*
u know, forget it. It's time.
And suddenly he wished that he
uld talk to Laura, so that she, in
at reserved but kind, thoughtful
ay, could help him unsnarl, sort out
d analyze the tangle of emotions
at he felt. *You'd better watch your-*
lf, he thought as he lay back in bed.
his is not the first time you have
anted to see this girl.
Nevertheless, he called her the next
orning. They rented a car and drove
r down the peninsula to where a
hall beach curved against the swell
d roll of the ocean, and the waves
ashed and sucked and swirled
gainst a small rocky point. He took
r hand, and they walked slowly up
e beach, heads tilted back against
e sun and wind.
"It's quite a view, isn't it?" Laura
id softly.
"Yes," he said. He shook his head.
t makes me feel funny. Almost
omesick."
"Did you come here often—be-
re?"
"Well, no. Not often."
"During the war?"
He nodded.
"Was there a girl?" she asked, and
smiled.
"Come on," he said. "I'll take you
dinner. How about that place where
e ate the other night?"
"And you'll tell me about it?" she
ked.

So they ate again by candlelight in the room that overlooked the sea, and he told her about Marjorie Burnet, and about Helen, and about his marriage and its end.

"And this girl," she asked, "you've never seen her again?"

"No," he said.

"And you remembered her all that time?"

"Yes. It wasn't fair to my wife. I know that."

"Oh, I don't know," she said tolerantly. "Most people, I suspect, carry the image of some old girl, some old beau that they might have married, and when things go wrong I suppose they naturally bring the image to mind." She hesitated. "If I didn't feel that we were friends, I wouldn't ask it," she said. "But do you think you will ever get married again?"

"I don't know," he said. "Why?"

"Well, if you don't, then I'd say don't look her up, as you're thinking of doing. Then you'll always be able to remember her the way she was. But if you do intend to marry, go see her. A memory like that, where the girl is always young and lovely and you are always young too—well, that could be unfair to a real wife who is going to get old, and lose her looks. In fairness to her, and to yourself, you should find out."

He thought it over for a minute. "I guess you're right," he said. Funny how this girl seemed to be able to put things into their places. He felt much better as he took her back to the hotel.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" he asked at her door, but she shook her head.



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"I'm going to Sacramento in the morning. Remember? My friends, the Harmons, are expecting me." She held out her hand and he took it and held it, then pulled her toward him.

"A good-by kiss for a friend?" he asked.

"No," she said swiftly. She moved back into the room, not looking at him. Then, as the door closed, she looked up and her eyes met his. "You're not one for casual kisses, Harry," she said. "And neither am I."

It was a long, low, white house, set back from the street on a carefully manicured lawn, surrounded by trees and shrubs and many flowers. *She has done well*, he thought. *Better than if she had married me. If this is actually where she lives.*

At the doorway, he drew a deep breath, passed his tongue over his lips and swallowed deeply. *I hope I look well*, he thought. *Why? I just do.* He was glad he had a tan. He pressed the button; and inside the house two notes of a bell sounded, and a child's voice called "Mamma!" and a woman's voice, muffled, said, "All right; I'm coming," and then heels clicked on the floor and the door opened.

"Yes?" she said. And then her eyes widened and her mouth opened, and her hand flew upward, toward her face, and she said, as though in surprised amusement, "Oh!"

She had changed. She was heavier, and there were faint lines under the eyes and along the corners of her mouth, where once the skin had been so delicately smooth. Her legs, protruding from the Bermudas, were thicker and the skin was ruddy. A lock of hair hung, out of place, down the side of her face. But it was Marjorie.

"Harry!" she said, and her look was almost of fright. "Harry Alexander!" She brushed the hair back from her face.

"Hello, Marjorie."

"How on earth ——" she began. "Well, come in, for heaven's sake. Harry! You'll have to forgive me. Let me collect myself a minute."

He followed her through a doorway to the terrace, and while she poured coffee he told her about the Findleys, and how he had taken a chance on her being the right Marjorie.

"The least you could have done is call," she said. "I could have done something to myself. Letting an old beau catch me looking like this. Oh, well. Tell me, Harry, how are you? You look wonderful. Honestly, you haven't changed—you don't look a day older. Well, maybe you do. You're getting a little gray around the temples, aren't you? Very distinguished, I might add. But that tan makes you look so young. You make me feel ancient."

"You don't look ancient," he told her. "You look fine."

"Don't tell me," she said, half smiling. "I know how I look, and believe me, I can look better. So you're here on a business trip? Where do you live, Harry? Do you have a family? Tell me about yourself."

He told her about Weston, and the shop, and Dave. He told her about the girls, and that his wife was dead. "I was right nervous about coming," he said.

"You've had a guilty conscience," she said, as though it pleased her.

"I wanted to write you," Harry told her. "I was going to promise to get a divorce. But the first letter I got after I got back to the ship was from Helen—that was my wife—saying she was going to have a baby."

"Oh," she said. They sat without speaking for a moment, and then she said softly, "I'm glad to hear that, Harry. You know, you were my first love, really. At first, after you left, I was furious, and then heartbroken. I didn't even know where to write you." She smiled ruefully. "But," she went on, "I was young and healthy, and married finally, and I didn't need to remember you, and lean on the memory of the nice time we had, but I still remembered you, and thought of you and worried about you."

"My marriage wasn't any love feast, and after Helen died I didn't want to see a woman—I'm not sure I do now. But I always thought about you, just the same."

"What do you mean, you're not sure you want to see a woman?" she asked. "Don't tell me you're going to keep house for those girls forever?"

"Well," he said, "I don't really know. I've met a real fine girl. And maybe that's one reason I had to see you. You see, all these years I have sort of felt that I was still in love with you. I always blamed myself for what happened between Helen and me, thinking that if I hadn't fallen in love with you, Helen and I might have worked things out. I had to see you. I had to be sure, before ——"

"Before you got serious about this other woman?" she finished for him. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Harry. Men are so unrealistic! If everybody in the world felt guilty just because they thought about an old beau or an old girl when they have a fight with their husband or wife, the world would be dripping with guilt complexes. Don't be silly."

He laughed. "That's what Laura said," he told her. "But she said I ought to see you, and put my mind at ease."

She looked at him soberly. "Anyhow," she said, "I'm glad you came."

"Thank you, Marjorie," he said. "I guess we can be friends now, can't we?"

She sat up straight at that, her chin tilted up, looking at him levelly, and he noticed that there was still in her a lot of the girl of thirteen years before, the proud carriage, the purity of line.

"We can," she said. "We can, indeed."

In the cab to the airport, he felt a great contentment and relief. *I wasn't wrong*, he told himself. She was a fine girl. Still a nice woman. But he couldn't for the life of him remember what she had looked like those long years ago. The memory of a housewife in Bermuda shorts kept getting in the way.

Before getting his plane ticket he called Dave.

"Hey, boy," came the familiar voice from the other end of the line, "I'm glad you called. I've got news for you."

"Good or bad?"

"Not good. Mrs. Tracy's suing for custody. Got the papers this morning."

Harry felt a chill, then a wave of heat flow through him. Well, it had to come. Might as well be now.

"Do something for me, will you?" he asked. "Call Charlie Kane and tell him."

"I've already done that," said Dave. "He said to tell you not to get excited. And not to rush back. Said there's nothing to do now but file your answer to the request for a change of custody, and so forth."

"I can get a plane out of here this afternoon."

"Take it easy," said Dave. "Why come in tonight? It'll be late—remember your time difference. Stay tonight and come in tomorrow. You'll be relaxed and able to do something."

"All right. See you tomorrow," he said. "And thanks, friend."

He hung up and walked back toward the ticket counter. "When can I get a hop to Sacramento?" he asked.

In Sacramento, he rented a car, and finally found the right Harmon.

"Harry!" Laura said, and her voice was a cooling salve. "What a nice surprise."

"I'm going home in the morning," he told her. "Thought if you didn't have a dinner date I could see you for a few minutes."

"Come in, come in!" She had on a mulberry-colored dress that clung to her body and made her face seem more creamy than ever. Her hair hung softly in waves.

"You look awfully pretty," he said.

"You look pretty yourself," she said happily. "What a nice tan you've got. Here, let me have your hat."

A small, bright-faced, birdlike woman, wearing an apron, came into the room, and Laura said, "Julia, this is Harry Alexander."

"The man from the home town?"

"Yes."

"Aha!" she said, and Harry could see her making mental notes "I'll go put another chop in the pan."

Harry protested that he couldn't stay for dinner, but Julia said oh, of course he could, and went toward the kitchen.

"Come on and sit down," said Laura, motioning him toward a chair. "What have you been doing? Having a good time?"

"No," he said. "Not much."

"I'm sorry. I was hoping you were enjoyin your vacation. What went wrong?"

"Well," he told her, "after you left, I didn have anyone to go around with. Sort of fe flat."

"That's almost a compliment, you know? She sat down on the sofa opposite him, and h wondered if he should go and sit beside he

"I've been thinking about the marriag thing," he said. "In fact, you might say I'v come acourting. Maybe that's not the way t put it, but it gets the idea across."

"Why ——" she stammered, but was re cued when a male voice shouted from th front hallway: "Hey! I'm home!" and a tal slender man, tanned and almost white-haire came into the room.

"Dick, this is Harry Alexander," Lau said, and they shook hands.

"Nice to have you here," the other ma said. "How pretty you look, Lolly. You," h said to Harry, "are the one in sporting good aren't you? Lolly here told us about you."

"Dinner's ready," said Julia from the doo way, and Laura led the way to the dinin room. Harry ate heartily, while Dick rambl on about business, California, the young generation of writers and fishing.

"Have you seen my aquarium?" he aske Harry as they finished dinner.

"For heaven's sake," Julia snapped. "H doesn't want to see your old aquarium."

Harry laughed and said he'd love to.

"Of course he would," said Dick, leadi the way to the den. "I've got one of the fe pregnant sea horses in captivity, Har Ready to deliver any day now."

He switched on a light, and the aquariu glittered with the colors of tropical fish a seaweed and shells. In a corner, its tail curl partly around a knob jutting from a piece coral, was the sea horse, its fins vibrating, i head, with its startled, solemn expressio turned toward them.

"Where's her mate?" asked Harry.

"It's a male," said Dick. "He was pregna when I got him."

"A pregnant male?"

"Sure. In sea horses," he explained, "t males bear the young. When they mate, t female slips the poor buzzard the eggs, all fe tilized and everything, and as soon as they in his pouch away she goes, and the male ca ries them around and gives birth to them a takes care of them until they're old enough be on their own."

"Doesn't seem natural," said Harry.

"It's natural if it's in nature," said Dic "Sometime, back in the primordial sea wat some she sea horse declared that the fema of the world were getting a bum deal, and c cided to do something about it. She figu there was no sense in letting the males run t world and have all the fun while the fema stayed home, raising kids and losing th figures, so as soon as the mating was over, a while she still had the old boy in her spell, s just slipped the eggs into his pouch, and r off to a meeting of the League of Wom Voters. The old man, not knowing what e to do, stood for it, and the first thing y know his kids inherited the instinct, and th kids and their kids' kids. So ——" shrugged.

"Poor bum," said Harry. "I feel for hi

"I don't," said Laura. "I feel sorry for female."

"That's a woman for you," said Dick, a they went back to the living room. "H about a little brandy, Harry?"

"Darling," Julia called from the kitch "could you come out here and help me fo minute?"

Harry poured brandy. "Why do you f sorry for the female? She gets it easy."

"Not really," Laura said. "They've switch roles. She's taken the male role, and since b roles have to be taken, he takes the fem But it's no good that way. No one has any spect for either of them, and I bet that t don't respect each other much. You desp her because she's acting the man, and you sorry for him, which is worse than despis him. It's just a mess."

"I guess so," he conceded. "Uh"— cleared his throat—"I was trying to say so thing when Dick came in."

I know. I was never so surprised in my life. ybe I've been wrong about you. But," she ed, "don't let me interrupt you, for good- ;' sake."

Well," he began, walking up and down in it of her, "well, after you left, like I said, ning was much fun, and it occurred to me I missed you. So I thought I'd come up e to, well, to put in my application."

Your application?"

I don't know exactly what you'd call it. It seemed to me that we ought to see more ach other—see what the other likes, meet other's friends, that sort of thing. I n't want you to make your mind up about body else before I got my bid in."

he did not reply, and when he looked at he saw that she looked both amused and ntly angry.

What can I say?" she asked. "You haven't anything. Or perhaps you have. As I see ou want me to make myself available, and s up any other offers I might have until you e time to inspect me a little more closely see if I'll do."

You've got it all wrong," he protested.

Have I?" she asked. "How do you inter- it, then?"

Well," he began, "what would you have ught of me if I'd come busting in here and 'I love you. Will you marry me?' Would have seemed very sensible to you?"

he smiled a little at that. "Not very sen- e, perhaps, but very impressive. You can't agonize a girl by telling her you love her, ry. Not when you mean it."

larry felt bewildered. Things had not gone ll the way he had hoped. And he was be- ning to feel ridiculous.

Let's start all over," he said. "I just didn't k it was fair to ask you to commit your- and at the same time I thought that if you e thinking about anybody, you ought to w that I'm . . . well, I'm around too."

Now let me tell you something," she said. hink you're a very attractive man. You're et. I think you're a very good man, and ld try hard to make a woman a good hus- d. But," she said, "I'm a little afraid of . I wonder if you really need a wife, ry. A woman needs awfully to be needed, know. That's why I said I was sorry for female sea horse—nobody needs her. It's worst feeling in the world, and today a lot vomen feel it. That's why so many of them e affairs, and join clubs and things like , outside the home, because they feel 're not really needed inside the home. As once said, there's nothing in the modern home a man can't do as well as a woman. It's too simple. The children don't need her; at least, they can do pretty well without her—you've seen that. She needs to know that someone wants and needs *her* and what she can give, she alone. Women like to take care of, just as they like to be taken care of."

"I know."

They sat without speaking for a long minute.

"I haven't made your visit very pleasant, I'm afraid," she said finally. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," he said. "I'm afraid I didn't state my case very well. You think maybe I could do better if I started over again?"

"Don't try," she said, smiling gently. "We both know where we stand. Let's talk about it tomorrow."

"I can't," he told her. "I've got to leave tonight. I've got to get home right away."

"Oh. Emergency?"

"Yes."

"What is it, Harry? Can I help?"

No, he thought. *If I told you now, you'd think I wanted you just to help me keep my custody of the girls. As soon as it's over, then I'll be able to tell you.*

"I wish you could," he said, "but I'm afraid not."

He said his good-bys to Dick and Julia, and Laura walked beside him down the flagstone steps to the car. The moon, rising, cast its light through the branches of the trees, and the leaves, moved by the night breeze, made shadow patterns on her upturned face as he took her hand.

"I'll miss you," he said.

"Why," she said with a half-laugh, "I'll be home the day after tomorrow."

She was looking up at him, and her face in the moonlight was sweet and soft-lipped. Without thought or warning, he pulled her to him and kissed her. He kissed her very positively, and he could feel the surprise in her mouth, and in the reaction of her body.

"Well," she said, as he let her go.

"See?" he said. "I'm not so damn cautious."

In the days following his return from the coast, Harry was far too busy with the new shop and seeing Laura to spend time worrying. But always in the back of his mind was the nagging thought of the custody hearing.

"I wouldn't mind it if I could just face it and get it over with," he told Dave as they drove by to see the work progressing on the new shop.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



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Let's Keep Rolling Ahead

NTINUED FROM PAGE 79

'From what Charlie Kane said, I can't see y you're worrying," said Dave. "If it's just uestion of your being a fit parent, and the s' being O.K. with you, I can't see where 'y've got a leg to stand on."

'I know," said Harry. Charlie had said as ich. But the fact that Charlie was convinced t the Tracys were bluffing, so confident t he planned to ask the next day for dis- ssal of the suit, did not dissipate the linger- fear in Harry's mind.

'The trouble is, I've been up against the once before," he said, "and when you're court fighting a woman, there's a lot of ference between what ought to happen and at happens."

'Don't let one tough experience ride you," d Dave. "You got a rough deal from Helen. u going to let that sour you forever?"

'I'm not sour." laughed Harry.

'I hope not. I got to hand it to you, boy. nen you got ready to pick one, you picked lood one in Laura. She'll make you a fine ie."

'Who said anything about marrying?" said rry.

But, thought Harry, as he drove home after pping Dave, he and Laura were fast ap- aching a point of decision. Since the mo- nt she had stepped from the plane and had ne quickly, honestly into his arms, there been no pretense between them. He knew t she was happy with him. And in her pres- e he felt at once an exhilaration and a et content he had always longed for.

But in the past few days their relationship l changed. It had quickened and intensified, though impatient of delay and indecision, Harry knew it. During the first days after return they had been content just to be r each other—talking, discussing personal tories and ideas and tastes, getting to know h other. A touch of hands thrilled them, their occasional kisses were tender. bring.

But he reckoned without the nature of love t, once having tasted knowledge, cannot ain innocence, and without the nature of a n and woman who had known love once ll would know it again. And so small ten- ns grew between them. After so many nths alone, when sex had receded in im- rtance, Harry hated to see it burgeon so ge in his consciousness, and resented Laura h for arousing to life his hunger and for re- ing to let him feed it. But he knew there s no going back, that the fire, once lighted, st either grow or die, that they were mov- toward decision, even though the new ele- nt in their relationship that made decision essary made it more difficult, made logical ision impossible.

He drove home, left the car in the driveway d went into the silent house, struck as al- ys by the silence, half waiting, as always, the sound of voices and running feet, athless laughter and mammoth sorrow, d the words that told of great joys, great es, great problems, all the never-small emo- ns of young girls. Tomorrow—ah, tomor- v, perhaps it would be settled. Perhaps the ge would decide, as Charlie had vowed he uld, and as Harry knew he would not, that Tracys' case was trivial, and that the girls uld come home. He thought again of the tures he had seen in the papers of weeping ldren being torn from the arms of weeping ents, of fathers, their faces anguished, bid- g good-by to beloved sons and daughters. s stomach tightened at the thought of Joan l Tracy being led away from him.

And now that he needed her, he and Laura l quarreled. He had known, that day at on, that something was wrong when he saw waiting in the restaurant booth.

'Hi," he said. "Anything the matter?"

'In a way," she admitted. "I had something a shock this morning."

The waitress came and they ordered, and n Laura turned to look searchingly into face.

'Mrs. Tevis was in this morning," she said. nd we began talking about you. You ow"—she smiled—"people know we're . . . ll, seeing each other."

"And what did Mrs. Tevis tell you about me that was shocking?"

"She said, 'I suppose Harry's awfully anxious about tomorrow?' And I said, 'Tomorrow?' I didn't know what she was talking about. And she said, 'The hearing. The one for dismissal.' And when I still didn't know what she meant, she looked surprised and told me that your in-laws, or your ex-in-laws, were suing for custody of your daughters, and that you were going to court tomorrow to try to have the suit dismissed. Why didn't you tell me, Harry? I know how important this is to you. Why haven't you told me about it?"

Unaccountably, he felt guilty. "I didn't want to burden you with my problems," he said.

"Burden me or trust me?"

"Look," he said, reaching carefully for words, "I have two children. Their grandmother is trying to take them away from me. If I were married, or even engaged, she couldn't touch them. But how would it be for me to come to you and say 'Will you marry me? I'm having some custody trouble?' Or I might say, 'I have to go before a judge tomorrow, will you go with me?' Wouldn't you wonder if I was trying to use you?"

She didn't reply for several moments. Finally she said, "I think perhaps that's what worries me. You've got to know you can stand alone before you'll be willing to lean against someone. You don't trust yourself enough to admit that you could possibly need help."

"It's not that, exactly," he interrupted, but she went on.

"I'm afraid it is, Harry. To love, you must trust, because you're always vulnerable to the one you love. You don't want my help because you think you would be obligated to me, in my debt. I think your first marriage left a scar on you, and shook your faith in women. So you can't let a woman get really close to you. One of the first serious things you ever said to me was 'I'm not asking you to commit yourself.' Why not? When you're in love, it's wonderful to be asked to commit yourself, to put yourself in the other's power. It gives you a chance to show your faith, to show that you trust."

"O.K.," he said. "O.K. Let me say something."

"No," she went on, "let me finish. Letting me help you keep your children would have obligated you. You weren't keeping that to yourself to spare me, Harry. You may think you were, but in reality you didn't want to owe me anything until you were sure. And you can't ever be sure, Harry. Love is a chance. I was willing to take it. I don't think I am any more."

That had been only six hours ago. He fixed himself a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and took it to the living room to eat while he watched television. A Western was playing, the hero moving swiftly, without doubt or hesitation, toward the inevitable climax, the villain slinking as surely to his own sorry demise. The way things ought to be. The doorbell rang, and Harry went to answer it, irritated by the interruption.

"Hello, Harry," said Mrs. Tracy. Behind her Mr. Tracy tried to appear genial and failed. Another man, one he had not seen before, nodded. Harry stood for a moment looking at them. "We'd like to talk to you, Harry," Mrs. Tracy said. She was getting gray, he noticed, and the lines in her face were deeper. Her mouth, still strong, drooped. "May we come in?"

"Who's that?" asked Harry, indicating the second man.

"This is Mr. Haskell, Harry, our attorney."

They came in and sat down. He turned the sound down on the television set. "All right," he said.

Mrs. Tracy cleared her throat. "I know this isn't easy for you, Harry," she began. "It isn't easy for any of us. But we might as well get down to brass tacks, Harry. None of us, I am sure, want a court trial over this."

None of us wants, he thought to himself. *Poor grammar. First thing you know, the girls will be speaking any old way.*

She nodded in the direction of the lawyer, who smiled and put on a pair of steel-rimmed glasses. "Now, Mr. Alexander. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy have what I would call an airtight case. If you doubt that, I assure you that my knowledge of the law is"—he smiled deprecatingly—"rather adequate, I believe, and I can assure you that we have sufficient evidence to convince the commissioner that your daughters would be far better off in the custody of their grandparents."

"Go on," said Harry. "You haven't said anything yet."

"Yes. Let me put it more bluntly, Mr. Alexander. We have evidence here"—he patted his briefcase—"of thirty-two dates on which the girls were left unsupervised after school, twice when the younger girl injured herself with only her sister to help her, eight dates on which the girls were left unattended on Saturday. We have affidavits witnessing your neglect of the children, an affidavit from the younger girl's teacher concerning your attitude toward the school. We have eight instances where women were seen to enter your house at night, but not seen to leave."

"In other words," said Harry, "you've got nothing."

"On the contrary," snapped the lawyer, "we have quite all we need, including your little trip to the coast with a woman who lives near here, and whom you visited in her hotel room. Altogether a pretty pattern. Your children, as well as the commissioner, should be interested to hear it."

"So?"

"Despite this," Haskell continued, "Mr. and Mrs. Tracy will consent to your retaining custody, on the condition that you agree that the children shall remain with them, except for such visits to you as may be agreed upon."

"That's big."

"Mr. and Mrs. Tracy also agree that you may visit the girls at any time, for as long as you wish. They agree to maintain the girls in proper circumstances, to set aside a trust fund for them now, to consult with you in the choice of schools, colleges or camps that the girls attend. They agree, furthermore, to name the girls heirs to not less than fifty per cent of their estates, and to name you guardian and trustee in the event they should decease before the children attain their majority."

The attorney paused and slowly removed his glasses, looking intently at Harry.

"I believe, Mr. Alexander, that you will agree that it is a most generous offer. If you accept their offer, as I think you should, I have the necessary papers drawn up here."

"I bet you have," Harry said. He got up, stood for a moment before the fireplace and lighted a cigarette deliberately. "I bet you have. Charlie Kane—he's my lawyer—he said that you didn't have any case, and that you'd be around to try to scare me and buy me." He shook his head. "Personally, I didn't think you'd try it. I could take that so-called evidence apart bit by bit, and you know it. You know you don't have a case that will stand up in court. The commissioner will dismiss this thing in ten minutes. That is, if you put up a fight. I don't think you will."

"And what makes you think that?" demanded Mrs. Tracy.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Harry. "I could be right sorry for you, if you had shown me that it was real love for the kids instead of your own selfishness that made you want them. But you had to play it sleazy.

"So I tell you what I'm going to do. Tomorrow the suit will be dismissed, and you, Mrs. Tracy, will get on the first plane to Dallas, and have those girls back here day after tomorrow. And if you don't, I'll come and get them with a court order, and so help me God, you'll never see them again as long as you live."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Mr. Tracy rose, red-faced, and for a moment Harry almost liked him. The old boy might be a fighter if Mrs. Tracy would let him. For a moment they faced each other. Then he turned to his wife.

"Let's go, dear," he said gently.

"Go?" screeched Mrs. Tracy. "Are you going to ——"

"Come on," said Mr. Tracy firmly. "You tried. It didn't work." The lawyer hurried out behind them.

After they were gone, Harry went back to the kitchen and made himself a cup of coffee, wondering why he did not feel more elated instead of empty and tired, and even a little let down. He thought of Laura, wishing he could see her, wondering what she was doing, missing her. The house was silent, empty, lonely.

He sat down, lit a cigarette and took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning from Tracy, noting as he read that her spelling had not improved. He would have to work on that. It read:

Dear Daddy: Joan says we may stay here with Grama. Its all Grama talks about. She sad we could have a horse if we stay. Daddy you said I could come home. I am redy to come home now. I am fine. I hope you are al riht. How is Sally. Is Elvis all riht? Daddy I had a nihtmar the other niht and it was awful. I dreamd I had this nihtmar and I was scared and called you and you came in and stood by my bed like you always do, but when I put out my hand it went right threw you like you were a gost and I new I was still having a bad dream and when I woke up I wished you were there. It was a terible nigtmar. I am redy to come home now. Love.

TRACY ALEXANDER

"I'm ready for you to come home, too, honey," he said aloud.

As dawn seeped into Oakdale, Harry stirred, struggled briefly as though to regain the cocoon of sleep, and slowly awoke to the glory of a September morning. The clock, set for 6:45, showed 6:38, and it gave him a feeling of pleased surprise to find that his mental alarm, unused during the weeks the girls were gone, still worked, giving him a chance to lie

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

It didn't take our cats any time at all to learn they had a new dinner gong: instead of the zip of the hand-turned can opener they now listen for the zing of the electric one.

When one of the daughters is expected home I line up baby clothes and toys, forgotten on her last visit. These she conscientiously takes back, but invariably leaves behind a whole new batch.

One sure way to lose another woman's friendship is to try to improve either her children or her flower arrangements.

A cleaning woman of our acquaintance says she likes to go out to work because it gives her the opportunity to go home at the end of the day.

If you want your neighbor to share something special you've made, never take it to her in a broken dish. When she washes it, she'll be filled with misgivings as to whether or not it was chipped in her kitchen.



quietly for a few minutes before taking up again the familiar, tedious routine.

While the girls were away, he had enjoyed the luxury of morning showers and leisurely shaving, but now he hurried so that the girls could get into the bathroom when they awoke. He missed his shower, and he told himself that he ought to have a bathroom of his own. He deserved it. He ought to have a study, too, a place he could have his own things, be alone. The girls would be dating soon, and would want him out of the way. Where would he go? Upstairs to his room?

We need a bigger house, he thought, *a new house*. Just then the alarm rang, and as he went to turn it off Joan shuffled from her room, smiling sleepily, her hand raised in salute. He caught and held her to him for a second, and she nuzzled her face against his chest.

"Get Tracy cracking, will you?" he said, and she nodded, and went into the bathroom.

"I'm up," Tracy mumbled from her room, and he saw that, sure enough, she was up, laying out her clothes. Changes all around.

He had forgotten to mix the orange juice or lay out his utensils the night before, and he forced himself to a faster pace in order to get the girls to the school bus on time. It had not been easy, taking up the old household chores after the girls' return.

"Can I have cereal?" asked Tracy, pulling on her sweater as she came in.

"Bacon-and-eggs morning," he told her, and she made a gagging sound.

"I hate eggs," she said. "Grandma let me have cereal any time I wanted it."

"But you're not at your grandmother's," he reminded her.

"Are we ever going back?" she asked.

"Sometime."

"Did that judge say we could?"

"He didn't say anything about it," Harry told her. "He just said he thought you'd better stay home because you looked as if you needed eggs."

"Oh, *daddy!*"

Joan appeared, and the two of them put breakfast on the table while Harry put the frying pan and utensils to soak. Funny how calmly they had taken the whole custody episode, he thought. At the airport they had romped happily into his arms, and though they had asked whether they were going to stay with him all the time, and whether he was mad at grandma and whether he had to get married, they seemed to regard the whole matter as relatively unimportant, something silly that grownups would do.

"You got your lunch money?" he asked, sitting down.

"Yes," they chorused.

"All right. Remember to bring home a list of the things you need, and we'll get them tonight."

"I hope there're some cute boys in my room," Tracy said.

"You know who's in mine?" Joan asked breathlessly. "Terry Farmer. Oh"—she rolled her eyes—"he's dreamy!"

"Think more about your lessons, and less about boys, and you'll be better off," snapped Harry. "You're going to have to go to college one of these days, and dreamy boys won't get you in."

"We'll have to get married too," said Tracy. "Don't you want us to get married?"

"Yes," he said. It occurred to him then that he really did want them to get married. There was no other way. Man and woman. So wonderfully, so beautifully complementary. The soft gentleness for the hard aggression. The lips that were raised to the lips that reached down. The man to plant the seed in joy, the woman to receive it in ecstasy. The man to build and support the home, the woman to care for it and give it meaning. The man to bring home food, the woman to cook it. The man to work and fight, the woman to tend the fires and wait and give him sooth when he came home, and build his strength for going forth again. The one to heal and pleasure the other. Hands that, together, bridged the gap of loneliness.

"How would you like to marry somebody like Uncle Ralph?" asked Tracy, snickering.

"Who's Uncle Ralph?" asked Harry.

"Aunt Phyllis's husband," said Joan. "Don't you know *him?*"

"No," Harry replied. "He was always away in the Army when I saw your Aunt Phyllis. What's he like?"

"Horrible," said Tracy.

"Icky," agreed Joan. "He doesn't do anything. Doesn't help with the dishes, or clean the house or fix anything. He doesn't even cut the grass or fix the flowers. Nothing."

"You don't like that, huh?"

"No," said Tracy indignantly. "I'm going to marry somebody like you, so he'll do all the dumb old housework and I won't have to, and I can go horseback riding all the time."

Harry could only look at her.

"Me, too," said Joan. "If I can't marry a real rich one that can have lots of servants, I want one like you."

With a stab, almost of horror, Harry recalled the den of the man in Sacramento, and the sight of the little sea horse, his belly swollen, his eyes solemn, as he waited, with vibrating fins and that humorous, tragic look, for his hour of delivery. What was it that man had said? "While she had the old boy in her spell, she slipped him the eggs, and he, not knowing what else to do, stood for it, and his kids inherited the instinct, and his kids' kids, and the first thing you know ——"

"You'd better get your things," he said. "You don't have too much time."

Nor have I, he told himself. And he thought, *It's been a mistake. All my efforts, all the good intentions, all the long hours, all the love. A mistake. That poor, pathetic creature in the tank, awaiting his maternal hour, that error of nature,*

> **Courage conquers all things; it even gives strength to the body.**
>
> **OVID**

I am he. And like him I will send forth my little sea horses to corrupt the balance, to spoil the plan. So do we all, perhaps. And soon ——

"Kiss me," said Tracy, and he kissed her, and she smacked him wetly on the cheek. Joan paused briefly to peck at him.

"I don't want you growing up to think that your husbands should do your work for you," he blurted suddenly. They looked at him in surprise. "I've been doing a woman's work because I had to," he went on. "I don't want to. I wouldn't want to live with a woman who was so lazy I had to do her work. What would you think of a man who wouldn't go to work and earn money, and who wouldn't take care of his family, but made his wife take care of the house and children and then go out and make the living too?"

"Gee," said Tracy. "He'd be awful."

"And a woman is awful who is so lazy that a man has to do his work and then come home and do hers too," he told them.

"Don't you *like* to do it?" Tracy asked.

"I hate it," he said. "I do it because somebody must, and because I love you and want to take care of you."

"Why don't you get a woman to do it?" Joan asked him.

"I'm going to."

"Sally?" asked Tracy.

"I'm going to get a wife," he said. "You need a mother."

Joan looked at him in amazement that changed to a smile of delight.

"Are you *really?*" she asked.

"I am really," he told her.

"Aren't you too old to get married?" screeched Tracy.

Joan looked at her in disgust. "Of course he isn't, silly."

"Will we like her?" asked Tracy.

"You'll love her," Harry assured her.

"Will she like us, though?" Joan asked, and Harry caught and hugged her.

"I guess she can put up with you," he said. "Now get out of here. You've got to catch the bus."

He went to the utility room, took the clothes from the washer, switched them to the dryer and set the dial for forty minutes. His emotions ran everywhere, confused, and yet there was within him a feeling of exhilaration.

I am a man, he told himself. *I am a man, w a man's wants, a man's needs. I have done best, and it has not been enough, and now must be man enough to admit that I need he and to accept help, and to face the chance that part of life.*

Automatically, he locked the back do took his hat from the closet and went out the car. He was churning with excitement as turned toward Oxford Drive.

He had talked to her the night before, t ing her of the custody hearing, how the co missioner had dismissed the case, about t girls' return. But there was a lot he h wanted to tell her that he couldn't say o the phone.

He had wanted to tell her about the Tra Maybe it would indicate something that had not been vindictive; that he had realiz standing in the courtroom, watching M Tracy as the commissioner dismissed her su how deeply she and her husband must l the girls, their only grandchildren, their o tie to Helen.

"We'll send their things along at onc Mr. Tracy had said stiffly when they met the corridor outside the courtroom. M Tracy, white-faced, her control under ti rein, had not looked at Harry. "Their bil will take a while to crate."

"Keep them," said Harry. "I'll get th some. They'll want them when they come visit you."

Mrs. Tracy had looked at him, startl "You said they could never ——" she beg

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Tracy," Harry had s then, and meant it. "I wasn't very polite. course they can visit you. They love yo hope you'll come to see them too. You'll welcome."

He had wanted to tell Laura about th About how the girls had grown, and gro up. But something in her voice had stopp him. Friendly, yes. But a note of doubt too

He rang the bell, and was taken off gu when her mother answered the door.

"Why, Harry!" she said. Then: "I'll Laura you're here."

Harry waited, and the knowledge that i moment she would walk through the door be here beside him made his pulse quick Then he heard her footsteps, and turned she came into the room.

"Hello, Harry," she said questioningly.

"Hi," he said. "Uh, I was wondering could give you a ride."

"Why, thank you," she said, still look at him wonderingly. "Wait until I get purse."

They didn't speak again until they wer the car.

"I guess you think I'm out of my mind," said.

"No."

"I just wanted ——" he began, and real that he had no idea of how to lead up to or even what he should say. "Laura, m me."

"What?"

"I said marry me. We love each other. need each other. We ought to be togeth can't very well get down on one knee her the car, but I'm asking you."

"Why, Harry," she said. She was silent f long time, and he waited. "You know I you. You know I want to marry you."

"What, then?"

"I hesitate because I wonder if you'll really trust me."

"Trust you?" he said. "I'm entrusting two girls to your hands. I'm trusting yo rear them. I'm offering you three lives. Th about as much trusting as a man can do."

She looked at him, and slowly a sm tender, understanding, filled her eyes. hadn't thought of that," she said.

Around them, Oakdale was moving int daily cycle. Husbands backed cars from d ways, heading for Weston, for the city, lea behind the women and children. In the y the preschool toddlers played. And the wo called from doorways, waved good-by t men, or went to join their neighbors for m ing coffee. No one paid any attention t two people in the car, holding each tightly, feeling a joy that was part of the tern of the life around them.

LILLIE'S BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

od-natured. You just better be nicer to him I'll sneak him away for myself."

Maurice grinned from ear to ear. "Now you ve Agnes be," he said. "Agnes makes the t baking-powder biscuits in all of Hokimo unty. I'd be a fool to trade her."

Agnes picked up the last potato and sliced t savagely.

"I just want it understood," she said. "From e on out, we leave Lillie's kid to Lillie."

"Yup," said Maurice, "that's what we do, right."

Agnes let the knife fall into the basket for last time. She settled forward on her stool, ing her chin rest in her hands. Her rough gers left moist dirty marks along both eks.

"Now if I had a boy ——" she said. She red off into the geranium plant by the win-w. Then she darted a suspicious eye at urice to see if he'd heard. But he was ked back in his chair with the catalogue en again at the harness section.

She was still angry next morning. She and urice worked along the hillside acre to-her. Agnes walked ahead. A canvas bag ng from her shoulder on a loop of canvas ap. With mechanical rhythm she took from bag a wedge of seed potato and dropped it o the freshly plowed furrow; then another l another, taking a step forward each time thrust her hand into the bag. Maurice lowed along behind, hoe in hand. He moved h the same effortless rhythm. The hoe hed in the sun, twanging on loose dirt and ne. One by one, the potato wedges were pped in earth.

Agnes's face was red from sun and from ellion. The lock of hair bobbed over her s. She muttered to herself, *Some people most everything they want. Some people n't even look after their own kids. Leave m for relatives to see to.*

When they came to the end of the row the vas bag was empty, but a full bushel basket ited at the beginning of the next furrow. nes filled the bag again and started on her w journey.

Maurice stopped to wipe his perspiring face the sleeve of his shirt. He lowered one rall strap and reached around to scratch a ulder blade. He gazed off down the dirt e.

"Looks like Lillie's boy coming now," he d.

Agnes looked. Even at such a distance she ognized the straggling, sun-bleached hair. ffling feet left a trailing cloud of dust in the wake of the visitor. He was too small for fifteen and too pale for a boy and too dirty for anybody, and for the most part shifty-eyed.

"You mind what I said!" Agnes told her husband. She kept her eye fixed on the open furrow.

"I mind," said Maurice.

The boy held apart two strands of barbed-wire fencing and crept through. He followed along behind Agnes without speaking. She didn't look at him, but worked steadily, a potato there and one there and one there. Finally the boy spoke:

"You planting potatoes, hey?"

"Looks that way, don't it?" said Agnes without pausing.

They walked along in silence. The only sound was the chopping twang of the hoe. They came to the end of the row where another full basket waited for the empty pouch. This time it was Agnes who mopped at her face. Her temper did not improve with the heat.

The boy ambled about aimlessly. He plucked a stalk of timothy and chewed the tender sweet end of it. His eyes were faded blue and the lids were heavy—so heavy that he never seemed able to lift them to the height of the eyes of another. When he faced Agnes and spoke, he gazed somewhere into the region of her protruding breastbone.

"I could do that," he said. "I could drop the seed and you could go do most anything you want."

"Ha!" she snorted. "I suppose I could. I could go make up some soda biscuits, I suppose, and spoon up a dish of apple butter and fry a good mess of ham. That it?"

He chewed more vigorously on the timothy. A trickle of drool oozed down his pointed chin. "Nah," he said, "I ain't hungry."

"Sure, I know," said Agnes. "You never are. . . . Maurice, you mind what I told you."

"I mind," said Maurice.

They started another row. Lillie's boy walked ahead this time. He wore dirty white sneakers without socks. The lace was broken short in one and it was tied only halfway up. The other was worn through on the outside. Each time he set his foot into the loose earth, his small toe squeezed through the ragged hole. The toe was red and sore-looking from thrusting itself in and out.

Agnes darted black looks at Maurice from time to time, daring him. Maurice had a heart altogether too large for his own good. All the boy had to do was hold out his hand and Maurice would fill it. All Lillie had to do was whine that her roof leaked and Maurice was there with a ladder. But when she, Agnes, hankered over a trifle, it was "ruffles."

"Don't need ruffles on a truck farm," Maurice would say.

The boy staggered a little as he moved on ahead of Agnes. His foot slipped off the plowed



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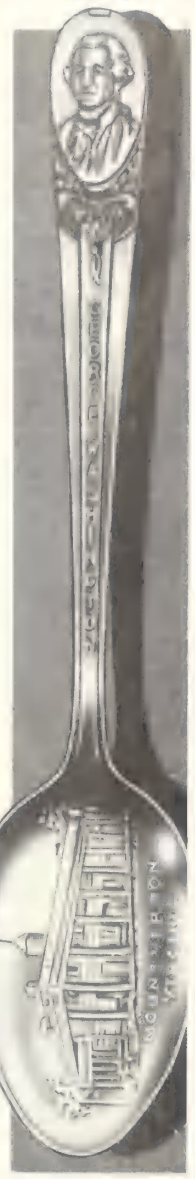
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edge once, filling the clean furrow with loose dirt.

"Watch where you step now," Agnes snapped. She wished he would leave. Why didn't he go on back home and sit on his porch with the new screen? If he was hungry, why didn't he go open the door of the new refrigerator and eat?

Then Agnes realized that he *was* eating. He dipped his head forward into his cupped hands. Each time he ducked his head under, his coarse, uncut hair bristled up from the nape of his neck. His cheeks pouched in and out and the blue vein that ran from ear to collar throbbed with his chewing.

Agnes peered over his shoulder to see what it was he'd stolen. It was a seed potato, of all things! He ate it, dirt and all.

"What ails you, anyway?" she scolded. "You'll get a good bellyache."

The boy crammed the rest of the potato into his mouth lest Agnes take it from him. Potato juice and saliva squished over his lips but he said nothing. Agnes's voice began to rise:

"You with a new refrigerator in your kitchen all full of eats from the store. Why do you have to come up here and sneak our seed planting? Why don't you eat your own stuff right out of your own new refrigerator?"

"Refrigerator's gone," spluttered the boy. He wiped his mouth with the inside of his bare arm and wiped his arm on his thigh.

"Gone where? Who took it?"

"Davison's. Ma paid too slow."

Agnes narrowed her eyes at the back of his head. "So that's the way she buys her fine things, is it? You hear that, Maurice?"

"I heard," said Maurice without pausing from his work.

Agnes affected the tone she'd heard Lillie use: "My stars, what will Miss Lillie do without ice in her tea? Tell me this, did Miss Lillie kick up a fuss when they hauled away her new refrigerator?"

The boy didn't turn. He continued his slow stride forward. His voice was toneless with patience. "Ma's gone," he said.

Agnes stopped so suddenly that Maurice almost chopped her ankle with his hoe.

"Gone?" she shrilled. "You crazy? Where would *she* go?"

The boy turned now and lifted his heavy-lidded eyes as far as Agnes's shoulder.

"I dunno," he said. "Jake, at the garage, said he saw her headed out of town on the west road. She was in a shiny automobile. The pink lamps and a lot of suitcases were in the back. Some fella was driving."

Agnes let out her breath. "Well, if that isn't the very limit! You hear that, Maurice? When did all this come about, anyway?"

The boy stood first on one foot and then on the other. He looked at the potato in Agnes's hand. He swallowed.

"Yesterday," he said.

Agnes nodded knowingly, as if it was just the turn of events she'd always expected.

"A fine ma you picked for yourself," she accused. "Isn't it the truth, Maurice?"

Leaning on his hoe, Maurice nodded. He waited for the planting to get under way.

"Ma always did fancy a fine automobile," said the boy in his toneless voice.

Agnes continued on with her work, saying nothing. Lillie's boy walked ahead again. Then she stopped, letting the canvas bag slide off her shoulder to the ground.

"Yesterday, you say?"

"Yup."

"You sleep in the house by yourself?"

"Nah. House is locked up. Harris wouldn't let me in. Ma paid the rent too slow."

"Where'd you sleep? Prowl the streets all night the way you like to do?"

His gaze wandered over the clods of dirt at Agnes's feet, the heavy eyelids drooping almost shut. One shoulder moved jerkily.

"Nah," he said. "I slep'."

"Where'd you eat?"

"I et."

Agnes snatched up the canvas bag and tossed it to Maurice.

"See?" she said. "Lillie just moves off without a word. Leaves her dirty baggage to me. That's Lillie for you. . . . Get along down to the house, you," she said to the boy. "I'll have to think what's to be done."

He tore off ahead of her, staggering a little as he ran. Her complaints rang high and sharp as she followed:

"Leaving her dirty baggage to me, as if I didn't have enough burden already."

In the kitchen, she set about, taking cold biscuit from the larder and some thick slabs of ham and a jar of preserves. She sent Lillie's boy off to the rain catch to wash himself. When he came back, he stood in the kitchen doorway, watching the food she set out. His eyes stared. His thin lips were moist. He swallowed hard.

She thrust an earthen pitcher into his hand, and a dipper.

"Fill it with milk. It's in the covered crock on the cellar floor. Maybe we don't have any new refrigerator, but we do have a good cold cellar floor."

When he came up from the cellar, his upper lip was moistened with milk. But Agnes turned her back, not noticing. She made an impatient gesture toward the table and the plate that was heaped with food. Then she began busily pinching brown leaves from the geranium plant.

"This much I want understood," she said. "You got to wash and be clean if you stay here with Maurice and me."

But Lillie's boy didn't answer. He was eating.

When Agnes turned back again, the plate was empty and he watched her.

"What are you waiting for?" she said crossly. "Come on in here."

She led the way into the small room off the kitchen. It was used for storage and for the hired man that Maurice needed in the heavy season. There were two great trunks along one wall and a sagging cot along another. Agnes's and Maurice's winter coats hung from rafters, turned wrong side out, with moth balls in the cuffs. Even in summer, this room was musty and damp from never having heat.

Agnes opened one of the trunks and foraged among its depths. She threw a nightshirt onto the cot.

"Skin off those dirty clothes now and put this on. The idea! Dirty things like that next to my good clean sheets."

Long before the cot was made up, Lillie's boy watched motionless from the voluminous folds of Maurice's nightshirt. One skinny shoulder was exposed where the neck dropped down.

When Agnes had finished, he crawled onto the cot and lay down. He drew a long sigh and closed his eyes. Agnes picked an old comforter out of the chest and shook it open. She threw it over him and tucked it close all around.

"The idea," she grumbled. "The size of you, running the streets all night."

But he didn't hear. Lillie's boy was asleep. His scrawny shoulders twitched and one hand scratched at the sheet.

Seeing how soundly he slept, Agnes bent over him. She lifted a blue-veined wrist and examined it. "The size of you," she moaned. "Just look at the size of you. And eating of dirty old seed potatoes."

She tramped fiercely back up the hill and snatched the canvas bag from Maurice. The field was almost planted. Another row would finish it.

They worked silently, rhythmically, one dropping the seed, the other covering them. The sun beat on Agnes's head. Her own belly was beginning to rumble for food. She could stand the silence no longer.

She rooted her feet in the earth and grasped her hips with both hands. "Go ahead," she shouted. "Storm all you want! Say it! Another mouth to feed and us as poor as we are. Well, what's a body to do when her own sister dumps her baggage and runs off?"

"Now, Aggie," Maurice soothed.

"Before you say one word, Maurice Miller, I'm warning you. You just better not try to stand in my way."

Then Maurice did an unusual thing. There was no understanding the man sometimes, he was that queer. He came close to Agnes and looked into her face long and soberly. He picked up the lock of hair that dangled before her eyes and smoothed it back over her head.

But she shook him off impatiently and the lock fell forward again. END

THE HAPPY FAMILY

By JOHN CIARDI

Before the children
say good night,
Mother, father,
stop and think:
Have you screwed their
heads on tight?
Have you washed their
ears with ink?

Have you said and done
and thought
All that earnest
parents should?
Have you beat them
as you ought?
Have you begged them
to be good?

And above all—
when you start
Out the door and
douse the light—
Think, be certain,
search your heart:
Have you screwed their
heads on tight?

If they sneeze when
they're asleep,
Will their little heads
come off?
If they just breathe
very deep?
If—especially—
they cough?

Should—alas!—
the little dears
Lose a little head
or two,
Have you inked
their little ears:
Girls' ears pink and
boys' ears blue?

Children's heads
are very loose.
Mother, father,
screw them tight.
If you feel uncertain, use
A monkey wrench,
but do it right.

If a head *should* come
unscrewed
You will know that
you have failed.
Doubtful cases
should be glued.
Stubborn cases
should be nailed.

Then when all your
darlings go
Sweetly screaming
off to bed,
Mother, father,
you may know
Angels guard
each little head.

Come the morning,
you will find
One by one each
little head,
Full of gentle thoughts
and kind,
Sweetly screaming
to be fed.

BLUE SKY DINING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Scalloped Potatoes Provençales

large potatoes
2 pound sliced bacon
½ teaspoons salt
8 teaspoon pepper
8 teaspoon garlic powder
8 teaspoon paprika
tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 cup thinly sliced scallions, include some green tops
1 cup finely chopped celery
2 cups (10-oz.) grated processed Gruyère cheese
6 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup milk
⅓ cup heavy cream

eel potatoes and slice ⅛″ thick. You will need about 6 cups in all. Cover with e water. Fry bacon until crisp; drain on paper toweling and crumble. Grease a ½-quart shallow casserole. Cover the bottom of the casserole with a layer of otatoes (use about 2 cups). Sprinkle evenly with ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon epper, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon parsley, alf the crumbled bacon, ½ cup scallions, ½ cup celery and 1 cup Gruyère. Dot ith 2 tablespoons butter. Add another layer of potatoes and repeat all layers of ngredients once more in the order listed. Finish with a layer of potatoes. Sprinkle ith remaining ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder nd ⅛ teaspoon paprika. Dot with remaining 2 tablespoons butter. Mix milk and ream and pour into casserole. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 30 minutes; re- uce temperature to 350° F. and continue baking 20–30 minutes more or until otatoes are cooked and golden on top. Makes 8–10 servings.

Red-and-Green Summer Salad with Water-Cress Dressing

cups thinly sliced, unpeeled zucchini
2 cup French dressing, homemade or commercial
teaspoon salt
medium cucumber, peeled and thinly sliced
medium red onion, peeled and sliced very thin
tomatoes cut into wedges
2 cups leaf lettuce, washed and chilled
2 cups romaine, washed and chilled

WATER-CRESS DRESSING

2 cups water-cress leaves, chopped (about 2 bunches)
½ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon sugar

lace zucchini in a large bowl. Add French dressing and salt. Cover and refriger- e for 1 hour. Turn the zucchini in the marinade occasionally. Add the cu- mber, red onion and tomatoes. Mix lightly, cover and refrigerate for another our.

repare the Water-Cress Dressing: Mix water-cress leaves, water and lemon juice. t stand 15 minutes. Purée mixture in a food mill or blender. Add purée to ayonnaise, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sugar, mix ell. Cover and refrigerate until serving time. Break up salad greens into a large owl. Drain zucchini mixture thoroughly. Add to the salad greens and toss lightly. ass the water-cress dressing. Makes 8–10 servings; 2 cups dressing.

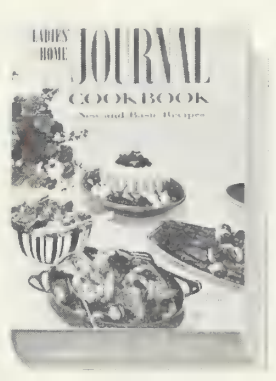
Strawberry Tower

CAKE:

eggs
2 cups sugar
teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons almond flavoring
2 cups cake flour, sifted
cup very finely chopped blanched almonds
½ cup pineapple juice (or ½ cup dry sherry)
4 pints strawberries, washed and hulled
1½ cups sugar
2 cups heavy cream
¼ cup confectioners' sugar

ne the bottom of two 9″ layer-cake pans with waxed paper. Using an electric or tary beater, beat together the eggs, sugar and salt until *thick*, like mayonnaise. ld 1 teaspoon almond flavoring and mix well. Sift cake flour twice. Fold cake ur into the egg-sugar mixture a little at a time, alternately with the almonds. ding up with flour. Divide the batter evenly between the two prepared cake ns. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30–35 minutes or until tops spring ck when touched. Cool in pans on wire cake racks 2–3 minutes. Invert on wire ks and peel off waxed paper. Cover with clean towels and cool. Split each cake er in half and pierce all over with a fork. Sprinkle each layer with 2 table- ons pineapple juice or 2 tablespoons sherry (½ cup total). Wrap each layer in uminum foil and refrigerate overnight. Sprinkle 1 pint strawberries with 1 cup gar and crush with a potato masher. Cover and let stand 1 hour. Slice remain- g strawberries into a bowl and sprinkle with ½ to 1 cup sugar, depending on eetness of strawberries. Save a few whole ones for decoration. Cover and let nd 1 hour. Purée the mashed strawberries through a wire sieve. Spoon the awberry purée over two of the cake layers. Whip the cream, confectioners' gar and remaining almond flavoring until thick and shiny. Place one of the in cake layers on a serving platter. Cover with half the drained, sliced straw- ries. Add a cake layer soaked with strawberry purée. Spread with about 1 cup ipped cream. Repeat these two layers. Store in refrigerator till serving time. nish by frosting the cake all over with whipped cream. Decorate the top with ew whole strawberries. Makes 14–16 servings.

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THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

youngster who can be distinctly boyish one moment, aloof and slightly regal the next. He has inherited his mother's shyness and a tendency to be preoccupied with his own thoughts. He is a generous, warmhearted, polite and obedient boy with somewhat unruly hair which, at times, has a habit of flopping over his eyes.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," his mother said to Prince Charles on one occasion when his hair was like this. "You look just like a Shetland pony."

The two children call each other "Charles" and "Anne," though when Charles injured his leg in a fall at school and came home with it done up in plaster, his sister was quick to nickname him "Hopalong." He was delighted with the new name.

As yet they have no special duties. Nor are they likely to have any for many years to come. The queen has said, "We want our children to grow up as normally as possible and we believe that public life is not a fair burden to place on growing children."

She has consistently turned a deaf ear to pleas that Prince Charles should be permitted to appear on television or accompany her on her royal visits to other countries of the commonwealth.

When she first arranged for her elder son to go to Cheam, his father's old school, the queen was particularly insistent that the school authorities should treat him as an ordinary boy. At Cheam he *is* treated in that way—the first heir to the throne in British history to sit beside other boys in an ordinary classroom. His studies are the same as those of any other boy of his age attending an English preparatory school—religious instruction, English, history, geography, Latin, French, algebra, general science, handicrafts, art, music and physical education.

Charles has topped his class in geography. He is good at history and art, quick at French, weak at mathematics. Like his father, he has shown an aptitude for handicrafts, and one of his birthday presents to Princess Anne was a small wooden table he made in the woodwork shop at Cheam. For Mabel Anderson, who rules the royal nursery, he made a pencil stand which now adorns her desk.

The prince has no special lessons, no extracurricular privileges at Cheam. He has to fold his own clothes when he goes to bed at night, clean his own shoes, must have his hands and face checked for cleanliness before he is allowed to go through to the dining hall for breakfast in the morning. He shares a dormitory with nine other boys. In accordance with Cheam's Spartan tradition, this dormitory has no heating and the boys sleep with the windows open at night. He eats with the other eighty-nine boys there from the bare wood of an uncovered table in the school dining hall and once a week takes his turn waiting on his schoolmates at table. (This, too, is a Cheam tradition.)

The boys who eat their beef and vegetable stew or baked beans—a dish to which Prince Charles is partial—served by the heir to the British throne would find incomprehensible the reaction of Miss Amy Daly, swimming instructress at the Bath Club, when she was told years ago that the little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, were to be sent to her for swimming lessons.

"Should I curtsy?" Miss Daly exclaimed. She was reminded that "everyone looks much alike in the water," and advised that curtsies would not be necessary.

Despite all that has been written to the contrary, Prince Philip, within the limits of the time he can spare, is an excellent father. He has taught Prince Charles how to handle a gun and sail a racing catamaran. He has taught him the rudiments of polo. Prince Philip had a miniature mallet made for Charles and the pair of them maneuver around on bicycles in the Home Park at Windsor, taking lusty swipes at a tennis ball. Philip has taught both Charles and Anne to swim like otters in the indoor pool at the rear of Buckingham Palace. And last summer, at Balmoral, he took them out on the sort of adventure which is dear to a child's heart.

Taking their "supplies" with them, the three set out on a journey of exploration into the hills, cooking their evening meal over blazing sticks on the shores of Loch Muich (pronounced "Mick") and spending the night rolled up in sleeping bags on the floor of a disused shooting lodge.

But Philip can be firm and stern, too, when the occasion requires. When she was rather smaller than she is now, Princess Anne was by no means averse to staging a display of tantrums if she could not get her own way. But father would stand no nonsense.

There was one occasion when the royal family were cruising among the misty islands on the west coast of Scotland in the luxurious yacht *Britannia*. A picnic ashore had been arranged and, as there was a slight nip in the air, Anne's nurse thought she should wear an extra woolly. The little princess thought otherwise and proclaimed the fact in no uncertain manner. Prince Philip heard what was going on. Making no bones about it, he strode into the cabin, picked up his daughter, spanked her in the appropriate place, tucked her under his arm and carried her down to the waiting launch.

In her own way, the princess got back at poppa. It was at Balmoral and again the occasion was a family picnic. While the rest of the family went by car, Princess Anne followed along on her bicycle. It was a longish ride and at the end of the day she was clearly too tired to ride back. So she was loaded into the car and Philip undertook to ride her bicycle back to Balmoral Castle.

Unfortunately, his sturdy seventy-three inches of muscular manhood proved too much for the bicycle built for Anne. As he pedaled back, the frame suddenly gave way under him with a resounding crack. He dismounted and tried to wheel the bicycle instead, only to find that, in cracking, the frame had also jammed the wheels. There was nothing for it but to hoist the broken bicycle on his shoulder and carry it all the way back.

"You broke it, poppa, so you buy me another," said the little princess when she heard what had happened.

In fact, Prince Philip did buy her another bicycle—but, like a wise father, he timed the purchase to coincide with her birthday a few days later.

Although so much of what is done for the royal children must perforce be done by others, it was the queen herself who told Charles and Anne that she was expecting another baby. She broke the news to them over lunch at Balmoral shortly after her return from Canada—the same day that the news was officially released to the rest of the world from Buckingham Palace.

"What would you like—a brother or a sister?" the children were asked.

They had no doubts on the subject. "A brother, of course," declared Prince Charles stoutly. "Oh, yes, a little brother," echoed Princess Anne.

As everyone knows, they got their wish.

Since the birth of little Prince Andrew there has been a welcome midmorning diversion for the queen from the routine monotony of state documents and official correspondence which ordinarily fill her mornings at Buckingham Palace as she sits at the big, cluttered mahogany desk in the blue-silk-walled royal sitting room.

The door opens silently—and there is the baby in the arms of his nurse, Mabel Anderson, tall, thin, amiable and another of the many Scots on the royal staff. The baby passes to the arms of his mother and for the next half hour the affairs of monarchy must await their turn. The queen has partly revamped her daily schedule to permit her to see as much of the new prince as possible. Usually she sees him three or four times a day, and when the weather is nice and her other engagements permit she has been known to wheel him in his carriage round the vast, secluded garden at the rear of the palace.

The nursery which Andrew and Princess Anne share is on the third floor, connected by staircase and elevator to the eight rooms of the royal suite below, where their parents live. (Buckingham Palace has over 600 rooms. The official number is 603, but Prince Philip once went into every one of them and actually counted 611; it depends on what you mean by a "room."

In the third-floor suite which is the children's domain there is a bedroom for each of them, a bathroom and the day nursery—a large, well-lighted room with a marble fireplace fronted by a strong fireguard. The walls of the bedrooms are eggshell blue and there are flowered chintz draperies at the windows. Prince Andrew sleeps in an old-fashioned cot with blue bows and a pink canopy. Princess Anne has a pink-painted bed with matching coverings. Invariably lying on it is the battered old Teddy bear which for years has been her constant bedtime companion. There is a bedside lamp shaped like a little yellow duck, and a white "polar bear" rug for her to put her feet on when she gets out of bed.

For the princess the day begins at seven-thirty in the morning when she washes and dresses in a simple, sturdy school dress. The queen herself selects her children's clothing, and the warm, turtle-neck sweaters and tough corduroy trousers which little Princess Anne wears on vacation are a reflection of her mother's view that clothes should be comfortable and utilitarian rather than elegant. With this Princess Anne is in complete accord.

The princess's breakfast—served in the day nursery—is porridge or cereal followed by bacon or fish cakes, scrambled eggs, boiled ham or kippers (the kippers she detests). It is in the day nursery, also, that Anne has her lessons with her governess, Katherine Peebles. There is a cuckoo clock on one wall of the room.

Against another wall stands a glass-fronted display cabinet holding the collection of glass, china and silver miniatures which belonged to the queen and Princess Margaret Rose when they were small girls in the Buckingham Palace nursery.

The room has a big cupboard for toys, games and books. Curiously enough, there is not a doll in it. The princess has little interest in dolls and those given to the queen so frequently on her travels to take home to her small daughter usually end up in a display cabinet which stands in the corridor outside. A similar cabinet holds the model boats which are the most frequent gifts sent along for Prince Charles.

A real treasure—greatly prized—in the day nursery is the big chest of dressing-up clothes which stands in the room, a magic world of make-believe, crammed with almost everything the heart of a child could desire. There is even an enchanting fairy dress in this chest, complete with wings and wand, which Norman Hartnell, one of the royal fashion designers, made for Anne one year. Since the princess prefers cowboys to fairies, the wings and wand soon gave way to a cowboy suit, Indian headdresses, a Davy Crockett set, guns and gun belts.

After her breakfast, if the weather is fi Anne and the governess go for a walk s rear of the palace with the two Welsh Corg Sherry, belonging to Anne, and Whisky, longing to Prince Charles. Usually on t morning walk she takes a bag of bread cru with her and pauses to feed the wild duc which have their home on the lake and in garden.

About nine o'clock, on her way back to nursery, Princess Anne pops in to see parents as they are finishing breakfast in dining room of the second-floor suite.

"Morning, mummy—morning, poppa!" calls, kissing them both. For a few mome there is talk about the ducks she has just s or the meeting of the Brownies who are go ing after lunch. (Princess Anne, at the ti of writing, was a Brownie and the Buckingh Palace Brownie pack meets every Tuesc at the palace. She has now advanced to Girl Guides.) Exuberant little Anne is all and activity in the morning. A few teas words with her father and then she is again, on her way back to the nursery to be the day's lessons.

Since Prince Charles has been going boarding school the queen has arranged two other little girls to come to the pal each day to share lessons with the princ They are Susan Babington-Smith, whose fat is a banker, and freckle-faced Caroline Har ton, niece of the Dean of Windsor.

The little girls arrive shortly after n o'clock and until a quarter of eleven t work at their lessons. Katherine Peet teaches them history, arithmetic, gramn geography and composition. They have sons in French with a teacher who comes from the *Lycée Française* in nearby K sington.

At a quarter of eleven they close their bo and push aside their papers. There is a sh break for orange squash and biscuits. Tl they return to lessons until a quarter of c Usually Susan and Caroline leave at o'clock when the lessons are over for the d but on Tuesdays they stay for lunch and Brownie-pack meeting.

On Monday and Thursday afterno Princess Anne has a piano lesson in large, lofty room overlooking the Victo Monument at the front of the palace. Wednesday afternoons she has a danc lesson, shared by five other little girls. Fridays she goes to a nearby gymnasium some light physical training.

At five o'clock, after changing her dress tidying her hair, Anne goes along to see baby brother and to join her mother for af noon tea. It is the time for the queen to h all that has been happening in the nurs and for the princess to glimpse a bit of grown-up world. Prince Philip invaria misses afternoon tea, for he considers it waste of time."

After thin bread-and-butter sandwiches v jam and perhaps a small cake, Anne rus to the sitting room where she is allowed watch the children's television program u six o'clock. If the program should happe have anything to do with horses, she is cer to call to her mother to come and w with her.

Together at six o'clock they go to nursery to help with bathing baby And and tucking him into his cot for the ni Prince Philip often comes along for this emony too.

The princess has supper around past seven—a light meal, usually consis of soup, sandwiches and milk pudding fruit. She has a special fondness for ban sandwiches at this time of day.

The queen and Prince Philip, if they at home, always go through to Anne's b room to tuck her in and say their g nights. Sometimes they stay on while Pr Philip reads his small daughter a bedt story.

Like children everywhere, Anne and Pr Charles look forward to visits with t grandmother, the queen mother, with ea ness. "Granny" they call her and, like o grandmothers, she is inclined to spoil grandchildren. Charles and Anne enjoy s ing with her because they know that they

THIS FALLIBLE MORTALITY

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

If I might save one part
It would be walking
At day's end on the sand
With one I love.
Conscious beneath our talking
Of life ebbing with time.
My beating heart
In the grip of it.
I take his hand, and meet
In the sea-blue hour that dies
His happy eyes.

lways persuade her to let them remain up ast their usual bedtime.

When they are at Windsor they like going ver to the Royal Lodge to have tea with ranny. They can rely on her to give them crambled or boiled eggs which they consider elicious and devour.

Three times during each school term Charles s permitted to spend Sunday away from heam. This is not a special privilege for the rince; it applies to all the other boys at chool too. Sometimes a royal car drives over o bring Charles with one or two friends to pend the day with his parents at Windsor astle. Sometimes he goes to spend the day at he home of one of his classmates.

On the Sundays when he is at Windsor nvariably there are chicken and ice cream on he luncheon menu. They are two of his faorite foods. (Princess Anne likes ice cream too. Her other especial favorites are corn on the ob and pancakes.)

Charles has some of his school chums to tay with him on vacation at Balmoral, and n one of these occasions a heated argument eveloped for possession of the prince's bicyle. The two youngsters had been taking turns t riding the machine. But something went rong with this arrangement and the argunent ended in a spirited wrestling match on he grass.

Cheam has wrought a big change in the oung prince. Physically he is leaner, more obust, more muscular. He eats more heartily. He is also less shy, more confident—though he ill never be the extrovert personality his mall sister is.

At home he no longer lets Anne boss him round. If she starts to tease, he is quick to etaliate—with a sharp push, as small boys ill. He is beginning to take the lead in their hildish adventures.

Both children have tempers and there are inor fracases from time to time. Both can e mischievous. At Balmoral during the ummer the pair staged a raid on the kitchen. 'Stick 'em up!" they cried as they rushed in ith water pistols, triggering them off to give ne of the chefs a good soaking before dashing ut again.

And the day before former President Eisenower was due to visit the queen, Prince Charles rutted into the royal drawing room, chest hrust forward to draw attention to something e had pinned to the lapel of his coat. It was a omemade badge bearing the slogan "I Like ke." Prince Philip guffawed heartily.

Charles receives the same pocket money as ther boys at Cheam do, approximately 35 ents a week, which he usually spends on cakes nd candy at the school tuck shop. His sister as an equal amount, invariably saving it for acations at Balmoral where she is allowed to icycle on her own to the village store about alf a mile from the castle to do her spending. ometimes at Sandringham she and Charles re permitted to go to the nearby town of ing's Lynn for a buying spree. Recently on uch a trip Prince Charles bought a water istol and his sister a toy loom. They also ought some playthings for their two lovebirds—a mirror and a swing. Then the storeeeper told them that lovebirds relish millet nd they bought a spray of that.

These birds are named Annie and Davy after Annie Oakley and Davy Crockett) and rincess Anne at one time had high hopes of eaching them to talk. She has spent a great eal of time coaching Annie and has trained he bird so that, after flying about the room, will alight on a stick. The princess has never anaged to get Annie or Davy to talk.

Princess Anne's 35 cents weekly is more an enough, since there is no tuck shop at uckingham Palace from which to buy cakes nd candy as there is at Cheam and, except at hristmas, the princess seldom gets to visit he stores outside. There is extra money at hristmas for the royal children to buy their wn small gifts for friends and relatives. At almoral on one of her shopping excursions he prihcess rather baffled the storekeeper. In ddition to candy and chocolates, she bought packet of detergent. It turned out to be a resent for her nanny.

Most of the more elaborate toys given to the oyal children over the years—the model of Gibraltar they were given when they went there, the working model of the Metro the queen was given for them in Paris, the miniature hurdy-gurdy which was a gift from the Netherlands—are stored at Windsor. The queen is most anxious that her children should not be spoiled by being constantly showered with gifts. Most of those which stream into the palace on the children's birthdays and at Christmas are seldom seen by them. The presents are either sent back with a polite note of thanks or, if sent anonymously, handed over to some children's hospital or other deserving charity.

Though it is unlikely that Prince Charles will ever develop as quite the sporting, outdoor type his father is, he has leanings that way. He has his own fishing rod and his own gun. When on vacation at Balmoral he often goes fishing along the shores of Loch Muich, usually returning with one or two rather small trout which he hands over gravely to the chef with strict instructions that they are to be cooked for his breakfast the following morning.

He was ten when he shot his first grouse. He was promptly "blooded" in the true tradition of British field sports, and there was still a smear of blood on his forehead and cheek as he rushed into the kitchen at Balmoral to ask the chef to cook the bird for him.

Charles has his own bird dog—a Labrador named Flame—but at first had considerable difficulty in handling it. There was one particular time at Balmoral when he wanted the dog to get into a jeep with him. Obstinately Flame took not the slightest notice of his young master's calls and commands, but continued to race round and round the lawn with the prince chasing after him. The queen came out at that moment. For a few seconds she watched what was going on. Then she pursed her lips and let out the shrill whistle at which she is adept. Flame recognized the note of authority and came to heel.

Next month: The Queen and Her Work



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HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY

America's jobless number 5,500,000. Many, like 49-year-old Leonard Neubert, are victims of automation and pocket unemployment. No. 7 in a series examining family finances.

We belong to these

we pray for the mines to reopen



It's been over three years since coal was carried down the tracks where the Neubert family stands.

EDITORS' NOTE: Mrs. Leonard Neubert wrote to the Journal recently, describing the plight of out-of-work coal miners and their families, including her own. Her letter so moved us that we visited the Neuberts and other mining families in their area of West Virginia. Here is Mrs. Neubert's own story as she told it to us in her letter and in conversation with Managing Editor Curtiss Anderson.

This town, Summerlee, West Virginia, is my town. Now it is a ghost town. It was a coal-mining town. I've lived here since I was six months old. I grew up here. I played here. I went to school here, I dreamed my childhood dreams here. I married here and I gave my children birth here. Yes, this is my town.

My heart aches as I look at it now. The houses are shabby, in need of repairs, and many of them have been abandoned. The brick company store, that was once

Ann Neubert finds peace and inspiration in the hills. All else changes; they never change.

hills . . .

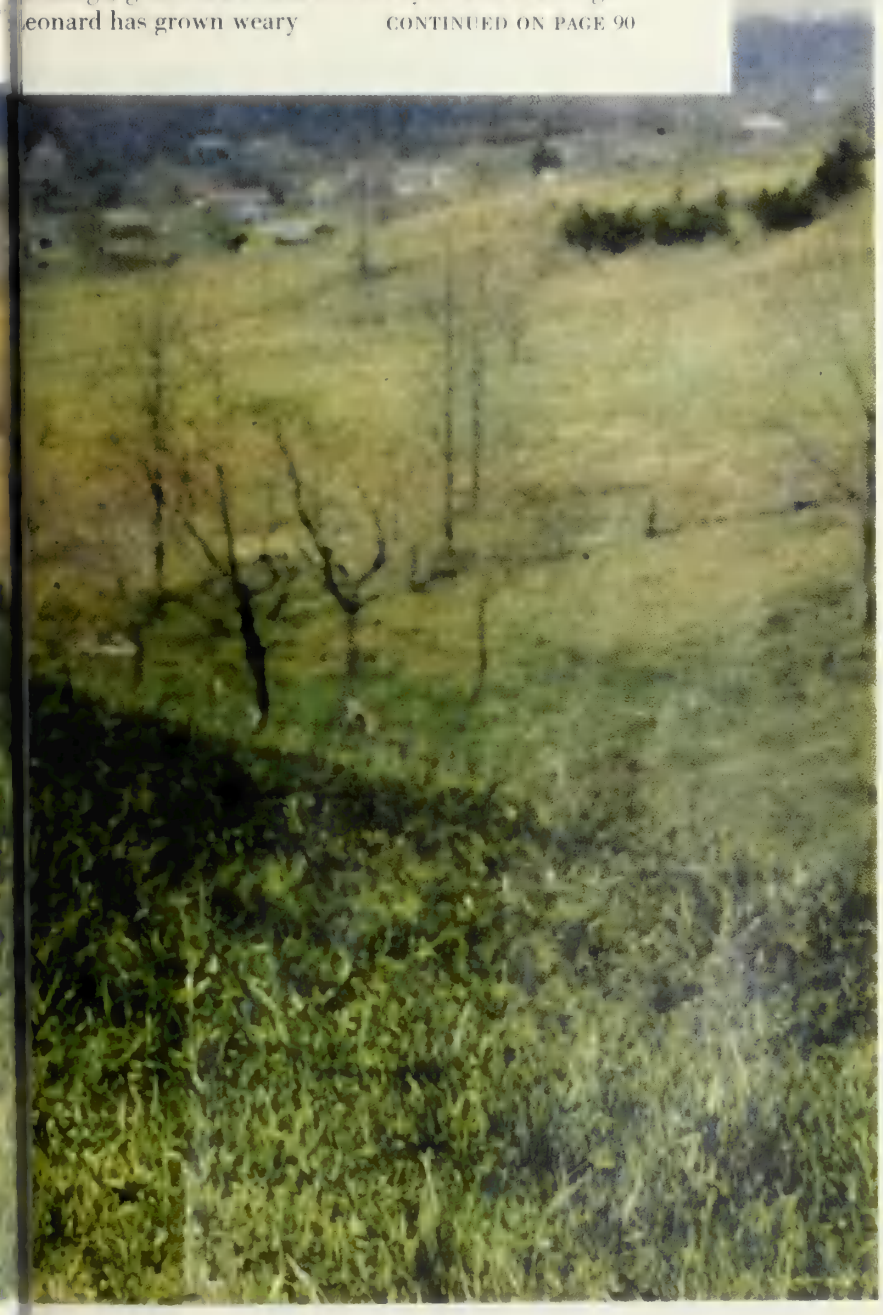
By ANN NEUBERT

he community house for wives to come to buy and ossip and for men to exchange talk at quitting time, ow stands empty except for a small corner which ouses the post office.

The grimmest picture of all, the mine tipple, once umming with activity while it pumped the lifeblood nto the town, now is as silent as death against the eautiful hills.

My father was a coal miner, so were my brothers. My husband's father was a coal miner too. My husband eonard started work in the mines at the age of 14. Now e has been laid off for over three years.

What has happened to our family of five children? Ve have never gone hungry, never been cold and never een without shoes. We've learned to do without a lot f things, grumbled some, but always made it all right. eonard has grown weary CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



There Are Faith, Hope and Government Charity

By CURTISS ANDERSON

Coal dust hovers like a widow's veil over the valleys of West Virginia's mining communities. The houses, many deserted with their windows boarded or broken, lean against the hills like so many empty dreams. Strike this ground anywhere, and it will yield the black burden West Virginians once knew proudly as black gold—coal.

Many will not leave and many cannot leave for reasons as varied as the Allegheny terrain. Some simply could not bear to leave their hills, so beautiful you want to shout the sheer joy of looking at them. Others will not leave because they have nowhere or no way to go. They are too old or too young, too dependent or too frightened, too alone or too resigned. Many who have left to find work in Ohio or Michigan or Pennsylvania have learned there is often nothing for them when they get there.

Fayette County alone in the heart of West Virginia's coal fields has lost over 25 per cent of its people since 1950. The population of the state as a whole dropped from 2,005,552 in 1950 to 1,860,421 in 1960, the greatest loss of any state in the country.

Still, some will argue that West Virginia has not lost enough. One businessman put it bluntly: "The only solution to our problem is death and migration." Unemployment in West Virginia runs 10 to 12 per cent, while nationally it is about 7 per cent. In the heaviest coal-producing counties of the state, up to 30 per cent of the people are out of work.

There are as many reasons *why* this has happened as there are rumors *what* will happen next. Both questions can be answered in one cool, statistically laden sentence: In 1950, 120,000 miners turned out over 100,000,000 tons of coal; in 1960, 40,000 miners turned out almost as much.

The demand for coal has not increased with the years; if anything, it has lessened with the widespread switch to oil and natural gas in homes and industry. The diesel engine has all but replaced the steam engine. There is increasing competition from residual-oil imports as well.

Certainly there was a lack of preparation for the inevitable. Critics charge there was a minimum of research to develop new uses for coal. Labor failed to prepare its members for anything beyond the increasingly obsolete skills they had already mastered.

A few miners have left the union to accept mining jobs at $10 a day—less than half their wage rate—in order to work at all. Others have bought secondhand trucks and have gone into the business of coal mining on their own. Some mines, abandoned by their owners as unprofitable, are being worked by hand for CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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from job hunting; and he has learned to do the dishes and sweep and dust the house. I'm adjusting at this late date to becoming a career girl. It isn't easy.

The house and furniture are in need of paint and repairs. The appliances haven't gone haywire, but if one does, we'll have to do without. The car is still holding up after five years—and it's a lifesaver. Books and pictures? No new faces here. Flower beds? Dead from neglect. Buttons? Replaced by pins. Nerves? Edgy. Prayers? More abundant and more earnest. Hair? Turning gray.

Where shall we lay the blame—dirty coal, too much machinery, oil imports, company officials, crooked politics, the immorality of people? What does it matter? We aren't looking for someone or something to blame: we're looking for a solution.

Leonard sent applications for mining or carpentry work everywhere, but there were no openings. He is 19 years old: I'm 41. They won't take you if you're over 35, and you have to have an education today. Leonard went through the sixth grade. So we're going to stick with what we have and take a chance that the mine will open or that Leonard's carpentry work will become full time.

Leonard has worked in the mines for 24 years, in the Summerlee mine for the last 12 years. When they're working, miners make a good living—$26 a day working eight hours, five days a week. In 1956, the last full year Leonard worked, he was paid $5347.81. He was ill with an arm infection for over five months in 1957, so I started work as a cook at Rosedale Elementary School in October. We made only $3174.30 that year. Leonard worked in the mine for three months before it shut down in 1958. We went down to $2557.29. In 1959, we made only $1613.30.

In June of last year I took a full-time job working for a doctor. I'm sort of a secretary, receptionist and janitor—and I have some nurse's duties, some laboratory work. Most of the patients are on public assistance, so it takes a lot of paper work. It's more responsibility than the school job and more time away from the family, but it pays more too. It's interesting work, and I've learned a lot. I had to. If I were single and didn't have a home to keep, I'd like it.

Now I'm too tired to give the children the love and attention they need. There's still the usual housework to do—washing, ironing, mending, cooking, cleaning. How much of that can a man learn to do? I'm old-fashioned. I feel that mother's place is in the home, and father should be the breadwinner.

After Leonard's unemployment compensation ran out, it was my $130 a month and whatever Leonard could pick up from odd jobs that we lived on until he went to work on the STEP program last October (State Temporary Economic Program). He's working ten miles from home on the construction of a man-made lake, cutting brush and digging up trees. After 1200 hours, he has to give up the job to another man. When the weather is good, he works five days a week. In February he worked only one day, and last year he worked just 92 hours and got $92—but he made over $1000 doing rough carpentry work. I earned $1510.20, and all together we made $2691.80 in 1960. So far in 1961, we have averaged about $250 a month.

How do we manage? We buy only what we absolutely need. We don't keep a budget, but have a running mental record of all income and expenses. We use Leonard's cash money first, then we write checks on my salary. We always try to keep a balance in the checking account for emergencies.

There are always unexpected expenses like the dental work that just took over $90. We could run the dentist bill up another $100 right now. We could, but can't. Our credit is good. We've always been allowed to charge anything we want, but we never do. Oh, we may buy a refrigerator or something like that over two or three payments, but we don't have charge accounts.

I've always had a garden to supplement the grocery bill, and I can everything we don't eat immediately. From June to September, we make practically all our meals from the garden. The kids help, too, in every way they can. Even Johnny, who's only nine, collected empty pop bottles, and instead of buying sweets with the money, he brought home a loaf of bread. Tommy cuts lawns, and everyone pitches in on the housework.

We had been getting a government food allotment once a month. It usually included flour, rice, corn meal, beans, powdered eggs, powdered milk, and sometimes lard. We got butter once, and the last allotment was supplemented with peanut butter, oats, pork and gravy. It's a blessing, but it's like pain tablets—only temporary.

We've never given in to poverty. In fact, we even had enough money set aside to have the living-room couch and chair reup-



Johnny gets two to five cents apiece for empty pop bottles he finds, and turns the money over to his mother to buy food.

We've Never Given In to Poverty

The Neuberts' garden becomes a veritable supermarket in their pantry. Here, Mrs. Neubert, Johnny and Ramona take inventory.

HOW THE NEUBERTS STRETCH THEIR

FEDERAL INCOME TAX	none
STATE SALES TAX (estimated)	$2.55
SOCIAL SECURITY	8.03
LIFE INSURANCE	15.91
UNION DUES	1.25
CHURCH	14.10
FOOD (including school lunches, cleaning supplies, toiletries, vegetable garden supplies)	78.80
CLOTHING (including dry cleaning)	9.80
HEALTH (dentist, $7.50; glasses, $1.65; insurance, $8.05)	17.20



MONEY TO MAKE ENDS MEET

HOUSING (improvements and repairs, $2.50; insurance, $2.91; taxes, $3.00; electricity, $7.30; gas, $10.00; water, $3.50; telephone, $5.68)	34.89
TRANSPORTATION (car operation, $11.00; license $2.00; insurance, $9.69; bus fares and car pool, $4.17)	26.86
ADVANCEMENT (school supplies, $2.00; church magazine, 17 cents; local newspaper, 60 cents)	2.77
MISCELLANEOUS (haircuts and cosmetics, $4.90; burial fund, $1.25; tobacco, $9.85)	16.00
TOTAL	$228.16

nolstered this year. It cost $185. We couldn't buy them new for hat. It did all of us a lot of good. We bought an automatic washer ast year for $236, including installation. Of course that's the only noney we've spent on the house in the last five years.

I don't go to the beauty shop any more. I had a nephew cut my air once and stopped that after one of my Sunday-school students aid, "Mrs. Neubert got a haircut just like my daddy's."

My mother and father are on a pension, but sacrifice to help us. They have given us gifts of money which we set aside in a savings ccount. This is where the money for the furniture and washer ame from. They practically keep the children in clothes, and we et hand-me-downs from cousins and aunts and uncles and friends. The children have grown used to it. They don't expect too much. Grandma always remembers us at Christmas too. She gave me a lress—and I wore it for Easter as well. Leonard and I didn't even hink of giving each other anything last year for Christmas. The ear before, we each gave the other a snow tire.

We were married in 1940. We saved our money, and in 1948 we built a home of our own on the outskirts of Oak Hill. It is a comfortable, six-room concrete-block house with a bath and basement. We had a contractor put up the shell, and we did the rest. I had three children then. I would leave them with my mother and go out almost every day to work on the house. Then Leonard and I would go out together in the evening. Sometimes I would come home at night with bloody hands from sanding the plaster, but it was worth it.

We owed $700 when we finished it and paid that off quickly. It cost $7500 to build then, but I wouldn't sell it today for less than $15,000. Nothing is selling now anyway. If we left, we'd have to leave it empty.

Leonard thinks things are worse now than during the depression. He said a lot more people would be called unemployed if they counted everyone on pensions and Social Security and welfare programs. And in the '30's, at least prices came down. Today they stay where they are and even go up.

But back then, if you did work in the mines, you got only $4 for eight hours, and that was cut to $3.45, then $2.65 for eight hours. Most of the miners lived in a company house. We never did. A lot of the miners drew scrip ("money" the mining companies issued) before payday to use in the company store, and a few stores around town would take it at a discount. Leonard drew very little scrip, but we did trade some at the store. We'd buy scrip for cash at a discount. In all the years Leonard worked in the mines, I never drew a dollar of scrip on him, and I never collected his pay.

Leonard spent three years in CCC camps in Kentucky and West Virginia too.

Mining was dangerous work then, and it still is. There's more ventilation now and more safety precautions, but with all the machinery there is so much dust and noise you can hardly see or hear what is happening. Leonard has had several minor injuries, and once he was hit by a piece of slate. Even with his hard-shell cap on, he had to have ten stitches taken in his head. But he has never broken a bone in the mines, and he's never been knocked out.

If Leonard's arm infection had been an injury, we would have had full compensation when he was out of work from June until December in 1957. Instead, we got only $14 a week for six weeks and just $7 a week after that.

The doctors told him he would never be able to use his right arm again. It was osteomyelitis, a bone infection in his shoulder. They were amazed when it healed, and he was as strong as new. It was a miracle healing. Plenty of prayers were said for him.

They're cleaning up the mine now to open it, we think. They'll probably start a section at a time, then open the whole mine by October. Jobs will go by seniority. Leonard has seniority, but the kind of machine he operated when the mines closed is no longer used. He may not be called back unless they're willing to train him to do something else. There's no manual work on the big mines any more. They load by hand on only the small mines. Machines cut the coal and load it. Today, 150 men can produce as much coal as 600 used to.

The Summerlee mine shaft is the deepest in West Virginia and probably in the whole United States—680 feet. There's still plenty of coal in it too—and it's *good* coal—but there's not much of a market for it any more.

Leonard still pays his union dues to keep his membership for the day he can return to the mine. This way, he won't have to pay the $50 fee to join the union again. If he doesn't get back in the mine, he'll even lose his pension. You have to be working for 20 years in the last 30 to be eligible for a union pension

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NEW GIRL IN TOWN

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Peggy gave a brief, mirthless laugh. "That should be easy."

At noon that day, Sam went to the office of the Birchwood *Herald*, the small daily newspaper that served the area. There was a tall, dark-haired girl behind a counter. "Do you have back issues that I could look through?" he inquired.

"Surely," the girl said, smiling. "All we ask is that you don't clip the files."

Within half an hour Sam had all the evidence he wanted. During the past four years Birchwood High had not had a winner in the interschool swimming meet, open to all high schools in the county. For the past two years Birchwood had not even shown an entry.

That night after supper, Sam called Peggy into the living room and told her what he had discovered. "I'll tell you something else I did. I went down to the community center and talked to a man named Balsom. He's a swimming instructor, and he's interested."

"But, daddy"—there was concern in Peggy's eyes—"you didn't tell him about the kids, or anything?"

Sam smiled reassuringly. "Of course not, honey. I just told him you were interested in training for the next high-school meet, but that you didn't want anyone to know about it in case it didn't work out. He understood."

Peggy stared thoughtfully at the fireplace for a moment, and he could see that the tears were not far away. "Gee, I don't know, daddy."

"Honey, if it doesn't work, you won't be any worse off than you are right now. And nobody'll know. So how about giving it a try?"

She looked at him, and he patted her hand. "O.K.," she said in a small, uncertain voice. "When do I go?"

On Monday of the last week in February there was a story in the *Herald* announcing that the interschool swimming meet had been scheduled for the first Saturday in March. Sam read it to Peggy and Billy. And next day Mr. Balsom called Sam on the telephone.

"I've had a talk with George French, head of physical education at Birchwood High," he began. "And ——"

"Did you tell him what was going on?" Sam interrupted.

"I had to. If Peggy's going to be entered in this meet, George French has to do it."

"Of course," Sam admitted apologetically. "I'm afraid I hadn't really thought of that. What do you think of her chances?"

"She's a good swimmer, Mr. Porter. She does very well in practice. But then swimming in competition is a different thing entirely." Balsom paused. "There's a girl who swims for Roselawn. Marie Phillips. She won both the backstroke and the free-style last year and the year before. Her coach is Mark Hanford, and he's one of the best in the state."

Sam took a deep breath. "You mean Peggy doesn't have much of a chance?"

"In a race, everybody has a chance. But there's no point in kidding ourselves. If Peggy beats Marie Phillips, it will be an upset."

Sam stared at his desk, trying not to feel let down. "I see," he said finally. "Well, thanks very much anyway, Mr. Balsom. I'm sure ——"

"Just a minute!" Balsom cut in. "There's one other important factor."

"What is that?"

"Surprise," said Balsom. "Marie Phillips has been in a class by herself in school meets almost since she started swimming. She'll probably come into this one thinking it's a breeze. And the shock may turn the trick for us. But don't say anything about this to Peggy. I don't want her to be thinking about anything except getting from one end of the pool to the other as fast as she can."

"O.K., Mr. Balsom," Sam agreed.

It was at supper on Tuesday of the following week that Sam noticed something seemed to be wrong with Peggy. Lately she had become almost her old happy self, full of laughter and interested in everything that was going on. But tonight she appeared listless and preoccupied.

They were doing the dishes, and Billy was upstairs with his homework when Peggy paused in the middle of putting a dish into the cupboard.

"It's out of the bag, daddy," she said. She picked another dish out of the drainer and began to wipe it dry. "I saw it myself on the bulletin board at school. The entries for the swimming meet!" There was anguish in her eyes. "What am I going to do?"

"Why, nothing, of course, honey."

"But everybody'll know!"

"I wouldn't worry, Peggy." Sam put his arm around her. "Cheer up. In a week it'll all be over. And then the kids will all be on your side. They'll be for you, not against you. Wait and see."

"But what if I come in last in every race?"

"Go on"—Sam chuckled, giving her a playful slap on the seat—"get those dishes finished. You won't come in last. Not if you swim as hard as you can. As a matter of fact, I have it straight from your trainer—but don't tell him I told you—that if you really put out, you might even come in first."

Peggy stopped in the center of the kitchen floor, a half-dried dish in her hand, disbelief in her eyes. "Did Mr. Balsom really say that?"

Sam nodded. "If you do your best."

At twenty minutes to one on the first Saturday in March Sam and Billy climbed the long stairs leading up to the gallery that overlooked the pool at Williams Collegiate. Together they pushed their way through the glass doors, and immediately the air was warm and moist, smelling faintly of chlorine. They took seats near the rail. Below them, the water was clear and clean, the surface slightly choppy. They had been given a program and now Sam examined it. The juniors came first, then the intermediates, and finally the senior races.

"Mr. Porter?"

Sam turned. Coming along the row toward their seats was a short, blond young man in dark slacks and a white shirt with a Birchwood High crest on the pocket. He smiled as he approached, and Sam stood up.

"I'm George French. Mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all," Sam said. "I suppose you already know Billy."

"Sure do." The teacher ruffled Billy's hair. "I just wanted to tell you how glad we are that your daughter is swimming for the school. It's been a long time since we had anything going for us in this meet. Too long."

"So I understand," Sam acknowledged.

"To be perfectly frank," the teacher went on, "I hope, of course, that Peggy will do well enough to satisfy herself, so that she'll want to continue. But I also hope that whatever success she has will help encourage others to take up competitive swimming."

"It could be a good thing," Sam agreed.

"As you can imagine, with no tank at school, we have à problem. But it isn't one that can't be solved—especially if we can build up interest and enthusiasm."

Sam eyed the teacher for a moment. "What do you think of Peggy's chances?"

"Fair enough," Mr. French said. "Of course her chances in the intermediate class are far better than they are in the senior."

"Senior?" Sam stared. "How many events has she entered?"

"Didn't she tell you? She's entered the free-style and backstroke events in both intermediate and senior classes. It was her own idea. I would have been quite satisfied with intermediate, myself. Because then, of course, she wouldn't have had to swim against Marie Phillips. But she was all for it. And she's a very determined girl, Mr. Porter."

"Well, what do you know!" Sam said. "What time is her first race?"

Mr. French took a small card from his pocket. "They ran the junior events off this morning. This afternoon it's all girls. They'll start with the intermediate backstroke, followed by the breast-stroke, free-style and relay, in that order. Then they'll repeat on the senior. Tonight they'll have the boys' events." He glanced up at the clock on the wall at the end of the gallery. "I'd better go down now. They should be coming out for a warm-up pretty soon." He held up crossed fingers, a grinned. "See you later."

"How many races will Peggy have to sw in, dad?" Billy asked, peering over the raili to where a group of swimmers were cluster around a bench at one end of the pool. don't see her anywhere."

Sam looked around. While he and Geor French had been talking, the gallery had almost filled. School kids, mostly, with color pennants and equally colorful clothes. B quite a sprinkling of adults. He was surpris to see a group of youngsters make their w to the small section reserved for Birchwo rooters. They were nice-looking kids, and th certainly were adding their share to the risi level of noise. He only hoped they had con to cheer and not to scoff.

"Four," he said in response to Billy's que tion. "She'll be in the first race, and ——"

"There she is!" Billy pointed. "Look!"

Sam leaned forward, and sure enough, the she was, coming from the entrance towa one of the benches at the end of the pool. Sh was wearing a white bathing cap, and a whi robe with a big letter B on it. She was follow by George French, and a young woman Sa didn't recognize. Sudden tears burned at th back of his eyes. She was so alone down ther So very much alone. He saw the teacher poin ing up to where they sat, and he leaned ov and waved and she waved back. "Attagi honey!" he shouted.

The pool had been marked off into fi lanes, and in each lane swimmers were havir a brief warm-up. Sam watched as Peggy slippe off her robe and went over to wait for one the lanes to clear.

"Yeah . . . *Birchwood!*"

Sam glanced over to where the Birchwoo youngsters were sitting. They had seen Pegg and now their cry went up, and Sam was grat ful. But his gratitude turned suddenly to di may as their yell was followed by a burst laughter.

"What a hope!" one of them shouted, an immediately there was more laughter.

"Aw, shut your big fat mouth!" Bill screamed. "If you're so good, why aren't yo in there swimming? I ought to come ove and ——"

"Billy!" Sam grabbed his son. "Sit dow and be quiet. I know how you feel, but yo won't help Peggy by antagonizing them."

Quickly he looked back down at the poo He'd missed Peggy's dive. But there she wa stroking smoothly along. He hadn't seen he swim since their vacation in August last yea Now she swam higher out of the water, an although her stroke seemed almost leisurel she appeared to be moving much faster. Whe she reached the end of the pool she executed little sort of flip turn and then was on her wa back down the lane.

"Excuse me, Mr. Porter."

Sam glanced up. "Hello," he said to Joh Balsom. He introduced the swimming instruc tor to Billy, and then all three sat down.

"Quite a change in Peggy's swimming, M Balsom," Sam commented.

"She's a pleasure to work with, Mr. Por ter," Balsom said. "Beautiful co-ordination and amazing stamina."

Sam turned to him, pleased. "We lived o a river before we came here, and so she ha just about grown up in the water." He shoo his head. "But I can't get over the change i her style."

Balsom smiled. "It was easy. In fact, yo may see one more rather radical change i Peggy's style before this meet is over."

Sam eyed him. "How do you mean?"

"Well, back in 1956, at Yale, they started teaching ——" He broke off as a voice came out of the loud-speaker and the noise in the gallery ceased abruptly.

"First race of the afternoon program—intermediate backstroke. Girls, will you please take your places. Lane one—Haacke, Pulverston; lane two—McBride, of Roselawn; lane three—Janisse, of Harding; lane four—Simpson, of Collingsford; and lane five—Porter, Birchwood."

Throughout the announcement, a roar had shaken the air as each school was named—

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NEXT MONTH

Can You Predict What Your Marriage Will Be Like?

If Cupid is blind, marriage counselors aren't. Tests can tell you, married or single, your chances for a successful marriage. Our report on this extraordinary new development comes from Dr. Clifford Adams.

Your Own Glamour From Paris

The most exciting French trends—the allure, the news, the aplomb of Ricci, Dior, Castillo and Patou—are at your nimble finger tips. These line for line copies were run up in our own *Journal* workroom, straight from the Paris *toiles*. You'll want to make them all for fall.

Sex-Crime Prevention Begins at Home

Fred Thompson, when he accosted four-year-old Edith Kiecorius, appealed to the nicest quality in a child: he told her he had a sick little girl; wouldn't Edith like to visit her? Serious sex crimes are on the rise and *all* children must be warned of them. Dr. Fredric Wertham, renowned psychiatrist, tells how to do this and how to follow through on an important five-step program of prevention.

"I Lost 90 Pounds and Became Gorgeous"

At 235 pounds, Bonnie Griffith couldn't cope with her housework, much less give her children the attention they wanted. Down to 145, Mrs. Griffith says, "I have more energy than I can use. I'm more fun to my children, more glamorous and easy to live with."

The Kennedys on Vacation

A portfolio of magnificent pictures of the First Family in Hyannis Port, enjoying strictly family fun.

Also, the tragedy that broke Clark Gable's heart, Part II in his intimate biography; "Camilla," the novel-length story of one of the most poignant bargains a woman can ever make; Part III in the profile on Queen Elizabeth by her former footman, this time an extraordinary job report; valuable tips on freezing, packaging and thawing foods; cooking news; beauty news; decorating news in the August *Journal*.

but who mothers Mother?

Ladies' Home Journal does—with inspiration and authority.

Nobody soothes a mother's nerves like the Journal's Dr. Spock. Nobody shows her how to get her money's worth out of family living like the Journal's "How America Spends" . . . nobody gives her *complete* and consistently good menu ideas, nobody interprets foreign affairs in *her* language, nobody gives her beauty advice in direct answer to *her* needs . . . nobody, that is, but the Journal.

Others may invite skimping, scanning, and skipping; but the Journal is made to be *read*, and *studied*, and *listened* to.

Which must be why advertisers with young and growing products so willingly put them under the care of the Journal and its ever-growing family of devoted mothers.



When the Journal speaks—women listen



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until the announcer reached Birchwood. Then came the cry that by now was familiar to Sam.

"Yeah . . . Birchwood! What a hope!" followed by laughter.

"Aw, shut up, you stupid mudheads!" Again Sam had to grab Billy, and the whole crowd laughed.

"Billy, for Pete's sake, watch the race and be quiet!"

Crack!

The water seemed filled with churning bodies and the air with noise as the contestants flung themselves backward down the pool. Sam had eyes for no one but Peggy, who was swimming second, behind Haacke of Pulverston.

"Come on, Peggy!" he yelled. He felt Balsom's hand on his arm.

"On the turn . . . on the turn," the swimming instructor was muttering as the girls approached the end of the pool. "Ready . . . ready . . . *now!*"

Almost on the word, the two touched the end of the pool. For a split second the water churned in Peggy's lane and her feet flashed white, and then she broke surface on the return trip, stroking easily and a length in front.

"She's got it made," Balsom said quietly. And he was right. Peggy was waiting, one hand on the overflow, when the others began touching in. There was mild clapping from the gallery, and one small "Yeah, Birchwood!"

Billy's face was screwed into a deep scowl as he glared across at the Birchwood section. "Yeah, *Peggy!*" he corrected them.

Sam couldn't help grinning. "She's pretty good, isn't she?"

Balsom smiled. "Good enough to beat the intermediates, anyway."

It seemed only a minute or two before the breast-stroke event was over and then Peggy was back on the edge of the pool awaiting the starter's gun in the free-style race.

This time Peggy was in the center lane. She hit the water smoothly, and watching her, Sam did not see the girl in lane two slip and hit the water off balance. Peggy was just breaking surface, getting into her rhythm, when the other girl collided with her legs. There was a cry from the crowd, and Sam went to his feet, shouting.

"Don't worry," Balsom said quietly. "She's O.K."

Halfway down the pool, Peggy was swimming fourth. She was third approaching the end of the tank. Sam saw again the quick churn, the flash of white feet, and once again Peggy was stroking leisurely and easily. She won it by an arm's length, and only then did Sam sit down.

Again came the voice on the loud-speaker: "The winner—Porter, of Birchwood." And then the polite handclapping, and then "Yeah . . . Birchwood!" But this time there was no laughter.

"Let's go down and see her," Sam said. "Want to go, Billy?"

Billy shook his head. "I want to watch the relay race."

Together, Sam and the swimming instructor made their way along the aisle to the glass doors, and then down the stairs. When they reached the first floor, Balsom led Sam along a broad corridor, their footsteps echoing noisily. "There's an anteroom just outside the girls' dressing room, and that's where they'll probably be," Balsom said as they stopped before a big door. He knocked, and a woman opened it a few inches. From inside came the chatter of excited voices.

"Is George French there with Peggy Porter?" Balsom asked. "This is Peggy's father."

The woman, still holding the door almost closed, shouted over her shoulder, "Mr. French?"

Immediately George French appeared. "Hello," he greeted them. "Want to come in for a minute?"

"If it wouldn't disturb anything," Sam said.

"She's resting," French told them. "But come on in. That free-style was a close one, eh?"

The room was warm. Peggy sat on a plain wooden bench and sucked half a lemon, and Sam's mouth puckered involuntarily. "Well!" he exclaimed. "Congratulations!"

Peggy smiled and said, "Did I do all right, daddy?"

Sam could only look at her. "Honey, you were wonderful." He was about to say, "If only your mother could have seen you," but he caught himself in time. But he could say it to himself, and mean it with all his heart. "How do you feel?"

Peggy waved the lemon. "Fine, except I wish it was time for the senior stuff."

George French laughed. "It will be, soon enough."

"Well," Balsom suggested, "I guess we better go. Peggy, your turns in the free-style were very good. But maybe just a little higher with your feet next time. You might need it. And remember what I told you about your start in the backstroke." He put his hand on her shoulder. "Good luck."

Sam leaned down quickly and kissed her wet forehead. "Go to it, honey."

The speaker was calling the contestants for the senior backstroke when Sam and Balsom moved along the aisle to where Billy waited, scarcely able to tear his eyes away from the scene below. "Come on!" he urged. "They're going to start!"

Again Peggy had an outside lane, the far one. To Sam, she seemed a lot smaller than she had when lining up with the intermediates. But these were seniors, some of them three or four years older than she. She slid into the water, did one practice push-off, then slowly came back and waited, her hand on the edge of the overflow.

"There's Marie Phillips, in the nearest lane," Balsom said.

Sam looked down. The Phillips girl was finishing her warm-up and her strokes were easy and relaxed, her speed steady.

"Notice how she takes a little glide between strokes?" Balsom pointed. "That's a rest period, and one that can count."

Sam turned to him. "Does Peggy do that?"

Balsom nodded. "They all do it. It's standard form. Or was, until people started breaking records by straight flailing, with no glide. I was mentioning earlier about Yale. They cut the glide out. But it takes a lot more out of the swimmer, and is awfully hard to sustain, although it sure counts in speed." He looked down suddenly. "They're ready ——"

Sam was watching Peggy when the gun cracked. She shot backward as if propelled from a catapult, and she was the first one up and stroking. Her lead was a good two yards.

Beside Sam, Balsom was tense, his br puckered in concentration. Sam could him counting under his breath.

As they approached the far end, the ot were gaining on Peggy, and Marie Phi was almost stroke for stroke with her.

"Watch her turn!" Balsom snapped. cause here's where she wins or loses!"

Neck and neck, on opposite sides of pool, Peggy and the Phillips girl touched went into the twisting, churning flip turn, flashing high.

"Peggy beat her!" Balsom breathed, clenched and pounding the rail. And saw that he was right. The two had gone the turn as one, but Peggy was smaller faster, and when they broke surface and stroking again, she was almost a leng front.

"Hold it, Peggy—hold it!" Balsom tered as, inch by inch, Marie Phillips m up on her.

Beside them, Billy was screaming Peg name.

Again they approached the end of the p and again they were stroke for stroke Peggy's lead was gone. And then, as touched, Peggy was like an otter, her tur fast Sam couldn't follow the motion. once again, when they broke surface, stro into the last lap, she was almost a le ahead.

"Hold it, Peggy!" Balsom repeated. " it!"

Slowly, inexorably, Marie Phillips drev on her until only a foot separated them. were nearing the end of the pool, and tempo of their swimming and the smas waves of noise from the crowd seemed to together. Then suddenly it was over, and could not see who had won. The noise ce abruptly as the public-address system hum

"Winner of the senior backstroke"—t was a pause, and it was as if every perso the gallery had stopped breathing—"Por

The roar of the crowd was deafening. was limp. He looked across to the little of rooters in the Birchwood section. Som them were screaming. Others simply lo stunned.

"Yeah . . . Peggy!" Billy crowed exulta "Now what do you think, you mudheads

"Billy!" Sam said sternly. But he cou blame the boy.

"Bless her heart," Balsom said. "Yo got a real swimmer in your family, Mr. ter. A tremendous swimmer."

Sam could only nod.

"You remember," Balsom said, "th told you she was great in practice. But it matter of finding out what she'd be lik competition. Some people are overwhe by it. They freeze. Others revel in it, and do their best only when the going is roug Well, that's the way your daughter is."

Sam looked up at the clock. "How long she have to rest before the free-style?"

"About half an hour." Balsom eyed thoughtfully for a moment. "I'm goin slip down for a few minutes. But I thi should go alone, if you don't mind."

"Go ahead." Sam said. He leaned back watched the crowd. On every side, the was of Peggy. He smiled inwardly. She earned it. After this day's work, she sh never be lonely at school again, or left ou passed by. By tonight she'd be the quee Birchwood. He turned to Billy. "Some you've got, boy."

Billy's hair was mussed, and his face wreathed in a grin. "Ain't she, though! said, his eyes alight, his young voice sparking with pride. "I wish it was time fo free-style."

Sam shook his head. "Peggy's going to all the rest she can get."

Together they watched the breast-s race, waiting for the call that would Peggy back out the door from the dre rooms. Finally Balsom appeared, pushin way along the aisle.

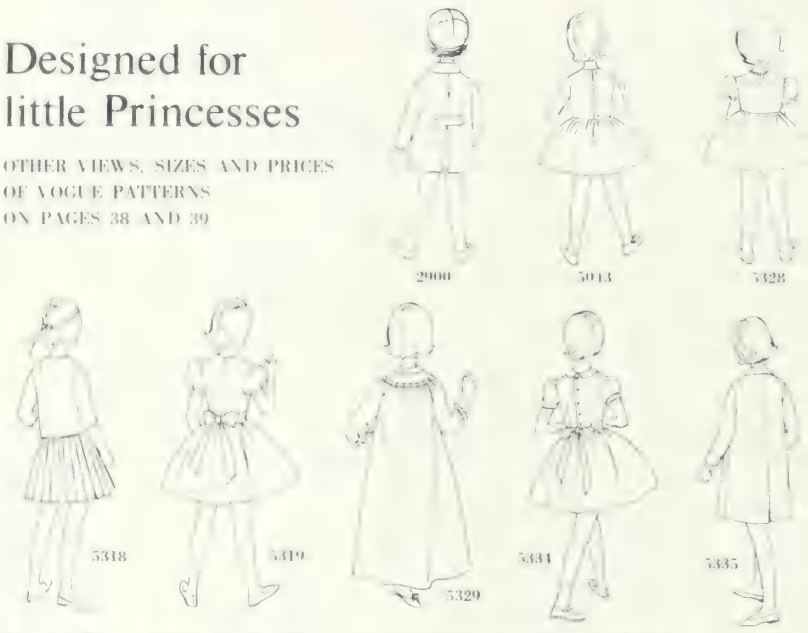
"How is she?" Sam asked anxiously.

"She's tired," Balsom said. "But pretty excited too. And I think that may to sustain her."

CONTINUED ON PAC

Designed for little Princesses

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 38 AND 39



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 2900. *Coat and beret: Girls 2–6 (21–24); $1.00. Version shown requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 4.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5043. *One-piece dress, pinafore and apron; toddler 2,3 (21–22) and girls 4,5 (23–23½); 75c. Version shown requires 2 yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 4.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5328. *One-piece dress, detachable overskirt, basque and slip. Girls 4–8 (23–26) 75c. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap for dress and ⅜ yard of 35" fabric with nap for basque, size 6.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5318. *Jacket, skirt and cap; Sub-teen 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅛ yards of 54" fabric without nap for jacket, 2¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap for skirt and cap, and 3⅞ yards of 1¼" novelty braid for jacket, size 12.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5319. *One-piece dress; Sub-teen 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 45" fabric without nap for dress and ¾ yard of 35" fabric without nap for sleeves, size 12.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5329. *Nightgown, pajamas and robe; Girls 4–8 (23–26); 75c. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 6.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5334. *One-piece dress; Sub-teen 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 4⅛ yards of 35" fabric without nap for dress and ½ yard of 35" fabric without nap for collar and cuff, and 1¾ yards of ½" lace edging for collar and cuff, size 12.* Note: This design available after July 25.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5335. *Coat and topper; Sub-teen 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap for coat and ¼ yard of 35" fabric with or without nap for collar, size 12.* Note: This design available after July 25.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

cool salads



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Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.



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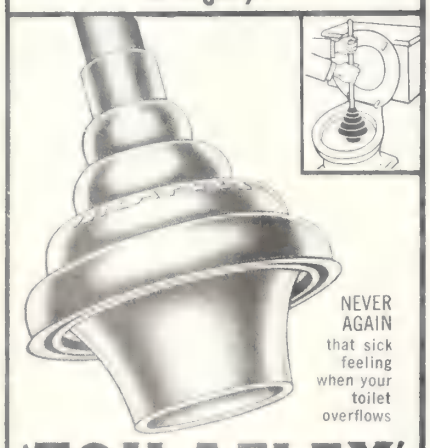
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"I sure hope so."

The loud-speaker came on. "Senior girls' free-style," the announcer said. This time Peggy was in the center lane, and Marie Phillips was in lane two, right next to her.

At a word from the starter the girls took their positions. Together they crouched forward, arms back. Then came the crack of the pistol. In a single fluid motion Peggy appeared to fall forward, her arms swung out in front and she gave a tremendous push-off kick. She hit the water almost flat and broke surface stroking easily. For a second Sam thought she had got away in front, but there was Marie Phillips right beside her, matching her stroke and rhythm. Before they had gone half the length of the pool it was as if there were only the two of them in the race.

"Here we go," Balsom said, and as the girls approached the end of the pool Sam heard him begin to count. Then they were into the turn, and Balsom's shout burst in Sam's ears as Peggy broke half a length in front. "She can win it on those turns!"

Sam watched the two girls, and the roar of the crowd was so great that the whole place took on the quality of a dream; it was almost as if he were alone in a little bubble of silence, and when he spoke he could not hear his own voice. The gallery was alive with noise and movement, and he knew they were shouting for his little girl.

Peggy and Marie Phillips were getting closer to the other end of the pool now, and again they were swimming a duet, shoulders and backs scarcely in the water at all, churning feet sending a double wake out behind them.

"Now watch this!" Balsom said hoarsely. "Watch it!"

Sam watched as the girls touched the end of the pool and flashed into almost perfectly matching flip turns, both giving tremendous push-offs. Sam felt his heart almost stop as Marie Phillips broke water two feet ahead of Peggy.

And then suddenly Peggy was up and stroking and the crowd came to its feet, shouting as if to burst the very walls, and Sam's own voice was lost in the noise and Balsom was pounding his arm. Because gone was Peggy's smooth relaxed stroke. Instead, she was flailing, her arms churning the water like a pair of windmills, her feet sending out a wake like that from an outboard motor. She was past Marie Phillips and almost a length in front before the older girl realized what had happened.

Abruptly she, too, switched into the power stroke and took up the challenge. And then the homestretch duel was on.

"Swim, Peggy . . . swim, Peggy!" Sam shouted, and when he stopped for breath he was surprised to hear his cry continued. Across the gallery in the Birchwood rooters' section, all the youngsters were on their feet. "Swim, Peggy . . . swim, Peggy . . . swim, Peggy!"

Down in the water it was as if Peggy could hear, and she appeared to be swimming as if her very life depended on it. Beside her, Marie Phillips was inching up with every stroke, her thrusting hands even with Peggy's elbows, her powerful shoulders and long training beginning to take their toll.

"Swim, Peggy . . . swim, Peggy . . . swim, Peggy!" The cry shook the gallery, and then suddenly the race was over, and the noise was deafening. But Sam could not speak. He saw George French jump into the pool with all his clothes on, and then they were lifting Peggy out onto the edge of the pool, and someone was helping Marie Phillips out, and then the two girls were sitting there with their arms around each other, and then Sam could not see them because of the people gathering around. He felt Balsom's hand on his arm.

"She'll be all right," Balsom said. "There's a doctor with her."

At the first hum and crackle of the loud-speaker the gallery was as silent as a vacuum, and Sam held his breath.

"The winner of the senior girls' free-style," came the voice of the announcer, "Porter, of Birchwood."

The word "Birchwood" was lost in the roar of the crowd, and Sam had to fight to hold back the tears. Beside him, Billy was jumpin up and down screaming, "She won! Pegg won!"

Billy stopped abruptly and stared across th gallery, and Sam followed his gaze. In th Birchwood section the cheerleader was stanc ing in front of his companions, arms poundin out the beat as with one great voice the roared.

"P—o—r—t—e—r . . . *Porter!*"

And as the sound echoed and reverberate up in the arched roof of the new William Collegiate pool, Sam heard Balsom's voice "Let's go, Mr. Porter."

Now, sitting in the living room, with Pegg upstairs doing her homework, Sam was tro bled and uneasy. Peggy had started swimmin because she was lonely, and felt left out. Th purpose had been to win friends, to becom one of the crowd, to gain the acceptance ever youngster seeks. Now she had that acceptanc But if he had heard right, she planned to re fuse it.

He lit a cigarette and turned away from th fireplace to gaze out the window at the stree A light snow was falling, and around ever street lamp swirled a glowing halo of dia monds. This was their home. This was wher Peggy would finish growing up. This tow was their future. And if she rejected the offer c friendship, she would destroy every chance sh might have to make herself really a part of th town.

He left the living room and went to the fo of the stairs. "Peggy?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Would you come downstairs a minute?"

He went back into the living room, and sh came in behind him, a book in one hand and pencil stuck into the hair over one ear. "Wha is it, daddy?"

Sam took a deep breath. "I heard what yo said to Billy in the kitchen."

For a moment she looked at him. Then sh gave a faint shrug.

"Peggy, have you ever done something ver wrong, and very inconsiderate, and wanted t make amends?"

Peggy frowned uncertainly. "I—I don know."

Sam looked at her, his eyes steady on her "I think it would be terrible to want such chance, and be denied it. Don't you?"

Peggy's frown deepened. "But daddy, don't know what you mean!"

"O.K., honey. I guess you'd better get bac to your homework." Sam stood a momen hearing her footsteps on the stairs, and the the click of her bedroom door closing.

And then the front-door chimes pealed Sam went out into the hall and opened th door. Three girls stood on the porch, the heads in scarves, their arms loaded with book One of them, in a blue coat, smiled.

"Is Peggy home?"

"Yes, she is. Won't you come in?"

As they entered, the girl in the blue co said, "We're all going over to Angie's house t have a homework party." She ended on a ri ing note.

Sam stared. "A what?"

The girls giggled. "We play records and d our homework. We wondered if Peggy woul like to come."

Sam closed the door behind them. "Well, he said, "I don't know. I'll call ——"

"I'm right here, daddy."

Sam turned. She was standing halfway u the stairs. He said, "The girls want to know you'd like to go over Angie's house for homework party with them. Would you?"

In the silence of the hall Sam could hear th gentle, rhythmic ticking of the big clock, an the sound of his own breathing. Peggy's gaz met his own. She opened her mouth to speak then closed it. She looked at the girls, and the back to him. And he could see tears brimmin in her blue eyes.

She swallowed once, and then she spoke— and it seemed to Sam that she addressed he self more to him than to the girls. "Wh yes," she said. "I'd like to, very much. I'll g my books." Then she turned and scurried u the stairs.

Sam smiled at the girls. "She'd like to, ver much," he said. And then he went to the ha closet to get her coat. EN

WE BELONG TO THESE HILLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

55. You lose your hospitalization after 've been out of the mine for a year.
We're all hopeful that the mine will open, that things will get better. There is a good ng here about President Kennedy. They e his picture up around town the same they used to have Roosevelt's. I was nst a Catholic President. But I've been emocrat all my life, and I couldn't vote a Republican. Finally, through prayer, I e to the conclusion that God was greater n the Pope.
teach Sunday school to six-year-old girls he Nazarene church. In the afternoon we church services, and in the evening gelistic services. I used to teach Bible ol for two weeks in the summer, but I t now that I work. I am still on the church rd, and I'm assistant supervisor of the ldren's department.
ve given 10 per cent of my money to the ch ever since I've been working—$6.30 y two weeks. It's paid us back—we've r gone hungry, and we've never been be- in our bills. If you give God one tenth, bther nine tenths goes a lot further.
ll our children belong to the church, and never miss Sunday school. Betty, Ra- a and Johnny have two-year perfect- ndance pins; Tommy missed one Sunday n he had his tonsils out. My husband nard attends Sunday school, but he doesn't ng to the church.
miss the church and the charity work I to do, but I can't keep up with it any e. Betty has taken over most of my charity k. I was president of the P.T.A. the last years also. In February the school blew n just two blocks from our house. We all ked God it happened on a Saturday. The l only took a few shingles off our roof.
miss working at the school because I en- d the children. Some of them wouldn't had any breakfast because there was no at home. We'd try to give them a little h, passing out seconds on rolls, biscuits, bread, and so on, made from commod- donated by the Government for school- h programs.
nce I've been working for the doctor, nard has made his own breakfast. He gets up at 6:15. I'm up at 6:45, get the children out of bed and fix their breakfast. I leave the house about 9 A.M. and work from 10 to 6. Johnny and Ramona go to grade school in Mount Hope, Tommy is in junior high school and Betty is in high school. Our oldest boy, Leonard Jr., is 19; he's at Berea College in Kentucky.

The college is for students of little means. They all pay their own way by working. The school owns some of the businesses in Berea, and the students operate them. Leonard Jr. works in a dining room for his board and room. Tuition is free. He had to pass tests to enter and be in the upper half of his class. Now he's in his second year and is a B student majoring in physics.

Since Leonard Jr. started high school, every cent we didn't need has gone into a savings account for his education. We've never touched any of it ourselves, but it's always good to know it's there. He saved, too, by working as a janitor at the church and by cutting grass.

You have to have a college education today. I want all the children to go through school, even the girls. If nothing else, they can meet men who will make a better living for them.

NEXT MONTH

If you were twenty-one, pretty, and taking home $55 a week, how would you make ends meet?

GWEN sews her own suits for $15.

SUSIE pays cash for everything.

CONNIE depends on dinner dates.

For three young career girls living together in New York City,

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

By CAROLE O'BRIEN GAFFRON

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY

in the August JOURNAL

Betty, who is 16 and *thinks* she's at least 18, is the seamstress in the family. She is more interested in going out, though, than she is in housework. Tommy at almost 14 is the cook—and gets no complaints from the rest of us. He does a lot of the gardening and mows the lawn. Ramona, almost 12, is a perfectionist and a good student. Johnny at 9 comes up with some funny things. When he was on a television show in Charleston, he was asked what I did. He said, "My mother is a cook at our school." Then the man said, kidding Johnny, "No wonder you're so fat!" And Johnny, who's very fussy about food, said, "Not me, *I* don't eat there."

I met my husband at the store my parents ran, called "The Country Lane Inn." It was a gathering place for young and old of the mining camp on Saturday nights. We kept it neat and clean with checkered tablecloths and checkered curtains, like a tearoom. It was orderly, too, but I didn't realize at the time that with beer and honky-tonky music and dancing, it was still a breeding place for sin. I'd like to forget I was part of that. I know I'm a Christian now, and I've been forgiven by God—but the world doesn't forget.

My parents were honest, hard-working people and very strict with me. They came from Lithuania almost 50 years ago. There are many different nationalities here, and there was a lot of discrimination when I was a child. Kids called me a "Polack"—but I wasn't.

Things have been difficult here, but our lives have been in the hands of God, and He has provided. We know there's an end to it somewhere. The struggle has left us stronger and better able to cope with trouble. It has made the best and the worst come out in all of us.

Some things change, some remain. The hills are as grand as ever. In early spring they burst with blossoms—the dogwood, the redbud and the magnolia. Summer sees them turn green, and in autumn they're ablaze with color. In winter their branches are loaded down with glistening white. They are always beautiful.

The sky is as high above us as ever, and just as blue. The sun shines just as hot and the rain falls just as wet. The winter's wind blows as hard and cold as ever. And the coal lies buried just as deep in the bowels of the earth.

These things do not change. Neither does God. God's promises still hold true. We can take hold of faith and still live—and there is so much to live for.

THERE ARE FAITH, HOPE AND GOVERNMENT CHARITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

ever jobless miners can get out of them. another use of the mines, putting a half n or so coal miners back to work, seems st ludicrous—growing mushrooms in their dark recesses.
e result is a paradox of want and plenty ywhere living side by side. Children are vn to take part of their Government ol lunch home to share with their fam- Some even go without because they don't the 25 cents to pay for it. Still, there are s in the depressed areas that are growing, perous, even booming. Some merchants ell you that business is better than ever, new-home construction seems to be at ll-time high. Either new industries have ted business, or where the old ones are operating—a few mines, for example— are men working overtime. In Oak Hill, the beautiful hills of a first-rate country you are within walking distance of the st deserted mining community of Sum- ee.

est Virginia is not alone in telling this . It is being repeated by unemployed ers across the country—a textile spinner nford, Maine; a steelworker in Pittsburgh; uto assembler in Dearborn; an aircraft laborer in California. The toll of jobless today is 5,500,000, the most since 1941. Close to 2,000,000 have been out of work 15 weeks or longer, half of them for 27 weeks or more. These figures do not even account for the numbers who work at odd jobs part time or have gone into unwanted retirement.

While one of every five, or 20 per cent, of all manual laborers is out of work, only one of sixty, or 1.6 per cent, of all professional and technical workers is. As skill increases, unemployment decreases. One of every eight semiskilled mechanics and factory hands is without a job, compared with one of twenty salesclerks and office workers, one of 50 managers and executives.

President Kennedy has said that things may get worse before they get better. Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg (who discussed automation in the June *Journal*) wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post* recently: "In the next 10 years, at least 26,000,000 new young workers will be flooding into the labor force, 40 per cent more than during the 1950's. In addition, some 3,000,000 women will be returning to the labor force after having temporarily left it. But normal causes of attrition—deaths, retirement and the like—will yield only 15,500,000 openings. We will therefore have to provide new jobs for more than 13,000,000 people throughout the 1960's."

Unless the economy grows at a far faster rate than in recent years, there will be no real change in the number of jobs available. Changes in technology and consumer wants, the relocation of industry and the depletion of resources have combined with a certain apathy of states dependent on a single industry, of manufacturers dependent on a single product, of labor unions dependent on a single goal, of workers dependent on a single skill.

The jobless who have exhausted even their unemployment compensation must now rely on Government food allotments. (Nearly 15 per cent in West Virginia.) Still, there is courage and there is faith and there is hope. Government surplus provides the charity.

There is a look on the face of a man who is unemployed that is unlike any other. He does not have a lot to say. He can't articulate his trouble. It would be redundant. It is right there in front of you.

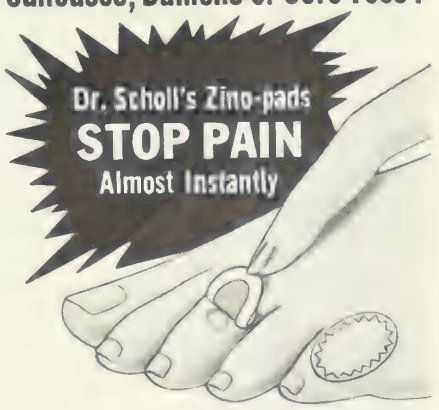
Where a mine has closed, you often see the men who used to work it sitting on the railroad tracks leading to the tipple—silent, waiting for something to happen to their lives. The mine itself looks solemn and black, and strands of grass falling over the tracks measure the months it has been closed. A miner's hands become cleaner as the idle days fall away, but, they say, the coal never quite washes off. It's part of him—but it may not be part of this time and this place. The good earth, for many, has become the sorrowing earth. END

On page 100, President Kennedy's key economic adviser, Dr. Walter W. Heller, discusses the effect of "pockets of unemployment" on the individual family.

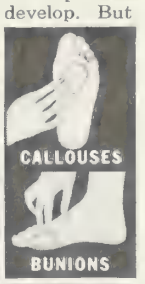
The facts about strengthening brittle nails

Can polish strengthen nails? Any good polish can strengthen your nails. In fact, Cutex contains special plasticizers for that purpose. But if you have problem nails that break at the least touch, you need something more. Based on 50 years' experience in nail care, Cutex has developed **Strong Nail,** a heavy-duty full-strength nail strengthener, not diluted by color additives. Strong Nail forms a tough layer over the nails to reinforce them against cracking, splitting and breaking. Yet Strong Nail is easily removed with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Wear Strong Nail alone or under any of the 33 fashion-right Cutex polish colors.
Can you cure brittle nails? The part of the nail you can see is actually dead tissue. The live nail grows under the cuticle, and that is where you should start to correct brittle nails. Cutex **Nail-Flex** is a medicated cream especially formulated to help encourage the growth of long, strong beautiful nails. But remember, new growth takes time and Nail-Flex should be rubbed into the cuticle faithfully for a period of weeks before you expect results. Cutex® **Strong Nail** and **Nail-Flex** are each only 59¢ plus tax.

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Callouses, Bunions or Sore Toes?



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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion. Very soothing and refreshing. Costs but a trifle. Try it!
Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

WHO'S AGAINST LOVE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

worst books and records I could find and reviewed them. It turned out to be the most popular issue we'd put out. This made Toomey stop and think.

"Floorwalker," he said to me, "people seem to get a kick out of the unexpected, so I want you to pick out some controversial subjects and write me some articles." That's what I did.

I wrote "Are American Counterfeiters Getting a Square Deal?", "Billboards Could Support Our National Parks" and "Let's Legalize the Bean Ball." I don't know that anybody agreed with much that I wrote, but they bought the magazine. Of course my circle of friends was not noticeably increased, but as Toomey says, every job has its drawbacks. He said it again that evening. We had this big old apartment that we shared. It was right over the office, so it made up in convenience what it lacked in heat and plaster and other such niceties.

"You can't name one important man in history," he said, "who didn't have enemies."

"We got a new one today." I told him about Mrs. Jessica Fielding.

Toomey looked serious. "She's a widow," he said, "with one small boy. That's why she's concerned about the school bond."

"Plenty of other people are concerned."

"None of the others happens to own this building," Toomey said.

"Well," I said, "that's a point."

"It was part of her father's estate," Toomey went on. "I think it's handled by trustees, but Mrs. Jessica Fielding could throw us out if she was in the mood."

"I think she's in the mood to tear down the building with us in it."

"Tomorrow you go out and see what can do about mending fences," he said. ' her it was all a mistake; take her some fud

I gave him a long look. "The Mills C pany *Messenger* has never yielded to pressure group. The Floorwalker has n asked a favor of anybody."

"Maybe violets would be better—sor old-fashioned and sentimental," Toomey

What he wasn't counting on was my p When I went out to see Mrs. Jessica Fiel all I took was some chrysanthemums. I expected she'd be living in some kin mansion, but it was just a medium-sized es There wasn't even a butler. Mrs. Jessica F ing answered the door herself.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

I smiled. "I got to thinking about our chat and it occurred to me that there m have been some misunderstanding."

"You found out I own your buildi

"If we could talk this over inside," I gested. "then you wouldn't catch cold st ing here." She moved back a couple of in and I squeezed past into the living room.

"Sit down," she said, so I did.

"I feel there are two sides to every questi I told her. "I'd like to hear yours."

"You can have it fast," she said. " schools are hopelessly overcrowded and need more classrooms. I'm letting you in my building because I'd consider it ethical to evict you for purely pers reasons. So take your bouquet and go ho

I took the flowers over to the fireplace threw them in. Mrs. J. Fielding walked and snatched them out. There wasn't any

"That's just what I should have expe from you," she said. She went out of the r and came back with a vase that had wat it. "You needn't think I'm going to sit b and watch you destroy something beau out of spite. To me that would be sinful."

"You've got the wildest set of princi I've ever run into," I told her. "You thin would be unethical to kick me out of building and sinful not to take my flowe I turned toward the door. "If it will make feel any better," I said, "the flowers n really did belong to me. I stole them."

"There's just one thing that would make feel better." She motioned toward the d

"If you expect us to stay in your buildi I said, "you might try giving us some heat fixing the plaster. And another thing: wit the money you've got stacked away, how c you send your kid to a public school? If rich people don't support the private sch who do you think is going to do it?"

She whirled on me. "Now get one t straight, Floorwalker ——" She looked a for a minute and then turned back to flowers. "Forget it, Floorwalker." She jab some more flowers into the vase. "Just me one thing: whatever made you pick such a nutty pen name?"

"The Mills Company used to send *Messenger* to all its customers," I said. "It all kinds of little messages from the Fl walker: 'Our muslin is especially nice month'—things like that. Then the store v out of business and the *Messenger* char hands and I inherited the name. You ough mix the flowers up more—you've got all yellow ones in the middle."

"Floorwalker, go home," she said, so I w

Two days later the man came to fix plaster. Toomey didn't get in until late evening. He walked all around looking a improvements.

"The plumbers are coming tomorrow."

He shook his head. "Somehow I must h underestimated you," he said. "You not keep us from being evicted, but you get plaster fixed."

"Maybe you don't appreciate the powe the press," I said.

"Why don't you take her some fudge?" suggested. "Maybe you could get her to lo the rent."

"Don't hold your breath," I said. It good thing he didn't because it was ov week before I went back. I took her a gonia—in a pot.

"Well," she said, "it's you again."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT STAHMAN

An easy-maintenance deck faces view for privacy while dining or lounging.

PACIFICA INSPIRED

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

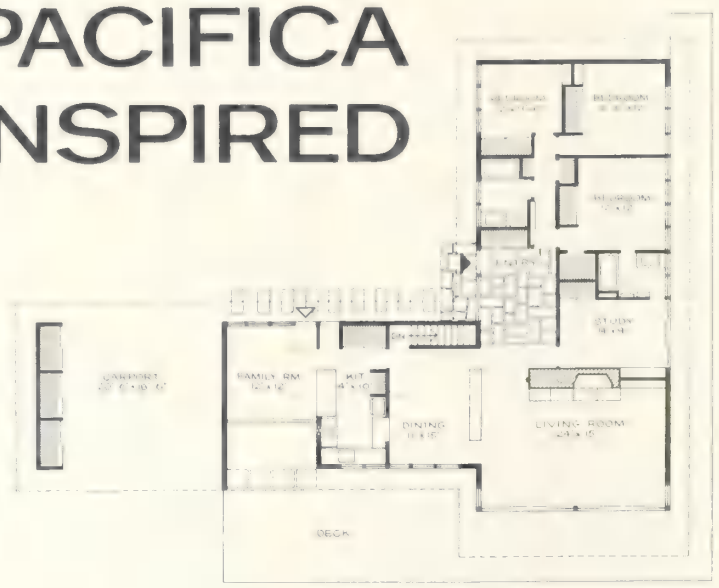
This house is a beautiful example of Oriental charm which is now showing up all over the United States.

From the roomy entry hall one can go easily to all parts of the house.

The bedroom wing is compact and efficient. The master bedroom and study can work as a sort of parents' suite, or the study can become a practical guest room.

With a separate dining room, the family room becomes a really useful spot for informal living. Perfectly placed, it can be as big or as small as necessary—a very desirable feature.

ARCHITECT: THOMAS NORTON
FLOOR AREA: 2116 SQUARE FEET
COST TO REPRODUCE:
$23,000 TO $30,000 PLUS LAND



L-shaped house creates a patiolike front yard.



Only 1 refrigerator-freezer —the new No-Frost RCA WHIRLPOOL gives so many modern automatic features

and saves money because it's Gas!



SAVES TIME! EXCLUSIVE ICEMAGIC® *replaces every cube you use, automatically!* NO TRAYS to empty or fill—even water is added automatically. A steady supply of ice drops into the handy server. All you do is use it! Only an RCA WHIRLPOOL refrigerator has ICE-MAGIC, the ice-maker *proved* by years of consumer use!



NOW! NO FROST—EVEN IN THE FREEZER! There's *no frost to de-frost* in this zero-degree freezer. Yet you can freeze foods right at home—hold over 92 lbs. of frozen foods. The right temperature is *sealed in* by Million-Magnet* doors on both freezer and refrigerator, with special magnets in door gaskets. Yet they open or shut *easily, instantly,* at your touch.



SAVES TIME! EXCLUSIVE JET-COLD SHELF chills a *new* way, *with new speed!* Constant tiny jets of arctic air *inside the shelf* are the secret—let this special shelf chill food *up to 3 times faster than an ordinary refrigerator shelf!* Quick and safe for desserts, salads, any food or liquid. Jet-Cold shelf is another exclusive you can find *only* in an RCA WHIRLPOOL refrigerator!



SAVES FOOD! EXCLUSIVE NEW JET-COLD MEAT CHEST lets you store meat with confidence! Holds temperature *at the best meat-keeping level*—in the right atmosphere to keep meats fresh and tempting for days. PLUS every other food-keeping convenience, from a spreadable-butter keeper to twin crispers that hold a whole bushel of vegetables!



All new, all over! New space-saving lines—it fits *flush* to walls and cabinets on all sides. New easy-open door. New design has more room inside. And no coils stick out in back to spoil the lines—this handsome RCA WHIRLPOOL *looks* built-in, even when it isn't—and builds-in beautifully, too. Choose yours in pink, yellow or white.

Saves you money, too! In this *one* refrigerator, you get *every* advantage: built-in look . . . color choice . . . all those wonderful new food-keeping features . . . PLUS the fabulous refrigerating system designed around a silent flame, with no moving parts to wear out or break down.

Gas saves you money on fuel bills, too. So *choose Gas.* There simply isn't a better buy than a modern automatic, *Gas* refrigerator-freezer like this!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

RCA Whirlpool
GAS APPLIANCES

Use of trademarks RCA and RCA by Whirlpool Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan, manufacturers of RCA WHIRLPOOL appliances, authorized by Radio Corporation of America. *Trademark

LIVE MODERN... FOR LESS... WITH GAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"Sometimes people say 'Hello,'" I told her, "or 'It's nice to see you'—something with a little warmth to it." I moved past her toward the far side of the room—the side where the fireplace was.

"Don't you dare throw one more thing in there." She grabbed the plant out of my hands. "You get ashes all over the rug."

"I wanted to thank you for fixing up the apartment," I said.

"Let's get something straight." She put the plant on the table. "I had the building repaired because it was my responsibility. I was negligent in allowing the property to get in that condition—you can be sure it won't happen again." I was sure. That was one more scruple she could add to her collection.

"You remind me a lot of Katharine Hepburn," I said.

She sat down. "I do?" she said.

I put my hands in my pockets and hunched my shoulders like Spencer Tracy. "She's always playing the woman that's beautiful and efficient but cold. Everybody thinks she's wonderful and then this chap comes along—you know the type—warm and likable ——" I gave her a crooked, boyish grin.

"Spencer, go home," she said.

I took my hands out of my pockets. "Well, it's been a pleasure talking to you."

"Wait." She was looking at me thoughtfully. "Is that how I seem to you—cold?" I could see she was sorting through her principles to see if she had one that would apply here.

"Your temperature is no concern of mine," I told her. "If you want a thermometer, you can get one at the drugstore."

"You came here to thank me and you brought me a plant"—she was talking half to herself—"and I told you to go home. That wasn't very gracious."

"Well," I said, "when you put it that way ——"

She got to her feet. "If you care to sit down," she said, "I'll make some tea. Or would you prefer coffee?" I told her tea would be fine. As a matter of fact, it did taste good. I hadn't had any in probably fifteen years.

"This is very nice of you," I told her. "A lot of people would be afraid to be seen talking to me, let alone serve me any tea. I think it shows considerable moral stature."

She put down her cup. "I suppose in your job you make a number of enemies?"

"You get used to it," I said. "Just this morning, for instance, I think there were twelve threatening letters in the mail ——"

She looked indignant. "I certainly hope you turned them over to the police."

I picked up a sandwich. "All except two of them were from the police."

"I don't see why you do it. Surely you could make as much money in some other job."

"I think of myself as a sort of gadfly," I explained. "You remember Socrates?"

"He was a couple of classes ahead of me," she said, "but I know who you mean."

"Well, he was a gadfly. He used to ask the Greeks all these embarrassing little questions so they wouldn't be so sure of themselves."

"So you jump in with both feet and start attacking the P.T.A., Red Cross, Little League ——"

"You haven't been reading very carefully. I've been attacking people who think there's an easy answer for every problem. People like you, for one."

"Gadfly, go home," she said.

"I'd like another cup of tea." I waited while she poured. "Thank you. You remind me of a kid doing arithmetic: if he can't figure out the answer, he just erases the problem."

"Have some more sandwiches," she said.

"Sandwiches happen to fulfill a specific need," I told her, "but they aren't a solution to every problem, and there's nothing sacred about them."

She was looking at me wide-eyed.

"That is my attitude toward the P.T.A. and the other organizations you mentioned."

"Excuse me a second." She jumped up and went over to the window. "Yes, I thought I heard the bus. You haven't met my son, Raymond, have you?" I said I hadn't.

He turned out to be a polite, skinny kid with light hair. He didn't want to roller skate or practice archery.

"Well then, go work on your stamp collection or play with your electric train."

Raymond said there wasn't anything to do.

"Raymond," I said, "the next time I come out here I'm going to bring you a present. What do you want?"

He thought for a minute and then he said a motor scooter. I turned to his mother.

"Do you mean to tell me this child doesn't have a motor scooter?"

She gave me a fast annoyed look and turned to Raymond. "Go on now and have some milk and cookies and then find something to do." He left. His mother turned to me.

"This was supposed to be the afternoon for his tennis lesson, but the instructor is sick so Raymond's sort of at loose ends."

"Nothing for him to do but play with his mineral collection or his microscope or his printing press or his chemistry set or his woodburning outfit ——"

"Tell me," she said; "are you especially set against educational toys for children or just against toys in general?"

"If Raymond enjoys them I'm for them. He didn't seem in any rush to get at them."

She put down her cup and tidied up the tea tray. "You know, you never did tell me just what you have against the school bond."

I took the last sandwich from the tray. "My theory is that if a system has something basically wrong with it, you don't solve the problem by enlarging the system."

"Your trouble is you've never bothered to consider the situation we're faced with. We want to arrange the classes so pupils with specific problems can receive extra attention and the ones who develop unusually fast can be given more challenging work."

"You sound like a brochure," I told her. "Did you ever consider hiring the best people you could get and then just letting them teach? Get somebody else to sell tickets and collect milk money and supervise hobby shows."

She stood up. "I'm afraid I've taken up an awful lot of your time."

"That's part of my job," I told her. "I hope to see you again soon." I guess it was about a week before I drove out again.

Raymond was home with a cold. He was wandering around in his bathrobe looking out the window. "Did you bring me my present?" he asked me.

"Raymond!" His mother frowned at him. She turned to me. "What on earth do you have there? It looks like a lot of big yardsticks."

"They're wooden laths." I put the bundle on the floor. "This is a hammer and this is a bag of nails."

Raymond came forward warily. "What do you do with them?"

I eased one of them out of the bundle. "They're all the same length, you see? If you want to shorten one you put your foot on it and break it." I showed him. "Now you try it." He managed it pretty well. "Fine. Then you nail the pieces together with the hammer."

"Where are the directions?" he asked.

"No directions," I said.

He gave me a bewildered look—then l studied the laths for a minute and slowly h expression changed. "I know what I'm goi to make—it's going to be a surprise."

"That's the ticket." I picked up the bundl "Where's the best place to work?"

His mother looked doubtful. "The recre tion room would be best, I suppose."

When I got back to the living room sl still looked disturbed. "I certainly hope h won't pound his fingers."

"That's not a very realistic attitude," I r marked. "Skilled carpenters and cabine makers smash their fingers all the time. Wh should a little kid be better than they are'

She smiled suddenly. "You're a funny so of person, Floorwalker. How would you li a bottle of beer and a ham sandwich?"

"That would hit the spot," I said. It ju happened to be one of the days when I'd ha a hot lunch, but I didn't let on. She came ba with the sandwich and two bottles of beer.

"Go ahead and eat," she said. "You mu be ravenous."

I took a small bite. "I'm a slow eater," explained. "Incidentally, how is the bor issue coming along?"

She looked serious. "It's going to be awful close. There's always a lot of resistance to an thing that raises taxes. And then some peop feel the way you do—that we could make be ter use of the facilities we have."

"Of course I've learned more about t situation since I wrote that article."

"That doesn't surprise me," she said. "I' been wondering when you find time for th research on all these articles. Where do yo get your statistics?"

"Mostly I don't use too many statistics. lean more toward the informed opinion—yo know: 'It has been estimated that bowlers wh belong to a league spend twenty-seven per ce less tim: viewing television.' Well, that ju happens to be my estimate. Somebody el might come up with a different figure."

"Floorwalker, you're outrageous."

I smiled at her. "It's good of you to say so. For the next half hour we had a friendly co versation—she didn't tell me to go hom once. However, it was getting late so I wen anyhow.

The next day I phoned. She said Raymon was much better and had gone back to schoo "The laths were a great success," she said. "H worked right up until bedtime."

I said I was pleased to hear it.

"There's only one problem," she went o "What am I going to do with seven pictur frames?"

"We'll work out something," I said. "In cidentally, I've been thinking I might do a other article on the school problem now I've got more to go on ——" There was silence a the other end. "Hello—are you still there?"

"Floorwalker, no," she said. "I know yo mean well, but don't do it."

"We'll be on the stands about two days b fore the election," I said. "That should b just the right time."

"Floorwalker, I'm asking you as a friend don't do this thing."

"If something has caused me to change m stand on some problem, I feel my readers ar entitled to know," I told her. "I think th article may come as quite a surprise."

She murmured something about there no being any surprises left. Then she sai "Good-by, Floorwalker, I don't believe I better see you again. It's been an unexpecte pleasure—let's leave it that way." The ne communication from her was a wire.

This was the day before election. The maga zine had just gone on the stands—the issu with the school article in it. Toomey had bee a little doubtful about it. "Our publication ha always been controversial," he said, "but in flammatory is something else."

"You're the editor," I pointed out. "If yo want to scratch this piece I can knock to gether something controversial about outdoo cooking."

Toomey lit a cigar. "If that's how you wan to run the item, that's how it will be. I jus want to be sure you know what you're doing."

I told him I knew.

Toomey blew a couple of smoke ring "Somehow I got the impression that you an

WHAT EVERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MONEY

QUESTION: Is there anything the individual family can do about pockets of unemployment?

ANSWER: DR. WALTER W. HELLER, CHAIRMAN OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC ADVISERS



Dr. Heller directs the council's studies of economic trends and recommends economic policies to the President.

There are two types of unemployment pockets in which your own family might get caught—depressed areas and depressed industries. Even in boom times and in otherwise prosperous areas, some industries are declining and some towns and regions are fading. Protecting yourself from being caught in pockets of unemployment, or getting out if you are already in such a plight, is a job that has to be tackled on three fronts: by the Government, by your community, and by your own family.

A special community effort, with the aid of our national resources, is needed in areas suffering from chronic unemployment. This type of program appeals for your attention even in a time when the national economy is flourishing. You can help by joining in local programs to finance new industrial plants and community facilities, such as water systems, sewers, schools and roads, that will attract new and suitable industries to your community.

An important way the Government can help your town or state to build needed new facilities is with loans at reasonable interest rates.

The next job is yours. You may need retraining in work skills or you may need to adapt your skills to new fields of work. You may even need relocation.

We are living in a highly mobile time. Some areas are suffering chronic depression: in others, new work and career opportunities are developing. It may be necessary to adopt an attitude of mobility—an alertness to new trends, new employment ideas, new places of employment.

This flexibility must be based on the soundest information you can get on opportunities in expanding industries and expanding areas. Your state employment service is part of a Federal network of information on employment outlook trends. Your employer's personnel department; your labor union; your professional, business and fraternal organizations; and vocational advisers at your public schools are other valuable sources of information on training and employment opportunities. Your public library, state employment offices, and school and vocational advisers have current copies of the occupational-outlook handbooks compiled by the U.S. Bureau of Employment Security.

. J. Fielding were getting pretty chummy—
n't figure this kamikaze attack."
Some things have to be done."
e threw up his hands. "O.K., Floorwalker.
're the one who's built up whatever circu-
on we have—if this is what you want, let's
do it halfway. Write a quick article telling
ut how Abraham Lincoln hated Christmas
ols and corn on the cob. I want to go down
all our guns blazing." That's one thing
e about Toomey. He thinks big.
he magazine hit the stands on Monday
ning the day before election. At ten I took
phone off the hook. Toomey came into the
e at noon. "Well," he said, "action is what
expected. I doubled the number of copies
some of the stands are sold out already.
e's a wire for you." I tore it open.
Unable to reach you by phone—impera-
you call me immediately." It was from
. J. Fielding. I dialed her number.
Floorwalker here," I said. "Nice of you to
the telegram."
I was expecting one of your usual caustic
cles," she said, "sort of humorous and
going. But this thing you wrote is vicious.
the distortion and misrepresentation—
's what I can't understand." She seemed
oke on something. When she spoke again
voice sounded far away. "I guess that's
t bothers me most. I'd grown to trust you
respect a lot of your ideas. I never thought
uld be so wrong about a person."
I wouldn't let it worry me," I told her.
erybody makes mistakes."
know it," she said. "I guess I should be
eful it wasn't worse." She hung up.
oomey rubbed his chin. "When you wrote
r first column, I couldn't decide whether
were stupid but lucky or the other way
nd. I still don't know."
If you ever figure it out," I said, "I hope
ll tell me."
Better not go out after dark," he said,
t in case it's the other way around."

ection day Toomey and I sat around the
rtment playing cards and waiting for the
rns. It was apparent from the first that
e was going to be a record turnout, and
ne time half the precincts had reported the
ol bond was passing by about four to one.
Well," I said, "so much for the power of
press. I wonder if I should wire my con-
ulations."
oomey shook his head. "Wait until to-
row and go out and see her."
Toomey," I told him, "you've lost your
d. By tomorrow I can be in Mexico."
got out to her place about 2 P.M. She
ed the door.
came to say good-by," I told her.
e stepped back. "Come in," she said.
sat down on the couch. She sat on a chair.
anted to congratulate you on the election
so on," I said.
Are you going somewhere?"
Well, I'm giving up the job—I don't think
e's much of a future for me in this
ity."
Floorwalker," she said, "don't quit."
got to my feet. "You're the one who kept
ng me to get another job," I told her.
w when I decide to take your advice you
ge your mind."
've been doing a lot of thinking," she
. "and I've decided maybe we do need a
dy—somebody to take a few pokes at some
ur prefabricated ideas." She held up her
d. "Now don't interrupt. I'm not saying
people are always going to follow your
ce—in fact, some of your articles seem to
the opposite effect."
told her I'd noticed that.
The point is you arouse people; get them
iscussing important issues—even to do a
thinking on their own. I don't know if
realize it, but 'Floorwalker' is becoming
usehold word."
realize it. There's a sign chalked out on
curb, 'Floorwalker is a dum ape.' Some
kid that can't even spell 'dumb,' but he
d spell 'Floorwalker.'"
You know," she said, "my first reaction to
article was completely personal. I was
. I missed the point altogether. Then I
d to other people on the committee and
id out how pleased they were."

"You never know what the reader reaction is going to be," I said.

She shook her head. "You knew," she said. "Anyone who studied the article carefully could see that it was a skillful burlesque—every argument against the school bond exaggerated just enough to make it ridiculous."

I walked over to the window—the begonia was there on a stand.

"There's just one thing I don't understand," she said. "Why did you do it? I'm sure none of my arguments made you change your mind."

"After I got to know you I realized you had the right instincts. If you wanted something that much, it had to be good. I thought I'd try to help."

"Even if it meant the end of your career?"

"I don't know that it was much of a career."

She sat up indignantly. "That's not true. People are finally learning to read between the lines you write and they're finding a lot of sense." She cleared her throat. "If you should leave now, Floorwalker, a lot of people are going to miss you—more than you know."

"Well, there are a few subjects I never got around to writing about."

She got to her feet and started straightening a lamp shade. "Did you have anything special in mind?"

"It seems to me there's been a lot of nonsense written about love in the American home," I said. "I'd sort of like to get that straightened out."

She couldn't seem to get the lamp adjusted to suit her. "Do you intend to make up your statistics as you go?"

"I thought this time I might try some research." I took half a step in her direction. "Of course it's always good to get reader reaction first." I took another step.

She turned and stretched out her hands. "Floorwalker—come home."

Well, as it says in the song, there's no place like it. So I did as she said. END



ELSIE SAYS: Don't wait another second to try Borden's new Peach Blossom Ice Cream! So good you can practically *see* those golden, peach blooms! Taste the *pure* pleasure of rosy peach flavor marbled with rich marshmallow. This blend of two delicious flavors makes Borden's new Peach Blossom Ice Cream the biggest flavor reward of the year!

BORDEN'S VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

Available in Canada in Ontario and Quebec Provinces ©1960, THE BORDEN CO.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

I refer such dissenters to the dictionary definition of the word.

"Sentimental" it states: "Indulging the sensibilities for their own sake; artificially tender; mawkishly or superficially emotional."

Exactly. Except that the uses of the adjective have been reversed. For the sentimentality of virtue we have substituted the sentimentality of wickedness, weakness, self-pity. Instead of long-suffering wives, barefoot match girls, gallant gentlemen making speeches from a gallows they have elected for love's sake, we have different but equally trite stock figures. We have the prostitute with the golden heart, the suburban Casanova at odds with his environment, the subnormal protagonist who compulsively murders his poor old grandmother because nobody gave him a toy dump truck when he was five. We have sex as the only goad to human behavior. Thus we have dispensed with one sort of sugary syrup and now immoderately pour out the sauce of horror. *Yet to overstress evil is as banal as to overemphasize goodness.* If *Little Lord Fauntleroy* seems ludicrous to us now, so—on thinking it over—does William Styron's *Set This House on Fire* and John O'Hara's *From the Terrace*—and for the same reason. Each puts more burden on a single emotion than it is able to carry.

In Dickens's day, the Victorians wept over the misfortunes of orphans, child brides and underfed chimney sweeps. It took an Oscar Wilde to dry their tears with his famous quip: "He must have a heart of stone who can read of the death of Little Nell without smiling." We need a new satirist to laugh away our novelists' preoccupation with what is merely sordid. For fashion's wheel has swung full circle and we are back to the maudlin.

Three highly praised novels, all by men of talent, I have read in the last month occur to me as tangible proof of this charge. All three are so laced and larded with sentimentality that *Black Beauty* seems astringent.

In one we meet as chief characters a psychopath, and a man devoured by that stylish modern device, the death wish. Both bring the house of life down about their ears, but only after pages of such self-pitying dialogue as has not been heard since Elsie Dinsmore defied her cruel father by refusing to play worldly songs on the Sabbath.

In another story, exquisitely told, a famous scholar wrecks the lives of his three mistresses who are respectively a middle-aged beauty, her daughter by another man, and her granddaughter, with all three affairs going on simultaneously. After such an avalanche of horrors, the double suicide at the end of the book seems wholesome if unaffecting.

The third is at once the least emotional yet the most overwrought. For in lieu of a hero we are presented with an ex-basketball player without mind, heart or will. We are spared no detail of his feeble nastiness; of his grubby sex life, his self-indulgent miseries. And the story might have a kind of grim validity were we not supposed to regard him as Everyman. "There," one can hear the author murmuring, "but for the grace of Fate and a college education, go you and I and the next-door neighbor." Everyman is *not* a man, however but a human rabbit, running from one desperate warren to another, pursued not by remorse but by accidental evil and toward nothing dignified enough to call tragedy. Our rabbit is not trying to outwit the furies or save his soul. He runs because it is all he knows how to do. One can agree that such people exist. But to expect them to carry on their shoulders the whole destiny of man is, once more, outrageously sentimental.

It is as false as *The Girl of the Limberlost*, as determined to see only one side of the picture as Pollyanna, the Glad Girl. Its landscape is not a true canvas. For the world, no matter how full of threat, is more various than current novelists are willing to admit.

Certainly it is a world heavy with peril, peopled by many sick minds and disordered spirits. Savagery and wickedness, rape and murder, cruelty and perversion occur as they have occurred in every age and at every step in human history—in Chaucer's time, and in Jane Austen's, and in any era since Cain did Abel in, or David took his general's wife to bed and sent her husband off to be killed at the head of his army. But it is at the same time a place inhabited by many good and unselfish men, by many virtuous women, and by human beings who have not abdicated their right to the title. Not all husbands hate their wives. Not all children dislike their parents. There are commuters who come home happy and sober from a day's work and a job which does not disgust them. There are housewives who sleep with their own husbands. There are businessmen with principles and priests who have kept their faith and adolescent girls who do not get pregnant at Fort Lauderdale over Easter vacation. There are, I persistently contend, people on this planet who still own consciences, decency, courage, kindness and free will. Leave them out altogether and we have a literature contrived and unenduring.

What is worse, we have a boring one. For affectation breeds tedium. With violence become a cliché, with sexual descriptions losing power to impress, where shall we go for novelty? Writers reach farther and fart into Freud, Krafft-Ebing, and the files police courts for a new vice, a corrupt which has not already been over used pivot for a plot. We remain stolid. Eve *Lolita* we take in stride. (Although in defe of that brilliant perversity, I must add t it is not really sentimental; only wicked.). have put up with *Peyton Place* and its myr imitations; with historical novels where aberrations of the protagonists keep getting the way of the scenery. And we have watch the last gates go down as sex and pathos clu up what used to be purely a mathemat delight, the detective story. (Now we

How To Eat Well on

For July we've planned some carefree meals for you that will tempt your famil appetite in even the most withering weather. This is a time of year when inexp sive eating is easy, because of the abundance of delicious fruits and salad greens, t wide variety of fresh vegetables.

Sun-ripened tomatoes, for example—stuff them with tuna and rice, add su mery flavor with chervil and tarragon. Or green beans—put them with chicken a

Menu I

Hot Consommé
*Tomatoes Stuffed with Tuna, Rice and Celery**
Water-Cress-and-Cucumber Salad with French Dressing
Melba Toast
Hot (one-crust) *Blueberry or Plum Pie*
Cost $3.98 6 Servings

Menu II

Hot Borsch—Homemade or Bought
(Serve with a spoonful of sour cream.)
*Chicken, Green Bean and Macaroni Salad**
Rye Wafers Crisp Cookies Iced Coffee
Cost $4.22 6 Servings

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH TUNA, RICE AND CELERY—$1.47

6 *large ripe tomatoes*
1 *teaspoon dried chervil or 2 teaspoons finely chopped fresh chervil*
1 *teaspoon dried tarragon or 2 teaspoons finely chopped fresh tarragon*
2 *tablespoons boiling water (optional)*
1 *tablespoon lemon juice*
2 *tablespoons vinegar*
1 *tablespoon salad oil*
¼ *teaspoon finely chopped parsley*
2 *teaspoons salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
2 (7-*oz.*) *cans tuna, drained*
1 *cup cold cooked rice*
½ *cup finely chopped celery*

Slice a small piece from the stem end of each tomato. Remove the hard core with a sharp knife. Scoop out the pulp with a spoon into a bowl and reserve. Drain tomato shells upside down on paper toweling in a flat dish. Cover with aluminum foil or saran and refrigerate until serving time. (If using dried chervil and tarragon, add the boiling water and let stand 10 minutes.) Mix herbs with lemon juice, vinegar, salad oil, parsley, salt and pepper. Mash the tuna with a fork and add to dressing with the rice and celery. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped tomato pulp, previously reserved. (Try serving the remaining tomato pulp chilled and seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped parsley as a side dish with another meal, or purée the mixture to make a delicious chilled drink.) Toss the mixture thoroughly with two forks. Cover and chill at least 3–4 hours or until serving time. Sprinkle a little salt inside each tomato shell. Fill generously with the tuna-rice mixture. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN, GREEN BEAN AND MACARONI SALAD—$

1 (4-*lb.*) *stewing chicken*
5 *teaspoons salt*
½ *teaspoon pepper*
4 *cups water*
1 *pound elbow macaroni*
1 *pound fresh green beans, trimmed and cut into ¾″ pieces*
¼ *cup margarine*
¼ *cup flour*
2½ *cups milk*
1 *teaspoon prepared horse-radish*
2½ *teaspoons dry musta*
½ *cup plus 2 teaspoons lemon juice*
¾ *cup chopped scallions include some green st*
1 *can* (4-*oz.*) *pimiento, di*
1 *head romaine, washed chilled*

Cook the chicken the day before if you like. Simmer i large kettle with 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pep and the water, until tender. Cool in the broth. Rem meat from bones. Wrap in aluminum foil or saran refrigerate until needed. Skim fat from broth and serve. Next day cook the macaroni according to pack directions, using the reserved chicken broth as pa the cooking liquid. Drain and rinse well with cold wa Drain thoroughly. Cook the green beans in a little b ing salted water until crisp-tender. Plunge into ice wa for a few minutes; drain well. For the lemon-must dressing: Make a cream sauce with the margarine, fl and milk. Add horse-radish and mustard mixed t smooth paste with a little of the lemon juice. Sea with remaining 3 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pep Remove from heat and add remaining lemon juice. C Cut chicken meat into bite-size pieces; mix with ma roni, green beans, scallions and pimiento. Add lem mustard dressing and toss thoroughly. Cover tightly chill 3–4 hours or until serving time. Line a large s bowl with the romaine and arrange chicken salad center. Makes 6 servings.

lled on to feel compassion for the murderer.) ill the boredom grows. Unless someone of zable gifts finds out how to fuse all this aterial into a believable corpus of literature, e tide may menacingly turn. We'll have ictorian swoons again, and deathbed con- rsions. We'll have Tiny Tim and The Vir- nian. For sheer shock there seems nowhere go except back to morality.

What is dangerous is that this return may forced on writers from outside. More and ore often one hears the mutter of "There ght to be a law!" Pressure groups grow stive. Even avant-garde critics begin to de- ore our nihilistic art. Some bleak day censor- ship may descend upon us officially, with the same stultifying results as in Russia or Ireland or any other country which tries to sift the "good" from the "bad" by palpable tests. We will then be rid of the original along with the unworthy; have not free growth but totalitarian restriction. Sweetness and light will reign, but by state proclamation. Then writers and critics and even readers will be able to put the blame neatly—on themselves.

For we are today afflicted by a further sentimentality to which most of the literate world has blindly subscribed. It is as untrue as any other catchword. We have cried over and over, "Artists must be free." And we have added, parroting the adage, "Nobody was ever seduced by a book."

What nonsense! Nobody ever seduced by books? Since the invention of writing, people have been seduced by the power of the word into all kinds of virtues, follies, conspiracies and gallantries. They have been converted to religions, incited to revolutions, inspired to patriotism, urged into sin and lured into salvation. It was with a book that Luther sparked the Reformation; and by another book that St. Ignatius was won from the life of a Basque cavalier to that of God's soldier. Not all the tea dumped into Boston Harbor was as influential in bringing about the American Revolution as was Thomas Paine, busy with his tracts. Soviet Russia was bred in the brain of Karl Marx, scribbling grimly away at *Das Kapital* in the British Museum. St. Augustine came to Christianity by way of a book he picked up and read "in a garden." We are all swayed, whether we know it or not, by what we read. A people drenched, drowned, suffocated by what is sick is bound to be infected.

Consider the generation now growing up. No matter how solid the environment of their homes, no matter how strong their early training in ethics, morals or religion, the constant rain of literary ugliness which pours on them must to some extent erode their characters. Also it is not only what they read but what they do *not* find in their reading that seduces them. The young are romantic. They long for a test of their caliber, for a hero to whom they may respond. They hunger for the bread of bravery, sacrifice, great deeds. They receive the stone of self-pity. I think it a minor miracle that we have young people of any worth at all left in the country when I consider the stuff on which their minds are fed. I can only conclude that half of them do not read.

"But remember," says the unreasoning commentator, "an artist can only hold a mirror up to nature. This is a violent age. We have had two wars. Over us hangs a half-promise of annihilation. We have known Hitler and Stalin, Dachau and Korea. How is a writer to put down anything but the horror to which he is living witness?"

Sentimentality again! There were heroes as well as dupes and victims in those wars. There was an Anne Frank in the concentration camps as well as an Eichmann. There were tens of thousands of plain men and women who gave their lives and their wits toward fighting the evil at their doors. Slums breed saints as well as switchblade killers. Cities spawn scholars as often as profiteers. Small towns are not all sinks of iniquity. Relentlessly to insist the world is all black is as inartistic as to show it all shining white. The mirror held up to nature must not wholly distort.

What is more, it is entirely possible to write a serene and truthful book in a time of great trouble. When Jane Austen worked out her six perfect novels Napoleon was beating at England's gates and invasion might have come at any time. The Roman Empire was falling apart when Vergil wrote *The Georgics* and he is credited with holding it together for a while by virtue of those pastoral masterpieces. St. Augustine finished *The City of God* as the barbarians were literally bursting into the city of Man. As for the Stuart dramatists who next to our own writers were probably most skillful at picturing contemporary nastiness—who reads them now except graduate students? And one must also recall that Stuart villains at least understood their own acts. One was not expected to admire them.

The Stuart emphasis on what was shocking ended in Puritan severity. So did the cynicism of Restoration writers end in Victorian primness. There is some lesson here if I read it right. Since we have nowhere to travel nowadays for further shock, we must take one of three roads left to us. One path is most probable as well as most dangerous—officiai censorship which pleases nobody except the censors. Another is toward unofficial reaction, with a new era of sugared propriety as the only novelty to be seized.

The third is the hardest but the only one worth following. Writers must turn away from sentimental preoccupation with evil only and examine the whole of life. Then we may have our Tolstoys. We'll have our Balzacs. We'll even have our Dickenses. (For Dickens, one remembers, invented not Nell Trents alone. He also imagined his Fagins and his Uriah Heeps and his Mr. Micawbers.) Then we will have black and white, sin and suffering, good and bad, all on the same canvas, translated from life freely but faithfully. Out of what seems an exhausted literature we may create, if not an age of gold, at least one of some sound metal. We'll have heroes again. We'll have aspirers again.

And I shall have a little peace in the morning with my coffee. END

Practically Nothing

acaroni in a hearty salad, tossed with a homemade lemon-and-mustard dressing—
nly 50c a serving. Other vegetables to use often are beets, corn, zucchini.

Prepare your meals early in the day before it gets hot. The pastry and filling for
ır Caraway Swiss-Cheese Pie can be made in the morning, baked before supper.
nd casseroles, like our thrifty chipped-beef-and-mushroom with chow-mein noo-
es, only 47c a serving, can of course be made ahead, and reheated before eating.

Menu III

*Caraway Swiss-Cheese Pie**
Mixed Vegetable Salad
(Use leftover vegetables if you have them, or try a mixture of cooked corn, carrots, zucchini and green peas with French dressing.)
Fresh Sliced Peaches
Homemade or Bought Macaroons
Cost $3.76 6 Servings

CARAWAY SWISS-CHEESE PIE—96c

stry for a 9″ pie shell

LING:
up finely chopped onion
ablespoons margarine
ggs
ups liquefied nonfat dry milk
1 *teaspoon salt*
⅛ *teaspoon pepper*
Dash of cayenne
1 *teaspoon caraway seed*
1½ *cups grated domestic Swiss cheese*

ıe a 9″ pie plate with pastry and crimp the edges. ver with saran and refrigerate. Sauté the onion in ablespoons margarine until tender and straw-colored. ıce in a small bowl, cover and reserve. Beat eggs until thy. Add liquefied nonfat dry milk, salt, pepper, cayne, caraway seed, cheese and 2 tablespoons melted rgarine. Cover tightly and refrigerate. You may do this early in the morning. About 40 minutes before ving time, spread sautéed onion evenly over the botn of the pie shell. Mix egg-cheese mixture *thoroughly* l spoon into pie shell. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 20 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350° F. and bake -15 minutes more or until center of mixture is set; nife should come out clean. Let stand on a wire rack 3 minutes before cutting. Makes 6 servings.

Menu IV

*Chipped-Beef-and-Mushroom Casserole with Chow-Mein Noodles**
Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad with French or Italian Dressing
Brown-and-Serve Rolls
Cantaloupe or Watermelon Slices
Cost $4.47 6 Servings

CHIPPED-BEEF-AND-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE WITH CHOW-MEIN NOODLES—$2.81

½ *pound chipped beef*
2 *tablespoons margarine*
½ *pound mushrooms, thinly sliced*
2 *cloves garlic, peeled and crushed*
2 (10½-*oz.*) *cans cream-of-mushroom soup*
1 *cup water*
⅛ *teaspoon pepper*
1 *teaspoon Worcestershire sauce*
½ *cup commercial sour cream*
1 *can* (3-*oz.*) *chow-mein noodles*

Pour enough boiling water over dried beef to cover. Let stand 30 minutes. Drain and repeat this procedure. Drain again. Heat margarine in a skillet and sauté mushrooms and garlic until golden. Heat cream-of-mushroom soup and water. Add chipped beef and contents of skillet. Season with pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Remove from heat. Add sour cream, mix well. Spoon into a 1½-quart casserole. Cover and refrigerate until 30 minutes before serving time. Then uncover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 30 minutes, or until heated through. Do not allow mixture to boil. Heat chow-mein noodles on a shallow baking tray at the same time, 10–12 minutes or until golden and very crisp. Sprinkle on casserole. Makes 6 servings.

ARE HONEYMOONS HAPPY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Only 2 per cent of honeymooners in the past 52 years visited Niagara Falls. Another 2 per cent took an ocean voyage. Only one in a hundred took a train trip. Most couples sought Nature's splendors at lakes, national parks and beaches, or preferred urban excitement in five large and famous cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., and San Francisco. Honeymoons were jointly planned by 60 per cent of the couples; one bride in a hundred assumed this prerogative.

Some couples postponed their honeymoons for years. One man and wife were finally able to afford a trip after 34 years, "when our children were married and we had grandchildren."

Some wished they had postponed it. "I would enjoy a honeymoon *now* so much more than we did *then*," comments a woman married eight years. "We'd appreciate getting away from the children and pressures and just being by ourselves, without the strain of being newlyweds."

On the other hand, "Take your honeymoon immediately and plan one you'll always cherish," advises a war bride. "I had so many weekend honeymoons I have no special one to remember."

"The knowing smiles of hotel clerks and guests" bothered a young woman who honeymooned at Santa Barbara. "I would have much preferred the privacy of our own apartment." But a coed who went directly from her college graduation to a small apartment says, "I recommend a trip, no matter how short. The wedding festivities put you in an expectant, exhilarated mood, and if you just start a routine life it's a big blow."

The "rough activities" of a hunting and fishing trip to Mexico and staying at "crude places" disillusioned a bride who later separated from her husband. Other brides were "ecstatic" in tents. "Our honeymoon ended on a tense note," relates another bride who spent the last day moving furniture. Another woman complained that on her honeymoon "my husband expected his bachelor ways to be my social life."

"Don't get into financial debt over a honeymoon," says one wife from experience. "Honeymoons aren't necessary," believes another, happily married for seven years. "We never had one and we couldn't be happier."

Wrote a Florida college girl whose honeymoon was one night in a hotel, "Although I miss having all that goes with a formal wedding (dress, pictures, presents, parties, and so on) our elopement was so easy—and heavenly."

A surprising number of couples, six out of every hundred, spent their honeymoons with their in-laws, usually the groom's mother. This was especially true during World War II when hotel space and travel were limited. Few favorable words were said about honeymoons with in-laws. "My mother-in-law was a lovely, congenial person," one bride commented, "but I felt an embarrassment and restraint in having our bedroom adjoining hers."

A few brides invited their mothers to join them on their honeymoons. A Miami bride took along *both* sets of parents and her younger sister. "We all had a lot of fun together," she reports, "although they refused to stay in the same hotel we were in." A Kentucky girl eloped at 17 with her beau, her mother and two girl friends. Happy after 23 years of marriage, she says she would choose the same arrangement again. A Texas marriage "in a car by the side of the highway" was the prelude to a honeymoon with the mother-in-law: this marriage turned out unhappily.

"For the first three months of my marriage I cried every day," confesses a graduate student who continued to go to college with her husband. "We both had to study *all* the time."

A woman looks back at her seashore honeymoon through a halo of discontent. "Rain, rain, rain," she notes disconsolately. If she had it to do over again, she would choose a different wedding ceremony, different bridal night, different honeymoon and a different man.

"We ate our wedding supper at a drive-in and had a very ordinary hotel room with a squeaky bed," complains a woman whose honeymoon is "still rankling."

There was no evidence that younger married women today have had any wider sexual experience before marriage than their mothers, in spite of the impact of World War II. However, in all age groups, college girls showed a higher rate of virginity at marriage than high-school girls, a fact in close agreement with other studies. (The difference of 11 per cent is significant in that the college girl usually has four to five more years of singleness than a high-school girl.)

There appears to be strong pressure on younger people today to postpone consummation of the wedding past the bridal night. The *Journal* study shows that among married women presently in their teens or twenties, 74 per cent had no relations with their husbands the wedding night. Of those wives who are now over 30 years old, 76 per cent consummated the marriage the first night. Suggests a Fresno bride, "If you prefer no consummation on your wedding night, be sure and decide this together *before* the ceremony."

Why are so many young people postponing this full relationship of marriage? Perhaps it is because they have been told that the nervous stress and strain connected with a wedding bring fatigue which can inhibit a happy relationship. The present survey shows this idea to be an oversimplification of a highly complex subject. The bride's prior state of mind, whether exhausted, or tense, or fearful, or calm and confident, did not affect to any marked degree her responsiveness on the wedding night.

Whether she had a large formal wedding with its accompanying round of fatiguing parties right up to the wedding ceremony, or whether she eloped on the spur of the moment had no bearing on the success of the honeymoon. Regardless of whether the marriage was consummated the first night or the first week, the same proportion of brides achieved a successful relationship immediately—about 30 per cent.

Whether the bride was virginal or not made a slight difference. If the bride was sexually experienced, she was more likely to achieve responsiveness directly after marriage. However, in the succeeding weeks and months, the virgin brides responded more rapidly than the experienced brides, so that their eventual relationship was equally happy.

There was no indication that the wedding night "makes or breaks a marriage." About a third of the women questioned achieved responsiveness immediately after their marriage. Another 17 per cent found it within a matter of weeks, and another 21 per cent within months. Within the first year of marriage 70 per cent of the women, whether virgins or not at the time of their weddings, experienced joy in sex. Another 15 per cent made the adjustment after "years." ("Age has its benefits!" said one woman who found "understanding" with her husband and her first true sexual response after 20 years of marriage.) Two in every hundred women said they did not fully respond until 11 to 25 years after their wedding nights. About 15 per cent did not say when, if ever, they reached this goal.

In her book on the degrees of frigidity in women, *The Power of Sexual Surrender*, psychiatrist Dr. Marie Robinson says, "Patience and faith are the prime requisites for emotional maturation. Nobody can name the time it will take for any given individual to cross the bridge to womanhood. But that most women cross it there can be no doubt."

"It takes time to become fully awakened, even though you think you are ready," remarks one woman. "But as the years go by, a true loving relationship becomes beautiful way beyond expectation."

Sexual maturity appears to be a matter of both age and emotional maturity. No woman reaches her fullest endocrinal development until she is 25. Many people regard college-educated women who remain virginal past the age of 30 as too inhibited and repressed ever to make a good adjustment. This study indicates that such a woman is as responsive by the end of the first year of marriage as the bride in her blooming teens; indeed, among college women, virgins over 30 are quicker to respond than virgins in their twenties. Though there may be other disadvantages in delayed marriages, a less satisfactory physical relationship does not seem to be one of them.

Many women in this survey who failed to achieve responsiveness on their honeymoons still regarded the first two weeks of their marriage as a "happy fruition." Many who found satisfaction immediately looked on their honeymoons as disappointing and disillusioning. Quite a few women who surrendered their virginity to their husbands before marriage wished that they had not. Says a California woman, "My husband frustrated me throughout the honeymoon with the continual remark, 'Just because it's legal does it change anything?'" (This particular woman did not break through the barriers of frigidity for five years.)

Why do women marry? The overwhelming majority, 85 per cent, said they married for love, home and children. "To escape from home and family" motivated 8 per cent; loneliness, about 8 per cent; and 9 per cent married because of pregnancy.* There was no apparent correlation between the reason for marriage and eventual divorce.

Did the women in this survey feel adequately prepared for marriage? Two thirds of them did; one third said emphatically "No." Many saw the need for more marriage preparation courses, "especially at the high-school level." If difficulties arise, "don't let false pride keep you from seeking professional advice—*not* from friends and family," says one bride. "If there are some things about your husband that irk you, remember that you also irk him. Sometimes when you think he is wrong, you are the one at fault."

Some couples who began marriage with slim pocketbooks found "our early days of struggle hold some of our dearest memories," while others found that "money worries soon dim love." Financial stress plagued half the marriages, but showed no correlation with the eventual outcome of the marriage. Half of the brides worked the first year of marriage and half stayed home; their marriages showed an equal degree of happiness. "Mutual goals" were apparently more important than whether one or both of the partners worked to achieve them. One wife claimed proudly, "We helped each other achieve our goals. My husband put me through my last year of college after our first child was born and when he himself had not yet graduated."

Practically all brides stressed the importance of staying emotionally close. "Talk things out without anger; silence destroys a marriage," many said in many different ways. "Bear in mind that your husband will need more of your undivided attention every single day in the eighteenth year of your marriage than in the first," cautions a woman married 18 years. "We had no problems of any kind the first two years of our marriage," commented a young woman. "We were both trying so hard to make each other happy."

"Give love generously," a woman advises brides of today. "There are so many wonderful ways to show it. Don't be afraid of them. Don't quarrel over trifles; but if you do differ on something important, discuss it calmly and compromise. Be loyal: don't discuss your husband's faults, business affairs or personal life with others. Keep your marriage vows in spirit as well as the letter: love, honor and *cherish* him."

Advises a New York woman who was married at 20: "I think books on sex are often harmful because they lead a bride to expect too much on her honeymoon. Discussing any book with your doctor and husband-to-be is better than reading it alone and taking it for gospel."

Half of the marriages in this study remained at the honeymoon level of happiness. About a quarter of them got off to a splendid start but slumped later. Another quarter made a bad start but improved later. About 12 per cent of the marriages ended in divorce.

Whether a couple took a long or a short honeymoon or none at all, whether a wife's full physical responsiveness was immediate or delayed, did not affect the final outcome of the marriage. Many ecstatic honeymoons led rather abruptly to the divorce courts; many wretched honeymoons were the start of a beautiful and enduring relationship. It may be that multiple honeymoons, spaced throughout the years, are more important to marriage happiness than a single initial honeymoon. "The kind of wedding and honeymoon you have don't matter," states one woman. "It's how you adjust through the years that counts."

When asked whether their marriages were happy at the present time, 78 per cent of the women said that they were. Of this "happy" group, 12 per cent said that if they had it to do over again, they would marry a different man. "I love my husband, but ——" or "I'm happily married but I could be happier" describes the attitudes of this group with mixed emotions. "Don't look at other men," a happily married woman advises brides. "They probably have faults that don't show."

About 16 per cent definitely stated that they were unhappy in their marriages. Still, one in ten of these said she would marry the same man again!

Lewis Terman in his classic study on marital happiness found that there are men and women so thorny in temperament that they can never find happiness in any marriage, and others who are basically so happy that they stay that way no matter how unfortunately they are mated. Many women mentioned the value of "the frankness of impersonal marriage counseling" in helping to modify bad personality traits. "I believe that most marriages can be happy if you really want them to be," one divorcee concludes.

How happy are honeymoons? In comparing the happiness ratings on honeymoons and marriages, it is clear that wedding trips are far from being the apex of joy they are supposed to be. Half the women enjoyed their honeymoons, while the other half found them neutral in feeling or downright disappointing and disillusioning. But after a number of years of marital upheavals and compromises, 78 per cent balanced the pros and cons and decided that they were happy.

Just as no magic combination of traits will produce a perfect marriage, so no combination of wedding ceremony or honeymoon spot will guarantee a good marriage start. Happiness remains the most elusive of all qualities to pin down, and the success of any given marriage remains a personal equation.

In retrospect, most women regarded the honeymoon not as some isolated segment of their lives but as the first step on a lifetime journey.

As an Arizona college woman put it, "It takes time, patience, understanding and unselfish love to help a marriage become the beautiful union it should be. In a happy marriage, the honeymoon is *never* the culmination of romance."

EN

* *When the answers to the survey questionnaire do not add up to an even 100 per cent, some women failed to answer, or checked a variety of answers.*

SUMMER WORLD

By BARBARA A. JONES

The surface of the summer world
Is dotted with the small form, curled
In happy nearness to small things:
The grass blade where the cobweb swings,
The beetle on the stem. They stoop
Above the new fern's tiny loop,
The track of snail, forget-me-not,
The hillock of the ants. They squat
In endless incubation over
A bee's transaction with the clover.

DEAR MR. G:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

mpathizing with their troubles and oblems, always ready to lend a lping hand. To them she was "reg-ar" and they respected her, for role had made it the hard way.

Born Jane Peters, in Fort Wayne, diana, she and her family moved to lifornia when she was seven. At ven Carole got her first taste of mo-n pictures when a neighbor recom-nded her for the part of Monte ue's little sister in *The Perfect Crime*. r first film pay was $50.

After that Carole was ready for a n career. "School comes first," ssie had insisted, so it wasn't till role was fifteen, had finished junior h and won a lot of Charleston nce contests that she got another part and literally fought her way to a series of hard-riding cow-l roles in Buck Jones Westerns on Fox lot. "The theory was that if u could 'take it' there you could anything," Carole said.

When Pathé came along with an er of $150 a week, Carole jumped it. "I thought I was in the big ney," she laughed.

arole attained stardom with such pictures as *Twentieth Century*, *My n Godfrey* and *The Princess Comes oss*. She received an Academy ard nomination for her work in *dfrey*. John Barrymore, who co-rred with her in *Twentieth Century*, l, "She is perhaps the greatest ress I ever worked with."

hus when I went to work for her role had "arrived."

Clark and I are going to be mar-l as soon as he's free," she told me t fall morning in 1938.

could easily understand why Clark been attracted to Carole. Beauti-and light of spirit, she was an in-uing combination of fun-loving d and glittering, glamorous woman-he-world. Her jewels were fabu-s, her taste in clothes exquisite, and was much sought after because of spontaneity and poise.

Clark, at 37, was somewhat in-ure. His sudden popularity had fused him and he didn't quite w how to handle it. Behind him e sobering years of poverty, hard k, and failures on both stage and en. Both his marriages had been appy. Carole's sunny and open re was a perfect foil for his dark, dsome shyness.

Clark had been separated from his nd wife, Ria, who was a good y years his senior, for several years, there'd been no final divorce ac-. Carole told me that Ria, who'd a chic, thrice-married divorcee re becoming Mrs. Gable, was ling out for a huge financial settle-t, pending a final decree. Until , wedding plans were to be very -hush, although all Hollywood w of their romance. They were together constantly.

arole and Clark had met six years er when they'd costarred in *No n of Her Own* at Paramount, but 't see each other after that until Whitney gave his famous gag y on February 7, 1936. Attired hospital gown, Carole had her-carried in to the party on a cher borne by two white-coated ndants. Clark thought she was t. It was fun to be with her again now he was free to ask for a date.

he following Valentine's Day le sent Clark an ancient, battered zy old Model A she'd found in k yard It was plastered all over tiny red hearts. Clark loved it going right along with the gag, called for Carole that evening in the rattletrap. In full evening dress, they drove off to a party. From then on, they'd been kindred spirits.

Carole loved scrapbooks and picture albums. She had a little box camera and was always snapping pictures to chronicle their activities. Besides her own career scrapbooks, she asked me if I'd start a series for Clark.

In sorting out his papers, I found his birth certificate, old theater programs and handbills, newspaper clippings, pictures and other souvenirs he'd collected along the way. I was fascinated.

Clark Gable's theatrical career really started when, at the age of seventeen, he saw his first play in Akron, Ohio, and fell forever in love with show business. But it was to be almost fifteen years before he was cast in the role that made him famous: that of the gangster in *A Free Soul*, with Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore.

Larry Barbier, of M-G-M's publicity department, was on the set during the shooting of Clark's first scene. "When the director saw him, he said, 'We've got to do something with those ears.'" Larry recalls. "He told the make-up man to tape Clark's ears close to his head.

"Clark shot a few minutes this way and then tore the tape off," Larry continues. "He said, 'I'm not going to use this stuff. Either you take me as I am or I will go back to New York.'"

Clarence Brown, the director, had selected Clark because the gangster had to be attractive enough to appeal to the highborn girl played





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by Norma Shearer, yet show he was no gentleman by slapping her.

"Clark was in agony over playing the scene," Lionel Barrymore said. "He was plagued by the thought that Norma was Irving Thalberg's wife and Metro's biggest star. He was afraid that if he really belted her, it might ruin his chances in films."

When it came to the big slap scene, Clark slapped and slapped hard. The scene was so brutal that Louis B. Mayer, studio head, wanted it cut out of the finished print, but was persuaded to leave it in.

When the picture was released in June, 1931, Clark was an overnight sensation. Thousands of letters poured in about his performance. Exhibitors wired, "Who is this new he-man?" Every man who'd ever wanted to sock a female when she deserved it cheered him. The women were all aching to be knocked about by this wonderful guy with the baffling, irritating smile.

Lionel Barrymore won an Oscar for his portrayal of the drunken father, but the film made Clark a star. The public was fed up with suave, romantic lovers. Clark brought a new element to the screen—virile masculine sex appeal.

"The secretaries and the girls in the studio stenographic pool are always a good barometer," Larry Barbier says. "Something like an electric shock now ran along the studio grapevine. When he walked into the commissary for lunch all eyes were on him. Suddenly everyone was aware of Clark Gable."

Clark's contract was rewritten, on a one-year basis. His salary was raised to $1150 a week, with the studio setting $500 of this aside in a trust fund each week. Clark celebrated by buying his first sports car, a second-hand Duesenberg. He was so proud of it that friends accused him of sleeping in it.

"He said he remembered when he'd slept in worse places," one reports. "He couldn't forget his early struggles."

In 1932, Paramount Pictures made *No Man of Her Own*, a comedy about a fascinating gambler and a small-town librarian. The librarian role was assigned to Carole Lombard. "I suggested Clark for the gambler," director Wesley Ruggles says. "I remembered him from the one-reelers when I'd used him and Janet Gaynor as extras at five dollars a day."

The Paramount executives were dubious about Clark's ability to play comedy; they had him typed as a "killer," but they ended up by making a deal with M-G-M for his services.

"Clark and Carole clicked right from the start and made a good comedy team," Ruggles says. "I was impressed with the progress Clark had made, but it was Clark's opinion that he wasn't going to last long and he told me he was going to 'make hay' while he could."

The picture took six weeks to shoot and Clark and Carole devised innumerable gags on each other. At the party on the final day of shooting, Carole presented Clark with a huge ham with his picture imprinted on the label. He in turn gave her a pair of dilapidated outsize ballet shoes "for dancing."

Clark's next three pictures were not very successful, despite the fact that he was cast with Helen Hayes in a remake of *The White Sister* and *Night Flight* and was teamed again with Jean Harlow in *Hold Your Man*. For the next couple of years his career was in the doldrums, his marriage to Ria was not going well and he was terribly discouraged.

"Clark felt he'd fallen into the category of 'just a good leading man,'" a friend says. "He went to the front office and complained. To discipline him, M-G-M loaned him out to Columbia for a comedy Frank Capra was going to make."

Claudette Colbert had been signed to play opposite him and she and Clark got together and compared notes.

"Clark wasn't dissatisfied with the story," Claudette says. "He was just irritated that M-G-M had farmed him out. As for me, I went into it deliberately—and with pleasure, because I had never met Clark and, like every other woman in the country, thought he was divine. I jumped at this gay prospect of looking at Gable every day and getting paid besides!"

It Happened One Night was released in February, 1934, and was an overnight box-office sensation. Audiences loved Clark and Claudette in their light-comedy roles. Everywhere people sang "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Clark in his role of the newspaperman set several masculine styles. Mustaches, the symbol of the dilettante, now became fashionable for rugged males. The fact that he wore no undershirt in the film caused an immediate decline in sales, to the great discomfort of the manufacturers. Bus-line operators, on the other hand, loved the free publicity for bus travel and reported a healthy increase in the number of female passengers, who were doubtless hoping to be marooned with a man like Clark Gable, as Claudette was.

The 1934 Academy Awards presentations were to be made at the Biltmore Hotel on February 27, 1935. Clark had not wanted to attend and looked uncomfortable in a stiff collar and dinner jacket. Claudette Colbert was certain that Bette Davis was going to win (for *Of Human Bondage*) and was about to



PICTORIAL PARADE

Clark, a year and a half after his birth in Cadiz, Ohio, when, his father says, he weighed eleven pounds, all feet and ears.

board the "Chief" for New York when friends reached her and persuaded her to accompany them to the Biltmore. *It Happened One Night* swept the boards with five surprise awards. It was rated the best picture of the year; Robert Riskin won for his screenplay; Frank Capra for direction; and the costars, Clark and Claudette, for best actor and actress of the year.

Clark accepted his Oscar, grinned broadly, and said, "Thank you." Claudette, overcome with emotion, cried as she took possession of hers.

"They held up the Chief a half hour for me," Claudette says. "I clutched my Oscar, hugged everybody, felt like a fool in my traveling suit and hat and remained in a state of shock until well past Albuquerque."

Clark now became the fair-haired boy of the M-G-M lot. His popularity soared. When Columbia staged the *première* of Grace Moore's *One Night of Love* at the opening of the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco, Marco Wolff, of the firm of Fanchon and Marco, the theater owners, asked Harry Cohn of Columbia to send him "big stars." Clark appeared with a group of other top stars.

"The only one who made the headlines was Gable," Marco relates. "They featured his name in four-inch type—you would have thought war was being declared.

"I have given and attended many theater openings and *premières*," he continues, "but never have I seen anything like the reception given Gable. The master of ceremonies tried to introduce the other stars, but the audience was on its feet yelling 'Gable, Gable.'"

When Clark left the theater after the *première* to return to the St. Francis Hotel, the people waiting to see him had blocked the traffic at Post and Geary and Powell and the cable cars had stopped running. Women left their cars in the middle of the street and rushed forward to try to get a glimpse of him. "It was the most electrifying sight I have ever witnessed," Marco says.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland were youngsters on the M-G-M contract list. As Clark's popularity increased, his voice, his walk began to be widely imitated. Mickey was noted for his skit on Clark. Judy, who was thirteen then, had a schoolgirl crush on him. One day she and Roger Edens, a promising young musician, wrote some lyrics to the tune of "You Made Me Love You." They were called "Dear Mr. Gable" and Judy had a chance to sing them to Clark at a birthday party being given him on one of the sound stages.

Clark was delighted with the song, and the studio executives were so pleased with it that they decided to have Judy sing it in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. "Dear Mr. Gable" became a great hit.

Clark's name was such a byword that the expression "Who do you think you are—Clark Gable?" became the perfect retort.

In mid-August of 1938, David Selznick announced that Clark had been signed to play Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*.

"Clark's publicity was simply fantastic," Corney Jackson, a friend, recalls. "Everywhere he and Carole went, they were mobbed. They almost stole the show from Norma Shearer at the world *première* of *Marie Antoinette*.

"Clark isn't the happy-go-lucky, carefree man the public sees," Carole told me one day. "He's not had a very happy life and is inclined to be depressed and worried. I want to make it up to him if I can and you've got to help me. Let's keep the gags going, get him to relax and be happy."

Clark was good at gags himself. When I called Carole I found I could never recognize his voice. It embarrassed me, for I thought I was rather experienced at handling telephone calls. One day I turned to her and said, "Why can't I recognize Clark's voice?"

"He changes it deliberately," Carole replied. "He gets a kick out of fooling you—if even if you do recognize it, pretend you don't."

About this time, Carole and I were house hunting for a place to live after she and Clark were married. We spent days roaming through Beverly Hills, Brentwood and Bel Air, but we found nothing she liked.

Then a brochure came in the mail describing the Raoul Walsh ranch in Encino, out in the San Fernando Valley. It was up for sale. Usually I threw this type of literature away but on a hunch I showed it to Carole. She took one look, let out a yell and called Clark who came rushing over.

They were both excited, for they had visited Raoul, a prominent director, many times, and loved his place. They got in touch with him at once and bought the property then and there. We all drove out to look at it.

The Walsh ranch was eight miles from Bel Air, reached via one of the canyon passes through the hills to the north of Hollywood. It lay in open country in a beautiful little natural valley at the foot of a gently rolling hill.

"Let's buy the hill too," Clark said. "It will give us more privacy."

There were a main house, stables for nine horses, a hay barn, workshop and garage. The trees were beautiful. Giant pepper and eucalyptus were everywhere, providing wonderful shade. There was a citrus orchard of orange, lemons and grapefruit as well as many avocado trees, peaches, plums, figs and apricots. The paddocks and fields were planted to alfalfa and red oats.

The house was a two-story Connecticut farmhouse, with tall chimneys of clinker brick. Clark and Carole were like excited children, dashing up and down stairs, into and out of the rooms, calling to each other, planning changes while I trailed them with a notebook.

One of Clark's pet names for Carole was "Ma," while she always called him "Pa."

"I've always wanted a place like this," he id, looking around, his eyes shining. "It ill be the first home I've had since I was a by that I can really call my own." He put s arm around Carole. "Ma, I think we're oing to be very happy here."

Early in November Carole said, "Jeanie, e'd better get started on the Christmas opping."

Thereafter we went to Beverly Hills or Los ngeles for all-day shopping sprees and I atched in amazement as Carole played Lady ountiful. She never stopped at one gift; there ere always several for each member of her mily and her personal friends.

Carole never had any of the stores do her ft wrapping. The presents were all sent to e house in Bel Air and stacked in a spare droom. Before she was through you could rdly make your way around the room thout falling over stacks of boxes.

I shall never forget the first time she said, Now we'll begin to wrap."

She had laid in a supply of beautiful papers d ribbons and was far better than any pro-



CULVER PICTURES

In 1933, Clark made It Happened One Night, *with beautiful Claudette Colbert, who said: "Like every other woman in the country, I thought he was divine."*

sional at wrapping exquisite packages. I ust confess that I was an awkward amateur d that Carole wrapped most of the gifts, t it was the beginning of many Christmas, thday and other gift-wrap sessions we had d I soon learned to love it, gradually imoved, and finally was able to do a fair job.

Carole had a brownish-beige Pekingese led Pushface that was getting along in urs. She died just before Christmas. Ellie, e of the maids, adored the dog and told role she would dispose of her.

Carole planned a family party at her home Christmas and of course Clark was to nd it with them. The house was gaily decated, a huge tree set up in the living room.

Although I was aware of her generosity, I s not prepared for the lovely Persian coat role gave me Christmas Eve, nor for the nus check I later found in the pocket.

Clark was at the house when I came in er Christmas. "We had quite a do here," said. "Ellie took Pushface to a taxidermist d had her stuffed. She was sitting in Carole's air when we went in to dinner and when saw her, she screamed the house down."

"Look what I found on my doorstep Christns morning," Carole said, pointing to a ge plaster statue of himself that Clark had t her. It weighed several hundred pounds d was a remarkable likeness. Carole loved nd kept it around for a conversation piece, en hung her hat on it. Clark's "real" gift her was a beautiful convertible.

Although Clark had been announced for *ne With the Wind* in August, it was Deember before David Selznick found the Scarle he wanted, Vivien Leigh. The actual shootin started in late January, 1939. Carole sent rk a string of stuffed white doves on the st day of shooting. These he kept draped r his mirror thereafter.

Clark loved working with Vivien Leigh, via de Havilland and others in the cast, especially little Cammie King, who played the part of Rhett's child, Bonnie. "This is my real sweetheart," he told Carole and she pretended to be very jealous. Clark was always crazy about children and he never forgot Cammie. (Years later he had a chance meeting with her in London. She was eighteen then and on her way to a finishing school in Switzerland. Clark was delighted with her beauty and the fact that she still called him "Father Rhett.")

The schedule was a grueling one and the cast and crew relieved the tension with the usual gags. During the filming of the scene where Rhett carries Scarlett upstairs, Victor Fleming, the director, and the crew decided to play a joke on Clark. They had him carry Vivien up the long winding staircase for a dozen retakes. Vivien always managed to do something to make Clark think she had spoiled the shot. Clark was literally exhausted and ready to explode at his costar, but he never complained.

"The first take was perfect, Clark," Fleming finally said. "The others were just for laughs."

Financial negotiations for Clark's divorce settlement with Ria had hit several snags, but an amicable settlement was finally made and the divorce was granted March 6, 1939. Clark and Carole were now free to marry.

But Clark was deeply involved in *Gone With the Wind*. The shooting schedule made it virtually impossible for him to get away for the quiet wedding he and Carole wanted.

Otto Winkler, a publicity man at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, handled all Clark's personal publicity and contacts. They were good friends so Clark asked Otto to make arrangements for the wedding.

"Get it all set up," he said, "so we can go the minute I get some free time."

Otto scouted around for a week, looking for a place where the marriage could be performed without ballyhoo. He finally decided on Kingman, Arizona. It was not too far (350 miles) from Hollywood and he found a minister that he liked, the Reverend Kenneth Engle, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. He told Mr. Engle that he planned to bring some friends over to be married, but did not reveal their identity.

The days dragged on. Then, unexpectedly, Clark found that he had two days off from shooting—March 29 and 30. "This is just the break we've been waiting for," he said.

The next problem was to elude the reporters, for it was very difficult for stars as prominent as Clark and Carole to make a move without publicity.

"It's like a cloak-and-dagger mystery," Carole said, when she told me of their plans.

Clark was living in North Hollywood. At 4:30 o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth, he drove over to Carole's house. In a few minutes Otto arrived. Clark and Carole, together with Otto, drove to Kingman in Otto's car. Both wore shabby old clothes to escape recognition.

Upon arriving in Kingman they went directly to the courthouse for the license. The clerk practically collapsed when she recognized them and could hardly fill out the necessary forms in her excitement.

As they came down the steps of the courthouse, a reporter from the local paper drove up in a press car, parked in front of them. "That stopped us for a moment," Clark said. "We were sure the game was up, but he didn't give us a second glance." What a scoop he missed!

The minister had been alerted by Otto and he and his wife were waiting at their home just outside the city. The Engles were hospitable, friendly people. Carole and Clark changed clothes before the wedding. The ceremony was quiet and dignified, with Mrs. Engle and a neighbor serving as witnesses.

I had arrived at Carole's house that morning as usual and her mother, Bessie, and I spent the day together, waiting for the news. One paper had assigned a reporter to keep a daytime watch on Carole's house, just in case, but of course he saw nothing. Carole's brother Stuart came out during the afternoon and without telling him what was going on, we managed to detain him.

Finally the call came through from Clark and Carole. They were married. There was much excitement and laughter as they talked first to Bessie and Stuart and then to me. Bessie was delighted when Clark said, "You've got a son-in-law, mom!" The servants were overjoyed when we told them, although I think they suspected what was happening.

Otto called all the wire services and papers, briefing them and inviting all reporters to a reception at Carole's the next morning.

We set up a buffet in the living room and served sandwiches, coffee and cake to the newsmen. Soon Clark and Carole appeared, were interviewed, posed for pictures. Carole wore her wedding suit, a gray flannel with a gray-and-white polka-dot vest, gray shoes and hose. Clark wore a navy-blue suit and a dark tie. Both were radiant with happiness.

The next day Clark went back to being Rhett Butler, and Carole began shooting *In Name Only* with Cary Grant. The honeymoon would have to wait.

Work on the ranch now began. The place was like a loadstone. Every spare moment Clark or Carole had, we raced out to check the progress of the remodeling. The three of us spent many hours sitting on the floor before a huge fire in the dining room, deep in plans and specifications of all kinds, while workmen swarmed around us. Besides the construction work, outside irrigation lines were being repaired, fences mended, trees pruned. One estimate in particular, for work on the pepper trees, was way out of line.

"To heck with it," Clark decided. "Let's leave 'em as they are—they'll outlive us all."

Carole and I spent our days haunting antique shops, buying things for the ranch house. It and all the other buildings were painted white, with dark green shutters, in true New England style.

At last the work was finished and Carole began decorating and furnishing. Her first and only thought was to make it a *man's* home, livable, comfortable, warm, beautiful. Carole had exquisite taste, knew exactly what she wanted and the effects she wished to achieve. She loved color and knew how to use it. The results were charming.



CULVER PICTURES

Playing with Greta Garbo in Susan Lenox *was a boost to Clark's career—although at first he was jittery and a little bit afraid of the glamorous star.*

Clark finished shooting *Gone With the Wind* in June and the move to the ranch was made soon after. This was a major undertaking. We all worked like mad and were in a state of collapse at the end of the day. The servants were too tired even to prepare a meal.

Carole was all for phoning the Brown Derby to send out some food when Bessie appeared, laden with great bowls of salad and casseroles of hot food, ready to serve.

Clark was very proud of his "old lady" and the job she'd done. When I left that night they were wandering around, hand in hand, looking things over. Carole constantly ribbed Clark about his title of "King."

"Well, old king," she said, "you've finally got a castle."

(To Be Continued)

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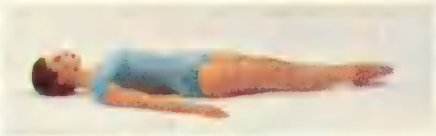
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For a Flatter Midriff. Lie flat on back, arms out at sides, legs out straight with toes pointed. To a slow count of 4, lift legs up to form a right angle. Lower legs to a slow count of 4. Start with 4, work up to 10.





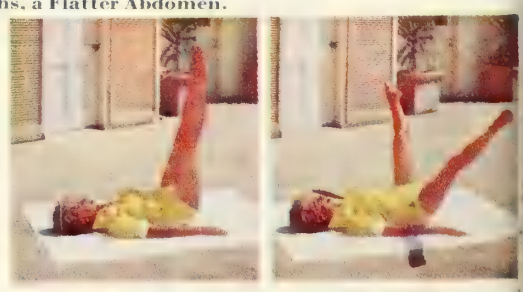
PHOTOS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Janet Leigh gets tips from Tony Curtis's exercise instructor. His advice to all: "Do exercises according to your own ability and do them up to the point where you are *not tired* when you finish."

For Trimmer Waistline, Flatter Derrière. Sit with arms outstretched at sides, palms down, knees flexed. Keeping feet in same area, swing knees left, then right. Hold upper body straight. Do 5 times. Rest. Do 5 more. Increase to your own ability.



For Firmer Inner Thighs, a Flatter Abdomen. Lie on back, legs straight. Raise legs up to a right angle. Point toes out. Slowly spread legs to form a wide V. Do spread 3 times. Lower legs to first position. Rest. Repeat. Work up to doing 20 spreads twice.



For Prettier, Firmer Upper Arms. Lie on slant board (or diagonally across bed with head at corner), knees flexed, arms straight up and slightly back, hold five-pound weights or books, palms facing. Lower arms from elbow as far as possible, keep arms tensed. Do 5 times. Rest. Repeat. Work up to doing 10 twice.



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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVIII NO. 8 August, 1961

Journalities



Mark Shaw

Mark Shaw, photographer for *The Kennedys On Vacation* (cover and page 32), met his wife while on a *Journal* assignment in 1958. Mrs. Shaw is the vivacious Pat Suzuki, who rose to stardom in *Flower Drum Song*. "In fact," says Mark, "I met her the very day the show opened in Boston. I was shooting a picture of Pat for a *Journal* ad using the title of her hit song from the show, *I Enjoy Being a Girl*." Evidently Mark enjoyed it too. They have a nine-month-old son, David — "who was born just about the time John F. Kennedy Jr. arrived in the world."



Pearl S. Buck

"Few modern writers have done so much to further the common understanding of the human heart." So Richard Walsh concluded a biographical sketch of his wife, PEARL BUCK. Pulitzer and Nobel prize winner, grand lady and good citizen of the world and Bucks County, Pennsylvania, she continues this mission in *The Beauty*, page 30.



Jean Garceau

JEAN GARCEAU, who collaborated with INEZ COCKE to write *Dear Mr. G:* (Part II, page 42), was Clark Gable's business manager for twenty-one years. She lives in Sherman Oaks, California, in an "authentic New England Cape Cod home" overlooking the San Fernando Valley. "My husband and I love antiques," she reports, "and have such a large collection of old pressed glass we have to keep some of it under the bed."

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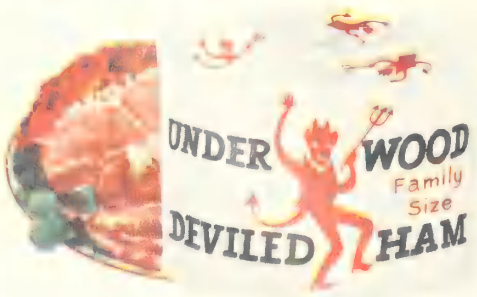
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BASIC RECIPE: Mix UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM with chopped sweet pickle relish. FOR A FLAVOR SWITCH, add one of these: chili sauce (shown here with pimiento strips), chopped celery, onion, green pepper, olives, apple or nuts. Or combine basic recipe with your favorite cheese, sliced egg, tomato, lettuce or coleslaw. Try *all* these luscious variations. Underwood Deviled Ham is filled with go-together goodness.



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LETTERS OUR READERS WRITE US

ILLINOIS

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: My mother says ladies don't ever put wads of gum behind their ears, or scratch in public or chew tar or refuse to take a bath. Why not? Yours truly,

DEBORAH ("Punk") MILLER, *age nine*
Winnetka

● *Our opinion: A little girl becomes a lady when she discovers that cologne is more effective behind the ears than bubble gum. ED.*

MISSISSIPPI

KEEP ALCOHOL IN THE BOTTLE

Dear Editor: The "Tell Me, Doctor" column in the May issue contains the implication that alcohol is good for the nipples of women who want to breast-feed their babies. Controlled, statistical research shows just the opposite. Mothers using both alcohol and soap were found to have nipple damage more than those using plain water.

It is true that some hospitals still put alcohol on mothers' nipples. (Habits, once established as routine, are hard to rout out.) Sincerely,

NILES NEWTON, Ph.D.
University of Mississippi Medical Center
Jackson

SOUTH CAROLINA

INDULGENCE OF BAD MANNERS?

Dear Editors: Many articles are written about teenagers, but the eye of fond indulgence is always cast upon their "telephonitis." May I suggest that this seems very poor indoctrination toward the difficult-to-learn art of consideration for others? Yours truly,

Aiken ELEANOR WILDS

P.S. Perhaps because my husband was a physician, our six children (*and* their mother) learned to use the telephone with brevity. They suffered no psychological damage!

NEW YORK

HELEN KELLER SPEAKS FOR THE BLIND

Dear Mr. Gould: A prominent American businessman was aboard the *Lusitania* when she was torpedoed and sunk in the early days of World War I. Before rescue came, he clung for hours to a piece of driftwood on the stormy sea. It was then he vowed that if God spared him, he would devote his life and his money to the service of mankind. Out of tragedy, thus evolved the organization which is now called the American Foundation for Overseas Blind. I am proud to have actively served the Foundation since its creation in 1915. The Foundation has reached out to lend aid to blind men, women and children in more than seventy countries.

I have visited my blind fellows in virtually all parts of the world, and have been overjoyed to observe the great achievements and near miracles wrought from our hard work and sacrifices. Yet, among a host of vivid memories, I recall with anguish the continuing plight of so many of my blind friends in Asia, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. I am almost on the verge of despair when I think of the many millions of blind people who have no hope except through the understanding help of their friends in America.

To them and myself, I have made a solemn promise that I will do everything in my power to bring to them the schools, training centers, Braille presses, libraries and other facilities which will lead to economic and social equality with those who see.

Fervently I pray that the good readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will help me fulfill my pledge by making a gift to the American Foundation for Overseas Blind. Very sincerely yours,

New York HELEN KELLER

● *Contributions, tax exempt, should be sent directly to American Foundation for Overseas Blind, Inc., 22 W. 17th Street, New York 11, New York. ED.*

NEW YORK

HELP FOR FAMILIES OF GAMBLERS

Dear Editors: More and more doctors recognize compulsive gambling as a sickness akin to drug addiction and alcoholism. Arising out of this need, we have formed a group called GAM-ANON, the family group of Gamblers Anonymous.

We have branches in Boston, Las Vegas, California, Chicago and Washington, with new ones opening every month. For information, anyone may write to us at GAM-ANON, P. O. Box 115, Brooklyn 10, New York.

Brooklyn *Executive Secretary*

WISCONSIN

QUESTION

Dear Journal: Why *are* laywomen so mean to a pastor's wife? B.J.R.

Milwaukee

SOUTH AMERICA

THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT CAN BE SAID ONLY IN FRENCH

Dear Editors: Enclosed you will find a madrigal which I have dedicated to Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, the First Lady of the United States (Editors' translation).

MADRIGAL (à la Première Dame)
Tu as la voix charmeuse
Et l'on ne savait dire
Si plus pure
Qu'un pure cristal
Ta voix d'or
Que quand elle s'apaise
Elle tinte encor,
Vient de l'âme d'une lyre
Ou de l'âme d'une fleur.

Bogota, Colombia MARIO SANTA CRUZ

HIGH STYLE STORY

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KRAFT'S DELICIOUS FRENCHES!

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New look, yes, but the same great dressing—savory Kraft French that the whole family loves.

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tion to normal skin...no let down in effectiveness. Perfect wedding suggestion at 29c, 49c, and 69c plus tax. Get married today!

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There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names which are used are fictitious.

"I have had two miscarriages, Doctor, and I'm afraid I am going to lose the baby I am carrying now. But I'm wondering if it might not be better if I did!"



ABBOT MILLS

TELL ME, DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

After greeting his new patient, the doctor sat down behind his desk and studied the paper his secretary had given him. "I see that you figure you are three months pregnant, Mrs. Seegar. You have already lost two babies by abortion ——"

"I wish you would say 'miscarriage.' I hate that word 'abortion'!"

"It's very much misunderstood, Mrs. Seegar. In general usage, abortion simply refers to the loss of a baby during the first four months of pregnancy. Miscarriage is applied to a loss between roughly the first four months and the seventh month, before a fetus has become what we doctors call viable. That is to say, before it is able to live outside the mother if it should be expelled prematurely."

"I guess they were abortions, then. I'm glad you explained."

"I see you have been having symptoms which lead you to fear you may lose this present pregnancy too."

"I'm not exactly sure *what* it is that I'm afraid of," Mrs. Seegar said slowly. "I've been having some slight cramps and a bit of spotting recently. That happened both the other times. I suppose I should have come in as soon as it started, but I'm local committeewoman for my party, and we've been deep in making plans for the next political campaign. And then—well, I've been wondering if it might not be better to let happen whatever is going to happen."

"Why do you say that, Mrs. Seegar?"

"Because of what has happened already. The first abortion wasn't so bad. It was just a miserable, frustrating experience. I began to have some spotting and cramping. Then the bleeding stopped, except for a darkish discharge now and then. But at the end of a month or more my uterus hadn't enlarged as it should. Presently I had a rather hard and peculiar menstrual period, and that's all there was to it. My doctor called it a missed spontaneous abortion, and said it was not particularly important, especially in a first pregnancy."

"That is quite right, Mrs. Seegar. A missed abortion happens generally because something is wrong with the embryo, and it simply stops living. After that the placenta shrivels up, instead of breaking loose and being expelled along with the membranes. A pregnancy of that kind can be absorbed by the body completely without seeming to cause any harm, or indicating difficulty with further pregnancies."

"That is exactly what my doctor said. I did have trouble the next time, though, and it was pretty dramatic. I had had occasional spotting and some little cramps, much as I'm having now, but nothing to bother about. Then when I was about two and a half months along, a bus I was getting on started up before I was aboard. It swerved and threw me against the curb, quite hard. Six weeks after that I had cramps and bled, and the pregnancy was expelled. My doctor called it a regular spontaneous abortion—said that bleeding and expulsion of the pregnancy is the way abortions and miscarriages usually take place."

"Quite true. Well, that was certainly an unfortunate experience, Mrs. Seegar. But there is no reason why it should

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



For women: A warning about sinus trouble

Many common ailments can lead to sinus infection—one of the most widespread ills of our time.

And one of the most painful, too, as anyone who has ever suffered from a sinus headache can tell you.

Colds, flu, hay fever, dust allergy—all can lower your defenses against a sinus infection. So take care of yourself when you're sick, even if it means letting the housework slide for a few days. Get the rest you need to recover fully.

These are the tell-tale symptoms of sinus trouble: a feeling of congestion and sensitivity to pressure below your eyes and in the forehead; and a dull, nagging headache that won't go away. If you detect these signs, see your physician before the sinus trouble becomes chronic.

He may well recommend Bufferin® for the quick relief of that throbbing headache. Clinical studies have proven that Bufferin works twice as fast as aspirin for millions. And Bufferin helps relax the *ragged nerves that persistent sinus headache often brings.*

These headaches can return day after day. That's why it is so important to sinus sufferers that they can take Bufferin as often as the doctor tells them to—four, five, even six times a day—*without fear of stomach discomfort.*

Plain aspirin, and other remedies, may cause stomach distress when taken repeatedly. Not Bufferin. Bufferin alone adds an exclusive combination of anti-acids (known as Di-Alminate*) to its aspirin—so it won't disturb your stomach.

You may never experience the pain of a sinus headache. But remember, for the pain of a host of common ills—including ordinary tension headache, sore muscles, toothache, minor arthritic pain—Bufferin brings fast, safe and gentle relief. No wonder physicians recommend it by name more often than any other leading pain reliever.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

make you fearful about this present pregnancy. You will just try, naturally, to avoid a similar accident."

"There was more to it than that, Doctor. We sued the bus company; and though we won our case, the testimony of the doctors the insurance company called in has haunted me ever since. They quoted a lot of authorities to show that in around sixty per cent of spontaneous abortions, whether or not an accident is involved, the great majority of babies have been found to be so defective they couldn't have lived anyway. They claimed there must have been something wrong with the baby to begin with, especially after the insurance-company lawyers drew out the facts about the missed abortion, and the symptoms I had had the second time, before the accident. It didn't seem to affect the jury, but it has certainly bothered me ever since."

"You have brought up a very interesting situation, Mrs. Seegar. From a scientific standpoint, what the witnesses for the insurance company said might be correct. It is amazing how seldom physical injury to the mother, even quite serious injury, seems to be the actual cause of the termination of pregnancy.

"The unborn infant, floating in a bag of fluid and shielded by many strong coverings, including the pelvic bone, is as protected as it can possibly be. When the embryo or fetus is normal, apparently it will keep right on growing inside the injured mother, unless, of course, it has sustained direct injury to itself, or to the placenta. The fact that you had had some danger signals before the accident might be taken as an indication that the abortion would have occurred, even though the accident had not taken place. However, that is something pretty hard to prove, either way, and juries are inclined to give the plaintiff the benefit of the doubt when a baby is involved."

"As I told you, I have often wished we hadn't brought that suit. It left so many unanswered questions in my mind. The insurance-company doctors kept talking about bad ova, to account for the loss of both babies. Now I am starting the same old symptoms of an abortion. Does it mean that this baby, too, is abnormal in some way?"

"Frankly, Mrs. Seegar, the evidence gathered on that point so far is pretty confusing, one might almost say contradictory. We know now that between sixty and seventy per cent of all spontaneous abortions are due to the fact that the embryo had ceased growing in the womb. We believe that this is due to structural or organic irregularities in the embryo. It is doubtless best that pregnancies involving serious structural faults of that kind should terminate as they do.

"On the other hand, many doctors, including myself, have succeeded in helping habitual aborters—that's what we call women who have had three or more spontaneous abortions—to carry babies to full term, and have seen the babies born alive and healthy. In my own experience, there has been no higher rate of abnormality in these babies than in babies born to mothers who have not had this difficulty."

"But suppose I have bad ova, as the insurance-company witnesses kept hinting. What causes bad ova?"

"I don't believe anyone knows, exactly. Some authorities suspect abnormal genes—these may be contributed by either the father or the mother or both. But we also know that a perfectly normal embryo from a normal ovum, which would ordinarily proceed to term, can be blighted, or damaged fatally, by certain diseases—German measles is one—incurred by the mother in early pregnancy. There are even treatments, such as deep X ray to the mother's pelvis in early pregnancy, that can have the same effect.

"And I believe there may be still another explanation for spontaneous abortions or miscarriages in addition to those I have mentioned, Mrs. Seegar. I have said that sixty to seventy per cent of babies who aborted spontaneously were too defective to go on growing. But that leaves some thirty to forty per cent of which this is not true. We doctors see women who are healthy, strong and normal in every discernible way who can't seem to bring a normal pregnancy to term without pretty special care—or even with it, sometimes. This may be due to some obscure hormonal lack, which prevents the embryo or fetus from attaching itself firmly enough to the womb lining. And we suspect unusual fragility of the placental blood vessels in some cases, though we aren't entirely sure about these things. Did you take any special measures to avoid abortion during your first two pregnancies, Mrs. Seegar?"

"I can't say that I did. I've always been well and strong—quite an athlete in my college days. I thought I'd have a baby easily. I've rather looked down on women who use pregnancy as an excuse to baby *themselves*."

The doctor smiled. "I appreciate your desire not to baby *yourself*, Mrs. Seegar. But sometimes a woman has to do that for her baby's sake. However, we can discuss this whole subject much more intelligently after I examine you and get more details about you."

The information obtained from Mrs. Seegar covered family background of herself and husband, their marital history, medications Mrs. Seegar had taken, and minute details as to her daily activities, diet and habits. After giving her an injection of progesterone, to discourage uterine contractions, the doctor made a gent but unusually searching pelvic examinatio Breasts and thyroid were checked as well.

"Mrs. Seegar," he said when he had fi ished, "there is nothing apparent in your bac ground or in your physical condition to ma you a bad risk when it comes to produci children. I can't *guarantee* that we can ena you to bear a full-term, live and normal bat But I can find no reason why you shouldn't that, with the help of medication and reas able care.

"I would like you to avoid emotional stra and upsets if you possibly can. You will ha to refrain from long automobile trips. Th should be no intercourse throughout pr nancy, no douches, cathartics or enemas, a no strenuous sports or other fatiguing physi activities. You won't need to take to your b unless a miscarriage actually threatens, a you can carry on your ordinary pursuits; t is to say, light household duties, and so social life within limits that don't overtire y But you must give up your political work the time being. There is too much emotio tension associated with that kind of thin

"You know, Doctor, with my first two pr nancies I was so bent on being a superwon that I wouldn't let pregnancy make any diff ence in my life. Then, when the spotting a cramps started up this third time, I though myself, 'Another bad ovum,' and didn't kn what to do. But if you say my baby sho have as good a chance as any other woma baby to be normal, provided it lives, I'll anything you tell me to!"

"Good for you! It is of the greatest imp tance to let me know about any unusual h pening, regardless of how trivial it may se

THE STRANGER IN THE PUMPKIN

By JOHN CIARDI

The stranger in the pumpkin
said:
"There's no light inside *your* head.
What a dullard you must be!
Without light how can you see?
Don't you know that heads
should shine
From deep inside themselves—
like mine?
Well, don't stand there in a pout
With that dark dome sticking
out;
It makes me sick to look at it!
Go and get your candle lit!"

PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON
WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

HAND OF THE MONTH

Both sides are vulnerable
South is the dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 2
♥ 7 6 4 2
♦ K Q 5
♣ 8 5 4 3

WEST
♠ 10 6
♥ J 10 9 3
♦ J 8 6 4
♣ K 7 2

EAST
♠ 8 7 4
♥ 8 5
♦ 10 9 7 3 2
♣ J 10 9

SOUTH
♠ A K Q J 5 3
♥ A K Q
♦ A
♣ A Q 6

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 ♠	Pass	2 NT	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	3 NT	Pass
6 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opens with ♥J

Our hapless declarer failed to sense impending doom as she arranged the cards in the glorious South hand. It was the best hand she had ever held and she had to resist the impulse to hold it out where everyone could see. She fingered the cards possessively, cleared her throat and quietly opened the auction: "Two spades."

There was no opposition bidding. North responded with two no trump.

South pondered her next bid. Of course it was perfectly safe just to rebid three spades. Partner dared not pass, so she carried on to three no trump. This put South on the spot. She could leap to six no trump (with 150 honors), but that would mean partner would play the hand. *I've waited all my life for a hand like this*, she thought. *And so help me, I'm going to play it.* Whereupon she bid six spades.

This plunge was an out-and-out gamble. North had lent no encouragement in the proceedings. But who wouldn't gamble for a twelfth trick? Even if dummy has no honors at all, you must take a fling with this enormous holding. If you don't, there's no red blood in your veins!

The sad part of this story is that neither dummy nor declarer saw the key card in the hand. As North tabled the dummy, she said:

"Partner, I have the king and queen of diamonds. Should help!"

Sure it should have helped. But the giant card in this huge hand wasn't even an honor at all. It was the nine of spades!

South's elation was quickly deflated as she saw the dummy. There were two perfectly good diamond tricks, but no way to get over there to cash them, discard her losing clubs and make seven. In desperation, she rattled off all her trumps but one, and top tricks in the red suits. Nothing happened. Then she played the ace and another club, looking for the king to fall. It didn't. She was down one, and the fact that this penalty was offset by 100 honors was no balm.

"If I only had a little diamond to get into your hand, partner," she sighed. "I'll never get a hand like that again and there was no way to bring in even a little slam."

Ah, but there was a way! A way which gave her an even chance to make six spades, whereas she had practically no chance at all the way she played the hand. All she had to do was cash the diamond ace at trick two, then lead a low trump toward dummy's nine!

Would you be willing to give up one trick to make two? Of course you would. And that's what would have happened. West would have grabbed the unexpected "gift" with his trump 10, but now declarer would be able to enter dummy with that lowly nine-spot and cash the established diamonds, toss off those irritating surplus clubs, and claim the balance of the tricks.

The moral: When looking at a wealth of high cards, don't be blind to the smaller spots. They may give you the even chance that our declarer overlooked in this big one!

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump bid or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, 13 points are required for an opening bid.

If you should pass anything unusual, especially clots or membraneous material, or just more than a usual amount of blood, save every bit of it carefully. Such material is very helpful to us for diagnostic purposes—to tell whether or not the pregnancy is definitely ended, and what measures should be taken. If the cramps or bleeding should recur, phone me at once and go to bed. An ice pack on the abdomen, or sedative, may help."

Mrs. Seegar was given an oral prescription for a natural progestational hormone. The doctor explained that, theoretically, it would strengthen the lining of the womb, where the roots of the placenta were dug in. It might also serve to cut down a tendency to abnormal contraction of the uterus. "A little thyroid may do you some good, too, and it can't do any harm," the doctor added, "especially since we are in a goiter belt." Mrs. Seegar did do as the doctor told her. The next six months went by uneventfully, then she gave birth to a full-term, healthy and unblemished girl.

"Your fine baby isn't all that you and your husband are to be congratulated on," the doctor told Mrs. Seegar. "One more abortion would have put you in the class of habitual aborters. Your case might not have been hopeless, even then, but it would have been harder to cope with. You've broken the jinx! You will still have to be careful during the first few months, hereafter. But if you are, you should be able to bring to term as many babies as you want to have!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses bleeding in late pregnancy.



By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D. Pennsylvania State University Department of Psychology

"I'm Learning Things About Bill I Never Dreamed of

ASK YOURSELF:
Am I Pleasing My Husband?

Whether you are a young bride or an older wife, nothing should be more important to you than pleasing your husband. To meet this challenge, you must be not only a good homemaker but also an understanding friend and a loving wife. Carefully weigh each question before answering "Yes" or "No." Don't answer "Yes" unless you think your husband would be in full agreement.

DO I:

1. ***Keep my household budget in balance?***
2. ***Serve meals on time?***
3. ***Kiss my husband every day?***
4. ***Confide completely in him?***
5. ***Usually put his wishes before mine?***
6. ***Often give in when differences arise?***
7. ***Thank him for his kindnesses?***

AM I:

8. ***Generally pleasant and good-humored?***
9. ***Satisfied with my husband as he is?***
10. ***A good (not perfect) housekeeper?***
11. ***Usually in good spirits?***
12. ***Free from nagging and complaining?***
13. ***A good listener, easy to talk to?***
14. ***A loving and responsive wife?***

Though no marriage can be perfect, even two or three "No's" should be of concern to you. Try to analyze the reasons behind your unfavorable answers and see what you can do about them. If you feel your husband can help in your program to improve the situation, ask his aid. But putting the blame on him will improve neither your relationship nor his opinion of you.

AND WITH THE WEDDING SO CLOSE, I'M GETTING UNEASY."

"Bill and I started going steady soon after we met last fall, when we were both college seniors, and things seemed to go beautifully all year. We had coffee dates during the week, telephone conversations every night, and weekend evenings we went to Bill's fraternity house or double-dated for campus events or movies.

"In June we became engaged, planning an August wedding. But since then, we quarrel and disagree all the time. I'm working and he's attending summer session, so we have little time together. Before we settle one problem, a new one comes up.

"Our differences come in all sizes. He's chosen a fraternity brother I dislike to be best man, but outspokenly criticizes my friends and relatives. He complains about my smoking, but I worry in silence about his drinking. With no advance warning, he announced recently that he wants to work on the West Coast.

"He borrowed money from me and lied about the reason, and I've caught him (without trying or meaning to) in several other lies. I've let him be more intimate than any other boy I've ever dated, and lately he's hinted that I was just trying to hold him.

"My mother wants me to break the engagement, but I don't want to because I love him—even if he doesn't love me, as mother fears. Now she's urging me to postpone the wedding till Christmas, but what do I do if Bill refuses to wait?"

Janice must make her own decision, but postponement seems the most sensible course. A few months' delay will give the couple a chance to evaluate their relationship, to consider their differences, and to make plans for their future. But if Bill issues an August-or-never ultimatum, his love for Janice is neither very mature nor very profound, and their difficulties had better be faced now.

To a counselor, the disturbing thing about this situation is that Janice and Bill simply didn't know each other very well before they became engaged. Granted, they dated frequently for many months, but under circumstances where they had little opportunity to become really acquainted, to discover and explore each other's personal traits (other than company manners), values and goals. Once engaged, however, they were faced with realities, and friction started.

Tensions during engagement are common, but they can be warnings of serious trouble ahead. They could be less frequent and less distressing if the prelude to engagement courtship—were more adequate and realistic. Too often, courtship is little more than protracted recreation, providing slight opportunity for exploring a permanent relationship.

Most commonly, engagement conflicts center around four issues. One is propriety or conventionality, the degree to which the young man or woman conforms to the general deportment of the other partner's friends and kinfolk. Independence of mind is commendable, but consistent refusal to conform to generally accepted standards of social behavior reflects lack of regard for the feelings and beliefs of others, including the prospective mate.

A second area of conflict concerns values or outlook on life. These fundamentals are related to both character and behavior, and will be reflected in far-reaching decisions. Irreconcilable disagreement in these vital respects can only produce tension and conflict.

Reactions to relatives are indicative, both because they are related to the problem areas already discussed and because they indicate each individual's capacity to continue harmoniously a relationship that has been important and influential to the other. In-law troubles are estimated to cause a fifth of all divorces.

Disagreement about friends may arise because of their social status, standards and behavior. In addition, the mate may refuse to tolerate the companionship of people he or she finds unacceptable, leading inevitably to friction or lack of sharing, or both.

Other differences—money matters, religious beliefs, for example—may be disruptive in engagement and particularly in marriage, but are usually brushed aside in courtship, perhaps unfortunately. Painful though it is, it is less distressing to terminate an engagement than a marriage. It is wiser still to end an inauspicious courtship. At least the courtship should be considered realistically, as an acceptable temporary association, but not necessarily as a satisfactory basis for an enduring and harmonious relationship in marriage.

"Going steady" or inadequate courtship, whether or not desirable in itself, should not be allowed to drift into marriage without thoughtful evaluation.

"WOULD MARRIAGE TESTS HELP MY SONS?"

"I don't feel qualified to advise anyone about marriage, since my own has been unhappy for all twenty-six years. But both my sons desperately need help. The older separated from his wife after only a year. They'll probably be divorced, though both disapprove. My son has lost hope of happiness.

"The younger son is wrapped up in a girl who says she loves him, but they are both so opinionated, strong-willed and independent that I can't imagine either one giving in to the other.

"Several times you've mentioned using tests in counseling. What are these tests? Might they help either or both of my sons?"

The general answer to this mother's question (she will receive a personal reply) is that tests given by a marriage counselor would help to define and illuminate her sons' problems but are not designed for self-interpretation or to promote self-analysis.

In the last twenty-five years, many psychological tests have been developed for use in counseling. Perhaps a description of three used at Penn State and formulated through our research will answer other readers' queries concerning their content, function and reliability.

The Marriage Audit, comprising some 120 questions, covers three areas. One concerns mutuality and sharing, as revealed by common interests, exchange of confidences, demonstrations of affection, and extent of agreement in certain vital areas.

A second area deals with marital satisfaction, including the individual's estimate of the happiness of the marriage, the degree of sexual adjustment, and circumstances (living with in-laws, health problems) influencing the success of the marriage.

Finally the test explores temperamental qualities (temper, vanity, thriftiness) of each spouse and changes that each would like to make in the other.

Though the test may be revealing when taken by either mate, it is most useful in counseling when husband and wife independently complete the form.

Results are analyzed from two points of view: the *happiness score* indicates the individual's general satisfaction in the marriage; the *adjustment score* is specifically concerned with the sexual relationship. In both cases, scores are interpreted by the counselor in terms of norms established in more than twenty years of research, among thousands of married couples.

The Responsiveness Audit relates only to sex. Ordinarily, it is given only when the major problem appears to be the wife's inability to derive satisfaction from the sexual relationship with her husband. The test helps the counselor determine whether the difficulty is due to the wife's lack of responsiveness, the husband's ineptitude, or to factors not directly related to sex.

The Happiness Prediction Inventory is used to measure an individual's readiness and personal qualifications for marriage. Its reliability is continually checked by our program of "follow-up" research, with persons who have taken the test previously, before or after marriage. Results are about as accurate as those of the typical college-entrance examination in determining aptitude for success in college.

In addition, the inventory can indicate a given couple's chances of being happy and compatible in marriage. Whether the couple is single or married, the test will spot those personal attributes which foster friction and unhappiness.

The test concerns twelve factors, such as social interests, stability, standards and ideals, and family background and influences. From it, two predictions are made. One is based on the extent to which this individual possesses the attributes that research shows to be associated with marriage happiness. The second is based on the degree to which the individual possesses the characteristics related to marital sex adjustment. Of the three tests described, the *Happiness Prediction Inventory* has the widest application.

Marriage tests, like medical tests, are diagnostic and not curative. But their effective use makes for more specific and effective marriage counseling, and often for more insight on the part of the counseled.

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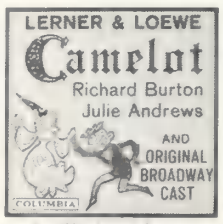
1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



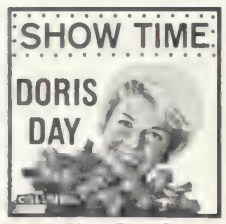
66. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.



41. "This makes all previous recordings sound mild" High Fid.



9. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph"—Kilgallen



18. Also: They Say It's Wonderful, The Sound of Music, etc.



35. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World-Telegram



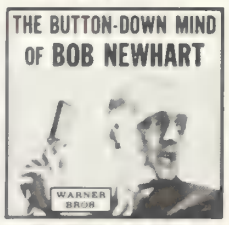
11. "Real jauntiness as well as razzle-dazzle"—High Fidel.



10. Ella swings with But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 10 more



25. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



26. "Best new comedian of the decade"—Playboy Magazine

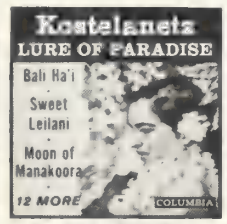




33. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all



40. "The most exciting reading I've ever heard"—High Fidel.



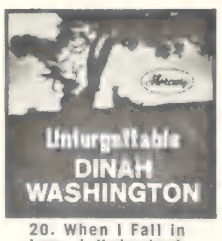
22. Also: Hawaiian War Chant, Song of the Islands, etc.



15. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all



28. Also: I've ... You Under My Ski... Too Young, etc.



20. When I Fall in Love, I Understand, Song is Ended, etc.



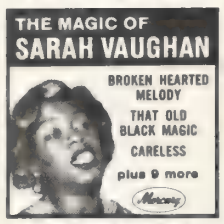
39. "A persuasive, sensuous performance"—Listen



24. Also: Billy the Kid, Running Gun, In the Valley, etc.



82. Also: Till the End of Time, Warsaw Concerto, etc.



14. Also: Love is a Random Thing, Are You Certain, etc.



63. "Entremont has a feeling for romantic music"—McCall's



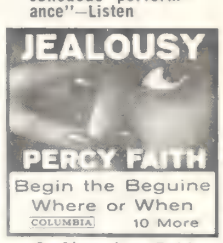
56. "Neat a performance as we've heard"—N.Y. Journal-Amer.



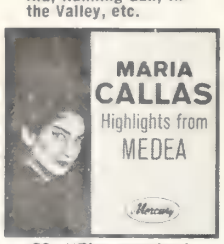
19. Also: Moonlig... in Vermont, I'll ... Around, etc.



43. "Superbly played, exciting listening"—Amer. Record Guide



6. Also: I've Told Every Little Star, Black Magic, etc.



52. "The greatest singing actress of our time"—High Fid.

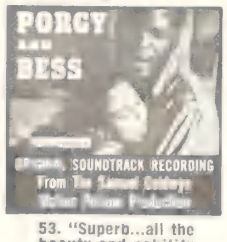




119. Take off inche... lose pounds—this r... cord shows you ho...



37. A vividly realistic performance with special sound effects



53. "Superb...all the beauty and nobility captured"—HiFi Rev.



49. Beautiful Ohio, Tales of the Vienna Woods, Diane, 9 more



42. Mr. Brailows... is "a poet of t... piano"—N.Y. Times

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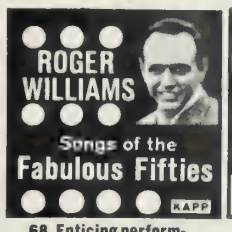
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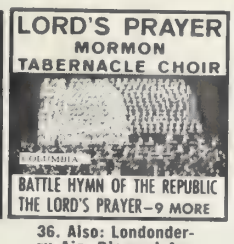
■ "Columbia," ℗, "Epic," ® Marcas Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1961



so: Arrivederci, ; Oh, My Papa; light Love; etc.



68. Enticing performances by America's most popular pianist



36. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.



13. The best-selling record that started the fabulous craze



69. Also: Singin' in the Rain, Hello! My Baby, Ida, etc.



29. Now is the Hour, Till We Meet Again, What'll I Do, etc.



84. In the Still of the Night, Embraceable You, 12 in all



2. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.



o: Tony Ben- – Smile; Vic – Gigi; etc.



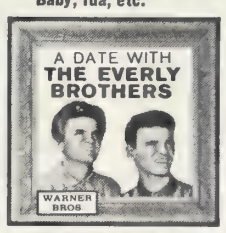
31. Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Blue Moon, 8 more



5. Includes stereo balancing test and book — STEREO only



45. "Taut, brilliant performance . . . exciting"—N.Y. Times



12. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.



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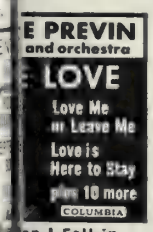
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Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

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en I Fall in ike Love, I iano, 9 more



r Let Me Go, Fever, Down iverside, etc.





bably the finatic soprano .S."—Time



60. The Nearness of You, Cocktails for Two, Mona Lisa, etc.



73. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I've Got it Bad, 9 more



47. The symphony is "exquisitely played" —High Fidelity



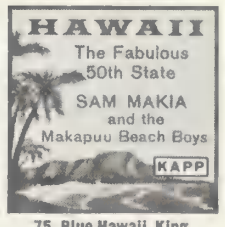
46. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful



123. "Most glorious of the R H works" —New York Times



109. Mack the Knife, Summertime, Take Me Along, 33 in all



75. Blue Hawaii, King Kamehameha, Across the Sea, 9 more



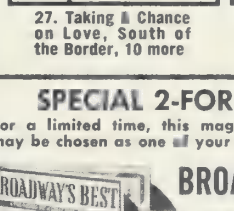
23. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.



67. Also: Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.



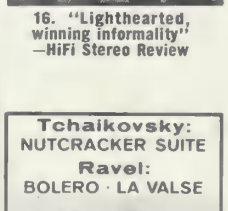
8. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



34. Siboney, Perfidia, Jungle Concerto, Poinciana, etc.



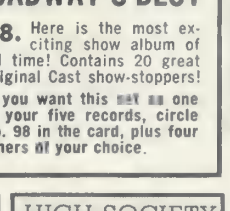
107. Also: Fellow Needs a Girl, While We're Young, etc.



21. A popular comedy record. "Sidesplitting"—Billboard



27. Taking a Chance on Love, South of the Border, 10 more



87. Also: Marianne, The Gallant Argosy, Ellie Lou, etc.



16. "Lighthearted, winning informality" —HiFi Stereo Review

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If you want this set as one of your five records, circle No. 98 in the card, plus four others of your choice.

. "Exciting La Valse . . . sunny Nutcracker"—High Fidel.



"Here I'm frowning and with plenty of reason: 235 pounds and a 40-plus dress size to be exact."

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS		
BEFORE		AFTER
5′7½″	HEIGHT	5′7½″
235	WEIGHT	145
46″	BUST	36½″
37″	WAIST	24½″
48″	HIPS	38½″
42–44	DRESS SIZE	12–14

"At 235 pounds I thought I would die if I couldn't eat."
says Bonnie Griffith.

By DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR

From Gorger To Gorgeous!

How Bonnie Griffith lost 90 pounds

This is Bonnie Griffith's story as she told it to us:

Well, the old me is gone—and forever! When I weighed 235 pounds, I was so bogged down by my own fat I had to employ a full-time maid and cook to do my work for me. Our manner of living is in the old Southern style (big house on the outskirts of town, and so on) and at that weight I couldn't even make the beds, much less keep up with our two children, cooking, cleaning and all the rest that goes into a day's work.

In contrast, at my reduced weight of 145 pounds, I have more energy than I can use. I now have household help on Saturdays only. My days are actively packed, including an 8-A.M.-to-3-P.M. job in my husband's office. I'm "more fun" to my children and "more glamorous and easier to live with" to David. What's more, I have taken on volunteer work in the recreation center of our town, teaching ballroom dancing. With men, women and youngsters

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

ROGER PRIGENT



"With 90 pounds off, I feel as much better as I look. I take much more interest in life which now holds a world of loveliness for me."

Even a peacock could envy colors by CUTEX®

A peacock in all his pride never had as many colors as Cutex polish and lipstick! For instance, "Fashion Coral," the toast of women on five continents. And all the other glorious pinks and reds and corals by Cutex that make you a woman of many moods! Wear "Clear Red" and be a siren of the sultry Sixties. Wear "Pink Cameo" and be your most elegant self. Cutex has a color for every facet of your personality and every costume in your closet. That's why smart women own a wardrobe of Cutex lipsticks and polishes and keep it growing constantly. Try them all!



for the many faces of

You are Eve...

the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate. Which face do you wear this hour, Eve? Remember, your eyes hold the secret of your every mood! Look into your mirror . . . are those the deepening, gleaming eyes of your Siren face? Will a raised brow announce the haughty Queen? Or will those silky lashes turn shyly down, inviting tenderness? Your eyes speak for you, Eve . . . so make the most of their subtle beauty . . . always! . . . with Maybelline.

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every Eve



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One Maytag and 1,088 babies later...

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Now, if one baby is a problem, what about 1,088 of them? That's the number of babies born in Danforth Memorial Hospital in Texas City, Texas, in the last 32 months. And the simple truth is, that a single Maytag Automatic Washer served their diaper, wrapper, shirt and towel needs every day for this entire period.

That's a total of 15,552 loads. The average family would not require this much work from their automatic in 50 years.

What's the point? Just this: The woman who needs a washer that must work every day needs a Maytag. For this is the one that is all by itself in its reputation for year-in, year-out dependability.

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Today's Maytag gives you dependability with these spankin'-new features:

Automatic Bleach Dispenser ends bleach mistakes.
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Safety lid stops action quickly when opened.
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Zinc-coated steel cabinet to protect against rust.

MAYTAG *the dependable automatics*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

I jitterbug, cha-cha, waltz, tango, mamba, samba and polka. The teenagers, as well as my contemporaries, have a hard time keeping up with me—and the exercise is marvelous for firming my newly reduced figure!

I lost 90 pounds in eleven months and I have a diet secret: the only way to reduce successfully is to make up your mind, once and for all, that the reason you are fat is obvious. You eat too much. Until I faced this, I grabbed any flimsy excuse to explain away my ungainly pounds. "I gain more easily than others," I'd think, or "I need extra food to keep up my strength." I've been on more halfhearted diets than I can count, only to regain the few pounds I lost with an extra five or ten to boot.

My husband is a dentist who practices the power of suggestion with his patients, constantly reassuring them that mind over matter is a great influence in reducing or doing away with apprehension and pain. It works. Many patients who come in trembling remain in comfort and leave smiling.

One day the idea struck me that if a dentist's patient can "think away" pain, certainly I could try to "think away" my fat. So I prepared for my diet by thinking it out in advance. I memorized calorie charts, study-read *Journal* diet stories, clipped interesting, low-calorie recipes, decided to simplify my way of cooking—a radical step down here in Alabama where vegetables as well as meat are routinely cooked in fat! Finally I asked myself, "Bonnie, what do you want most: the momentary pleasure you get from an extra portion of some rich, unnecessary food, or the health, happiness and good looks that dieting will bring?" With the answer firmly implanted in my mind, I told my doctor I was going to diet and asked him to help me. But I had "cried wolf" so often the doctor, who is a personal friend of ours, just smiled and replied, "Now, Bonnie, let's not waste your time or mine. You know you won't stick to a reducing diet. You never have." I was furious, but his skepticism served to reinforce my determination to "show him." To show everybody, in fact, including myself.

I started my diet at lunchtime that day. At the end of two weeks I had lost 15 pounds and went back to my doctor with an "I-told-you-so" gleam in my eyes. He understood, then, that I was serious, but even so his praise was qualified with words of caution: "Bonnie, that's mostly a loss of excess body fluid—your real dieting begins now. Limit yourself to nine hundred calories a day, and gradually work down to eight hundred. Your appetite depressant will be your built-in determination to reach your goal. No pills will help." I returned for checkups every two weeks for the first four months, and then every three weeks thereafter. He was increasingly delighted with my progress. My health was fine throughout. What I needed from this doctor friend, and received with continuous warmth and generosity, were his encouragement and praise.

I never cheated. Well, hardly ever. One day my ten-year-old son, Nicky, thoughtfully observed my luncheon plate and hollered to his younger sister in a voice of reproachful disbelief, "Mary Jane, come here—mommie's eating *catchup* on her shrimp!" The children really *cared* about having a more attractive mother, and behaved like watchful little kitchen police. Of course they complimented me too. When I had got down to 175 pounds, five pounds less than my husband weighs, Nicky exclaimed proudly, "Now daddy can whip mamma—*he's* bigger!"

I had been a ravenous eater for most of my life, taking any handy opportunity to gorge myself. I ate most when I was tense, nervous, when I felt insecure or unhappy. At times I *craved* food and thought I'd die if I couldn't eat. If there were any deep-seated psychological reasons *why* I resorted to food in such a way, I don't know what they were. As a young person I enjoyed a perfectly normal life, had plenty of girl friends and enough dates to keep me from feeling like a wallflower. Mother always made my clothes, and they were cleverly designed to have me look as trim and tidy as a young fatty *can* look.

When I met David I was on one of my dieting jags and weighed 185 pounds, right little for me. A year later we were happily married. David is a real Southern gentleman who tactfully never derided me about my size. However, as I found myself squeezing out of one dress size into the next and often declaring, "I really *must* diet," my husband would agree with alarming alacrity! Even so, it wasn't until after the children were born and the real burden of 235 pounds began to drag me down psychologically as well as physically that I determined to reduce.

The difference in my "before and after" pictures is no more dramatic than the difference in my eating. From a typical breakfast of huge helpings of pie, cake or pancakes, and coffee creamed and sugared, I went to half a grapefruit, a boiled or poached egg, dry toast, and coffee sweetened with a sugar substitute. From lunches and dinners consisting of several large helpings of meat, potatoes, vegetables (all fat-fried), home-baked bread and rich desserts, I switched to medium servings of broiled lean meats, steamed vegetables, dietetic fruits with cottage cheese, and lovely tossed salad with diet dressing. From constant between-meal eating (sweet soft drinks, peanut-butter sandwiches, candy, cake and pie) I turned to a glass of nonfat milk and nothing else. I cut down on my diet allotment of bread, wanting to save my precious calories to put into meats, vegetables, fruit. Before my diet we used to buy shortening in three-pound tins. During my diet, I bought only two bottles of salad oil, sufficient for the entire family!

All of us enjoy our low-calorie foods, and my low-calorie method of preparing them. I have never found it necessary to fix separate meals, since I simply serve more of what I am eating to the others. For instance, I might have one broiled chop, they have two; I eat a medium serving of a vegetable or fruit, they help themselves to extras. I stick to just a taste of the simplest dessert, they have seconds with cookies or a slice of cake added if they want. In other words, I made up my mind in advance that I was not going to use "separate or special cooking" as a nuisance excuse to avoid dieting. In fact, after my diet was well under way, my husband told me that his mother had always prepared foods simply (non-Southern style!) and that he couldn't be more delighted with our revised mealtime fare. A final coup: we have cut our grocery bills in half!

To my way of thinking, encouragement, deeply serious or gay and lighthearted, is balm to a dieter's heart. At the start of my reducing, but before I had noticeably lost weight, I made a speech before a dinner party and in front of a group of club members. When the speech was over a featherweight "friend" who had been in the audience pranced up to me and said, "Bonnie, you were marvelous. Just your *size* impresses people, regardless of how unimportant what you say might be." I was shocked and crushed by such a left-handed compliment, which hung in the air ready to ruin the entire evening. Fortunately, my husband had overheard it. A little later he nudged me, smiled and asked, "How's your P.M.A.?" (Referring to my P.M.A. is David's private way of reminding me to keep up my *P*ositive *M*ental *A*ttitude!) With that question, I laughed, relaxed and truly enjoyed the remainder of the party.

To maintain my weight of 145, I stick to approximately 1100 calories a day. Actually, I continue to eat my "diet foods" but add a little here and there depending on what I feel like having *when*. I also continue to weigh myself once a week, knowing that if I go two or three pounds over, it's time to go back to 900 calories! Believe me, it's effortless to control two or three pounds compared with losing 90!

I danced alone during my diet for fun and to keep firm, and I exercised in other ways. And still do. For my arms, I hold two-pound weights (Nicky's Indian clubs) and swing them in huge circles. For my tummy, I do this leg-lifting exercise: lying flat on my back, arms resting at my sides, I s-l-o-w-l-y lift my legs and lower them to the floor. David and I play "tug-of-war" games with Mary Jane and Nicky (good all-over firmer-upper). And I ride the children's bikes whenever I get a chance. All in all, I get in an hour of fun-exercise each day. At the beginning, I couldn't keep up with the youngsters—now they are way behind me!

In less than a year I have lost 90 extra pounds, and all the misery and despair that went with them. For the first time in my memory I can buy youthful, becoming clothes, dance without looking awkward, work without puffing and panting, scout around with my children without feeling apologetic for their sakes about being such a fatty.

Unbelievable things have happened as a result of my diet. For a while the whole town of Tallassee was buzzing with the gossip that I had left David and my "twin sister" was taking my place in the office. (I don't *have* a twin sister—just a sister who looks like me, but who is slim. Folks couldn't get it into their heads that I was really *me*, but reduced!) A dear friend of David's and mine—a doctor whom we hadn't seen since I was a fatty—came to visit us. When he saw me at my reduced weight, he almost fainted. Carried away with the moment, he threw his arms around me and said, "Bonnie, I just love you for doing this." We all burst into laughter. For me, it was a combination of tears of joy and laughter.

I consider my diet my biggest personal achievement in life, and one that is continuously rewarding. Most important, by "thinking my way" to a new figure, I have thought my way firmly and delightfully into the hearts of my husband and children! END

Bonnie Griffith's Favorite Low-Calorie Recipes

For most of her diet (between 800 and 900 calories a day) Bonnie Griffith stuck to familiar diet fare: plenty of fruit, fresh or dietetic-canned, vegetables, broiled lean meat, cottage cheese, mixed salads. For variety, and to add interest, she occasionally "dressed up" her diet with gourmet recipes, all worked out to keep her within her calorie budget.

Defatted Cream Sauce

(50 calories per cupful, as compared with 430, or with 600 if part cream is used)

2 tablespoons cake flour
2 tablespoons instant dry-milk powder
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Mix dry ingredients in cup. Put 1 pint tepid water in fruit jar. Pour dry ingredients on top. Close jar and shake well for few minutes. Pour into heavy pan. Over high heat, stir constantly to keep from sticking. The sauce will be thick and smooth in 2 minutes. Makes 2 cups.

■

Low-Calorie Cheese Soufflé

(980 calories in entire recipe, as compared with 1735 in regular recipe)

1 cup defatted cream sauce (change recipe here to 6 tablespoons flour and 6 tablespoons dry milk)
¼ pound natural sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, grated
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 egg yolks
4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

To the hot cream sauce, add cheeses, Worcestershire sauce and stir over low heat until cheese is melted; remove from heat. Fold a little of the sauce into the well-beaten yolks. Fold into remaining sauce. Sprinkle salt on egg whites, which should be at room temperature. Beat until foamy. Sprinkle cream of tartar on egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into cheese mixture. Pour into casserole brushed lightly with oil. Casserole should not be more than half full. Bake in slow oven, 300° F., about an hour. Serve immediately. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

●

Corned Beef and Cabbage

(375 calories, as compared with 700 per serving)

2 onions
1 green pepper
2 pounds corned beef
4 cups boiling water
4 cloves
2 bay leaves
Salt and pepper
1 head cabbage

Cut onions into rings, also cleaned green pepper. After removing all fat, cover meat with water and add onion, green pepper, cloves, bay leaves and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer over very low heat until meat is tender (about 3 hours). Add cabbage, cut into chunks. Cook another 15 minutes. Serve meat surrounded by cabbage; garnish with parsley. Makes 4 large servings.

Fried Chicken

(115 calories for 4-ounce serving—without bone—as compared with 235 fried traditional way)

Cut 3-pound fryer into serving pieces. Rub each piece of chicken all over with the inside of a lemon, squeezing juice out as you rub. Salt each piece with seasoned salt, lifting skin and salting well underneath. Sprinkle with pepper. Put pieces in covered dish and let it marinate overnight in refrigerator. When ready to cook, put 1 teaspoon butter in heavy skillet and brown pieces lightly on all sides, pressing pieces down, then moving them around so they don't stick. As pieces brown, lift them out into a broad, flat casserole. This will finish browning later. Into the brown, crusty remainder that sticks to the bottom of skillet, pour about ½ cup boiling water and scrape residue until all is blended and the pan bottom is clean. Add a little salt. Pour over browned chicken in casserole. Cover with aluminum foil tightly and put into oven at 350° F. Bake for 40 minutes. Remove aluminum foil and bake 10 to 15 minutes or until chicken is deep golden brown.

●

Macaroni and Cheese

(160 calories per cupful, as compared with 460 in other recipes)

1 package macaroni (8 to 9 oz.)
3 cups defatted cream sauce (see above)
½ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
1½ tablespoons onion, grated
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Cook macaroni; drain and rinse. Combine hot cream sauce, grated cheese, onion, mustard and Worcestershire sauce, reserving a little grated cheese for topping. Add macaroni. Place in lightly oiled casserole. Top with grated cheese and a dash of paprika. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 20 minutes. Serves 9.

■

Sweet-Potato Fluff (pseudo)

(80 calories per serving, as compared with 300 in real sweet-potato fluff)

4 pounds Hubbard squash, cooked and mashed, or 2 packages frozen mashed squash
15 sugar-substitute tablets
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon maple flavoring
¼ cup dietetic orange marmalade
¼ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
6 pecan halves
3 marshmallows

Bake and mash squash; or if using frozen squash, thaw it in top of double boiler. Dissolve sugar-substitute tablets in hot water. Combine with mashed squash and all except last 2 ingredients. Stir until well blended. Pour into lightly oiled casserole. Cut marshmallows in half and dot them on top with pecan halves. Bake at 350° F. in oven for half an hour. Serves 8.

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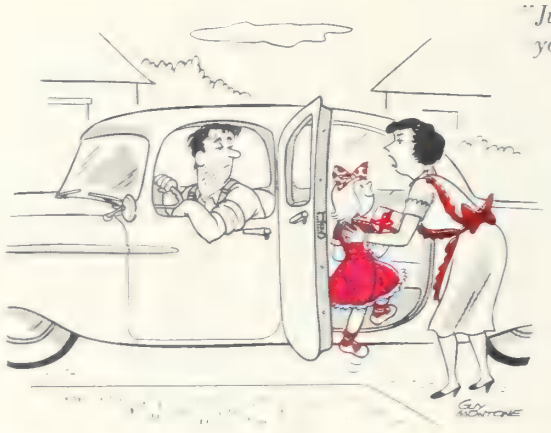
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"Just drop her off at the party, and don't you dare get out of the car!"

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

When we were married I begged my wife for spinach (if any!) chopped fine, as the French cook it. In vain. Now (years later) frozen spinach soufflé has brought about this miracle. Praise to my questing Dream Girl.

Our neighborhood matrons might like their tots to wear long pants with protective knee pads, but fashion decrees shorts. "And their knees probably won't survive the summer!" they wail.

I hope women don't ask us know-it-all men why, with all this male brave-new-world technique, we still must write the amount four times, in all, on check stubs and checks.

"When I'm bitterest about my husband's Olympian attitude toward garden and yard work," muses Betty Comfort, barefoot amid the chiggers, "I ask myself if I wouldn't rather play golf myself, if I could get away with it."

At our Main Street coffee break we agreed: Most divorces are a worse failure than mediocre marriage. But we asked each other: What's a worse flop than an ungranted divorce action, unreconciled?

As a man's bosses multiply nowadays, is it still a wife's duty to coddle and secretly needle all of 'em and their wives at their various levels? For a time the myth expanded that a man's promotions and raises in pay all depended on her smiles and cooking.

You notice how ferocious the five-o'clock homeward drivers get, eager to kick their shoes off and sip a drink? Maybe they should remove their shoes immediately in the car and press a gentler foot on the gas pedal.

I haven't won any Nobel or Pulitzer prizes lately, but recently the kindergarten tots who live next door invited me to come over and play with them. Recognition for the young in heart.

For years I've begged at home for lentil soup, and still the only place I can count on it is at a certain restaurant in New York. Now my Dream Girl has found it in supermarket cans, and she doesn't know I've bought two dozen tins.

Across the creek to the west of us come the shrill cries and cheers of the Little League baseball players. Am I urbane enough to sneak over and face the embattled mothers in the tiny grandstand?

We may seem like plausible playmates to the kindergartners, but when we mount our white bikes for a spin in the park we merely puzzle the teenagers. Are we corny, or are we spooks?

"I've detected my first real sign of old age," muses Peter Comfort, cutting 225 square feet of weeds in his pasture, his daily 15-foot square. "I get more kick out of a new suit for my teenager than one for myself."

Now that she's maturing so graciously, I won
der if Mrs. J.F.K. might substitute Thornto
Wilder for Oscar Wilde, or Paul Engle fo
Baudelaire, or Fred Astaire for Diaghileff, a
three of the men she'd "most like to meet." O
does she know 'em all already?

*We've agreed that all eight of the kids who li
next door to us, east and west, are adorable. On
upon a time we doubted there were eight real
adorable tots in our whole square block.*

I've seen Wilma Rudolph run like a gazell
walk like a queen and smile like an angel, and
wonder if she doesn't do as much for equalit
and freedom as Lumumba, Tshombe and Kas
vubu combined.

*To help celebrate their gramp's birthday, fo
small tots leaped out of a giant birthday cake i
the suburbs. Now what I'd like to see is gram
jump out of a cake to celebrate* their *birthda*

My Dream Girl's prize snapshot of our Med
terranean cruise is a view of my outthrust fa
covered with shaving lather, snapped from th
next porthole. She's gleeful; for me it's
wifely strain on my dignity.

*We paused after a track meet to visit a moder
istic circular chapel on the college campus. With
a 30-foot circle of brick the architect someho
captured the awesome atmosphere of a lofty c
thedral, all under a low ceiling guarded by di
shadows.*

I notice there are no double beds in King Tu
tomb, nor in storage for him at the Cairo m
seum. He had more money to spend on a pair
single beds than our modern newlyweds.

*Our town's richest couple showed us their n
circular bed, ten feet in diameter. We stumbl
across it later in a de luxe catalogue; it costs $95
This merely demonstrates what King Tut mig
have done if he'd had money.*

Within a month we've danced to the music
Lombardo's, Jan Garber's and Harry Jame
bands, with this discovery: a stubborn cou
can jive, one-step or cha-cha to any music.

*. . . When my Dream Girl finally agrees to h
me master five words of Italian or Spanish at ea
meal,*
*. . . Or we phone our daughter in the Northw
and she undunks all three of her tots out of
tub to say hello,*
*. . . And our youngest takes on an extra job
college so he can go to Harvard's summer scho
. . . Or our daughter-in-law decides the zoo is
ter than a nervous steak-a-day pet,*
*. . . And I find myself treating my son as polit
as if he were my son-in-law, and my son-in-l
as fondly as if he were my son.*

*Then it dawns on me: A man's own back y
is as close as he can get to the land of milk
honey.*



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Our readers are our friends and we are theirs. For years they have brought their *Journal* many questions. Some of them, and our answers, we feel might interest many. Our editors' close touch with human life is revealed in the *Journal*'s power to reach so many millions of women so deeply, month after month, year after year. Let us help you with your problems. When writing, address Problem Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Dear Journal: Our schools have recently been forced to desegregate. Most of our friends have taken their children out of school. My son and daughter say that if they go back they will lose all their friends. Besides, with feeling so high, I'm afraid of what might happen. My church teaches that segregation is wrong, but how can I force my children to obey a ruling which is so unpopular with everyone around us?

SOUTHERN MOTHER

To echo the majority opinion is the easy way out for both Southerners and Northerners. For the people who believe that segregation goes against God's laws as well as those of their country, upholding these beliefs may mean risking unpopularity and censure. But failure to do so involves a greater danger to character and self-respect. If you act according to your convictions, others who are less courageous may be inspired to search their own hearts and follow your example.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My husband and I both want children, but after three years of marriage I have not had a pregnancy. My doctor can find no physical reason for my failure to conceive, and wants my husband to visit him. I want a child badly, but how can I bring up the subject without hurting my husband?

WORRIED WIFE

Ask your doctor to have your husband come in for a consultation about *you*. The doctor then probably can persuade him to face the problem himself, also that you both can work to discover and overcome the physical or emotional condition that is causing the trouble.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: How do you deal with high-pressure salesmen? One always appears when I've got the baby in the tub or a cake in the oven. My husband says I should slam the door on these pests or hang up on them, but I don't like to be rude to anyone. I'm ashamed to admit that sometimes I give in just to get some peace. There must be another way!

HARASSED

There is. Learn how to say a firm "No." If you can't say "no" politely, say it impolitely. When a persistent salesman invades your privacy, he forfeits his right to gracious treatment.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: I am a forty-year-old widow who would like to marry again. More than anything I want to love a man and make a home for him. But two years ago I had a hysterectomy. Sometimes I feel just as peppy and attractive as I ever did, but at other times I get depressed and feel like only half a woman. Would any man want me now?

M. E. F.

Many women of all ages face the need for an operation such as yours, and as your doctor will tell you, your ability to give and receive physical love need not be impaired. Ask your doctor's help in building up your energy and confidence. If you sincerely want to make a loving home for some man, as you are still capable of doing, he will be lucky indeed to win you.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: The doctor has advised my husband to lose some weight, but he won't try to stick to a diet. I've teased, pleaded, even left your reducing articles lying around, but nothing works. He insists that I serve bread, potatoes and dessert at each meal, and he nibbles on anything sweet that's in the house. What can I do?

GAL WHO LOVES A FAT MAN

No one can persuade your husband to diet unless he decides to himself. Flattery will help—"You're so nice-looking, you shouldn't ——" and so on. You can help by cooking nonfattening foods, and preparing his favorite meals in calorie-saving ways. Consult our low-calorie menus and recipes. You probably can't get your husband's weight down by pleading—so try feeding him into a trimmer physique.

THE EDITORS

Dear Editors: I am thirteen years old and my mother and father are against boys. I am going steady with a fourteen-year-old boy. If I bring up the subject of boys in the house, my mother yells. One night I came home at eleven o'clock, and my father saw me with my girl friend and three boys and yelled when I got upstairs. How can I stop my mother and father from being against boys?

IDA S.

Are your mother and father really "against boys," or are they merely against your "going steady" and arriving home at a late hour with boys you didn't have permission to date?

Thirteen is too young by several years for real romance. Here's another question: are you interested in boys in order to prove something to your parents or yourself?

Sometimes a girl who feels misunderstood (perhaps yelled at too much) at home turns to boys to make herself feel cherished and important. Yet this kind of love often leads to trouble.

Your parents may be glad to permit a social life normal for your age: chaperoned dances, weekend dates with boys they know. Let them lay down the rules. You'll be proud of them for bringing you up right.

THE EDITORS



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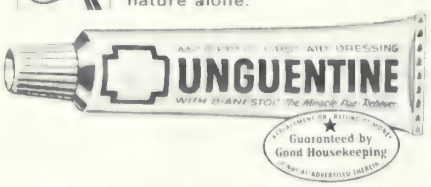
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Nature sends healing serum droplets to wound surface. But tension often keeps droplets apart; germs may get through — cause infection, slow healing.



But Unguentine instantly spreads nature's healing serum, creates a protective blanket to lock out germs and heal faster than nature alone.



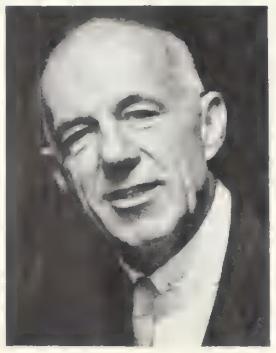


Unguentine First-Aid Spray

puts out pain—promotes healing as you spray it on!

Pf-f-f-t! That's how fast new Unguentine First-Aid Spray goes to work to stop pain of cuts, scrapes, scratches, burns. Promotes healing. Cools and soothes painful sunburn on contact! Kind to youngsters—doesn't sting; kind to clothes—doesn't stain! Cleanses wound area—kills germs—helps prevent infection!

Looks like a fire extinguisher—really is a "PAIN EXTINGUISHER!"



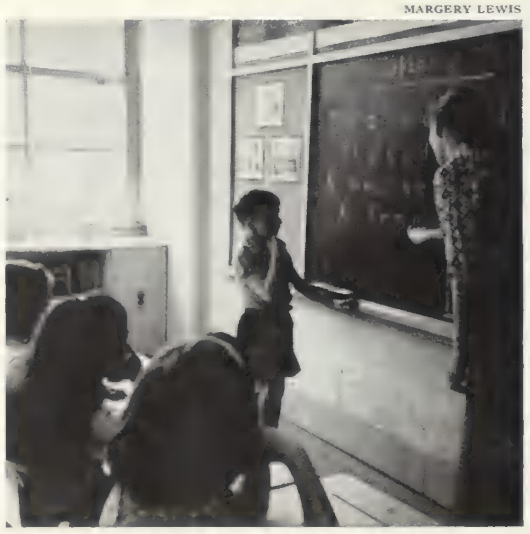
DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"The fact is that in an average first-grade class, 30 to 50 per cent of the children will be definitely unready to profit from reading, writing and arithmetic in the fall."

CAN YOU TELL IF YOUR CHILD IS READY FOR SCHOOL?

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

MARGERY LEWIS



Children of the same I.Q. vary in their ability to learn the three R's. They may prove ready to start school work at quite different ages, or proceed at quite different rates.

When is a child ready for school?

The question is a difficult one to answer thoughtfully. But in actual practice the decision is made simply in most communities of the U.S. by a ruling of the school that, in order to be in first grade, a child must reach his sixth birthday by a certain date in that year—by December first, for instance. This ruling leaves many problems unsolved, as we shall see, but it satisfies most parents temporarily. It may be very disturbing, however, to the parents whose child won't be six until a few weeks after the deadline, especially if they think he is bright. They see him losing a whole year because of an insignificant accident of birthday. The anxiety about getting children started on their education is heightened these days because of the spreading awareness of the importance of education in obtaining good jobs and because of the competition for entrance to college.

Many people think that children are accepted into first grade at 6 just because they have developed enough intelligence to start on the three R's. But any elementary teacher can tell you that I.Q. is only one of a number of obvious and subtle factors that will determine whether a child can profit at all from academic work. And the psychiatrist will point out that in the age period between 5 and 7 years a child is experiencing a profound shift in his feelings. He is pulling back from his parents, turning to other children for his models, becoming increasingly interested in impersonal, abstract matters, developing a social conscience.

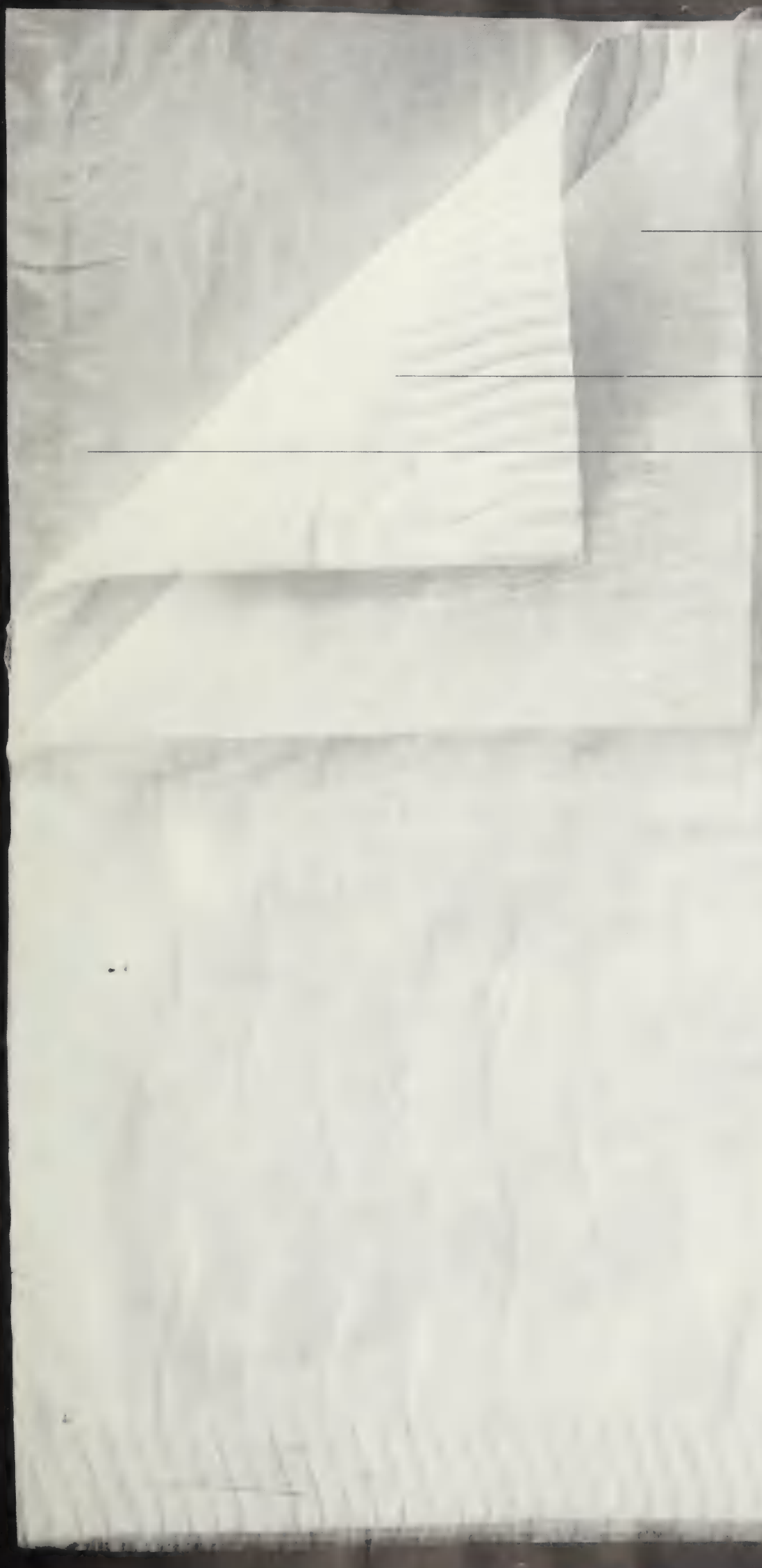
Let's start with some of the emotional and social factors that have been shown to be necessary if a child is to learn anything—or even to be kept in school. An issue that presents itself on the very first day is his ability to separate from parents. There may be several children in a first-grade class (who have not been to kindergarten) who cling to their mothers. A majority of them will get over the hump in a few days. But there will be an occasional one who will remain miserable for weeks, or who simply can't make the adjustment at all.

All children at this age level need a comfortable tie to the teacher; they show in many little ways that they regard her as a sort of substitute mother. This is why it is particularly important for teachers in the early grades to have motherly qualities, and why schools do not send young children from one specialist teacher to another for different subjects. But it's only an occasional child who has to make an intense attachment to the teacher, and expects her undivided attention as if she were his mother alone.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Chux

3 reasons why a Chux diaper is better for your baby than any other.



1. The top layer

may save your baby from diaper rash! Made of a fabric softer than any other diaper, it also contains a new, gentle medication that stops ammonia from forming in the wet diaper. And ammonia's the cause of almost all diaper rash.

2. The middle layer

absorbs 50% more than the ordinary diaper! Your baby stays dryer in Chux.

3. The bottom layer

makes baby pants unnecessary! Made of soft, feather-light polyethylene, it gives the extra protection of a *new* pair of pants.

And Chux are disposable. They won't be soaked or washed in harsh detergents. And there's no chance of left-in dirt. With Chux your baby gets ▪ brand-new, sanitary diaper, ▪ *better* diaper, every time.

Chux Disposable Diapers

MADE BY ▪ Johnson & Johnson COMPANY

FRUIT SUZETTE

SO ELEGANTLY YOURS WITH THE SPECIAL SPARKLE OF DEL MONTE FRUIT COCKTAIL

Even pancakes can be dramatic when you give them the DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail treatment! It's such an easy way to add a rainbow of color and flavor—and with DEL MONTE, you can be just as proud as if you'd done the work yourself.



Make 16 very thin rich pancakes (like crêpes or French dessert pancakes) by your favorite recipe. May be made in advance and refrigerated, if you like.

For sauce: Pour syrup off one No. 303 can DEL MONTE® Brand Fruit Cocktail; save it. (See how neatly the fruits are cut—how bright the colors are. What a happy marriage of peaches, pears, pineapple, grapes and cherries!)

In skillet, mix ⅓ cup of syrup you saved from fruit cocktail, ½ cup orange juice, finely grated rind of 1 orange, 3 Tbsp. sugar, 3 Tbsp. butter. Simmer 10 min. Add 1 tsp. rum or brandy flavoring. Stir in fruit cocktail and heat gently till hot. (Isn't that ripe fruit fragrance delightful? No wonder DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail is so good!)

Moisten pancakes in sauce, fold twice, leaving folded pancakes in sauce to warm. Serve 3 or 4 to each person, with sauce and powdered sugar. (Try this sauce with breakfast pancakes or French toast, too.)

Yes, whether you serve it all by itself or use it to dress up other foods, you know DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail will give you your money's worth, every single time. It's America's favorite fruit cocktail. And isn't it yours, too?

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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In the United States, right at this moment, newborn babies are dying because our methods of obstetrical care have not been changed in the past twenty years to meet new conditions.

By THE EDITORS

TOO MANY BABIES DIE

because of our limited system of maternity care

This may seem incredible to a public eager to assume the best of all things of American medicine. But the harsh fact is that standards of our maternity care have been below those set by other countries for some time—below the standards young mothers and their families have a right to expect.

Our rate of infant deaths associated with childbirth stopped decreasing about ten years ago. This was an ominous sign in itself in a field that has a heavy responsibility for moving forward. In 1957 our rate of infant deaths mysteriously rose. In 1958, the last year for which we have official figures, it rose still more. From sixth place among the nations of the world where babies are most safely born, we have skidded to tenth place.

The extent of the disaster can best be made clear by saying that during these two years of rising rates, over 6000 more babies died in this country than would have if our 1956 rate had obtained. It should not have obtained, of course; it should have dropped.

This alarming upsurge was not confined to particular regions or selected groups of babies. Our death rate rose in all but a dozen states. It even rose in some of the best of our hospitals.

But statistics are heartbreakingly meaningless to the mother who has lost a child. It is not children by thousands, but children by ones that we cherish. If our doctors and hospitals let one small life slip through their hands unnecessarily, the system under which they work must be searchingly reappraised.

No one believes, of course, that wholesale death has been caused by deliberately negligent doctors and hospitals. Many feel it is our system that is at fault—a system that varies sharply from that in most other countries whose death rates are lower than ours. A system that has been unable to respond to the exciting new concepts of maternity care developed in the last twenty years.

Our system has faced us with a number of problems, almost all of them compounded by a rising birth rate, rising demand for medical care and decreasing ratio of doctors. But perhaps the feature which must be examined first is the premise that the normal, healthy pregnant woman is "ill." This peculiarly American view has led to an emphasis on the medical aspects of pregnancy to the neglect of the emotional. It has led to keeping the entire course of pregnancy firmly in the hands of "qualified physicians"—a procedure that is meant to guarantee the finest of medical care, from the first prenatal visit to the last postnatal check-up.

But it has led, in the end, to the impossible situation of physicians who must do everything themselves. It has cut our doctors off from the assistance of modern nurse-midwives, who play such an important role in every one of the countries whose infant-death rates are better than ours. There these women work under medical direction and meet arduous standards of experience and skill set by the doctors themselves. They take from the shoulders of a busy profession a multitude of routine—but vital—tasks. Great Britain, for example, certifies some 3500 nurse-midwives yearly to supplement the hands and skills of its doctors.

Introducing a modern nurse-midwife system here is only one answer to our many problems. But modern obstetrics, we are discovering afresh every year, has more ramifications than, say, surgery. It involves whole families and the vast implications of motherhood. It involves preparing young mothers for active participation in one of life's greatest events. It involves hours and hours of watching and waiting.

It involves more than the already overburdened physician can do. As a result, here in America, some of these new, vital services are not being performed.

If our system does not provide enough skilled manpower—or womanpower—to do them all, we must change the system accordingly. We have future babies to save.



PHOTO—HENRY HABERL

THE BEAUTY

By PEARL S. BUCK







A young and beautiful woman can be

a wife's worst enemy—or her strongest ally.

What would you do if you were Mrs. Omura?

How would you lure your husband home?

Mrs. Omura glanced at the kitchen clock. The hour was five, but the winter darkness had already fallen upon the city of Tokyo. The children would be home now at any moment, and let it be hoped that Setsu's feet were not wet. Though she was twelve and should know better, she was always in a dream, the way girls were nowadays. In the old days it could not happen that a child left school without her shoes, for she would have taken them off at the door and could not step outside until she had slipped her feet into geta. Now that schools were western in their habits, the children wore their shoes indoors and outdoors. There were no distinctions anywhere.

Her son's voice shouted at this moment from the garden gate. "Mama-san!"

"Here I am, Toru!"

He ran in, kicking off his shoes at the door. At least the house was still Japanese. She did not allow shoes in here. She went to the faucet and wet a clean towel in the gush of hot water.

"Come here, Toru."

He stood before her, books hanging in a strap from his right hand, while she wiped his face thoroughly with the warm cloth.

"Now your hands. How dirty you are!"

"It's the chalk. Is father here?"

He asked the same question every day until it had become a dagger in her heart. The boy was growing up and wanted his father.

"You know your father is very busy. He cannot come home just because you are here."

"Where does he go?"

"I have told you."

"The bar. That is where he goes."

"Put away your books. We will eat our supper as soon as Setsu comes."

He went out and she heard him in the next room behind the sliding paper-covered shoji. He was a good child, quiet for his ten years, and too thoughtful. She must speak to her husband tonight.

"Good evening, mother."

It was Setsu. The slender young girl had come silently into the kitchen, her shoes off, and her hair brushed neatly behind her ears.

"You are late, Setsu."

"The traffic was bad. Our bus stopped again and again."

"Worse than usual?"

She asked the question as carelessly as she could, but she glanced sharply at the pretty girl who was her only daughter. Twelve was still to be a child, but Setsu was maturing early. All the girls grew up too soon in this new Tokyo. They went out freely, they saw western films, they imitated American young people. Thus far, however, she had been able to refuse to allow Setsu to go to the rock-and-roll theater. She had gone there herself one day, when Setsu had first begged to go.

"All the girls go," Setsu had pouted.

"I will go," she had said. "I will see."

What she had seen had frightened her. There in a huge theater she found herself surrounded by thousands of young people—mostly girls, she had been shocked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

THE KENNEDYS ON VACATION

This is a summer day—family style—in the U.S.A.: salt air, wind and a child's sweet laughter. At Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, the President gazes off across the Sound he has known since boyhood as the Kennedys' gleeful daughter leans toward the First Lady. All three love the seashore, especially here. As their friend, Robert Frost, has said: "The heart can think of no devotion Greater than being shore to ocean."

PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW
WHERE THE KENNEDYS LOVE TO VACATION
TAKEN BEFORE THE PRESIDENT ASSUMED OFFICE



A few minutes after this picture was made mother and daughter waded into the shallows and Caroline, squealing her delight and firmly held by Mrs. Kennedy, was splashing and swinging over the water. Later (see cover) Caroline was wrapped in towel, rubbed dry and cuddled to keep her warm. Note likeness in profile of daughter and father. New baby, called "John-John," looks just like granddad Joseph P.





"Jump the Broomstick" is a game the collie at Merrywood stables enjoys as much as two other participants do. "People have too many theories about raising children," says Mrs. Kennedy. "I believe simply in love, security and discipline."



← In the sunny meadow at "Merrywood" the horse, Sagebrush, gets a rewarding pat after canter. Mrs. Kennedy, an expert horsewoman, rides here without a saddle. "Merrywood," across the Potomac from Washington at McLean, Virginia, is the home of her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. Here the Kennedys spent the first summer after their marriage in 1953.

"We are a sturdy lot." The Chief Executive who has sailed various kinds of boats since he was a boy, is at the helm of VICTURA with Jacqueline, Edward Kennedy and four of brother Robert's seven children—any of whom could serve as able crew.





Cousins, uncles and aunts give Caroline—heading for the tennis courts—plenty of company at Hyannis Port. She has 17 Kennedy cousins, 6 aunts and 5 uncles—not to mention grandmother and grandfather, whose big frame house (with 10 bedrooms) looms above tennis court where Mrs. Kennedy plays.



Home-coming at Hyannis Port on a rainy, gloomy afternoon. "I want to take such good care of my husband," Jacqueline Kennedy has said, "that, whatever he is doing, he can do it better because he has me."

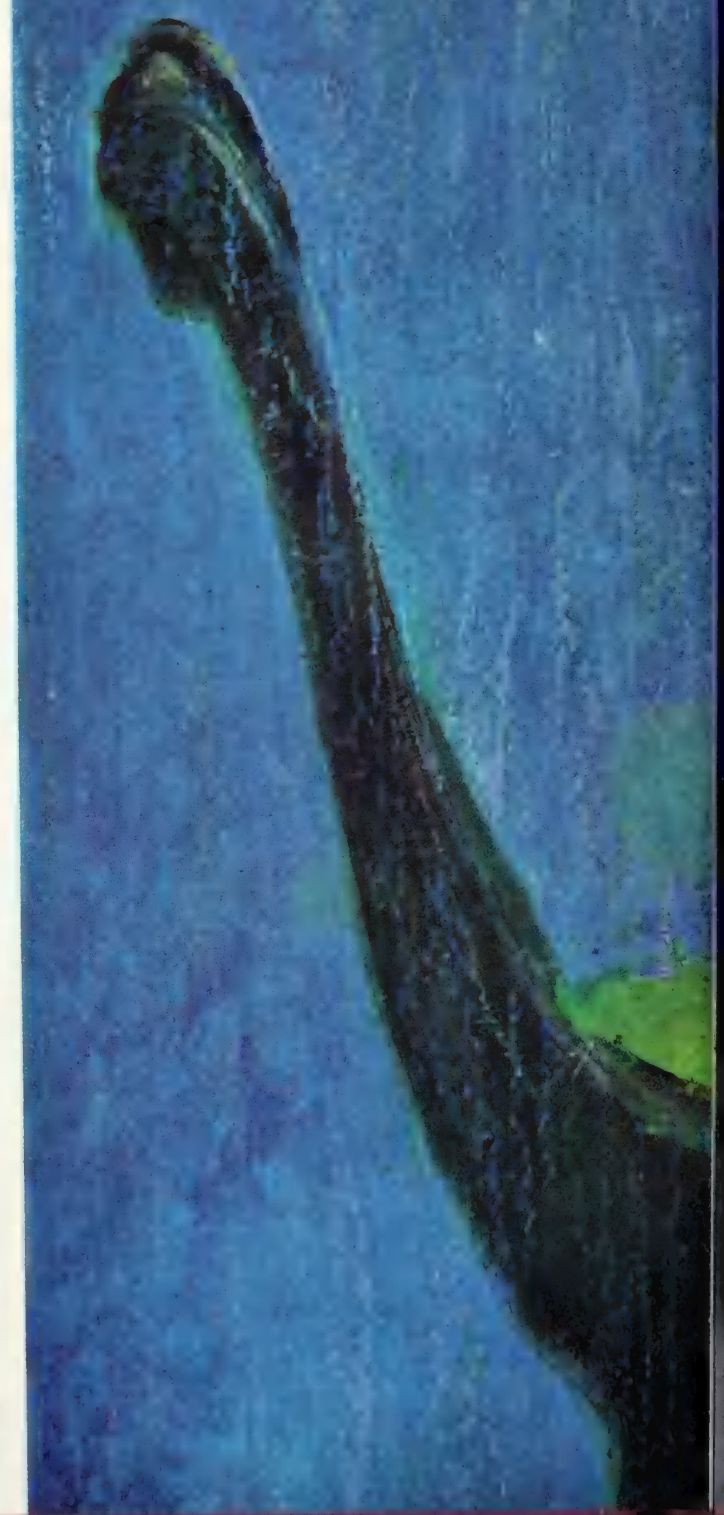
Animated talk before dinner. The Chief Executive explains a point while Mrs. Kennedy, the hostess, talks with her father-in-law. The lawn behind the President's house at Hyannis Port connects with the senior Kennedys' garden.



She was young, disillusioned, in need of befriending. He said, "I have what you may think a somewhat unusual proposition to make . . ."

CAMILLA

BY
JANE AIKEN
HODGE



Along the hedge, catkins shivered in the cold spring wind that blew bitter little gusts around Camilla Forest's ankles. Shivering, she pulled her light shawl more closely around her. She had packed in such a hurry that there had been no time to think of the cold and discomfort of a journey by stage-coach. Mrs. Cummerton had insisted that she catch today's coach to London. What with her pupils' lamentations at her going, her employer's reproaches and Gerald's insulting apologies, there had been no time for thought.

And now, at the lonely crossroads, she was beginning to wonder if she could have missed the coach after all. James, Mrs. Cummerton's coachman, who had deposited her here, had assured her that the mail coach would stop between half past four and five:

"Allays does, miss. Has to pick up Lord Leominster's mail. So rest you here and wait for it, and you'll be in London by morning."

For a while she had been happy enough to sit quietly on her box in the country road, listening to the evensong of starlings and trying not to think about what was past—and what to come. Memory of Mrs. Cummerton's insults was less unpleasant than expectation of her father's reaction to having her return so soon. He had told her this project would never do and he had been, for once in his life, right. But best not think about it. She rose and took a brisk turn down the road. The air was colder now. Where was the coach?

As if in answer to her question she heard, far off, the rumbling of wheels, and soon a carriage clattered into view. But as it came nearer, her heart sank. This was not the mail coach, but a gentleman's carriage, drawn by four elegant bays. As it passed her, she heard an order shouted from within, the coachman reined in his horses and when it stopped a little farther down the road the groom jumped down from his perch and came back to speak to her.

"Excusing me, miss, but would you be awaiting for the mail coach?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"Because if you are, master said to tell you it's met with an accident. We passed it not three miles back, one wheel gone and splinter bar broke, coachman swearing hisself hoarse. Anyways, miss, you won't see no coach before morning, and so master said I had best warn you."

"It was kind in him to think of it. But what am I to do?"

"Why, what but go back where you come from and wait for tomorrow's coach? Master said I was to help you with your box."

"It is very good in him."

Her mind was in a whirl. To return to Mrs. Cummerton's, after what had passed, was impossible. She turned again to the man.

"Is there an inn at the village where I could spend the night?"

"Well, miss, I dunno ——"

An imperious voice summoned him back to the carriage. With an awkward apology he turned and left her at a trot. With him went hope. The man jumped to the box and the carriage began to move. She watched with sinking heart, then felt her hopes revive as the coachman took his horses in a wide turn and drove back toward her. Again the groom leaped from his box, but this time it was to open the carriage door. A tall man in a caped traveling coat emerged, removed his beaver to reveal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

"I don't love you . . . I don't trust women . . . will you marry me?"

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL
© 1961 BY JANE AIKEN HODGE





ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE PORTER

By MARY E. ZELLER

Victoria is our daughter. When she is playing with Mark, h five-year-old brother, or talking with her father or conversi endlessly with Janie, her friend, her face is animated and almo beautiful. Someday it will be.

Victoria and Janie have been friends since they were two, a now that they are in the seventh grade Victoria has sudden shot up to an amazing five feet eight inches, while Janie has cre slowly up to a mere five feet. Victoria in the past year has becon embarrassed by the slightest things, and when she is her fa closes down and she has a sullen look.

Ever since school started this fall the two girls have bee talking about the big Home-coming Dance. This is the first ye they have been eligible to go. Janie has been asked by four bo in her class, two in the eighth grade and three in the ninth grad No one has asked Victoria.

For weeks they have been trying to decide what to wear. Th have worn the catalogues to a nub, and when they come hon from school they look first at the dresses advertised in the p pers. Janie's mother has taken them to Warfield and East Riv to shop, and I have taken them to Richmond Center. At last th have made their decision. They will wear the uniform of t seventh-graders—sweaters and skirts. Janie's is in two shades green and Victoria's in pastels.

As they rode they talked. They must have read everything th has been written about how to behave at a dance, what to we how to smile and be available, what to say and what to do. A all the time I wondered if the small miracle would happen. I, t

Small Miracle... Somehow it Happens

ave read the stories about the social successes of girls at their first ances. But I know what can happen. Didn't it happen to me and to ountless other girls? Should I tell them? Should I plant that seed f suspicion and doubt? The thoughts whirled in my head. For if a nother does not have faith, who else will?

So I keep silent to Victoria, but to my husband I say, "Ken, I'm orried. Victoria is so sure she is going to dance, and I'm not sure t all."

Ken says, "Of course she will. Anne, why do you always worry so bout Victoria?"

"I worry because Victoria is me twenty years ago."

Ken laughs. "Don't tell me you sat out dances. I know better."

It's incredible. Ken really believes I was the belle of the ball. I ave never danced with him. He can't dance and we met at a football ame and did all sorts of other things, but never a dance.

More than an hour ago Victoria came downstairs with stars in her yes. She twirled in front of us. We said, "You're so pretty. Have fun the dance."

"I will, mother—daddy. I know I will."

Janie's mother has taken them to the dance. She thinks Janie is oo young to start dating yet, that there is plenty of time, so Victoria as a friend with her. I will go after the girls later. I cannot read. elevision bores me. My knitting goes to knots and snarls. What is appening to Victoria?

The telephone rings. When I answer it, I can tell nothing from hat is in her voice. She and Janie are ready to come home. I look the clock. They have stayed until the very end of the dance.

Janie is full of chatter. She is gay and bubbling over with the fun of the evening.

There is a new look in Victoria's face, not animated, not sullen. I cannot determine what the new look means.

We drop Janie off at her house. Victoria and I ride the rest of the way home in silence.

She gets out of the car. She has silently gone to bed, but I can hear her sobbing, sobbing so quietly yet so steadily. I go in. "Victoria." I say. "Victoria, what happened?"

For a long moment she continues crying. Then she says, and every statement is punctuated with a sob, "Mother, I didn't dance a single dance. Not even one. Nobody asked me. Not even Herbie. He danced with everybody but me. Mother, I did everything right. I was handy to the floor. My face still hurts from smiling. And I didn't dance. Not once. I'll never go again."

What can I say? My mother said, "Anne, you're being silly. It's nothing but a dance." But it's more than a dance. It's life itself, the most important thing that has happened so far.

I hold her in my arms while she cries and I say only, "Victoria. Victoria, darling."

At last she has gone to sleep and I, too, go to bed. Ken has not wakened while I have been gone, either to town or to Victoria's room. Tomorrow he will say to her, "Did you have a good time at the dance?"

She will answer, "It was a wonderful dance, daddy." Then before he can question her further she will say, "The girls just loved my sweater and the decorations were simply gorgeous." She will be one step on the way toward finding a Ken of her own. END

She didn't dance a single dance— yet she was one step on the way to happiness.

DEAR MR. G:

By JEAN GARCEAU with INEZ COCKE

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had three wonder-filled years. For Clark, it was a time of warmth and happiness—a happiness cut sharply across by tragedy.

PART 2

That first summer at the ranch was a busy, happy one. Clark had no immediate film commitments and he and Carole were free to settle down and enjoy their new life together. "I want this to be a real home," Carole said, "not just a house." She was determined to create an atmosphere where Clark could find the quiet and relaxation that he craved.

CULVER PICTURES



Clark loved farming and his 20-acre Encino ranch, which Carole made "a real man's home."

Until their marriage, she had been a silken siren, a glamorous party girl. Her career now rated second with her. She wouldn't sign for a film unless Clark was working. When he was free, she wanted to be free also. "Clark comes first."

Meantime she set about making herself over for him. Clark liked hunting, fishing, riding, camping and the people who enjoyed these simple tastes. He ordered a specially built truck with a four-wheel drive, had the body outfitted for camping and sleeping, so that he and Carole would be ready to go when the hunting season opened.

She took shooting lessons, learned to handle a twenty-two-caliber rifle and became a crack shot. She had superbly cut play and sports clothes made. "I want to be ready to go anywhere, do anything Clark wants to do," she said.

For Clark she was fulfillment, a pal and partner in everything. She roamed the ranch with him in casual clothes, her hair frequently in pigtails; but in the evenings she was always sleek and lovely in a glamorous housecoat.

It was a household of gaiety and laughter, corny jokes and gag gifts. Everything centered around Clark, his likes and dislikes. Carole enjoyed and had fun at everything she did. If Clark was moody or silent, she clowned until he smiled again. He adored her, thought she was the most exciting, amusing, desirable woman in the world.

They rode horseback frequently.

PICTORIAL PARADE



The night Clark's handprints were recorded at Grauman's Chinese Theater, fans mobbed him.

Carole had given Clark a saddle-bred sorrel show horse named Sonny, which he loved. He gave her Melody, a bay polo pony. Although Carole was an expert horsewoman, she gradually gave up riding for she longed for a baby and thought horseback riding might lessen her chances of becoming a mother.

Dogs were an important part of the ménage. Bobby, a short-haired German pointer, was Clark's prized hunting dog, and later went with them on all their trips. Commissioner, a dachshund, was named after Clark's great friend Kenny Watters, who was fire commissioner in Santa Barbara. Tuffy, a boxer, was the watchdog.

The ranch required a staff consisting of Fred, the caretaker, and his wife, as well as a cook, a maid and a butler-valet. As Carole's personal secretary, I was of course at the ranch every day, so a downstairs bedroom was turned into a charming office for me. Yellow toile wallpaper, yellow linen draperies, a blue-green sofa and a large business desk and chair were installed, along with the usual files, an intercom and telephone system and other office paraphernalia. A bath and storage closet were also included.

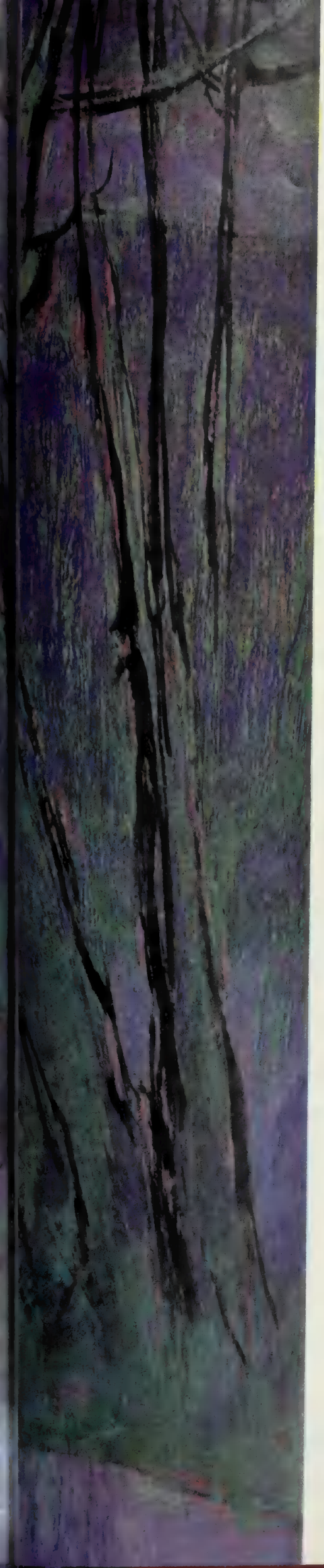
Fred and his wife occupied the caretaker's cottage; the other servants had quarters in the house and alongside the garage. The house servants were an immediate problem. Carole had counted on having Juanita, her personal and studio maid, and Jessie, her long-time Negro cook, come out to the ranch with her. But Jessie decided she couldn't live "in the country" and Juanita,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Millions of women fell in love with Cla
as the dashing Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind, whic
costarred the beautiful British actress Vivien Leig







By Helen Hughes
Her first appearance in any magazine

Madeline's Glory

Madeline found that sometimes the only way to get your heart's desire is to stop fighting for it.

I am not given to melodramatics; merely to some slight exaggeration. But when I saw Madeline coming up our front walk I thought the sky had fallen.

Madeline always has a red rose lilting on top of her chignon. Now the rose was drooping. Madeline always pushes the stroller as if it were the Rock Island Rocket half an hour late, singing rousing marches as she trots along. Now she was pushing it dispiritedly, silent in the afternoon sun, not even noticing that my play-worn children had fallen fast asleep on each other's shoulders.

I ran downstairs to the front porch, to sit staring as she wheeled Cassy and Don in front of me. "Here," she said. She selected a step, brushed off the dead leaves with the little brush she carries in her satchel, and sat down.

I waited.

"I suppose we ought to start their baths," I said hopefully, after a while.

"I suppose so." She sighed, and moved up to the fourth step so she could stretch one leg out straight. She dug her long chin into her collarbone and stared into space like a lonesome flamingo.

Nothing had ever been the matter with Madeline in all the three months I had known her. She came to us in the beginning of her junior year, with magnificent references from a Mrs. Bronson, who had had her since she was a freshman. "A wonder," Mrs. Bronson had said. "Horribly efficient. Adores the children. I begged her to come with us to Texas, but she wouldn't change schools."

Madeline was, in a word, a Mother's Helper, one of those wonderful beings who come to live with you and help you with your children for just room and board. And when you have a two-and-a-half-year-old boy and a three-and-a-half-year-old girl and another one on the way and you start wondering *why* in the name of heaven you thought it was so sweet to have them close together, you would give a dozen rooms-and-boards for a Helper, and a hundred rooms-and-boards for Madeline.

That is, when your husband is struggling for a Ph.D. and you're teaching shorthand every afternoon in a dusty little business school downtown so the children can eat. In the ideal society all young mothers would live in college towns and all college girls be taken into forced labor. But that's another story.

"What's the matter, Madeline?"

She picked at a dry leaf, crumbling it on the stair. "He's leaving," she said. "At the end of the term. January. Going to U.S.C."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

I saw Tom bring Madeline home. He reached out, pulled her close—why didn't he kiss her?



SEX CRIMES CAN BE PREVENTED

DR. WERTHAM, psychiatrist and expert on the psychology of violence, says, "We do not know all the answers for sex-crime prevention, but we know more than we are making use of." He proposes five practical measures that we could start now to help bring these crimes—increasing in rate and viciousness every year—to a stop.

WE CAN CUT DOWN SEX CRIMES

1. Warn children.
2. Reduce sadism in mass media.
3. Spot and help potential troublemakers earlier. Teachers usually know.
4. Minor offenders often become dangerous criminals. Give them better therapy on their first offenses.
5. Pool existing knowledge of judges, psychiatrists, criminologists here and abroad.

BY FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.
PSYCHIATRIST; AUTHOR OF "SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT." A STUDY OF COMIC BOOKS AND MASS MEDIA.

Serious sex crimes are increasing in the United States—at a rate alarmingly greater than our population.

Periodically a whole community is aroused by a particularly vicious sex crime—usually involving a young girl or small child. There is a wave of revulsion against the kind of monstrous person who could commit such an act. But the public's anger is seldom turned to the serious and constructive business of *sex-crime prevention*. Moral indignation is no substitute for rational planning.

Some people want to lynch sex offenders; others want to lock up permanently anyone who has ever shown any tendency toward sexual abnormality; others, contending that sex criminals are really only "sick," want to turn the entire matter over to psychiatry.

And then there are those who take the view that sexually abnormal fiends will always exist, and nothing can be done about them except hope they will not strike too close to home.

But today they *are* striking too close to home.

Sex attacks are no longer remote to the average person, occurring only in slums or lonely parks. They may confront anyone anywhere. They have occurred in city subways at high noon. Recently, in Pennsylvania, a young married couple in their car were forced to the roadside, severely beaten, robbed, and the young woman raped. In New York City, offices on lower Park and Madison avenues were terrorized by a series of horrible attacks on women who stayed on their jobs a little after hours. Sixteen women were raped in various office buildings before the criminal was caught.

Another alarming new fact is that violent sex criminals are becoming younger. According to the FBI, more boys of 18 and 19 are committing rape today than males of any other age group. Even boys of 14 and under have committed atrocious sex-connected violence on younger children.

And the individual acts are being carried out with growing cynicism and savagery. Sometimes greed is mixed with lust. Recently a boy of 17 and a girl of 16 were walking in a park. They were set upon by two youths, beaten and robbed. The girl was undressed and raped. As the judge later described it, her face was "beaten to a pulpy mass unrecognizable as a face."

It is almost impossible for most of us to take a clear, calm look at a sex criminal. Yet this is what we must do if we are to determine what made him commit his crime and what might have been done to stop him. We need to know so that we can hope to stop the next one like him. It is too late to save the victim of this week's gruesome attack, but there are women and children who may be spared pain, suffering, perhaps death, if we bend our minds soberly and thoughtfully to the question of how sex crimes can be prevented.

Let me make it plain that I am concerned here solely with two kinds of crimes: those involving *violence* and *children*. I am not writing about those odd and, depending on the state, illegal things that adults do with each other "with consent," even though it is these that seem to preoccupy the legislative and legal mind. They are not, in the main, injurious to society, and are more of a nuisance than a menace.

But any kind of sexual molestation of children has in it an element of sadism—the adult exerting his will on the helpless child—so that any adult who sexually molests children, however nonviolently, must be considered a potentially violent offender. The frequency of sex offenses against children cannot be overemphasized. In some large cities it approximates one a day, with a continued increase in 1961.

Although as a psychiatrist I have interviewed many sex criminals, treated many disturbed boys who showed

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Southwestern colors for all America

BY CYNTHIA KELLOGG
INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR

The clear, primary colors of our Southwest are wonderful with many types of traditional backgrounds, particularly those with rush-seated chairs, wicker tables, pine chests and other countrified furniture. These colors can warm up rooms where chilly-looking modern styles are used or harmonize arrangements of hand-me-down and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD WEBB

int-it-yourself pieces. In hot-weather climates, ey continue a sunny look indoors; in cold ones, ey induce a cheerful atmosphere in the winter. Decorative objects and architectural details ve individuality to the settings illustrated, all in e Sante Fe home of architect-designer Alex- der Girard, but the color schemes adapt easily.

For example, aside from one pink wall, the sitting room above is basically a white room to which vibrant colors were added in a rug, fabrics and accessories. The idea of using a fireplace wall as a showcase for art objects by molding niches into its adobe surface might be translated by using wall brackets for a grouping of the ornaments.

OVER

Southwestern colors for all America

continued



Patchwork patterns brighten a bedroom from ceiling to floor in the Girard home. Triangles of color painted on the ceiling make a tent-top effect over beds with coverlets of an easy-to-make modern design—rectangles of fabric sewn together. Printed pillow covers, a Mexican chair with painted motifs, an old Indian rug and a frame decorated with painted wood "flowers" add more patchwork patterns. Footstool is a Mexican wood dog.

Vivid folk art displayed on plywood shelves around a door paves a wall with color in the Girard home. Art objects are toys, figures and decorations that can be found inexpensively in shops that carry Mexican and Oriental crafts. Panels covered with prints, valentines and cigar-box labels are doors that hide desk equipment, telephone and other storables. Fancy plywood shapes pasted with wallpaper decorate the top of several compartments.



Nature colors a table setting inspired by old still-life paintings. Mr. Girard mixed crude Mexican copper plates and green glassware, cork and shell baskets with elegant objects—Renaissance flatware with agate handles, silver pot, Directoire brass candlestick, antique French café cups. To adapt this recipe, try terra-cotta plates, wicker baskets, implements with wood or porcelain handles, any pretty cups. Key napkins to fruits, flowers.



Oleg Cassini

Designer to the First Lady

By Wilhela Cushman
FASHION EDITOR

Toasting the young and beautiful in the White House or across the nation, Oleg Cassini opens his fall collection with a captivating flame coat, shaped and flaring gently. Handbag by Lucille de Paris in alligator, matching pumps by Madame Arpels. Velvet calotte by Emme.

This wonderful little lightweight gray wool, a dress without pretenses but for many purposes, is a one-piece fashion looking like a two-piece. Newest with dark brown pumps by Ria Geopardi and handbag by Eugenie Buchner. The jockey cap in velvet; the pin by Marc Koven.



blue is the surprise fall color, and the blue suit is the uncanny choice of the first in fashion. This one is bouclé wool with feminine shoulders, pretty collar and the hint of shaping. A sleeveless overblouse matches the suit. The touch of brown in pumps, gloves, nutria beret by Emme.

new conception of the little black dress—younger and less conventional. This one is sleeveless, bloused at the hipbone, belted in black satin—still a perfect setting for best jewels. Silk ottoman, worn with black silk envelope by Betrix, pearls by Ere, jeweled butterfly clip by Guyot.

pinnacle of a young and beautiful wardrobe—the white evening dress. Cassini believes one alluring answer is the slender shaft of shirred, feathery lace, embroidered with sequins, the midriff bound with sharp green silk taffeta matching the long stole. A dress for any season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BELL



BRIGHT SUITS

A marvelous nubby tweed in a deep plum shade has lighter highlights. The skirt has six gores, with pockets in the front seams. The jacket is slightly fitted. The blouse with a soft bow is pink silk taffeta. Suit and blouse, Vogue Design No. 4272.





This delightfully simple suit is collarless, but has its own fringed stole for cooler days. The skirt is straight, the jacket with dolman sleeves slightly fitted. The blouse, in an Art Nouveau print, is silk twill. Vogue Design No. 4274.

Jewel tones sparkle the fall fashion picture with beautiful clear color. Among the most exciting are magnificent emerald greens to combine with sapphire shades of blue, and burnt-sugar tones that show off wonderfully next bright prints. Speaking of prints, they are of great importance in the fall fabric story—both on silk and on wool. We like to see them making blouses and linings—possibly even a draped turban. The suits here have the kind of understatement that lends itself to this color brilliance. By NORA O'LEARY PATTERN EDITOR



Pinks this fall have a bluer cast, a frosted look. Our suit has a short jacket that curves gently to one side and is accented with a stitched bow in the same fabric. The skirt has slight fullness in the front. Top it with a frothy mohair hat in the same shade. Suit, Vogue Design No. 4254.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Burnt-sugar tones combine readily with many of the new prints in the red-orange family. Our suit has a pleated skirt with a double-breasted collarless jacket. The blouse shows prettily because of its tie neckline and long sleeves with French cuffs. Vogue Design No. 4273.

Printed wool challis and tweed accent each other. We have lined our emerald-green suit jacket to the edge with the print, and we like the look of large matching braid buttons. The skirt has ample walking room. Vogue Design No. 4270.

FOR OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 81

The most exciting Paris trends—and the most exquisite Paris details—are yours for the making. Ricci's popular flare. Dior's newest suit shape, Castillo's most elegant evening costume and Patou's "love" of a black dress; line-for-line copies of the Paris *toiles*, straight from four of the most important Paris *couture* houses, were made in our own *Journal* workroom. We think they are prophetic for fall.

PARIS FASHIONS

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR



RICCI Ricci's three-piece costume has a delightful swish of skirt reminiscent of the '20's. The skirt and coat are gored and top-stitched. The overblouse could be shorter if you like, and you might add a second blouse to tuck into the skirt. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1070.



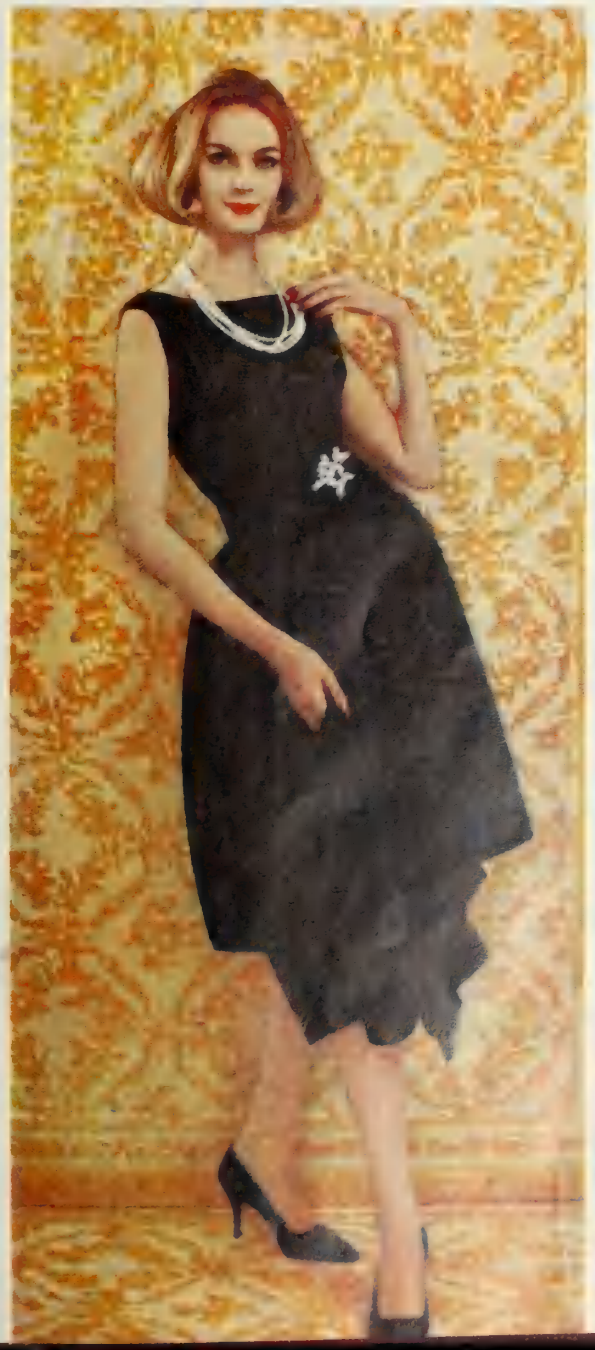
DIOR This marvelous suit has ease and grace. Our copy in moss-green tweed has a yellow linen blouse. The skirt falls freely from a contour waistband. The longer jacket is double-breasted. Off-the-face hat by John Frederics in matching fabric. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1076.

FOR OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 81



The dress with slightly off-the-shoulder neckline minimizes width at the waist.

PATOU Most women long for an understated black dress—one to wear to the theater with jacket, to dinner without. Ours, in a dull black silk and wool, banded in black satin. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1075.



LEOMBRUNO-ROSS



LANVIN This is one of the most ravishing evening costumes we have seen in a long time. Beautiful mauve silk identical to the original Castillo model makes a wonderful coat with two fringed bows in the back, and a delightfully simple front. Vogue P.O.M. No. 1082. Wear matching shoes.



The Three Lives of Queen Elizabeth II

BY RALPHE M. WHITE

FOR EIGHT YEARS THE SERVANT CLOSEST TO THE QUEEN.

PART III-THE QUEEN AND HER WORK

Britain's young monarch is the most important regal figure on earth—due in part to her own charm, personality and the devotion with which she fulfills her symbolic role.

It was the day set apart as the official birthday of Her Most Excellent Majesty Elizabeth II, Queen of the United Kingdom, Head of the British Commonwealth. Britain's queen has two birthdays: her real one, April 21; and her official birthday on a variable date in early summer when Britain's uncertain weather is likely to be on its best behavior for the traditional spectacular known as Trooping the Colors.

But last year the weather was unkind. The day dawned in a steady downpour of rain which was still falling, hard and heavily, when the time came for the queen to leave Buckingham Palace for her ride on horseback to the trooping base.

She had not been well in recent weeks and her husband, Prince Philip, looked past her at the streams of water cascading down the palace windows and urged her to postpone the traditional ceremony.

The queen's face took on that look of resolution and devotion to duty which those close to her know so well. "No," she said. "Look at all those people out there in the street. If they can stand the rain, so can I. I won't disappoint them."

Nor did she. In all the eight years I worked for the queen I never once knew her to shirk or jib at her official duty. I never saw the queen off duty—because she is never off duty. With Queen Elizabeth one thing comes first all the time—the monarchy. Even in the privacy of her own apartments at Buckingham Palace she is always regal, slightly remote—always the queen.

The iron mask of royalty may slip a little when only Prince Philip and the royal children are around. Or perhaps, very occasionally, when she is alone with "Bobo" MacDonald, the auburn-haired, middle-aged Scotswoman who is her dresser and confidante. (Bobo, as undernurse, held the infant Princess Elizabeth in her arms in a blanket and helped care for her in her nursery days. She has been with her ever since.)

Where her royal duty is concerned, the queen is unflagging. For weeks before the coronation, I remember, she wore the crown at every conceivable opportunity within the privacy of her apartment at the palace. She wanted to accustom herself to its great weight. St. Edward's Crown, worn by her father and every other British monarch back to Charles II, weighs nearly five pounds. It is changed at one part of the coronation services for the Crown of State, lighter in weight. Both crowns belong to the state—not to Elizabeth—and can never be taken out of the country.

I remember another day—a week or so before Prince Andrew, her third child, was born. The day started with the arrival of one of the royal physicians for a detailed, ninety-minute checkup—excuse enough for any woman, let alone a queen, to take it easy for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



Queen Elizabeth is at her desk at 9:30 each morning to begin daily duties in Buckingham Palace. Here she opens one of the red "boxes" in which official documents arrive. Her grandmother, Queen Mary, worked the needlepoint on chair. Although Elizabeth handles such regal duties as opening Parliament with practiced ease, it was not until she inaugurated Britain's new telephone system that she had so much as dialed a number! (She got it.)

Roses for Elizabeth II were presented by daughter of Dr. Prasad, President of India, in New Delhi on 1961 tour. Elizabeth has traveled more than any other ruler in history—as much as four times around the globe.

FUN FROM THE FREEZER

Seven Surprises—ready to eat with delight



Ice-Cream Cake with Melba Sauce



Sea Food Thermidor



Breasts of Chicken Supreme

Kidney-Meat-Ball Ragout



Savor the joys of leisurely summer entertaining by stocking your freezer with mouth-watering main dishes and irresistible desserts—yours for the thawing! An hour before your dinner party, start heating a casserole of tender chicken breasts in a creamy sauce, or a lobster, crab meat and shrimp thermidor. Be ready for a hungry crowd home from a swim with bountiful servings of meat-and-tomato *lasagna*. Or top off your meal with a talk-of-the-town chocolate-mousse cake! (Recipes for these and other freezer surprises on next page.)



Frosty combinations of pistachio, chocolate and vanilla ice cream, layered in parfait glasses with fresh or frozen fruit, are topped with whipped cream and a sprig of mint.

Breasts of Chicken Supreme

6 *large chicken breasts (whole, about 4 pounds)*
2 (13¾-*oz.*) *cans chicken broth*
½ *cup finely chopped celery*
½ *cup finely chopped onion*
1 *cup finely chopped carrots*
2 *teaspoons salt*

SAUCE
3 *tablespoons butter*
¼ *cup diced green pepper*
3 *tablespoons flour*
2 *cups light cream*
½ *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon powdered savory*
2 *tablespoons diced pimiento*

Place the chicken breasts on a trivet in a large kettle or Dutch oven. Add the chicken broth, celery, onion, carrots and salt. Cover and simmer gently until breasts are tender, about 1¼ hours. Remove to a tray, cool slightly and remove skin and bones, keeping meat in one piece. Cut in half. Cover to prevent them from drying while you prepare the sauce. Remove trivet. Simmer broth until reduced by half. Put broth with vegetables through food mill, or force through a strainer. Measure 1½ cups broth-purée. Melt butter in a saucepan. Add green pepper and sauté a few minutes. Blend in flour. Add broth-purée and light cream, cooking and stirring until smooth and thickened. Season. Stir in pimiento and simmer for 5 minutes. Arrange chicken breasts, not overlapping, in a shallow freezer-to-oven casserole. Cover with sauce. Cool completely, tape on cover, and freeze. To heat, untape, place covered casserole directly from freezer into moderate oven, 350° F., and bake for about 1 hour. Remove cover from time to time and stir sauce. Uncover and continue baking until bubbly, about 20 minutes. Add a little white wine, if you like. Serve over freshly cooked seasoned rice and broccoli. Makes 8–10 servings.

Lasagna Calabria

½ *cup minced onion*
¼ *cup olive oil*
2 *cloves garlic, peeled and crushed*
1 *can* (6-*oz.*) *tomato paste*
2 (2-*lb.*-3-*oz.*) *cans Italian plum tomatoes puréed*
2 *teaspoons salt*
1 *teaspoon seasoned salt*
½ *teaspoon basil*
½ *teaspoon orégano*
¾ *pound lasagna noodles*
½ *pound sweet Italian sausages*
1½ *cups grated Parmesan cheese*
1 *pound sliced Mozzarella cheese*
1½ *pounds Ricotta cheese*
¼ *pound Mozzarella (garnish)*

In a large kettle or Dutch oven, sauté the onion in olive oil until tender and golden. Add the garlic, tomato paste, tomatoes, seasonings and spices. Simmer, uncovered, for 1½ hours or until thickened. Meanwhile, cook noodles according to package directions. Drain well. Broil sausages a few minutes on each side until browned. Drain on paper toweling and slice. To assemble the *lasagna*, pour 1½ cups sauce in bottom of a 3-quart freezer-to-oven casserole. Top with a layer of noodles, ½ cup Parmesan cheese, ½ cup sauce, ½ pound sliced Mozzarella, ½ of the sliced sausage, ½ of the Ricotta cheese, and another ½ cup sauce. Repeat, ending with a final layer of noodles and the remaining sauce and Parmesan cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes. Cool completely, cover, tape and freeze. To heat, remove from freezer, untape. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ hours, until hot and bubbly. Remove cover 15 minutes before the end of baking time and add additional ¼ pound Mozzarella slices. Let stand 10 minutes before cutting and serving. Makes 8–10 servings.

Sea Food Thermidor

3 (6½-*oz.*) *cans crab meat*
5 (1½–2 *lbs.*) *lobsters, cooked*
1 *tablespoon shrimp spice*
3 *pounds fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined*
¾ *cup butter*
1½ *pounds mushrooms, sliced*
1 *clove garlic, peeled and crushed*
¾ *cup flour*
3 *cups chicken broth*
1 *cup heavy cream*
2 *cups light cream*
1 *tablespoon salt*
2 *tablespoons yellow prepared mustard*
Few drops liquid hot pepper seasoning
1 *tablespoon lemon juice*
¼ *cup dry sherry (optional)*
1 *cup grated Parmesan cheese*

Open crab meat and pick over carefully, removing the small bones. Remove meat from lobsters. Save 4 whole claws—freeze separately for garnish. Cut the rest into bite-sized pieces. Put your shrimp spice in a little piece of cheesecloth and tie securely. Simmer the shrimp in a little water to which the shrimp spice has been added, about 8–12 minutes, until shrimp are tender and pink. Cool in broth and drain. When the sea food is all prepared, melt the butter in a large kettle or Dutch oven. Add mushrooms and sauté gently a few minutes. They should be light in color. Stir in the garlic and flour, blending well. Gradually add the chicken broth and cream, stirring until smooth and thickened. Add seasonings. Add sea food and mix well. Cool completely. Pack into 3 one-quart freezer containers, and freeze. Before heating, thaw in refrigerator several hours. Transfer to 1 or 2 shallow casseroles and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and stir in the sherry, if you like, or a little milk if sauce appears too thick. Sprinkle generously with cheese and continue baking until golden and bubbly. Garnish with reserved lobster claws. Makes 10–12 servings.



Lime-Strawberry Parfait

1 *pint lime sherbet*
1 *pint peach ice cream*
1 *cup sliced sugared strawberries*

Chill 8 parfait glasses. (Sturdy glassware should be used.) Soften the sherbet and ice cream so that they can be layered easily. Then alternate the sherbet with the ice cream and strawberries. Repeat, starting with ice cream and topping with sherbet. Refreeze. If held more than 24 hours, wrap in freezer paper or tape on a foil cap. Makes 8 parfaits.

Chocolate-Mousse Cake

18–20 *ladyfingers*
1 *pound 2 ozs. sweet baking chocolate, cut up*
3 *tablespoons water*
4 *tablespoons confectioners' sugar*
7 *egg yolks*
1½ *teaspoons vanilla*
5 *egg whites*
½ *cup heavy cream, whipped*
1 *ounce unsweetened chocolate, cut into curls (garnish)*

Line a 9″x5″x3″ loaf pan with waxed paper. Split the ladyfingers and arrange a layer on the bottom of the pan, trimming them if necessary to cover the area completely. Heat chocolate with water in the top of a double boiler until chocolate is melted. Remove from heat and stir in the confectioners' sugar, egg yolks and vanilla. Beat smooth, cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into chocolate mixture. Spread half of this over the layer of ladyfingers. Make another layer of ladyfingers over the chocolate and top with rest of chocolate. Arrange remaining ladyfingers on top, cover tightly with aluminum foil, freezer paper or saran. Tape and freeze. To serve, thaw completely in refrigerator. Turn out of pan and frost with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with chocolate curls. Makes 8–10 servings.

Ice-Cream Cake With Melba Sauce

2 *quarts vanilla ice cream*
2 (10-*oz.*) *packages frozen raspberries, thawed*
1 *can* (9-*oz.*) *crushed pineapple*
1½ *teaspoons frozen lemonade concentrate*
SAUCE
1 *pint fresh strawberries, washed and hulled*
1 *pint fresh washed raspberries*
1 *jar* (8-*oz.*) *Melba sauce*
2 *tablespoons lemon juice*
⅓ *cup orange liqueur (optional)*
1 *package* (10-*oz.*) *frozen sliced peaches, thawed (garnish); use fresh in season*
1 *pint fresh washed raspberries (garnish)*

Soften 1 quart ice cream and beat until smooth. Pour into an 8″ spring-form pan and freeze until firm. Crush raspberries or put through blender. Strain to remove seeds. Add crushed pineapple and lemonade concentrate. Mix well, pour into a refrigerator tray and freeze until mushy. Place in a chilled bowl and beat slightly. Pour over ice cream in mold to form a second layer and return to freezer. When layer is frozen, add a third layer of softened ice cream which has been beaten until smooth. Cover and tape. Freeze. *For the sauce:* Crush berries or buzz in a blender. Strain. Add Melba sauce, lemon juice and, if you like, the orange liqueur. Freeze. To serve, set cake in refrigerator 1 hour before serving, so it is easier to slice. Thaw sauce. Garnish cake with peaches and raspberries. Top with some sauce. Pass the rest. Makes 8–10 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

CHILL A SOUP!

nourishing new way to beat the heat



CHILL a Frosty Consommé

art your meal with a light refresher – bright, sparkling clear ampbell's Consommé, jellied till it shivers with cold. Keep a n in your refrigerator. At mealtime, spoon from the can into wls. Top with mint. A cool, easy way to please the family!





CHILL an Elegant Vichyssoise

Keep cool–with fresh, flavorful vichyssoise. So easy to make: thaw 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup, add 1 soup can milk. Blend in blender or mixer; strain until smooth. Serve in chilled bowls; garnish with chives. A great summertime refresher!



You'll find it in your grocer's frozen food cabinet.



HILL a Tomato Refresher

ve this on hand to perk up a summer-wilted appetite. Mix mpbell's Tomato Soup with a can of milk or water. Keep hilled in your refrigerator. The glory-of-the-garden tomato vor cools you off, helps you breeze through hot summer days!



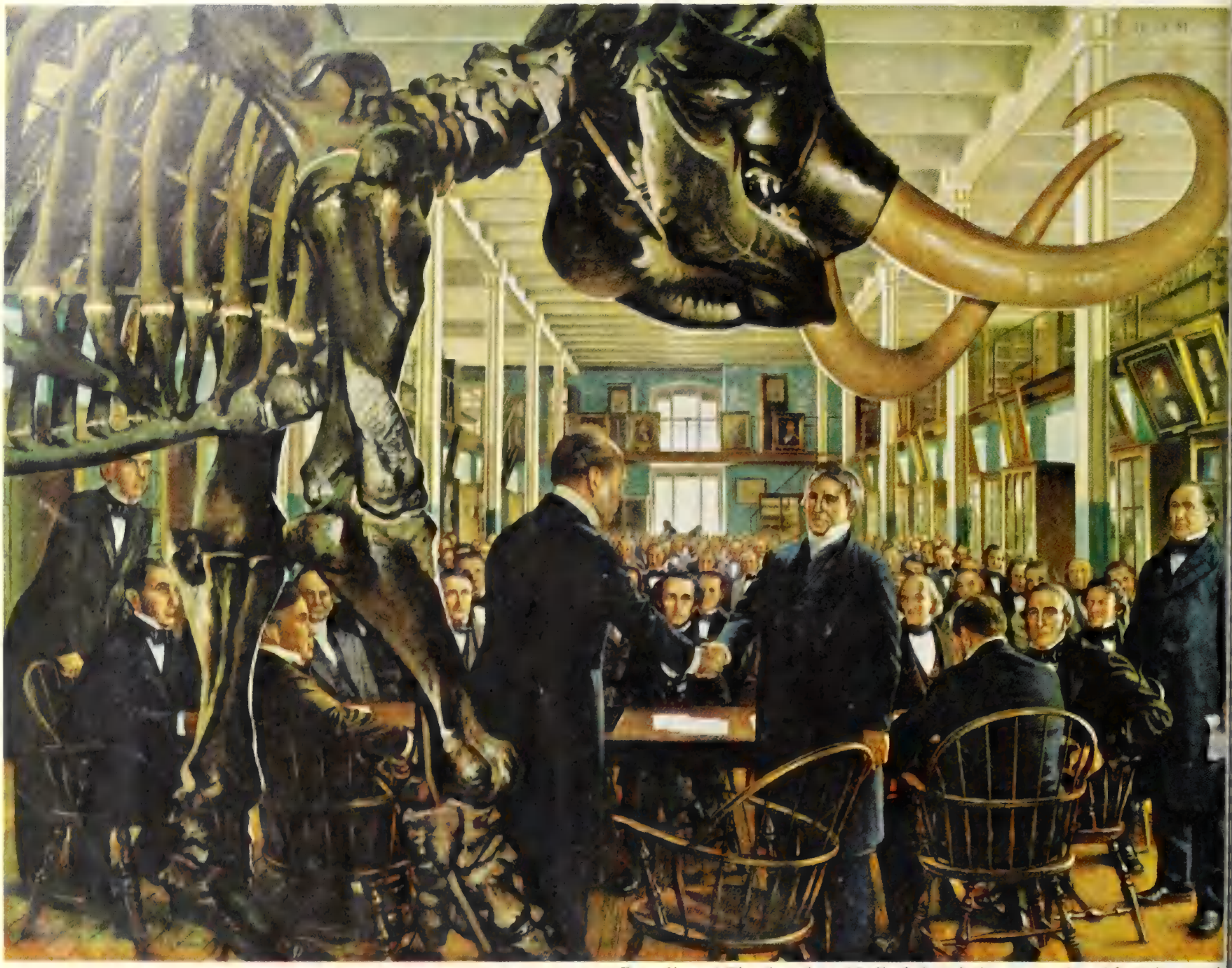


CHILL Soup on the Rocks

Here's a brisk, tangy refresher for summer – Campbell's Beef Broth poured straight from the can over ice cubes. Peps you up. Cools you off. Gives you a quick energy lift when the weather gets you down! Try it today. M'mm! Good! Nourishing good!



Good things begin to happen when you have *Campbell's Soups*



Founding of The American Medical Association—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

On May 7, 1847, some 250 physicians from 22 states – representing 40 medical societies and 28 colleges—met among the museum exhibits of The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and formed The American Medical Association. The first president, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, was welcomed to his office on that historic occasion by the chairman, Dr. Jonathan Knight, before his colleagues.

This first convention pledged the fledgling organization to principles to which it has held ever since: insistence upon continuing improvements in the quality of medical care and of medical education, and upon development of a Code of Ethics which benefits both patient and physician. Though some of its advances have not been easily won, the AMA has become recognized as one of the world's important medical bodies.

Parke-Davis, which was founded as a manufacturer of better medicines just 19 years later, in 1866, salutes The American Medical Association as that organization continues to build upon the firm foundation of professional and public service envisioned by its founders 114 years ago.

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PARKE-DAVIS ... *Pioneers in better medicines*

MILLA

INUED FROM PAGE 38

-cropped dark hair, and approached her a bow.

fear you are like to find yourself be-ed here." His voice was low, pleasant. haps I may have the honor of driving you to your friends' house. But allow me to nt myself: Leominster, at your service."

nd I am Camilla Forest, much beholden u for your kindness. If you would but be od as to give me conveyance to the near-n ——" She stammered to a halt, pain-aware of how strange a request this must . And, of all people, it must be Lord inster who had discovered her—the nty earl, Mrs. Cummerton called him.

o the inn, Miss Forest?" He could not keep the question out of his voice, but d, nevertheless, to tell his servants to up her box and then, taking her arm, d her up the steps into the carriage. "This been an ill-managed business on some-part. You will pardon me if I ask what parents are thinking of to let you be wan-g about the countryside like this."

e gave a little laugh, half amusement, half ness. "I fear I owe you an apology, sir, respassing on your good nature under I fear you may think false pretenses. I t a young lady, sir, but a governess."

ou are a very young one, then," he said. I have yet to learn that it is impossible a governess and a young lady at the same

s came near the bone and she found it, moment, impossible to reply.

have no possible right, of course," he "to question you about the predicament ich you find yourself, but there must be where more suitable than the village inn u to spend the night. Surely, Miss For-would be better to return to your previ-lace, however terrible the umbrage in you left."

laughed, again with that mixture of bit-s and amusement. "I fear you mistake atter, my lord. I have been turned off in ce. I cannot possibly go back."

ee. And what heinous crime, I wonder, you committed? I do not for a moment e that you have been making free with employer's diamonds—or her port. But, see, she has an older son, perhaps, your es' brother. You are come, I take it, from Cummerton's house."

gasped. "How in the world did you "

sily enough. I have a housekeeper who lers it her duty to keep me *au courant* he local gossip. So naturally I know that Cummerton recently engaged a French ess for her children. And equally I of Gerald Cummerton—who does not? nly, thing that does surprise me is that ould be French. You do not sound it."

hank you," she said earnestly. "I do not o."

?" He considered it. "I remember now. re Mademoiselle de Forêt, are you not, ter of the Comte de Forêt?"

said almost angrily, "I am Miss Forest, please. I ask you, sir, what is the use of g to an empty title? It is fourteen years we fled from France and I have not a title much substitute for a compe-Nor does it seem likely that we shall be ing in the near future."

," he said thoughtfully, "you are in the of it there. Bonaparte is well in the sad-d I do not suppose you would find it in eart to compound with him."

hould think not indeed," she flared out . "My only memories of France are of error and our escape; of blood and which killed my mother—and my r, too, for all I know to the contrary. u think I wish to go back there? I am as h as you, sir; perhaps more so, because w how lucky I am."

laughed. "I am glad you think so I not, myself, have considered it the of good fortune to be waiting, in the or a coach that did not come. Nor, in-would working for Mrs. Cummerton be ea of worldly bliss. Tell me, whatever possessed your friends to let you go as a governess in the first place?"

"What else could I do?" The bitterness was back in her voice. "One cannot go on forever depending on the bounty of strangers. Oh, they were kindness itself at Devonshire House, but ——" The less she said about life at Devonshire House since the duchess's death, the better.

But he had turned away to look out the carriage window. "Here we are," he said, "if I mistake not, at the Blue Boar."

Indeed the carriage had slowed to a halt and the groom now opened the door. Camilla made as if to rise, but Leominster interrupted her.

"No," he said abruptly, "it will not do. You cannot possibly spend the night here, Miss Forest. It will be far better to risk your reputation at my house than your health here." Without allowing her time to answer, he gave the orders and then settled back. "But you were speaking of Devonshire House. Were you indeed brought up in that *galère?*"

"Yes. My mother made great friends with the duchess when she visited Paris in 1789." And then, returning to the matter in hand: "It is very good of you, Lord Leominster, but truly I do not know whether I should accept your kind invitation."

He gave an angry and, to her, an unfamiliar exclamation. "You quite mistake the matter," he said. "You have not been invited, but abducted. I am not the arrogant earl for nothing. If it makes you feel any happier about it, I am probably old enough to be your father. So let us say no more about it. Tell me, instead, what possessed you to think Mrs. Cummerton a possible employer."

"Have you ever tried to find a position for a governess?" she asked.

"Why, no, I do not believe that I have."

"If you had you would not ask such foolish questions." She was amazed at her own temerity, but went boldly on: "There is not such a demand for governesses that I found myself in a position to be particular."

"And what will you do now?" he asked.

It was what she had been wondering herself. "Oh, visit my father for a little while and redeploy my forces."

"Your father? Oh, yes, of course, the Comte de Forêt. I have met him, I think."

"At Wattier's, I have no doubt, or one of the other gambling clubs. I hope you did not play with him, sir."

She was aware of his eyes, fixed on her with an uncomfortably piercing scrutiny. Then, "I beg your pardon," he said. "I would not have spoken of him if I had remembered the whole in time. His example makes your behavior all the more exemplary." He broke off. "But here we are at Haverford Hall. And here, you will doubtless be glad to see, is my Cousin Harriet to greet us."

And indeed as the carriage door was flung open, Camilla saw a flight of stone steps leading up to a lighted doorway in which stood a stolid middle-aged figure with gray hair.

Lord Leominster leaped down, turned to give his hand to Camilla and led her up the steps.

"Cousin Harriet, you should not be out here in the cold." He shepherded them both indoors as he spoke. "I have brought you a guest. The mail coach is broke down at Lindsay and Miss Forest was like to be benighted waiting for it, so I have brought her home to you. She is sadly chilled and will be glad, I am sure, to be taken to her room at once."

They were in the lighted hall now. Cousin Harriet, it seemed, was Mrs. Lefeu and most of the qualms Camilla had been feeling at this unorthodox visit vanished at sight of her formidable respectability. What she thought about Camilla was another question. She was busy with a speech of warm greeting for Lord Leominster, who had, Camilla gathered, been away for some days on a visit to his grandmother, the Dowager Lady Leominster.

Camilla was able for the first time to take a good look at her rescuer. His remarks about being old enough to be her father had seriously misled her. Looking at him by the warm candlelight, she decided he could not possibly be more than thirty. More alarming still, he was handsome. His large and piercing eyes gave a romantic impression to his face. Camilla was certain that she should never have agreed to spend a night in his house.

He, too, while apparently absorbed in talk with his housekeeper, was getting his first real look at his guest. He saw a slight, graceful girl, not beautiful, although there was something appealing about the large eyes in the thin face, and something else about her that he had recognized even in the dark carriage. Very much the aristocrat himself, he had been aware of breeding in her, despite the governess's drab costume. He broke off what he was saying to Mrs. Lefeu to exclaim, "But Miss Forest is soaked to the skin. Had you not best take her to your apartments while a fire is lighting in the Blue Room?"

Having thus indicated that this unexpected guest was to be treated as an honored one, he took a quick leave of Camilla, hoping formally that she would do him the honor of dining with him when she felt more herself.

Camilla merely curtsied, too shy to speak, and thus, though she did not know it, did much to win over Mrs. Lefeu, who led the way up a flight of stairs and down a long corridor to her own apartments. Camilla, shivering as she removed her sodden shawl in front of the fire, turned to her with an impulsive gesture.

"Dear madam, what *am* I to do? I beg you will advise me. He sounded so—so composed that I thought there could be no harm in spending the night here. But now I see it will not do at all. What *shall* I do?"

Mrs. Lefeu, who heartily agreed with her as to the impropriety of her visit, found herself in something of a quandary.

Praise loudly; blame softly.

CATHERINE II

"Well, my dear," she temporized, "it is not perhaps an arrangement that would quite satisfy your friends. Can you not send to have them fetch you away?"

"But that is just the difficulty." Camilla plunged headlong into the story of her troubles. "I was fond of little Harry and Lucy. They were just beginning to mind me when Gerald came home from Oxford." She stopped, coloring.

"I have heard about Gerald," said Mrs. Lefeu.

"So I can imagine. But what could I do? He was forever making excuses to come to the schoolroom. But to have his mother say that I had encouraged him ——" She stopped, scarlet with mortification at the memory of that scene in the shrubbery, where Gerald had come upon her unexpectedly; of the stale smell of wine on his breath as he forced his kisses on her. At first, when his mother irrupted upon them, she had felt nothing but relief, but when she found that it was upon her, not Gerald, that Mrs. Cummerton's reproaches fell she had flared up in self-defense. The result had been instantaneous dismissal. "Dear madam," she said again, "what must I do?"

"Why, make the best of things, I think, my dear," said Mrs. Lefeu kindly. "But what am I thinking of to keep you gossiping here? The fire will be lit in your room by now and you must be changing for dinner. Leominster always dresses, even when he is alone."

"Alone? But dear madam, you will dine with us, surely?"

"No, no. Our arrangement, when I came to live here, was that I would dine with him only by invitation. And tonight"—she paused—"tonight I have not been invited."

Camilla found the Blue Room full of firelight and dancing shadows. Her box had been unpacked and her best muslin laid out for her. She could not help a thrill of enjoyment at the unwonted luxury. Life had been like this at Devonshire House. As she brushed out her curls, the whole misery of the dreary attic at Mrs. Cummerton's seemed like a dream. This was her world, and she was back in it.

But only for one night, she reminded herself as the sound of a gong belowstairs alerted her. She must go down and face her host.

It was with some trepidation and a becomingly heightened color that she allowed him to conduct her, as formally as if they were met for a great dinner, across the hall into the dining room. Settled on Lord Leominster's right, Camilla was able, for a moment, to consider him unobserved as he turned to give an order to a footman and congratulated herself, as she took in his impeccable evening attire, on the trouble she had taken with her own.

The meal was a simple one, but was accompanied, to her slightly shocked surprise, by champagne. Catching her eye as her glass was filled, Leominster smiled. "I trust I do not need to reassure you that this is not the prelude to a scene of seduction. Nothing, I promise you, is farther from my thoughts."

Camilla, who had been wondering that very thing, smiled, blushed. "Though indeed," he went on, "I have what you may think a somewhat unusual proposition to make to you—later, when we are somewhat better acquainted. In the meantime, pray let me help you to some of this *pâté* which my chef, being a compatriot of yours, makes to perfection. But I beg your pardon, I remember that you did not wish to be considered as French. You have no hankering, then, to return and throw in your lot with Bonaparte?"

"No. After all, I have lived in England ever since I was six years old. Patriotism, I think, is a plant of later growth."

"Yes, I suppose so. I collect, since you were brought up at Devonshire House, that you are the fiercest of Whigs, and think nothing government does is right."

"Why, not exactly." She considered it for a minute. "Because we *must* fight Bonaparte or he will tyrannize over the whole world. But what are your politics, sir?"

He smiled at the direct question. "Why, Tory of the deepest dye. In fact, I rather expect to be employed in the new government that is now forming—the Duke of Portland is my cousin, and you will, I am sure, have heard that we Tories carry nepotism to the point of scandal."

"Nepotism, sir?"

"I cry your pardon. I am lecturing you as if you were a political meeting. Nepotism, Miss Forest, is the gentle art of giving jobs to your relations. You must have heard that we Tories are perfect in it."

"Well"—she considered it—"the Whigs seem to do pretty well at it too."

"Ah, yes, but in their case, of course, it is pure coincidence. Or so they say. But tell me, is it possible that you have come out of Devonshire House heart-whole? Are you not secretly wearing the willow for young Hartington? Or one of those Lamb boys who hang about there?"

She colored—what an extraordinary conversation this was—but answered composedly enough, "Why, as to Hartington, no one who knows him could help loving him—as a brother—but I am not quite mad, sir. To be Duchess of Devonshire is something above my touch. Besides," she added with transparent candor, "I think I lived too closely with them all to fall in love with any of them."

"So here you are, if I am not very far out in my calculations, twenty years old, and without a romantic attachment?"

She laughed. "You make my condition seem deplorable indeed, sir, but I refuse to despair. I should make an admirable wife for a country clergyman, I think, and a governess has frequent chances of meeting *them*. And I can always set up as a *modiste*."

"What a talented young lady you are. You will be telling me next that you are skilled in cookery and made that charming dress you are wearing. I cannot, however, think that you know Portuguese."

"Portuguese?" She looked at him in amazement. "What is that to the purpose?"

"Why, perhaps, a great deal." He pushed his plate aside. "Will you bear with me, Miss Forest, while I tell you a bit about myself?"

"Of course."

"Then to begin with, I do not like women. Anyone will tell you that. I do not understand them, I do not trust them. You will forgive me for making this plain from the start. You are, you have told me, a practical Frenchwoman; very well then, I have a practical

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proposition to put to you. Will you marry me, Miss Forest?"

"Marry you?" She could not believe her ears.

"Yes, marry me. On the strict understanding that it is a marriage of—shall we say?—appearance only. Let me explain. I have a grandmother, the Dowager Lady Leominster, to whom I have just been paying my yearly visit of duty. She is a fierce old lady with a great sense of family pride. I have the title, this house, and a pittance with which to support them. My grandmother has millions. Yesterday she told me that unless I marry, she will leave the whole to my cousin. You, with your spirit which drove you out into the world as a governess, will perhaps ask why I do not snap my fingers at my grandmother and her money. But I have family pride too. I have been offered a place by my cousin—he wishes me to go as special assistant to Lord Strangford at the Court of Portugal. It is a position that will cost me infinitely more than it brings in. And as if that was not enough, my grandmother has to tell me that she wishes to see me married before I go. I tell you, Miss Forest, I was in despair when I met you, but since then I have been beginning to hope. Would it amuse you to come to Portugal with me?"

She had heard him out in amazed silence. "It is indeed a remarkable proposition, my lord. But have you thought closely enough, I wonder, about what you are doing? Your grandmother, you say, wishes you to marry out of family pride. Surely, if I may speak plainly, this means she wants you to marry and get an heir. May you not find, if you venture into the kind of arrangement you have done me the honor of proposing to me, that you are saddled with the wife, and still deprived of the fortune for lack of an heir?"

He looked at her with a new respect. "I confess that is an idea that has occurred to me. But my grandmother has not stipulated the heir. She wishes, she says, to see me established in life before I go to Portugal because she does not expect to live until my return. As a matter of fact, I have no doubt she will live to be a hundred. Anyway, if I must marry, there could be worse times. A wife is always a useful adjunct to a diplomat."

Camilla could not help laughing. "I must say, sir, that your proposal is scarcely a flattering one. But I tell you frankly I find myself so circumstanced that I must at least consider it. When do you need your answer? I would like to see my father before I decide. Not that I would tell him anything about your proposition. But perhaps—who knows?—he has won a fortune at cards since I saw him last, and I may set up heiress on the proceeds. It is not likely, but I would like to make sure before I commit myself to—forgive me—so desperate a hazard."

It was his turn to laugh, somewhat wryly. "Of course, Miss Forest, you must have time to decide. I must go to town tomorrow to discuss my appointment with Lord Portland. I suggest that you do me the honor of accompanying me to London. We will take Cousin Harriet, too, in deference to the proprieties." A new thought struck him. "Where are you to stay? I do not imagine that your father's lodgings will be quite the thing for my future wife."

This was suddenly too much. "Not your future wife yet, sir," she said. "And I had not the slightest intention of staying with my father. I plan to return to Devonshire House." She rose. "I shall be most grateful for your escort—and Mrs. Lefeu's—to London. When do you intend to start in the morning?"

"Why, as soon as Mrs. Lefeu can be ready, which will be early enough, if I know her." He, too, had risen and now escorted her upstairs to Mrs. Lefeu's apartments, where the arrangements for next day's journey were completed. Camilla noticing how absolutely he was obeyed and how entirely he took such obedience for granted. What kind of husband, she wondered as she undressed in the luxurious warmth of her bedroom, would he make?

After all, to be Lady Leominster . . . and besides, there was no denying his attractiveness. It might do. She drifted into a sleep troubled by romantic dreams.

Waking, she told herself briskly that that would not do at all. If she did decide to marry Lord Leominster, it would be strictly on his own terms. Just the same, she was human enough to take particular pains about her appearance, exchanging the governess's drab for a becoming traveling dress of dark red.

Hurrying downstairs, she saw, in daylight, much that last night's candles had failed to reveal, and began to realize the truth of Lord Leominster's remarks about his straitened circumstances. The red turkey carpet was frayed in several places and the shadows of many years' candle smoke darkened walls and ceilings. The house might be luxury itself compared with the governess's quarters at Mrs. Cummerton's, but compared with the extravagant elegance she had been used to at Devonshire House, it was scarcely fit to live in.

She was mentally repapering the breakfast room when she was interrupted by Mrs. Lefeu, who apologized for being late, exclaimed about Leominster's absence and then, all in the same breath, greeted him warmly as he appeared from a door at the end of the room. He in his turn greeted Camilla with the automatic courtesy of a host, announced that they had fifteen minutes before the carriage would come round, and applied himself to the consumption of deviled kidneys. Very well (she helped herself largely to scrambled eggs), if he could play at detachment, so could she.

It was only later in the carriage that she began to be aware of the difference between them. However collected an appearance she contrived to present, behind it her emotions were in a whirl of indecision. Whereas he, having made his proposition, seemed to have forgotten all about it, and was soon deep in a discussion with Mrs. Lefeu as to the comparative urgency of various repairs.

Thanks to their early start, they reached London betimes in the afternoon and Camilla was quite human enough to enjoy being driven up to Devonshire House in an elegant traveling carriage. She parted from Mrs. Lefeu and Lord Leominster with many expressions of sincere gratitude, and a little niggling worry at the back of her mind was set at rest when he promised himself the pleasure of calling on her next day to make sure that she was none the worse for her journey. So he had meant it, last night.

To her relief, she found no one at Devonshire House but Miss Trimmer, who told her that the family were in the country. This suited Camilla admirably and she sat down to write a note to her father, urging him to call on her that very evening. He arrived with suspicious promptness and greeted her with an enthusiasm that boded, she thought, no good, as his guardian angel. "You arrive most happily to be my savior, and to make your own fortune."

"Really, father?" She looked at him with a suspicion based on long experience. "And pray how am I to set about being your savior—and making this fortune?"

"Why, so easily, my love. What do you think of an advantageous marriage?"

"Father, you cannot be serious. How can I expect to marry well with no dowry?"

"But that is exactly the point. The dowry will be provided, the groom is willing, it is but for you to say yes and our troubles are over."

"And who is to be the lucky man?" she asked dryly.

"Oh, *ma Camille*, always the cynic." He burst into one of his fits of unconvincing laughter. "But I have much to tell you, and first for a piece of news. What think you of your brother's being alive all this time?"

"My brother? Charles?" She could not believe her ears.

"Yes, Charles. My son, your brother. Not dead in the Terror as we thought, but alive and well, the adopted son of some good people in Clichy. Only fancy: my heir, the future Comte de Forêt, masquerading as M. Boutet, a butcher's son. And only see how blood will tell, for even as a butcher's son he has achieved distinction."

There was a cold dread now around her heart. "How, father?" she asked.

"Why, as one might expect, serving his country. It is a trifle embarrassing, I confess, but understandable enough that he should have thrown in his lot with Bonaparte. B sides, let us be a little realistic. Nothing w shake Bonaparte now; he is master of Euro and will remain so. These bungling fools Englishmen will be lucky if they can keep the own freedom. There is not a man among the fit to set up against Bonaparte. And no through your brother, only see what prospec open up before us."

"You have heard from him, then?"

"But *naturellement*. There is a friend of l in London who sought me out with the mc proper messages of filial regard from Charles

"A friend of Charles's in London? But y said he was a follower of Bonaparte!"

"And so he is. And so, of course, is h friend, who passes, for the nonce, as M Mireille, an *émigré*. In reality, he is here or secret mission of the greatest consequence

"You mean that he is a spy."

"Oh, *ma Camille*, why must you always ta things so awkwardly? But when you meet M Mireille, you will realize how greatly thin must be changed in France.

She cut him short. "But, father, what is th to the purpose?"

"Ah-ha, *ma petite*, always so practical. Y wish to hear about the handsome husba and the dowry, *n'est-ce pas?* As for the h band, Mireille is the man and head over e in love merely from hearing your praises; a for the fortune, what say you to your share our own estates, which I am promised on r return to France?"

"And what must we do in exchange

"Why, nothing of the slightest importan Mireille is in London for some time, so y would not be leaving your friends. I kn how much the connection with Devonsh House has meant to you; I am too good a ther to snatch you away from all that."

She saw it all now. "And how much d the connection with Devonshire House me to M. Mireille?" she asked. "Does he exp me to assist him in his spying?"

"Oh, Camilla!" He shrugged despairing "We are given a chance to recoup our f tunes, and all you do is make difficulties. l me tell you that if you do not marry Mirei I am a ruined man."

"Ruined? What do you mean?"

"Why, merely that I owe him more tha can possibly pay."

Now she was beginning, indeed, to s "And because he has done this to you," said, "you wish me to marry him. Father, y have surpassed yourself. But tell me; h much, in fact, do you owe this M. Mireill

He was extremely reluctant to tell her, she got it out of him at last. The figure v upwards of £500. She was pacing the roon distracted consideration of his plight whe footman appeared to announce that "a Mireille" was below asking for her.

"Tell him I am not at home," she saic once, and when the man had withdra turned on her father. "Really," she said, " is the outside of enough. I collect you t him to give you the meeting here. Have so little thought for my position that would have me entertaining every Tom, D and Harry of your acquaintance, and with family away too?"

"But, *mon amour*," he protested, "your tended husband? Surely I had best hurry a him and explain."

"Yes," she said, "perhaps you had. Say him what you please, but do not tell hi have accepted him. He is no intended husb of mine." And she cut short his protests ringing for a footman to show him out.

Alone, she paced the room in an agony indecision. So this was the help she had ho for from her father. For a moment she tempted to sit down and write to Lord L minster, accepting his offer and asking help. Then she thought better of it. That offer must be accepted seemed certain, from what she had already seen of him, thought she would do better to leave tonight in doubt.

This decided, she went up to her room unpacked, then joined Miss Trimmer fo evening of handwork and polite conversat It was, she found, strangely soothing. at last, alone in her room, did she let he think about the future. "Well, my L

ominster," she said to the pale, large-eyed flection in her glass, "and how, pray, do u do?"

There was, of course, no answer.

The morning had its own terrors. Suppose rd Leominster should have changed his nd? But she would not even consider that ssibility. She decided the time had come to ce Miss Trimmer into her confidence and e did so, telling her, of course, nothing about e strange nature of Lord Leominster's pro-sal. Miss Trimmer congratulated her rmly and came, with her usual good sense, aight to the point. "And he is calling on you day for your answer? Well, I think I had st play mamma to you, since the family are away. We will receive him together."

Since this was exactly the reaction Camilla d hoped for, she received it warmly. But en Lord Leominster was announced Ca-lla, watching him exchange polite nothings th Miss Trimmer, could hardly believe that proposal had ever been made. Only when turned to her and asked her how she had nd her father did she know that it was all l enough. Suddenly overwhelmed with ves, she stammered an incoherent reply d Miss Trimmer took this as her cue to rise d take her leave.

Alone with her, Lord Leominster said, ou do not look, Miss Forest, like a young ly whose father has just won a fortune in the tery. Nor"—he twinkled at her suddenly—ke one who awaits a proposal of marriage. t so very bad? Do you wish you had never countered me?"

With a fierce effort she contrived to match lightness of tone. "On the contrary, I nk I may have much cause to bless the day

It is better to live than to die rich.
SAMUEL JOHNSON

met." Then, with a sudden rush, "Tell me, lord, have you any money at all? Without ourse to your grandmother?"

He laughed. "Well, that's a frank-enough estion. Yes, I have a few pounds. Why? I to take it that you have found your her not so much fortunate as embarrassed?"

"Precisely so," she said, "and there is worse n that. I think before there is any more of marriage I must tell you the whole."

She poured out the whole story, only min-izing the sordid part played by her father d, by implication, her brother.

His voice lost none of his lightness as he lied, "So, I take it, as a bride's present, u would wish your father cleared of debt? ll, with a little contriving, I believe it can done. You say he admits to five hundred unds of debt? Then I suppose we had best ume that the total amounts to half as much ain. Well, I am afraid Cousin Harriet must good-by to her improvements at Haver-d Hall." He rose to his feet. "You had best e me your father's direction, Miss Forest, d let me handle this as I best may. But, t, have I your permission to announce our agement in the Gazette? It will infinitely engthen my hand in dealing both with your her and with this M. Mireille."

"Yes, of course," she said, then hurried on a point that had been troubling her. "You not have M. Mireille arrested, will you?"

"Do not trouble yourself over him. I do propose to do anything so drastic as hav-him arrested, but merely to drop a word the proper quarters. Once he is known for by, he can do little harm and may indeed us good. But now, for our plans. My ndmother is most happily come to town. ill call on her even before I see your father ask her leave to bring you to visit her this ning. I think I can promise you that she be the most surprised dowager in London. s but three days since she made me her ul-atum, and here I present myself to her as appily affianced man."

Camilla considered it somewhat doubtfully. o you think she will really *believe* it?"

"You are not exactly flattering. Miss For-Do you find it so impossible of credence that I should be able to woo and win a young lady in three days?"

It was her turn to laugh. "I cry your pardon. My lord, I do not know how to thank ——"

He interrupted. "Then do not try. And, Miss Forest, I must beg you to give over calling me 'my lord,' which might, indeed, rouse justifiable doubts in my grandmother's breast. If you boggle at Maurice—and I should not blame you—Leominster will do well enough. And what, pray, may I call you?"

"Why, Camilla, my lord—I beg your pardon, Camilla," she said, coloring deeply.

"Camilla," he said with approval. "'Tis a pretty name and suits its owner." And with this, the first compliment he had paid her, he took his leave, promising to call for her that evening and conduct her to his grandmother's house in St. James's Square.

He arrived punctually. "All's well so far. I have seldom had the pleasure of seeing my grandmother so surprised."

"And pleased?" she asked somewhat wryly.

"She is all eagerness for the meeting. And, of course, to see you will be to approve. But I have more news. I have seen your father."

"Already? Oh that was *kind* in you, sir. What has my father's approval cost you?"

"Why, to tell truth, less than I had feared. I have met your other suitor too. When I suggested to M. Mireille that a word from me in the proper quarter might put an end to his capacities for wooing for some time to come, he was only too happy to waive his claim to your hand and is now, if I mistake not, busy packing for a precipitate return to France."

"And the five hundred pounds?"

"I suggested that it would be well worth his while to waive his claim to that too. Blackmail, Miss Forest, is a game two can play at. No, you will have no more trouble from M. Mireille, and your father is my very dear friend already."

"Dear me"—she hesitated for a word—"how competent of you, my lord."

"Leominster," he corrected. "I beg you will remember not to go 'my lording' me at my grandmother's. But here we are. Remember, I beg, that she is a very old lady and used to saying what she pleases."

Camilla laughed. "I am glad to think somebody bullies you," she said.

Lady Leominster's house differed most remarkably from Haverford Hall. Here were no peeling paint and shabby curtains. The very smell of the house suggested beeswax, and everything shone, from the silver candelabrum to the footmen's wigs. They were conducted to Lady Leominster's own apartments, where they found her enthroned in an enormous velvet-hung four-poster bed. She was a little monkey of an old lady, so small, so shrunk that it was hard until one saw her eyes to imagine her as the powerful tyrant of a whole family. But her eyes told another story.

She held out a fragile claw to Camilla. "I shall not kiss you—yet." And then with a laugh, "Very likely you will not wish to kiss me at all." Both voice and laugh were an astonishment, deep, resonant and beautiful. "As for you, Lavenham, you will be so good as to leave us. Tell Chatteris to give you a glass of whatever you wish. I will send for you when I am ready." She held out her tiny begemmed hand in dismissal.

Alone with Camilla, she said with a sigh, "Well, you look ladylike enough."

Camilla could not help a little laugh. "I thank you, ma'am."

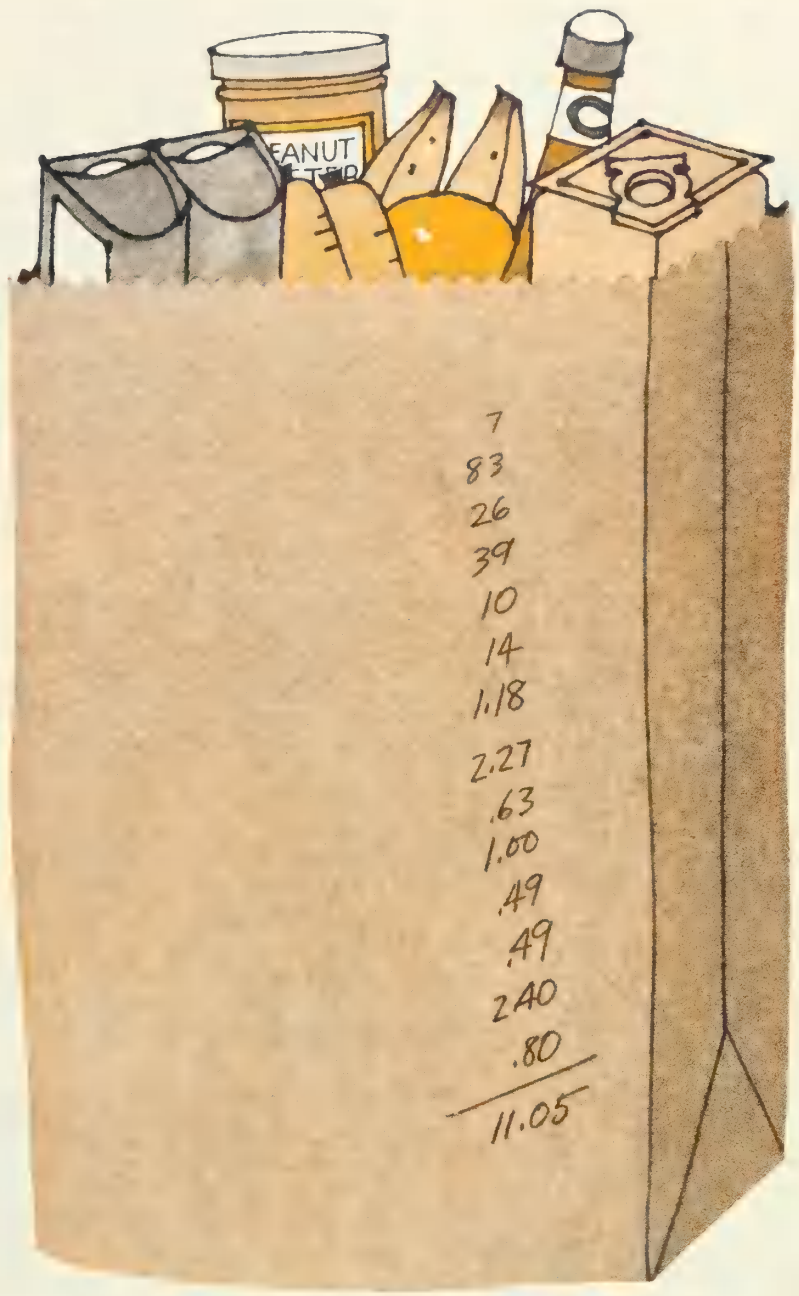
The old lady brightened perceptibly. "H'm-m-m—and got some spirit too. What makes you wish to marry my grandson?"

Camilla looked at her thoughtfully for a moment. "Why, his money, ma'am."

Once again that amazing laugh rang out. "And a very good reason too. If you had told me some stuff about love at first sight I would never have trusted you. As it is, we may deal admirably, you and I. So you have been out as a governess hey?"

"Yes. I told Lord Leominster I thought you would not like it."

"Not Leominster," snapped the old lady. "Lavenham to you and me—his first name is too ridiculous. Maurice—pah! But there were Lavenhams at Haverford Hall long before the house of Hanover was thought of—or the



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Stuarts either. But I'll not bore you with our family history. You are yourself of good family, I understand. The Comte de Forêt, is it not? Surely I know something of him?"

"Nothing good, I fear, ma'am," said Camilla calmly. "I come to you with many liabilities."

"Oh, as to that," said the old lady, "you will find that we have enough of our own. I must tell you that I hold the purse strings and shall continue to do so. Since you tell me that you are marrying Lavenham for money, you had best understand at once that it is mine."

"So it is easy to see, ma'am, by the state of this house compared with Haverford Hall," said Camilla dryly.

"*Touché!*" Again came that swashbuckling laugh. "Is it so very shabby then?"

"Deplorable," said Camilla simply. "It is worse than shabby, it is falling to pieces."

"Well, there is time enough to be thinking of that," said the dowager. "But let us return to you. This Mrs. Cummerton was your first employer, was she not? Until you went to her you had lived at Devonshire House—as one of the family?" she added sharply.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And are now back there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And will remain there till your marriage, of course. Will the duke give you away?"

"I have no doubt he would if I were to ask him. But you forget, ma'am, that I have a father. Whatever may be said against him, I will be given away by no one else."

"That's good." The dark eyes flashed approval. "I like your spirit. Oh, it might be worse—it might very well be worse."

"Leominster—I mean Lavenham—said you would be too happy he was marrying to make many objections to me," said Camilla, greatly daring.

"Why, to tell truth, child, he was in the right of it there. I only hope you know what you are doing. We want no more scandals in our family; if you marry Lavenham, you are to stick to him, understand?"

"Of course, ma'am. That is my idea of matrimony. But"—Camilla hesitated—"you say 'no *more* scandals'?"

"Ha!" It was a grunt almost of satisfaction. "I thought he'd not have told you. Well, you'd best know. Lavenham's father—my son—was killed in a duel defending his wife's honor (as he thought). She watched from her lover's carriage and left England with him afterward. Lavenham was a child of ten, his sister a mere baby. He has not, I think, forgotten."

"Oh. He told me he did not like women. I could not understand it, but now I begin to."

The dark eyes snapped. "Told you that, did he? Did he tell you he's had all the eligible girls in town dangling after him and paid them as much attention as he would a flock of sheep when he's hunting? I tell you, my threat to disinherit him if he did not marry was the throw of despair; I never thought it would work. But now, we must talk business."

"Business? You mean I have passed?"

"Passed? Why, child, I am thanking heaven for you. You seem to have some idea of practical living, and you'll need it with Lavenham. I shall buy your trousseau and put Haverford Hall in order for you. I shall also deal with Mrs. Cummerton—which should not be difficult—and launch you in society. I shall also give you an allowance independent of what I give Lavenham—which I shall, of course, increase. I think it will be better for you—and for him—if you are in some sense independent. And, one more thing: when you bear us an heir, your allowance will be doubled. Now I am tired. Ring and have Lavenham sent for."

So there was to be no more discussion and in her heart of hearts Camilla was relieved. The question of the heir was something she did not feel she could discuss even with her remarkable old grandmother-to-be. Nor, needless to say, did she mention it to Leominster, who was heartily satisfied with what she did tell him of the interview.

Lady Leominster had announced, in parting, that she was tired of being, as she put it, "a bedridden old crone" and would take Camilla shopping for her trousseau in the morning. "Clothes come first, always." Arriving, Camilla found her dressed in the very height of the fashion of ten years ago and looking more like a performing monkey than ever. This morning she offered a brown, rouged and wrinkled cheek for Camilla's kiss, saying as she did so, "I am glad to find you so punctual, child. We have much to do today. Lavenham's orders are changed: he must leave for Portugal before the month is out."

"So soon?"

"Yes. He seemed doubtful whether you could be ready in time, but I told him we shall do it if it means hiring every mantua maker and milliner in town. You have but to decide whether you would liefer be married in town or at Haverford on your way to Falmouth."

That was the most exhausting week of Camilla's life. After some discussion, it had been decided that the wedding had best take place in the village church at Haverford. Lady Leominster was so rejuvenated by a week of constant bullying of tradesmen that she pronounced herself easily fit for the journey. "And besides"—she twinkled at Camilla—"it will give me an opportunity to see what I have committed myself to spending in setting the house to rights for you."

She and Camilla's father were to be the only witnesses at the wedding. Camilla, on learning this, had raised a problem that had been troubling her. "But surely," she said, "will not Miss Lavenham be accompanying us?" She had wondered why no move had been made to make her known to Lavenham's sister, who was, she knew, at a school on the outskirts of town.

"Chloë?" Lavenham raised his eyebrows. "I confess I had not thought it necessary. What think you, ma'am?" As usual, he referred the point to his grandmother.

Recipe for having friends: Be one.
ELBERT HUBBARD

"I think she had much best stay at school and try to learn some conduct," said the old lady roundly. Then, seeing Camilla's amazed expression, she laughed. "I collect Lavenham has told you nothing about his sister. You will think our family cursed with scandal, child, when I tell you that Chloë has already come near to disgracing us all. What think you of her trying to elope at sixteen, and with the music master?"

"Well," said Camilla thoughtfully, "I suppose it is not really so much worse than marrying a governess. How far did they get?"

"Not too far, by God's mercy. Lavenham was in Portugal, so it fell to my lot to rise from a sickbed and pursue them to Gretna. Luckily, the young man was a ninnyhammer and all their arrangements went awry. By the time I caught up with them I think Chloë was glad to see me. That was six months ago, and we told her that a further year at school must be her penance."

It was an oddly assorted quartet that set forward in two traveling carriages for Haverford Hall. Camilla's father was resplendent in gleaming new buckskins and topcoat that she suspected her betrothed had paid for. She was to drive down with him, while Lavenham escorted his grandmother. Camilla had to listen for the length of the journey to her father's enthusiastic congratulations on her good fortune—and his. It came out that Lavenham had undertaken to make him a small allowance—on condition that he kept away from the gaming tables. Camilla did not know whether to be more touched or amused at the optimism that made him believe her father's asseverations that he would never touch another pair of dice. She would as easily believe him if he told her he would never draw another breath.

At Haverford Hall, as in London, she was too busy for thought. Lady Leominster, after a volley of horrified exclamations at the state of the house, turned to with a will to plan its renovation. And Camilla must be consulted about everything. She must decide the color scheme of her own suite of apartments, which Lady Leominster intended entirely to remodel. "We'll have no memories of his mother lingering here to haunt Lavenham," she explained. Impossible to suggest to the old lady that the chances of Lavenham's ever visiting these apartments were remote.

As their wedding day drew near, he seemed more and more a courteous stranger to Camilla. They might, she thought in despairing tears one night, be the merest of chance acquaintances, not a couple who were to marry.

She woke to something like panic. Tomorrow was her wedding day. They were to be married in the morning, then leave at once for the long journey to Falmouth. By spending one night in Exeter, they would break the journey and reach Falmouth in time to go aboard their ship the evening before she sailed. It all seemed too near, too soon—in short, impossible. And yet to retreat was equally impossible.

It was with an aching head and a pale face that Camilla joined the others at breakfast. Lady Leominster looked at her sharply, said nothing and presently engaged her grandson to drive her out to pay a morning call. She told Camilla, "You look pale this morning. Perhaps you would do me a kindness by taking a message to Forbes? Your father, I know, will accompany you."

Since Forbes, the bailiff, had a cottage at the farthest end of the estate, this would have entailed a ride of several miles; but soon after Lady Leominster and her grandson had left, Forbes appeared and Camilla was able to give him the message. This done, and her father having vanished to the billiard room, Camilla found herself alone. It was the last thing she wanted. She prowled about the house, trying to think of anything but tomorrow, and it was with a sensation of relief that she saw a carriage turn into the drive and come to stop at the front door. She watched as a golden-haired girl in a maroon traveling dress bounced out of the carriage, said something to the man and vanished into the front entrance.

Camilla had hardly time to wonder who she could be when Marston, the butler, appeared. "Here is Miss Lavenham arrived, Miss Forest, in a hired chaise, and wants the man paid off. My lord out and my lady too. I am sure I don't know what to do for the best."

"Why, pay the man, of course, as Miss Lavenham tells you," said Camilla. "And bring her in here to me."

This, however, proved unnecessary, for Miss Lavenham now stood in the doorway, a look of mixed fright and amusement on her exquisite face. Why, Camilla found herself wondering, had no one thought to tell her that her future sister-in-law was a beauty? The explanation flashed into her mind almost as soon as the question. Chloë Lavenham's golden ringlets, exquisite pink-and-white complexion and huge blue eyes must proclaim her, for all the world to see, her errant mother's child. She was tiny, too, and had to reach up to plant an impulsive kiss on Camilla's cheek.

"I *knew* I should like you," she said. "You are not going to give me a scold, are you?"

Camilla laughed as she returned the kiss. "That must depend," she said, "on what you have been doing."

"Why, nothing so very dreadful," said Chloë, taking off her bonnet. "Besides, it serves Lavenham right for trying to keep me away from his wedding. You do not mind my coming, do you?"

"Of course not. I have been longing to meet you." Then, aware that Lavenham and his grandmother might think her lacking in firmness, she changed her tone. "I trust you have your schoolmistress's permission to come?"

Chloë threw back her head in a fit of delighted—and delightful—laughter. "I am not only permitted to leave, but most earnestly entreated not to return. I told Lavenham I'd make him regret it if he left me mewed up with those old women much longer."

"Oh dear," Camilla could see trouble. "Have you done something so dreadful?"

"No, I took particular pains to make it something the old pussies could not forgive—and Lavenham could not mind too much. It was only what he had taught me anyway."

"What was?"

"Why, the composition they gave me to write about what religion means to me. Well, I told them right enough, just what Lavenham has said about enlightened self-interest and the church being a bogey to frighten children. No, they will not have me back and I do not see how Lavenham can be so *very* angry."

But her voice shook a little and Camilla, recognizing fright, put out an impulsive hand to her. "Never mind," she said. "Truly I am glad to have you here for my wedding."

Just the same, it was two visibly frightened girls who greeted Lavenham and Lady Leominster on their return. And the scene that followed justified their fears. It was over at last. As Lavenham said, if Chloë had been turned out bag and baggage, there was not much to be done about it. "But"—he turned on her with a renewal of anger—"what do you propose to do with yourself after you have graced my wedding? Perhaps you are not aware that I leave for Portugal tomorrow."

"Oh, I did not know." Chloë's face clouded.

"Exactly! You did not know. Now you had best go on bended knees to your grandmother to ask for house room in St. James's Square, for I am certainly not going to leave you here alone with Cousin Harriet to get into what scrapes you please."

It was clear to Camilla that this proposal was equally unwelcome to both the parties concerned. "May I propose another plan?" she said. "Could not Chloë come with us? I am sure I should be glad of her company, Lavenham, when you are away, as you tell me you will often have to be." It was the first time she had managed to call him by his family name and she felt herself coloring with the effort, but was rewarded by a quick kiss from Chloë.

"I *knew* you would stand my friend. Oh, Lavenham, do, do let me come. I will behave like an angel. I promise it, cross my heart."

Lavenham laughed. "For you to talk about keeping out of trouble, puss, is like a fish planning to live on dry land."

Since Lady Leominster warmly seconded this plan, all obstacles were quickly dealt with. Certainly Chloë's presence added gaiety that had hitherto been lacking in the wedding preparations. It was Chloë who helped Camilla dress for her wedding, keeping up a stream of chatter about what *she* would wear when her turn came. Chloë talked all the way to the village church and only paused, at last, to give Camilla a little reassuring pat on the shoulder and say, "You look like an angel."

With these encouraging words ringing in her ears, Camilla took her father's arm and started up the aisle to meet her husband.

It was over. Lavenham's cold hand slipped the ring on her finger, the clergyman finished the short service. Then her father was kissing her, shaking Lavenham by the hand and seizing the chance to press a more than paternal kiss on Chloë's flushed cheek. Glancing up, Camilla saw Lavenham taking this in.

"I should kiss you?" he said.

"It is, I believe, customary." As Lady Leominster approached, Camilla held up her cold cheek to his still colder kiss. Then they were all outside. There were laughter, a scattering of flower petals from the village children, a volley of farewells. The day's journey to Exeter was so long that Lavenham and his grandmother had decided delay for a wedding breakfast was impossible. So bride, bridesmaid and groom were loaded into Lavenham's traveling carriage, while Camilla's new maid, Frances, took her place with the valet, Jenks, in the second carriage with the luggage.

"Well," said Chloë as the carriage swung out onto the main road, "that was quick. I shall expect something quite other when my turn comes, and so I warn you, Lavenham."

He laughed shortly. "I doubt if there are bride's cake and champagne at Gretna Green."

"Oh, that." She dismissed her elopement as a youthful folly, long forgotten, then turned to Camilla. "You cannot conceive what an encumbrance I feel. To be acting third on a honeymoon party is a monstrous piece of ill manners. Should I, do you think, ride with Jenks and the maid?"

Camilla, whose gratitude to Chloë for breaking the silence had indeed been mixed with a certain flavor of regret at her presence there, began a polite protest, but Lavenham

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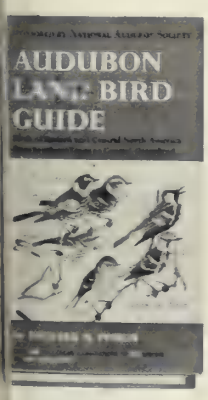
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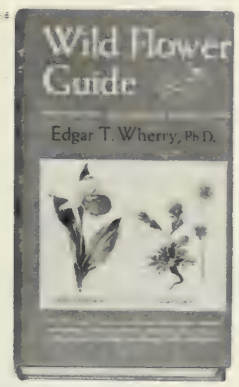
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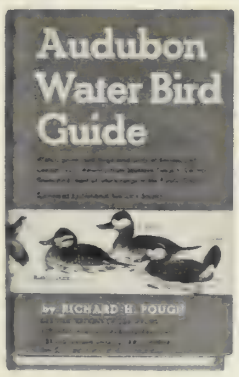
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interrupted, telling his sister not to be more absurd than she could help. "You wished to be of the party; now you will put up with the consequences."

Even Chloë found this something of a silencer and, after exchanging a glance of quick sympathy with her new sister-in-law, settled down to gaze out the carriage window. Camilla, too, was silent, sorry that Lavenham had given his sister such a setdown, yet sympathizing with the almost intolerable strain under which she recognized him to be laboring. So they traveled across the heart of England. By the time they reached Exeter, late in the evening, the silence of constraint had given place to that of fatigue and Camilla observed a crease across Lavenham's brow that she had never seen before. Was he, she wondered, regretting their marriage already?

Chloë brightened up at sight of the outskirts of Exeter. For all her seventeen years, she was enough of a child still so that the mere passage of time could put her at her ease in any situation. She began to chatter to Camilla and was soon bobbing from side to side of the carriage in her attempts to see Exeter Cathedral. A lurch of the carriage overset her and she cannoned heavily into her brother, who let out an exclamation of such black rage that Camilla shrank back in her corner.

Chloë did not seem particularly surprised, but settled back with an apology. "Have you one of your migraine headaches, Lee?"

He admitted to the headache. "I am afraid I have been vilely bad company all day," he said to Camilla. "You must forgive me, M——" He had almost said "Miss Forest," but remembered in time, colored deeply and contrived to turn it into "my dear."

The mild endearment moved Camilla almost to the point of tears, which she, however, took care to conceal, remarking instead, in her gentlest voice, on the length of the day's journey and inquiring what treatment he found best for the headache.

"Oh, nothing but to endure it," he answered a shade impatiently as the carriage turned into the inn yard, and she could only admire the fortitude with which he endured the bustle of their late arrival. Fortunately, rooms and a meal had been bespoken for them. They found two large bedrooms with a sitting room between ready for their occupation.

Chloë's presence had not been provided for, and the host was deep in apologies because he had no other room available. "Of course she must sleep with me," said Camilla, and felt herself rewarded for the sacrifice of comfort and privacy by her husband's grateful look.

Dinner, the host told them, would be served immediately, and they retired to their rooms to repair the ravages of the long day's journey.

When Camilla and Chloë joined Lavenham in their sitting room they found him staring gloomily at the table which a man and a boy were engaged in loading with food. Chloë exclaimed with delight at the plenty before her, but it was soon obvious to Camilla that Lavenham ate only by a heroic effort of will.

At last she could bear the sight of his struggles no longer, and asked, "Would you not be very much happier in the quiet of your own room, my dear?" She ventured the endearment he had used. "Chloë and I will do excellent well without you and, with your permission, I will come presently and see if I cannot massage the pain away. I used to do it for the Duchess of Devonshire."

He was obviously deeply relieved to withdraw. Later she knocked timidly on his door and found him stretched, fully clothed, on his bed in the darkened room. He turned over obediently and lay flat on his face while her gentle hands worked over the tense muscles at the back of his neck. Gradually she could hear his breathing ease off into sleep and at last, very quietly, she rose to leave him.

As she reached the door, his voice stopped her. "Camilla," he said, and then, as she paused, "thank you."

"Good night," she whispered.

They had another long day's journey before them and were up betimes in the morning although Camilla had already lain for a long time, listening to the noises of the inn yard, and thinking about her husband and the strange life before her. Later, the first sight of Lavenham was encouraging; he was visibly better, and the furrow gone from above his eyebrows. But if she had hoped for any increase in warmth on his part this morning, she was to be disappointed. He was brisk almost to the point of rudeness and it was a subdued little party that climbed punctually into the carriage as the clock struck the hour.

Chloë, however, had had enough of silence and began to tease him with questions about Portugal. What was he to do there? Where were they to live? Did he like the Portuguese? And a thousand other questions. He began to thaw a little. Yes, he told them, Lord Strangford had secured a house for them. They would go there directly from the boat.

"You will find the Portuguese a good-enough kind of people, I think"—he was addressing Camilla now—"if curiously unaware of dirt or discomfort. But the climate, I am sure, will make up for much. I hope neither of you finds hot weather oppressive."

They both assured him that it was of all things what they liked best.

"You are to form part, remember, of the diplomatic colony and much may depend on your behavior." This speech was made directly to Chloë. "Above all," he warned, "you will avoid comment of any kind on their religion. Equally, you will avoid any connection with the French —— Oh"—he remembered—"forgive me, Camilla, but at least you are English now."

She laughed. "And a good thing, too, I can see. But do the French maintain an embassy in Lisbon?"

"Of course they do, since Portugal is, officially at least, neutral."

"How do you mean, officially?"

"Why, in past years Portugal has always been our very good friend. Now Bonaparte is exerting the utmost pressure on Prince John to persuade him to close his ports against us."

"And would that be bad?" asked Camilla.

"Disastrous."

"And you are going to Lisbon to persuade the prince regent that he must not give way!" exclaimed Chloë. "What a great man you are, Lavenham."

He laughed. "Well, call it, rather, to assist Lord Strangford in his persuasions. My cousin thought my knowledge of the country might prove of some service. I hope you will find the countryside and the people to your taste. I have grown to find them good friends, for all their faults."

Camilla could not help laughing at this characteristically reserved commendation. "I can see that we will have plenty to do, Chloë and I, in ensuring that we do not handicap you in your negotiations. Tell me in what language will we converse, for I must confess that I know no more Portuguese than I do Greek."

"I am afraid that with the ladies you may find yourselves largely reduced to sign language," he said, "for you will find their ideas of female education amazingly behind ours."

Camilla laughed again. "So Chloë and I will find ourselves paragons of learning," she said. "Do you know any Portuguese, Chloë?"

"Why, yes," she said surprisingly. "I do a little. I tried to learn it when Lavenham was there last, but I am afraid I did not make a great deal of progress."

"You never told me that," said Lavenham, with a mixture of surprise and pleasure that Camilla found most promising for his relations with his sister.

"You never asked me," said Chloë.

They had left the red Devon fields behind and were rattling over the dreary uplands of Cornwall. The fatigue and tedium of traveling had them all in its grip and conversation dwindled. Chloë curled up and fell asleep. Lavenham leaned back with eyes half closed, brooding—*About what?* Camilla wondered.

As for her, she had difficulties of her own to face. Although it was impossible not to like Chloë, it was equally impossible not to wonder how their curious *ménage à trois* was going to work out. It was obvious that much of her thoughtless behavior was the result of her forlorn upbringing. She had been a baby when her father was killed and her mother ran away. Her grandmother, all too evidently, cared nothing for her; her brother hated women. It was really no wonder, Camilla thought, that Chloë had leaped at the proffered affection of her music master. She was pining, Camilla thought, for family life; well, she and Lavenham would have to form themselves into a family, however odd a one, for her sake.

The inn at Falmouth was far from luxurious and it was a weary little party that boarded the packet next morning. Neither Camilla nor Chloë had ever been to sea before. The little ship tossed and shuddered and Camilla found herself so overcome by nausea that she had to hurry below to her cabin. Chloë was all sympathy and during the wretched week that followed Camilla thanked heaven over and over that had brought her with them. The maid Frances, had retired to her cabin before the boat left harbor. If it had not been for Chloë Camilla would have been entirely dependent on her husband's ministrations. It was an appalling thought, for it was all too obvious that he found a sick woman even less attractive than a well one.

After the first visit of duty he paid her, she begged Chloë to keep him away and Chloë promised to do her best. "Not that it will be difficult," she added. "Lee never could abide the sight of sickness. I think perhaps it was from seeing our father die."



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"Seeing what?"

"Did you not know? I thought grandmother old you. You know about the duel, I collect?"

"Oh, yes, Lady Leominster told me."

"Well," Chloë went on cheerfully, "she cannot have told you that when they fought, not nly was my mother in the other carriage, she ad Lee with her. When my father fell, Lee mped out of the carriage and ran to him. hey could not drag him away and the runners ound him there when they came up. Of course y mother was well away by then."

"She left him there alone?"

"Yes. It is no wonder that he cannot abide e sight of blood—or, indeed, of illness of any ind. You can see," she went on, "that in a ay I was lucky. My mother never thought of king me. I would have been far too much ouble. Indeed, I have been nothing but a ouble to everyone ever since," she added ith sudden passion.

Camilla reached out to catch her hand. Not to me, Chloë," she said. "I cannot think ow I would have managed without you."

Chloë pressed her hand. "I will never be a ouble to you, Camilla, I promise you."

Life in Portugal proved everything that avenham had said. Camilla was Frenchoman enough to be appalled by the condion in which she found their house and spent e first weeks battling—in sign language—ith her Portuguese servants in an effort to ave it made habitable. They thought her enely mad but, luckily, liked her and liked ond Chloë with her smattering of Portuguese ill more. If the crazy *Inglesas* wanted their oors scrubbed to a fantastic standard of eanliness, they should have them.

The court was at Caldas da Rainha, taking e waters, and since Lord Strangford was ere, too, Lavenham felt obliged to join him, aving his wife and sister to their domestic vices. It would be time enough, he said, for em to make their appearance in society when —and the court—returned.

There was much to do and see and talk out. The climate was everything that Lavenm had promised. Their house, which stood a hill at the eastern end of Lisbon, had a oad marble terrace overlooking the harbor, d here every evening they sat, alternating tween sun and shade as the spirit moved m, Chloë growing browner every day. Soon milla, too, was faintly brown, with a glow health that made Chloë exclaim one eveng, "Why, you are growing quite a beauty. venham will be amazed when he returns." Camilla laughed. "If he notices," she said. e found Chloë wonderfully easy company. eed from the tyranny of the schoolroom, she ossomed each day into new life and gaiety. As for Camilla, she, too, was happy in her n, quieter way. This breathing space of venham's absence could be given up to the asure of being a married woman, someone h a place in the world at last. And it was all venham's doing. There was a deep and nt beatitude in setting his house in order.

The prince regent returned at last, rowing wn the Tagus in the royal barge on the eve the Festival of Corpus Christi. Chloë spent morning watching the scene on the river m the terrace, running in from time to time urge Camilla to come out and join her, or ask if there had been any news of Lavenm. Her anxiety for his return was considerly heightened by the fact that Camilla had used to take her to see the procession next unless he should be there to escort them. When he arrived at last, tired and travelned, Chloë rushed to throw her arms und him. "Oh, Lee, you will take us tomorrow, will you not? Camilla will not go with- you. Oh, Lee, we can go, can we not?"

With something halfway between a laugh a groan, he disengaged himself from her brace. "Quiet, child, a moment." To Camla's relief, the rebuke was a gentle one. "You are both well, I see," he went on. "I st ask your pardon for leaving you so long ne"—he was addressing Camilla now—t Prince John has a genius for vacillation. I only relieved that his beloved church has ught him at last. It is, I collect, unthinkle that one of the great festivals should take ce in his absence." Then, to Chloë. "So wish to see the procession tomorrow? I promise you, it will prove disappointing, but if you have been behaving with propriety in my absence, we shall see."

Camilla was wakened at first light next morning by a hideous din, which resolved itself into the jingling of all the church bells in the city, mingled with the rolling of drums and the harsh braying of trumpets. The Festival of Corpus Christi had begun.

They met early for their breakfast. Chloë's thoughts, of course, were all on the procession this morning, but, warned by Camilla, she managed to refrain from mentioning it until her brother had finished his breakfast. She was rewarded when he rose from the table and asked, "Now, how do you ladies wish to celebrate my first day at home?"

Chloë ran to him at once. "Oh, Lee, by going to see the procession, please!"

He turned to Camilla. "What say you, my dear? Shall we gratify this child's passion for spectacles?"

Camilla, who would gladly have done anything for him when he called her his dear, agreed at once.

"Very well then. We had best start as soon as you can make yourselves ready. My friend, Dom Fernando, has arranged to make a balcony available to us in the square."

Chloë reached up to give him a resounding kiss on the cheek. "You monster, Lee, you had planned to go all the time." And she danced away to fetch her hat and scarf.

Alone with Camilla, Lavenham seized the opportunity to explain that Dom Fernando da Casa Molinha was one of the leaders of the pro-English party in Lisbon and to ask her to try to make sure that Chloë did not, as he put it, "fly off in one of her mad starts" and offend him. Camilla promised to do her best. She hurried to fetch her own hat and sunshade and pass on the warning to Chloë.

Their mule-drawn carriage made its way with difficulty through the crowded streets toward the square in which the Church of Saint Vincent stood. They had to leave it some distance off and walk to the building from which they were to view the procession. There they were greeted in fluent French by Dom Fernando, and Camilla, answering him, breathed an inward sigh of relief that the conversation was to be in this language.

When they reached the balcony, she forgot her anxiety in amazement at the sight that met her eyes. Every house in the square was hung with damask, tapestry or cloth of gold and the rich fabrics, gleaming in the sun, made it seem rather an Eastern encampment than a European city. Below them the square was thronged with people, and across it rose the vast flight of steps that led to the church. Here were massed the Yeomen of the Queen's Guard in their parti-colored velvet uniforms, and, among them, priests and friars bearing crosses and banners. Even Chloë was awed almost to silence when the doors of the church were flung open and the Patriarch of Lisbon appeared, accompanied by the dignitaries of the church, and the prince regent and his court in all the splendor of full dress.

The procession wound slowly down the steps and lost itself in a winding street decorated with splendid hangings. Chloë caught Camilla's hand. "May we not follow it?"

Camilla shook her head, but was distracted by Dom Fernando, who wished to know how she had liked the procession. By the time she turned again, she saw, to her horror, that Chloë had disappeared. A winding stairway led from the balcony to the square, which was rapidly emptying. As she looked, Camilla thought she saw Chloë's straw bonnet whisk around the corner among the crowds. Her heart plummeted. What should she do? With a half-intelligible apology, she left Dom Fernando and crossed the balcony to where Lavenham stood in an animated group of Portuguese to whom he was talking.

"My dear," she said, as he turned to greet her, "Chloë ——"

He looked around. "Where is she?"

"I am very much afraid she is run off to follow the procession. I was talking to Dom Fernando ——" She blanched at his frown. "I beg you will forgive me."

"Forgive *you?* I should have known better than to bring her. Well, we must just hope she comes to no harm, that is all. She has played us this trick. She must take the consequences."

The rest of the afternoon was an agony to Camilla. The whole party came back with them to the house and she found herself acting hostess for the first time, offering the wine and sweetmeats that Lavenham had recommended as the correct thing and automatically exchanging polite French nothings with her visitors, while all the time her mind was in a turmoil of apprehension about Chloë. When, alone at last with her husband, she turned to him impulsively to ask, "Did I do, Lavenham?" he smiled at her very kindly.

"You were perfect. My grandmother would have been proud of you."

She would much rather he had been proud of her himself, but there was something more important to think about. "And now," she asked, "will you not go and look for Chloë?"

His face hardened. "And where, pray, should I begin? No, she must pay the penalty



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of her folly and find her way home as best she may."

When Chloë finally appeared half an hour later Camilla's heartfelt relief at sight of her was considerably qualified by fear of what Lavenham would say. He looked his sister up and down, then turned to Camilla. "You would oblige me by leaving us. I have something to say to this termagant that will go better, I think, without even your audience." Camilla made as if to protest, but there was something in his face and voice that told her to comply, and with one last anxious glance she withdrew.

Chloë, whom she found, much later, in tears in her bedroom, never told her what her brother had said, but appeared from then on considerably chastened. She also, to Camilla's grief, seemed to avoid her brother, spending much time wandering by herself in their garden and even, as Camilla discovered one day when she went out to look for her, among the tangled shrubberies of the deserted garden next door.

When Camilla mildly queried the wisdom of this, Chloë was up in arms at once. "Oh, Camilla," she exclaimed impatiently, "must you play the prude so unmercifully! What kind of a life do you think I lead, cooped up here? Besides, if I wish to be alone sometimes, so surely must you—or at least alone with Lavenham. I am not quite blind, Camilla, though I collect you think me so."

This was a total silencer for Camilla. It was true that she found their trio an awkward one on many counts. Camilla could not help feeling that, but for the presence of this third party, it should have been possible, ere now, to come to what she described to herself as more human terms with her formidable husband. Lavenham had been at home for some weeks and, though he frequently complimented her on the difference her presence made to his domestic comforts, he behaved to her still with a stranger's calm courtesy.

Walking back alone through the orange and lemon groves of their garden, Camilla took herself to task, for the thousandth time, for the irrational hopes she had allowed herself to entertain. Lavenham had promised her a marriage in name only and had been true to the letter of his bond. She had fallen into the eternal feminine pitfall of thinking that marriage would change everything—particularly her husband. Well, Lavenham still hated women—herself included—and she, idiot that she was, had fallen in love with him.

She had never admitted it to herself before. She turned and hurried, ignoring the strong downward beat of the sun, up the last terraces to the house, to find Lavenham awaiting her on the veranda.

"You look flushed," he said. "Surely you have not been hurrying in this heat? It is high time we moved to Cintra. The prince regent leaves for his palace of Mafra next week and Lord Strangford is finding villas for us and for himself in the village nearby. You will be glad, I am sure, of the cool and quiet of the hills. But where is Chloë?"

"In the garden." For the first time Camilla found herself prevaricating with her husband, but it would make intolerably more trouble to tell him that she was in the garden next door. "I have but now left her. She is picking jasmine for the house."

"Very touching and domestic," said Lavenham. "I only wish I might consider her a reformed character, but if I know her, it is but skin deep. I wish she may not lead you a dance when I am away."

"Away?" She seized at once on the important point of his speech.

"Yes, I must leave tonight, and do not know exactly when I shall return. I have asked Lord Strangford to make our apologies to Prince John. Your presentation will have to be postponed till we make the move to Cintra. Perhaps by then Chloë's conduct will have justified her inclusion in the party."

To Camilla's surprise, Chloë took the news of her brother's departure and the return, for her and Camilla, to a life of cloistered seclusion with equanimity. It was a sad comment, Camilla thought, on the way relations between brother and sister had deteriorated.

They settled down once more to spending long hours on the veranda, sewing, and exchanging French and Portuguese verbs. Only toward evening Chloë seemed to grow restless, would drop her book and proclaim her intention of taking a stroll in the garden. Once or twice Camilla volunteered to accompany her, but though Chloë always welcomed her company, the time passed so dully that Camilla gave up the attempt at sociability. And when she saw Chloë return from these solitary rambles with flushed cheeks and happy step she congratulated herself on her wisdom in leaving her alone. The child was growing up, finding herself. She must be left to do it in her own way.

Sometimes Camilla found herself wishing that Chloë was not quite so set on these evening walks of hers.

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with the approach of night the air, intol-
y hot all day, began to cool. Now would
been the time to order out the carriage
a drive along the shore. But Lavenham
explained that if they wished to drive out,
ust be together, and by the time Chloë
e back from the garden, it was too late
ink of anything but candles and bed.
milla was brooding about this one after-
and wondering whether she was allowing
ë to overindulge her passion for solitude
a servant announced Dom Fernando
is sister. Surprised and alarmed, she hur-
to greet them and offer refreshments.
ou have news, perhaps, of my husband?"
Vhy, no." Dom Fernando seemed, for
reason, ill at ease. "That was what I had
to ask you. Can you tell me where I
get in touch with him? The prince regent
xious to speak with him."
milla, explaining that Lavenham had not
her where he was going, found much to
iet her about this speech. Dom Fernando
supposed to be a friend of the English,
he knew enough already about the Por-
ese court to be aware that his message
the prince regent must be a pretext. Why,
was he so anxious to know where Laven-
was? But there was no time for anxiety
she was too busy concealing it, laughing
showing herself the kind of giddy wife to
n no man in his senses would think of
g precise information.
le said he would be back—presently." She
red her eyelashes in the best imitation she
l manage of Chloë. "Perhaps Lord
igford would know where he is."
o," said Dom Fernando. "He is away
The words fell coldly on Camilla's ear
she was relieved when he put down his
glass and said something in Portuguese to
ump and docile sister. They rose together
ook their leave. As Dom Fernando kissed
lla's hand in parting, he paused for a
en.. "Ask him to come to me as soon as he
ns. I am anxious about him."
loë, returning from the garden, found
ister-in-law so short-tempered that she
d at once to the seclusion of her room.

anxious days that followed were made
sier for Camilla by the constant visits she
ed from Dom Fernando and his family.
rought his sister again, he brought his
mother, he brought his plump and
ved aunt and his three giggling sisters-in-
t would all have been comic enough if
lla had not been racked with anxiety for
sband, and convinced that all this solici-
nerely masked Dom Fernando's curiosity
Lavenham's whereabouts. Chloë was no
Her one idea was to escape visiting the
has, with whose cloistered daughters
Fernando had done his best to force her
eluctant friendship. Camilla did how-
nsist on Chloë's accompanying her when
Fernando arranged a party to cross the
and go to a bullfight. Camilla had done
est to be excused, but Dom Fernando
iled her, insisting that she must take the
tunity which might easily not recur be-
he impending general move to Cintra.
day of the bullfight dawned fine and
and Camilla and Chloë, in their freshest
and shadiest hats, found themselves
ng the crossing of the Tagus, which they
in the Molinhas' private galley, rowed
nty oarsmen. They landed in a pleasant
ountry shaded by pines. Mule-drawn
ges awaited them for a stuffy jolting over
ads to the amphitheater, where they
urried into a box and had hardly time
ee that the place was about the size of
gh but very much less splendid, when a
Negroes drove a placid herd of bulls
n enclosure.
tawdry procession introduced the
or who proceeded to slaughter one pas-
ull after another until Camilla and
sickened alike by the bloody spectacle
e remorseless heat, had to beg Dom
ndo to let them retire. He, it seemed,
devotee of the ring, but he deputed his
nephew, Dom Pedro, to accompany
o the garden of a nearby monastery to
he shade of a gigantic cork tree and re-
something of their spirits before they
joined by Dom Fernando and his sister.

Reaching home late, Camilla was able to put more conviction than she had expected into her thanks to Dom Fernando. The bullfight might have horrified her, but the rest of the day had been pleasant enough. To her relief, he left them at their door, promising himself the pleasure of calling on them later to make sure they had not suffered from the fatigues of the day. Chloë, after the briefest of thanks, had already vanished into the garden.

Glad to be alone, Camilla settled herself with a book on the terrace, but was soon aroused by the sound of a horse's hoofs on the carriage drive. She hurried through the main salon and reached the front door in time to see Lavenham being helped to dismount by one of the servants. The fact that he needed help was alarming enough, but his pale face and torn and dusty clothes told their own story.

Camilla hurried forward. "My dear, you are hurt?"

He managed a smile. "A trifle." But he let the man help him toward the house, while another servant led away the exhausted and drooping horse.

Once in the salon, Lavenham dropped into a chair and dismissed the man with a few rapid sentences. Again he did his best to smile at Camilla. "It's good to be home. But I must ask your pardon for so melodramatic an entrance. Where is Chloë?"

If Camilla suffered a little at this evidence that his first thought was for his sister, she did not show it, replying, "In the garden as usual. And you, my lord, should be in bed."

"All in good time. First I must eat. I rather think I have not done so since yesterday. No, no," as she jumped to her feet. "Never trouble yourself; I told the man to bring it presently. In the meantime, I am glad Chloë is out of the way. I need your help."

She was on her feet at once. "You are wounded; I knew it. Come to your room and I will fetch ointment and bandages. But should we not send for a doctor?"

He had risen somewhat shakily, and gratefully accepted the support of her arm. "No. You will see it is but a scratch. I cannot afford a doctor and his gossiping."

More and more alarmed, she was relieved to get him to the privacy of his room where a servant had already brought warm water. Bidding him sit quiet, she hurried off to fetch salve and bandages. Returning, she found him shrugging awkwardly out of his dusty blue jacket and let out a gasp of horror when she saw the clotted blood through an awkward-looking bandage around his left arm. She set at once to work and was relieved, when she removed the bandage, to find that the bleeding was from a clean saber cut.

"You see," he said, clenching his teeth as she gently sponged the wound. "I told you it was nothing. Ah, that feels better. What an admirable woman you are, to be sure. Not a question yet?"

She laughed with relief. "I have no doubt you will tell me what you wish me to know in your own good time. For now, I would rather see you in bed than talking."

"I am a little weary," he admitted, "since I have been riding all day; but tell me, you do not expect company tonight?"

"Oh, I had quite forgot. Dom Fernando is coming. He has positively haunted us since you have been gone, Lavenham, and is coming to see we are not unduly fatigued by the bullfight we went to this afternoon."

"A bullfight! But you shall tell me about that later. In the meantime, you must help me to my clothes. If he is coming, I must see him. No one—I tell you no one, not even Chloë—must know that I am wounded."

Now she could not forbear a question. "But, Lavenham, why?"

"Because I have been where I should not have Does the wound on my head show?"

"On your head?" She had finished binding up his arm and noticed for the first time the place where his dark curls were matted together. Gently probing, she found an enormous lump which, luckily, had bled only a little so that she was able by gentle bathing with spirits of lavender to remove all traces. By the time she had finished, a servant appeared with a tray of food. When the man had gone, Camilla ventured another question.

"Where is Jenks?" she asked. For Lavenham's valet had accompanied him, as well as several Portuguese servants.

He stopped in his eating to look up at her. "Dead, I am afraid. We were taken by surprise. I thought no one knew where we were—and no one should have. Jenks was on the box, an easy mark. I was able to use the coach as a defense—I do not think they had looked for so stout a resistance. When I killed their leader, they soon took to their heels, and I was able to avail myself of his horse."

"And the other servants?"

"One dead, the others fled. We shall not see them again. Nor, I hope, will they come back to Lisbon to tell tales of the encounter."

"But, Lavenham"—now that he had eaten she must ask it—"who? Why?"

"Who but the French? They know, I am afraid, more than I could wish about the real purpose of my coming to Portugal."

"The real purpose? Is it not, then, to help Lord Strangford in his negotiations?"

"Not entirely. I should, I suppose, have told you sooner. My main purpose in coming is to get in touch with the military agents in this country and in Spain, and to make what preparations are possible against the outbreak of war with France. I am not, you must know, quite the do-nothing I must have seemed to you, but have had to play the court butterfly to conceal the real purpose of my coming."

"And these journeys of yours ——"

"To meet the various agents. This time I have been to Spain. I only wish I knew who blew the affair to the French, but I have been beginning to wonder, for some time past, whether Dom Fernando was quite the friend of Britain he would have one think."

"He has certainly been most anxious for news of your whereabouts. To tell truth, I was

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glad Chloë and I did not know where you were, or it would have been hard, without rudeness, to have concealed it."

To her surprise, he took her hand and kissed it. "I owe you many apologies, Camilla. You and Chloë have provided me with a most admirable cover, and will, I hope, continue to do so. Though I am afraid you will find it harder now you know what you are doing."

"Yes, I shall be anxious about you. As for Chloë, of course she must know nothing of this. And now, if you are convinced you must give Dom Fernando the meeting, I had best act valet and find your evening dress."

"If you will but find me what I need and leave me to my struggles, I can, I think make shift to dress myself. Indeed, I shall have to, for there, if I mistake not, is Dom Fernando now. Tell him I am a trifle fatigued from traveling but will join him forthwith."

"Very well, and for good measure I will tell him I am quite exhausted with the bullfight. If that does not shift him soon, do not be surprised if I suffer a public attack of the vapors. After all, a bullfight is a trying experience for an English young lady."

"Admirable girl."

She left him and ran down the shallow marble stair to the great salon, where she found Dom Fernando awaiting her.

After assuring her that she was in most remarkable looks and clearly none the worse for her exhausting day, he continued archly, "But I am not coxcomb enough to think you fly these flags on my account. I understand that milord is most happily returned."

"Oh yes. He is but making himself presentable, and bids me tell you he will be with you directly."

"I trust," Dom Fernando said, "that milord is none the worse for his journey. You are wishing me no doubt *au diable* for troubling your reunion, but I must wait just long enough to welcome him home. Tell me, where is the charming Mlle. Chloë?"

"She is out I think, walking in the garden."

"In the garden? So late?" A servant had just brought in candles which made the terrace suddenly a place of twilight shadows.

Camilla moved restlessly to the window. "Ah, here she comes."

She opened the folding door that led to the terrace to call, "Chloë, here is your brother home, and Dom Fernando kindly come to inquire after our health."

"Oh!" Chloë had clearly been intending to skirt round the house and go in by the other door, but now came reluctantly up the terrace steps. Pausing, she greeted Dom Fernando with what Camilla could only think deplorable casualness and then looked about her. "But where is Lee?"

"Here." He appeared in the doorway, pale but erect and with a courteous speech of welcome for Dom Fernando and a quick smile for Chloë, who, Camilla saw, was about to rush toward him for one of the quick embraces he tolerated from her. But not tonight. Camilla caught her hand.

"Your brother is tired, Chloë. He has been riding all day. And you, my love, are in no state to see company. I beg you will tidy your hair and your dress before you rejoin us."

Thus positively commanded, Chloë withdrew, with the merest sketch of a curtsy for Dom Fernando.

He was already pressing Lavenham with courteous questions about his long absence. His friends had missed him. . . . Had he found the roads passable? . . . Had his business not taken him longer than he had expected? But one must hope that at least it had proved prosperous ——

To Camilla's relief, a servant interrupted, appearing with the wine and cakes she had ordered. She took advantage of the interruption to change the subject, bursting into a description of Dom Fernando's kindness during Lavenham's absence and then proceeding to a falsely enthusiastic description of the bullfight. Dom Fernando listened with grave politeness, then returned to his questioning.

Lavenham was drinking quickly, and a little flush of color had mounted in his cheeks. Camilla, who knew him to be moderate to the point of abstemiousness, watched him anxiously and was deeply relieved when Chloë danced back into the room, her crumpled muslin changed for a fresh one. But the distraction she provided was only half successful, for she, too, wanted to know where her brother had been and what had kept him so long away. Since her questions were put in English, Dom Fernando could not presumably, understand them, though Camilla found herself wondering whether his ignorance of English was as complete as he had led her to suppose.

Lavenham rebuked his sister roundly in French for talking a language their guest could not understand. Then, breaking into English, he continued, "If you do not understand that, I will tell you in plain English that I am tired out and have no wish to discuss my travels tonight."

Camilla had been watching Dom Fernando and was convinced that he understood every word they were saying. She had noticed something else that alarmed her still more. A dark patch was forming on the sleeve of Lavenham's evening jacket. His wound was bleeding again and had soaked through the bandage.

She rose and moved toward the window, then, as she passed the chair where Dom Fernando was sitting, swayed and fell toward him. He caught her, and laid her on a sofa with exclamations of solicitude and alarm.

For a few minutes she let herself lie there with closed eyes, listening to the little tumult her collapse had caused. Then she let her eyes flutter open, looked vaguely around and tried to sit up. "The heat . . . Dom Fernando, what will you think of me?"

Lavenham had taken his cue. "I was afraid the bullfight might prove strong meat for English stomachs," he said. "Chloë, ring for your sister's maid; she will be best in bed."

Camilla allowed herself a sigh of pure exhaustion. "Oh, yes," she said. "I fear the excitement of the day has given me the vapors. . . . Lavenham, you'll not leave me?"

He took her hand. "Of course not. You must forgive us, Dom Fernando. My wife is much indisposed."

Thus directly applied to, Dom Fernando took his leave, and Camilla allowed herself to

be supported to her room by Lavenham and her maid. Chloë showed signs of lingering, but Lavenham disposed of her firmly before turning to Camilla.

"Admirably acted! At least, I trust it was acted? You are not really unwell?"

"Not the least in the world. I will come to you as soon as I can rid myself of Frances. Your wound needs dressing again."

He looked quickly down at the dark patch that was spreading over the cloth of his sleeve and took his leave.

By the time Frances also retired the house was quiet. Camilla jumped out of bed and put on the swan's-down-trimmed blue satin negligee Lady Leominster had chosen for her. In the main hall a night light burned dimly; the house seemed asleep. She tapped gently on the door to Lavenham's apartments and opened it quietly. The light of his guttering candle showed that he had managed to struggle out of his bloodstained jacket before collapsing, exhausted, on the bed. Now he slept heavily. It seemed wicked to rouse him. But the blood was still seeping through the bandage.

Very gently she shook his good shoulder. "Lavenham, it is I, Camilla."

He stirred in his sleep, then woke, gazing at her with startled eyes. "Oh it is you—I was dreaming."

"Yes, I am come to change your dressings."

Involuntarily, he winced at her touch. "This is no work for a young lady," he said. Then, wincing again as she reached the wound itself, "Pour me a glass of wine, will you? And one for yourself too. It will make the work go better."

She poured two glasses from the decanter that stood on a side table and brought him one, leaving hers. But he insisted, with an invalid's fierceness, on her drinking with him and toasted her solemnly: "My invaluable wife."

Coloring with pleasure, she raised her glass and drank, recognizing as she felt the strong wine bloom within her that she had needed stimulus.

She finished and laid his arm gently on t pillow. "Now I wish you will let me help y to bed. You will catch cold, lying thus."

He caught her hand with his good one. "T me first one thing. When you pretended swoon, you called, 'Lavenham, do not lea me.' Of course, that was feigning too?"

She sat for a moment, looking at his flush face, wondering what to say. Pride, which h stood by her so well, told her to lie, but son thing else in her would not be denied. "N she said, "that was not feigning, Lavenhan

"Then drink up your wine." He drained glass as she obeyed him. And with a sudd almost fierce movement of his good arm pulled her down on the bed beside him wi his lips closed hungrily over hers. For a m ment some sober instinct made her res then, as his kisses became more demandi she felt her need of him rise up to meet h On the table beside the bed the two glas stood empty, the candle guttered out and c moonlight shone into the room as the among his bloodstained sheets, she found h self, at last, his wife indeed.

Waking much later to quick happiness a the first morning stirrings of birds, Cam was alarmed by Lavenham's restless toss and muttering at her side. He was all too e dently in a high fever, his broken murmuri part dream, part delirium. Her first inst was to summon a doctor, but it would be possible for him to tend the invalid with discovering his wound. No she would h to pray to God and nurse Lavenham hers

Only the deep, unspoken happiness of new relation with Lavenham carried through the anxieties of the next few days. continued half conscious or delirious, wi his fever resisted all the medicaments she l brought with her from England. The o point of consolation was that miraculously wounds continued to heal and she was led the conclusion that the fever was due mainly exhaustion and, perhaps, to the blow he l received on his head.

Chloë's anxiety and Dom Fernando's d visits helped to exacerbate her misery. I them, as for the servants, she had to pret that Lavenham's illness was trifling. Bu became increasingly difficult to keep up pretense. On the third day, as she sat by bed, bathing his hot forehead with spirits lavender, he suddenly reached out and gras her hand. "Mother," he said, "you will leave me?"

"No, never." How truly she meant it. " still, my love, lie still and rest."

"You never called me that before." To delighted amazement, he seemed to have ta in what she said. "Stay with me," he went "Stay with me always."

"Of course." Very gently, still holding hand in hers, she watched as he fell into a d sleep.

Toward night he woke, a character apology on his lips. "I have been ill, an monstrous trouble to you, I fear."

"No trouble, my love." The endearm slipped out without thought, and she sa look of faint puzzlement cloud his f Hastily she went on, "I have not had the d tor to you; nobody knows what has been matter with you."

"No one knows? No doctor?" He loo more puzzled than ever. "But why not?"

A cold finger of fear touched her he "Do you not remember?"

"Remember? Let me see." His head mo restlessly on the pillows. "I was dreamin my mother —— Ah, now I have it. I wen Spain. And was attacked, returning. P Jenks, was he killed, or did I dream it?"

"You told me so." She watched his rest movements anxiously.

"And then—what? I must have come h somehow. And you have not had the docto of course, it was all to be secret. Has Ferna been here?"

"Yes, soon after you arrived, but he kn nothing, although I think he suspects mu

He managed a flicker of a smile. "So have nursed me singlehanded and kept

CONTINUED ON PAG



HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Investment with a Future

By BET HART

Barbara J. knows the fashion value of a good black dress, and knows the plus points of having a jacket to match. She buys one to wear now, to go under any coat color later on. Daytime or evening, she can depend on the costume complete, or the dress all alone. Its wearability extends with an accent of color, a neckline accessory or one wonderful pin. Whatever the day, whoever the date, it's an investment to count on with a future in view.

Summer days now, fall days later on, Barbara J. can depend on her new black jacket dress. Short, semifitted jacket ends where the pleats of the dress begin. Jacket has white collar, detachable for neckline changes. Jacket dress of silk and Estron. $22.95.



White collar detached, black-and-white-print scarf added. Barbara J. can choose a bright color accent for another day—or accessorize the cardigan neckline with pearls and a single jewel.



Jacket subtracted, accessories added. Sleeveless dress starts with a fitted bodice, ends in a flare of unpressed pleats. For a special evening, Barbara J. tucks a bright pink rose into the tie belt, adds pearls at the neckline.

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world at bay. I see I am more indebted to you than ever. Tell me, how long have I been ill?"

"Only three days." Her thoughts were in a turmoil. His tone, as much as his words, told her that he remembered nothing of the night that had changed her world.

He was looking at her anxiously. "I wish I could remember ——" Again his head moved restlessly among the pillows.

She reached out to feel his pulse. "Do not trouble yourself about anything; you must rest." She sat quietly, watching as he slept while, silently, one after another, the tears ran down her cheeks.

There was at least some consolation in his rapid and continued recovery, but with it came no blessed return of memory. She had told him of his exhausted return and of how, between them, they had kept Dom Fernando's curiosity at bay. But this did not, as she had hoped, rouse any answering gleam of remembrance. "So you got me to bed and I turned lunatic on your hands," he concluded. "It is no wonder you look exhausted."

She laughed. "You are scarce flattering. Am I indeed looking so hagged?"

He reached out to press her hand. "You look like someone who has just saved her husband's life," he said.

She slept better that night. Dreaming she was in his arms again, she woke to fresh hope and renewed resolutions of patience. At all costs she must keep up the light relationship she had managed to evolve between them, and leave the rest to time.

As soon as Lavenham was well enough to go out, he plunged into arrangements for their move to Cintra, and, indeed, the idea of a mountain change after the July heat of the city was most welcome to Camilla. But Chloë, whom she had expected to welcome the idea, proved almost mutinous. What was the use of going off to the mountains and exposing themselves to all the tedium of attendance on the court? Chloë sulked ostentatiously until Camilla could have shaken her.

Lavenham came home early one evening to announce that all was ready. They could make the move to Cintra next morning. Camilla's preparations were well in hand, but she suspected that Chloë had done little or nothing about getting ready and hurried out into the garden to break the news to her.

Not finding her in the shady walks of their own garden, she crossed the little stream that separated their estate from the deserted gardens of the Marvila palace next door and wandered through the overgrown thickets of myrtle and jasmine. She turned a corner and came, unaware, on Chloë, sitting on a rustic bench, her arm entwined with that of a man Camilla had never seen before.

"Chloë!" At the sound of her voice, the absorbed couple sprang to their feet. Chloë colored crimson; the man, who was thin, brown, wiry and considerably older, made a low bow and stood his ground.

"Well, *mon ange*," he said to Chloë, "will you not make me known to your sister—and mine?" He spoke in English, but with a marked French accent.

Camilla would not believe her ears. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He made her another bow. "I would have known you anywhere," he said. "Your likeness to our lamented mother is startling. But allow me to present myself: M. Boutet, the butcher's son, or your long-lost brother. Is this not a touching reunion?"

"I do not understand. Chloë, when did you meet this gentleman?"

Chloë spoke at last. "At Corpus Christi," she said. "He brought me home when Lavenham would not even trouble himself to look for me. I was like to sink when he told me he was your brother, Camilla. Is it not the most romantic circumstance? How can I be expected to come to Cintra when my heart"—she made a wide dramatic gesture—"when my heart is here?"

Camilla could not remember having been so angry before. She looked at her brother and wished that his strong likeness to their father did not convince her of the truth of his claim. "I do not know what to say to you," she said. "Why, what but 'Welcome, long-lost brother'? It is but a matter of months until England is a province of the French empire and then, little sister, you will be glad to have a friend in Bonaparte's army. In the meantime, we had best say nothing to your husband, who would doubtless make an international incident of me forthwith, which, I know, is what you would not at all wish for any of our sakes."

Though it was infuriating to have him take her course of action for granted, she had to admit the sense in what he said. To present Lavenham with a brother-in-law in the enemy's camp would be enormously to complicate his position. And the discovery of Chloë's clandestine romance would put him fatally out of patience with her. After all, they were leaving for Cintra tomorrow.

But it was time to speak. "Come, Chloë. Your brother is looking for you. I shall not tell him—yet. But I must have both your promises that you will not meet again."

Both of them promised so readily that Camilla was convinced they had not the slightest intention of keeping their word. It was lucky indeed, she thought, that circumstances were likely to make them more scrupulous than they intended.

"Come, Chloë," she said. "Your brother will come looking for us if you do not hurry."

This threat was effective on both Chloë and Charles. He clearly had no wish to encounter Chloë's formidable brother and withdrew down a shady walk of lemon and orange trees.

Alone with Chloë, Camilla did not hurry her away at once. She must find out how deeply she had disgraced herself. To her relief Chloë, who obviously felt that she was

> Being suspicious is to invite treachery. VOLTAIRE

being let off lightly, answered readily enough. Yes, they had met almost daily since Corpus Christi, but in answer to Camilla's delicate but persistent questioning, she maintained that her beloved Charles had behaved with the most perfect propriety, had hardly, in fact, done more than kiss her hand. The naïve irritation that she showed in revealing this went far to convince Camilla that she was speaking the truth. In vain she tried to show Chloë how her behavior might endanger her brother's position as a diplomat. Chloë merely shrugged and asked what importance the behavior of a mere girl like herself could have.

Tossing on her sleepless bed that night, Camilla wondered whether she had been right in what she had done. Should she not have taken this deplorable piece of news at once to Lavenham? If things had been right between them, she would not have hesitated for a moment; but, as it was, she could be sure of nothing—except that he was still overtired from his illness and that she could not bear to put another strain upon him.

To her relief, Chloë seemed to have decided she had best conceal her reluctance to go to Cintra. As a result, the drive was less of an ordeal than Camilla had feared and she was even able to enjoy the wild and romantic views of valley and mountain, the occasional aloes, splendid in yellow bloom. Lavenham, too, bore the rough journey better than she had feared, though he was pale and tired by the time they reached the house that was to be theirs. Here, to her dismay, a messenger was awaiting Lavenham to summon him, at once, to a conference with Strangford and the prince regent. At her insistence Lavenham delayed long enough to drink a glass of wine and eat a handful of dried fruits, but rest longer he would not, starting at once for the hour's ride back to Queluz.

Lavenham did not return until late at night, and his face was grave as he told them the news. France and Spain together had presented an ultimatum to the prince regent, demanding that Portuguese ports be closed to British shipping, that British residents be arrested and their property confiscated. The Spanish and French representatives in Portugal were threatening to ask for their passports if Prince John did not agree to their demands, and this would mean war.

He paced about the room as he debated partly with himself, partly with Camilla, what was best for her and Chloë to do. Ideally, they should leave for England at once, but how? The regular sailings of the packet had been discontinued and he knew of no other ship on which he would trust them unescorted. Camilla seized on this at once. If he did not propose to accompany them, how would he return if war did break out? When he explained that a battleship would certainly be sent to pick up the British ministers, she urged that it would be best for her and Chloë to wait with him, pretending a greater reluctance than she actually felt at the idea of traveling unescorted. For she could not bear the idea of leaving him in his still-uncertain state of health. In the end he gave in reluctantly, insisting that if a suitable ship should arrive at Lisbon before the port was closed to the British, they must agree to sail with her. To this, Camilla yielded readily enough.

From then on, she and Chloë lived a strange life, marooned in their country villa. Although the prince regent had still not answered the French and Spanish ultimatum, Lavenham was increasingly afraid that he would yield to their demands. He spent every day adding his arguments to Strangford's to persuade Prince John that his best, and indeed only, course was to move his entire court to his American province of Brazil.

Alone together, Camilla and Chloë resumed a seemingly peaceful life of reading and work. Lavenham, on the rare occasions when he contrived to visit them, was more and more gloomy. Arriving one night, drenched with rain, he announced that the French and Spanish envoys had packed up and left Lisbon. Instead of taking this as the signal for positive action, the regent continued to hesitate.

It was later that night, after Chloë had gone as usual early to bed, that Lavenham, who had been pacing restlessly about the chilly room, came suddenly to stand beside Camilla as she sewed.

"I have been meaning to ask you." He paused for a minute. "The day before we left Lisbon—you remember it?"

"Of course."

"You were out in the garden—not ours, the one next door. I came to look for you." He spoke in short, disjointed sentences. "It was growing late. I thought it time you and Chloë were indoors." Again he stopped, listening, it seemed, to the desolate patter of rain on the marble terrace. Then, in a rush, "Who was the man you were talking to?"

"The man?"

"Yes. Do not, I beg, think that I was in any sense spying on you. I heard your voices; that was all." He passed a hand over his forehead. "You do not, I think, quite understand, you and Chloë, what a nest of spies we live among."

He was looking at her now almost, it seemed, appealingly. What a relief it would be to tell him. But how could she now, so long after the event, expose poor Chloë to the explosion of his wrath? She looked up from her sewing where it lay, neglected in her lap. "What man?" she said. "I remember no one." She regretted the lie as soon as it was spoken.

"Strange," he said. "Can my memory have been playing me tricks again? You are sure you were not talking to one of the gardeners?"

"So late at night? You know they would not think of working after evening. But ask Chloë, if you are still in doubt."

"No, no—I must have imagined it. My mind has not recovered its tone since my accident."

She rose and put away her sewing. "You are worn out. That is all the trouble. Let me give you some laudanum to make you sleep."

"No. My mind is troubled enough. I will not tamper with it further. I only wish we could move back to Lisbon, where the house is more fit for cold weather, but the prince regent seems fixed at Mafra, and so long as he stays, I must. Nor do I think it safe for you and Chloë to return without me."

"No. Anything rather than that."

Lavenham was looking at her strangely. "You really prefer it here, with all the discomfort of drafts and firelessness?"

"Of course. So long as you are here."

He smiled at her more kindly than he had done for some time. "Very well, that is settled, then. So long as I remain, you and Chloë shall do so too. We will all freeze together."

Alone in her own apartments, Camilla allowed herself the relief of a passion of tears. If only she had had the courage to tell Lavenham the truth! Looking back on it, she was sure she had been wrong to shield Chloë at the expense of a direct lie. His confidence in her was more than her guilty conscience could bear.

She woke next morning feeling ill and wretched, her first thoughts of the unlucky interview of the night before. She dressed and went down to the breakfast room, where she found Lavenham eating a hurried meal preparatory to leaving for Mafra. She sat down across the table from him, but the sight of food sickened her. She crumbled a roll, pretended to drink her coffee. To her relief, Lavenham appeared to notice nothing. He was busy giving last-minute orders to the steward. She watched anxiously as he rode away along the hillside, and then retired to her room to be sick.

September passed, the sun came out to shine on hills that were green now from the recent rain. The heather on the plain below was in splendid blossom and Camilla and Chloë, in their afternoon rambles, were delighted to find enormous pink and white lilies blooming among the wild moss under the cork trees. But all the sunshine could not warm Camilla, who continued shaken by fits of nausea and faintness. It was Chloë, one afternoon, who suggested an alarming explanation.

"Can it be that you are breeding, Camilla?" she asked with her devastating schoolroom frankness. "How delighted grandmama would be."

Camilla, with sinking heart, pooh-poohed the idea. She convinced Chloë easily enough, but convincing herself was another matter. She began to fear that Chloë was right. If so, what should she do, how break it to Lavenham that she was to bear his child? How bitterly, now, she regretted that she had not told him the whole story of their night together when he first recovered his senses. And yet, in the face of his total oblivion, his almost unbearable return to the old formal relationship, how could she have?

As she grew, morning by morning, increasingly certain of her condition, her one consolation was that there was no one else, after whom Lavenham could possibly suspect being the father.

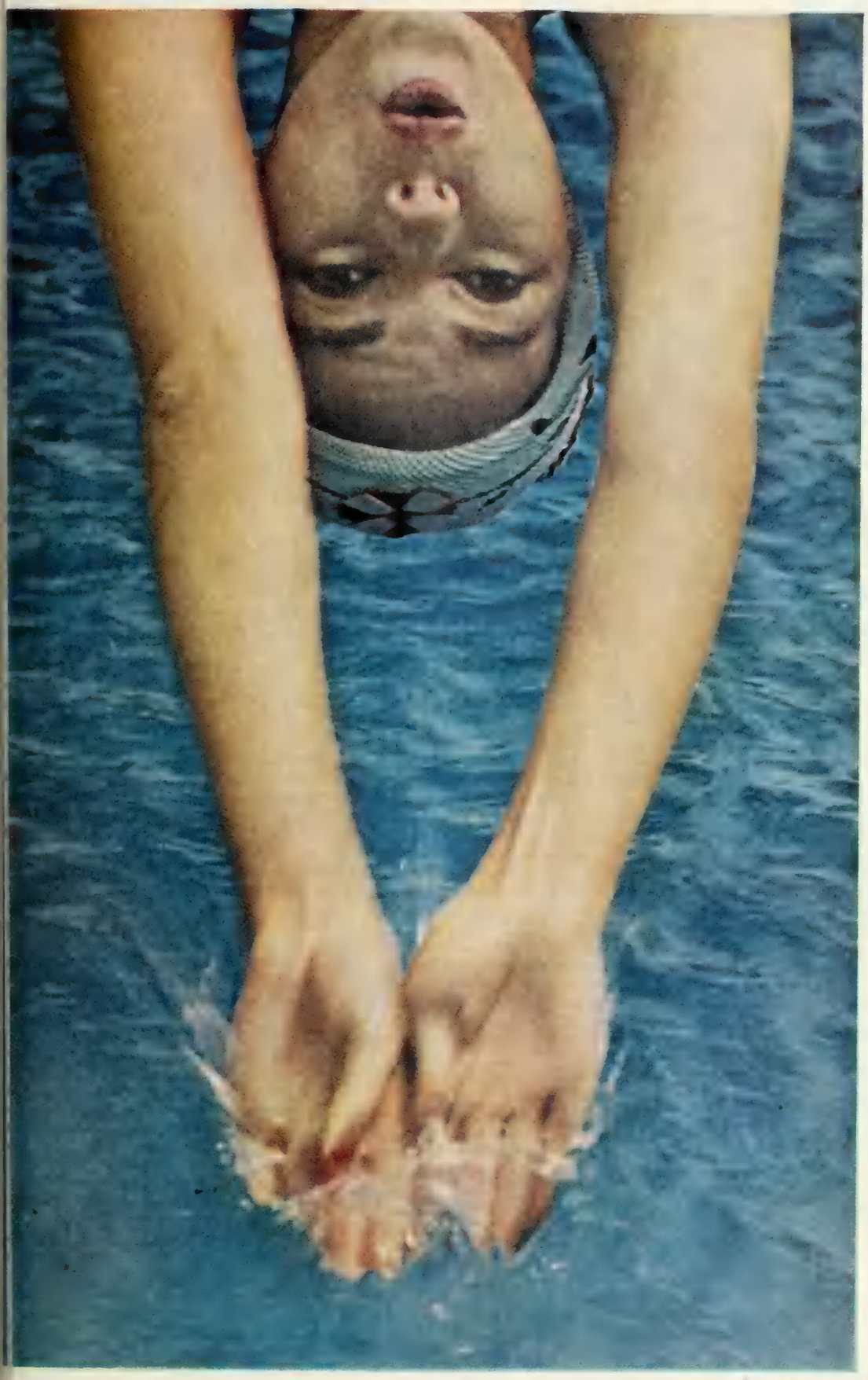
But even this forlorn consolation was snatched from her, one mild October morning, by an unexpected visit from Dom Fernando. As always, they spoke French, and it was in that language that he assured her that he had known Lavenham was still at Mafra, had in fact left him there that morning. He had not been able, he told her, to pass so close to her house without calling to find out how she did. Then, to her appalled surprise, he seized her hand and burst into a speech of passionate love. He could no longer bear, he told her, to stand by and see how Lavenham neglected her, how carelessly he exposed her to danger. He had not meant to speak, had meant to love her in silence, but, seeing her thus, how could he help himself? He must tell her how completely he was her slave, how entirely hers to command.

She had contrived to withdraw her hand from his, but there was no stopping him. When he was silent at last, she did her best to convince him of the injustice of his criticism of Lavenham, assuring him of her devotion to her husband and explaining that it was at her own insistence that she remained at Cintra.

It was a profound relief to Camilla when Chloë appeared with her basket of arbutus berries. Dom Fernando stayed only long enough for polite speeches, then took his leave, begging Camilla to let him know if he could be of the slightest service to her.

"Do you know," said Chloë after he had gone, "I really believe the old goat is sweet on you, Camilla." She was quite surprised when Camilla rounded on her, telling her to mind her manners and try to behave like a lady. Camilla herself was so taken aback by her

CONTINUED ON PA





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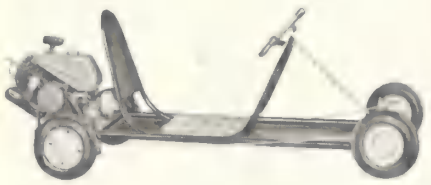
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

vehemence that she ended by bursting into tears, apologizing to her sister-in-law and retiring to bed.

Morning brought no comfort. Ill and wretched, her thoughts going round and round till she found them and the house alike intolerable, she made her way out onto the terrace and down into the sloping walks of the garden. The day was fine, with a new crispness in the air that helped to revive her spirits.

Returning at last, reluctantly, to the house, she found Chloë looking for her. She said reproachfully, "Do you think you are well enough to be wandering off alone? The girl tells me you have eaten no breakfast. Will you not let me send a messenger for Lavenham? You do not sleep, I know, you do not eat. Camilla, do you not think we should go home?"

"But how?" Camilla had sat obediently down and begun to pick idly at a bowl of fruit.

"Someone told me there was an American ship at Lisbon—the *Jane*. We could take passage on her. Please, let us go home."

"How do you know about this American ship—the *Jane?*"

Chloë was elaborately casual. "Oh, somebody told me—one of the men, whose family is yet in Lisbon. Was it Pedro? Or Jaime? I vow I do not recall, but it is certain enough, I tell you. Only let me send for Lavenham."

Camilla knew Chloë well enough to be sure that she was lying. Who, then, had told her about the *Jane?* Could it be that she was still seeing, or at least corresponding with, M. Boutet? "Chloë ——" She had just begun the essential question when they were interrupted by an excited servant who announced that milord was riding up the hill.

Noting Chloë's look of relief, Camilla ran with her to welcome Lavenham, who had just dismounted from an exhausted-looking mule. He, too, looked weary and travel-stained.

"I have been to Lisbon and back since yesterday," he explained. "And on a fool's errand too. There is an American ship in harbor. I hoped to get you passage on her, but my information came too late. She was loaded to the gunwale when I arrived. I wish I had heard of her sooner."

He looked so tired and depressed that Camilla forgot her own anxieties and hurried to comfort him, reminding him that it was she who had insisted on staying. "And besides," she went on, "surely there will be other ships?"

He made an impatient gesture. "But that is the whole point," he said. "Prince John has signed the edict. Tomorrow all Portuguese ports will be closed to British shipping. It is but a matter of time until he orders the arrest of British subjects that remain and the confiscation of their property."

"But surely," protested Camilla, "you have diplomatic immunity; he cannot touch us."

"I wish I could believe it ——" He stopped in the middle of this gloomy sentence and changed his tone. "But there is one crumb of comfort. Strangford yesterday received information that a British squadron, under Sir Sidney Smith, is on its way to Lisbon. We must hope that they arrive before conditions here become impossible, or before the French invade. In the meantime, you had best move back to Lisbon. Can you be ready to leave this afternoon, so that I can give myself the pleasure of escorting you?"

Camilla assured him that they had everything in readiness, but could not help asking, "And you? Will you be able to remain with us in Lisbon?"

"I fear not beyond tonight, but the prince regent plans to move his court tomorrow to Queluz. So at least I shall be only an hour's journey away from you."

Comforted by this news, Camilla set about her preparations with a will and felt better than she had done for some time. When Chloë raised the question of her health with Lavenham she assured them the move back to Lisbon would be a cure.

And indeed the drive back, in mellow afternoon sunshine, was a pleasant one. Lavenham was kinder than he had been since he was wounded, teasing Chloë and taking care of Camilla so that she began to feel that if this had been achieved by her lie to him on his last visit, it was almost worth it. They found the servants they had left to look after the Lisbon house in a state of panic, the house itself in rack and ruin. Lavenham was busy all evening putting some heart into the servants, who had been convinced they would never see master or mistress again, while Camilla and Chloë had their work cut out for them in making the house habitable all over again.

Next morning Lavenham rode off to visit Dom Fernando, explaining to Camilla that, since he had no reliable English manservant to leave as their protector, he intended to entrust their safety to Dom Fernando. He himself would return at once if any new crisis arose. He took his leave, urging Chloë to look after Camilla, and Camilla to take care of herself. "I hope to see your health quite re-established when I next visit you."

Camilla, who was now thoroughly convinced that it would be nine months or more before her health was totally re-established, found cold comfort in this speech. Left alone, she resumed the old round of "if only's." If only she had told Lavenham in the first place . . . if only ——

A visit from Dom Fernando was almost a relief, because a distraction. He made no reference to the scene he had made two days before, behaving once more merely like her husband's friend. As such, she found him easy and entertaining company and was surprised when he rose to take his leave and commented on Chloë's prolonged absence.

Apologizing for her, and bidding Dom Fernando a grateful farewell, Camilla found herself a prey to renewed apprehension. Surely it was impossible that M. Boutet was still in the country? And yet—Chloë had been out in the garden for over an hour. She wandered out to the terrace and stood there, unable to decide whether to go and look for Chloë or to let well enough alone. So hesitating, Camilla accused herself of cowardice. Her real reason, she knew, was that she could not face the possibility of another scene with her brother. Even thinking of him brought on one of her faint spells; she was compelled to hurry indoors and lie down in the salon.

It was thus that Chloë found her when she came running up the steps. All contrition, she hurried upstairs, to return with medicaments and a light mohair shawl which she folded lovingly round Camilla. "There," she said, "now you will be better. But I wish you would let me fetch a doctor."

"What?" Camilla's spirits were reviving. "And be dosed, as like as not, with crushed snails and viper's broth? No, thank you, Chloë. I will wait to call a doctor till we are safe home, which I hope will be soon."

The light went out of Chloë's face. "Very soon?"

"I hope so. But are you not glad? Chloë"—the question came out almost despite her—"have you been seeing him again?"

"Him?" All too obviously Chloë was playing for time.

"The Frenchman—M. Boutet." And with a final effort, "My brother. Chloë, tell true. I must know, or else I will send a messenger to Lavenham telling him the whole."

Thus threatened, Chloë dissolved into one of her fits of easy tears. "Why are you so hard to me, Camilla? Yes, I am but now come from Charles. He has stayed in Lisbon, at great risk to himself, merely in the hope of seeing me again. Camilla, I shall never understand you: to treat your own brother as if he was an enemy."

"But he is one, Chloë. I fear I have done wrong in not telling Lavenham of this affair long since. But I tell you now that unless I have your solemn word that you will not see M. Boutet again, I shall send to Lavenham tonight."

"Oh"—Chloë smiled reassuringly—"no need to promise. Charles leaves tonight. I do not know when I shall see him again."

"For good?"

"No, but for more than a week." Chloë made it sound an age. "You do not think we shall be gone before then, Camilla? If I did not see him once more, to say good-by, I think my heart would break." So the scene between them ended with nothing settled, though Camilla told herself that next time Lavenham came he must be told, at whatever cost either to herself or to Chloë.

But when Lavenham did ride up to the house a few days later, he looked so distracted that Chloë and Camilla, after a quick interchange of glances, devoted themselves entirely to his comfort, without daring even to ask the questions that trembled on their lips. At last, setting down the wine he had hardly tasted, he spoke. "You do not ask my news?"

"I fear it is bad," Camilla said.

"Yes, the worst. It is but a matter of days before Prince John signs the decree confiscating British property. And the squadron we were promised has not arrived. But there is worse than that."

"Worse?"

"Yes. At least for me. Chloë, I beg you will leave us. I must speak to my wife alone."

With an anxious glance at Camilla, Chloë rose and left them. Closing the door behind her, Lavenham took a turn about the room before he came back to stand over Camilla. "Do you remember my asking you, some time since, at Cintra, about a man I thought I saw you talking with in the garden here?"

"Yes?" Camilla's voice shook on the word.

"And you denied having done so?"

"Yes."

"I should have known." He stood beside a tall vase of myrtle, systematically stripping the white blossoms from their stalks. "'Trust the devil before you trust a woman,' my father told me as he died. Why did I not listen? 'No, no,' you said, you had talked with no one. The court has its spies, you must know, on all of us foreigners. This morning when I was urging Araujo to persuade Prince John to throw in his lot with ours and sail for the Brazils, he turned on me. 'Is that the advice your wife wishes me to give?' he asked. 'Thank French wife of yours. Or did you not know she has been constantly in touch with a notorious French spy? I have no doubt it would suit the French admirably to have us run away, but we'll not do it.'" Lavenham took another furious turn about the room. "And I—poor fool," he went on, "I spoke up for you, refusing to believe what Araujo said—only to be faced with proofs, the reports of his men who have watched you."

"Araujo's men?" she asked, grasping at straw. "But did you not say he was pro-French?"

"What's that to the purpose? No, no, do not shilly-shally with me like that. You have ruined me, and there's an end of it."

Camilla had been thinking the rapid thoughts of despair. If they had indeed been spied on, surely the informer must know that it was Chloë, not she, who had been receiving the Frenchman's visits. What could she say, what do? Useless to tell him that Boutet's visits had been to Chloë. They remained just as damaging, and anyway she felt herself responsible in that she had let them continue. But there was one question she must ask. "And Strangford," she said, "does he know?" Before the words were out of her mouth, she realized how he would take them.

"Ah"—it was something between a sigh and a groan—"so you admit it. Is it nothing to you that you have destroyed everything I have hoped for in life? Do you know—it will make you laugh, I have no doubt—do you know that I had begun to think we might find happiness together, you and I? I had begun to believe a woman could be trusted—might even be loved. But I've not answered your question. No, Strangford does not know, nor will he, Araujo tells me, if I will but contradict everything I have ever said and change my advice to the regent. Urge him to stay in Portugal, and my secret is safe. If I betray my country I may continue respected there; if not, I must be ruined. And this you have done for me. Tell me, mistress spy, do you propose to continue gracing my board—never my bed—or do you intend to join your Frenchman when he welcomes Bonaparte's armies in Portugal?" His eyes glittered dangerously, but she was too angry now for fright.

"I thank you, my lord," she said, "for your confidence in me. So I am to be tried, judged and condemned on the word of Araujo, whom you have always proclaimed a Fren-

ent! You do not come to ask me if there is
y truth in his accusations. Oh, no, merely to
me that I am false and pour out your ac-
mulated spleen against womankind on my
nocent head. Yes, I said innocent and it is
e, though I can see you will never believe it.
"As for Araujo, go to him, tell him he has
en much misled by his agents, if that is the
ry they have told him, and see how he takes
t. And as for me: I have no French accom-
ce and never have had. Your board I have
ared . . . and your bed, too, though you have
d me the compliment of forgetting the oc-
ion—and carry the consequences with me
w. It is a little late, my lord, to banish me
m your bed when I am carrying your child.
, I grant, you were not yourself at the time.
ell, I too have learned my lesson. I have had
delusions, too—my hopes of a happy mar-
ge—but, believe me, my lord, they are at an
d. Let us but get back to England and I
omise you my child and I will never trouble
u more."

"Your child? What madness is this?"

"Yes, my child—and yours, though I can
you will never believe it. Well, better no
ner than one as incapable of human feeling
you—a man who will believe anyone rather
n his own wife."

He was silent, white-faced and shaking.
en, as she succumbed to a passion of tears,
broke out again: "A likely story, madam,
l told in a most happy hour. So I am to
nowledge some French spy's bastard as
heir. You say I believe Araujo before you.

**Gambling—a way of getting noth-
ing for something. WILSON MIZNER**

ll, why should I not? Did I not see you
n your French paramour in the gardens?"
le was interrupted by a voice from the
rway, where Chloë stood, white-faced.
n, Lavenham," she said, "it was I."
e looked at her in appalled silence. Then,
cry from her, turned once more to catch
hilla as she fell.

or Camilla there followed an interval of
sed unconsciousness. The doctors came
shook their heads. It was brain fever, said
and recommended shaving off her hair.
as merely the culmination of a nervous
tion, said another, and urged frequent
ding. It was homesickness, said a third;
enham had best send her back to England
out delay. In the same breath he warned
it would mean certain death to move her.
e of them discovered her pregnancy and
enham, pacing the house, sleepless night
night, tortured himself with doubt. True,
hë had confessed the whole of her affair
Charles Boutet, though suppressing,
a delicacy of her own, the fact that he
Camilla's brother. But there were other
—— Suspicious of women since child-
od, Lavenham found it impossible to be-
e one now.

t, as Camilla lay day after day, so white,
ent, it was impossible not to be moved by
strange feeling—could it be love?—that
crept upon him since the first day when he
seen her in his carriage, drooping, ex-
tely asleep—his wife. Sometimes, as he
d his room, he found himself praying for
f of her innocence.

Despite his racking anxiety, Lavenham had
end much of his time with the prince re-
at Queluz. It was only a matter of days,
ps of hours, he told Chloë, before the
e regent signed the decree confiscating
h property. And still the promised British
iron had not arrived.

Fortunately, when the decree was signed it
ded the property of diplomats, and Dom
ando, whose solicitude for Camilla's
n had been unfailing, arranged for a po-
gent to be stationed at their house to
le that they were not molested. Chloë was
surprised when Frances, the maid, ac-
d passage home with an Englishwoman
had contrived to bribe her way on board
merican ship. She had been more of a
ty than an asset for some time.

For Lavenham, the discovery that it was Chloë who had been associating with a French spy had combined with his suspicions of Camilla to reawaken all the old bitterness against women in general. Conscience-stricken, Chloë bore his reproaches for some time, but gradually her spirit reasserted itself and she turned on him roundly.

"If you ask me, the main cause of Camilla's illness has been your continued neglect of her. If you could not *feel* toward her as a husband, you might at least have compelled yourself to *behave* like one. I only wish I knew what madness made you propose to her in the first place—or her accept you."

Thus attacked, Lavenham was silenced and left for Queluz with much to think about. When he next came to Lisbon, it was to announce the imminent arrival of the British squadron and to bring bad news arising from it. Lord Strangford intended to go aboard Sir Sidney's flagship as soon as he arrived to begin his blockade of Lisbon harbor. To make the gesture complete, it was essential that Lavenham should accompany the minister plenipotentiary. He came to ask Chloë whether she thought it safe to take Camilla.

Once more the doctors came and once more they shook their heads. There had been no change in Camilla's condition. As for moving her—and on board ship at that—they were unanimous that it was out of the question.

Alone with Chloë, Lavenham turned to her in despair. She had had the main charge of Camilla; what did she think? Reluctantly, she found herself compelled to agree with the doctors. "But do not trouble yourself, Lee. I shall stay with her. And you will be within easy call, will you not? If the worst comes to the worst, and for any reason Sir Sidney proposes to leave Lisbon, we will have to risk moving her. Until then, I think she and I had best remain here."

Lavenham found himself compelled to admit the sense of what she said. Since the terrace of their house commanded a view of the harbor, he arranged a code of signals by which Chloë would be able to communicate with him when he was aboard Sir Sidney's flagship and promised to seize every opportunity of visiting her.

He had told the whole story of Chloë's indiscretion to Lord Strangford. He had been soundly rebuked for not keeping his household in better order, had felt that he deserved the rebuke, but had the consolation that Araujo's blackmailing overtures had not been repeated.

Night after night the signal Chloë flashed from the shore indicated no change in the invalid's condition, and night after night Lavenham paced the deck, in turns blaming and excusing himself. If Camilla was indeed carrying his child, how different the world would be to him. And yet, how could he believe it? So he went on, suffering, doubting and arguing with himself until Strangford, increasingly anxious about him, was almost relieved when an urgent messenger summoned them to the prince regent at Queluz.

The news, of course, was bad. A French army, under Junot, had entered Portugal. And now, at last, the prince regent had been forced to open his eyes. He summoned his council of state and announced his immediate departure for Brazil. A provisional government, of which Dom Fernando was a member, was named to rule Portugal in his absence.

The news brought chaos to the city and despair to Lavenham. It was to be his task to accompany the Portuguese royal family on their voyage to the New World. It was out of the question that Camilla should accompany him but equally imperative that, at whatever risk, she be placed on board one of the ships that were to return to England. With Strangford's permission, he made a detour on his way back from Queluz to visit Chloë and tell her the news.

She led her brother to Camilla's bedroom, where she lay, white and still, her only movement a restless convulsive clutching and unclutching of her fingers.

"What is she holding?" Lavenham asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



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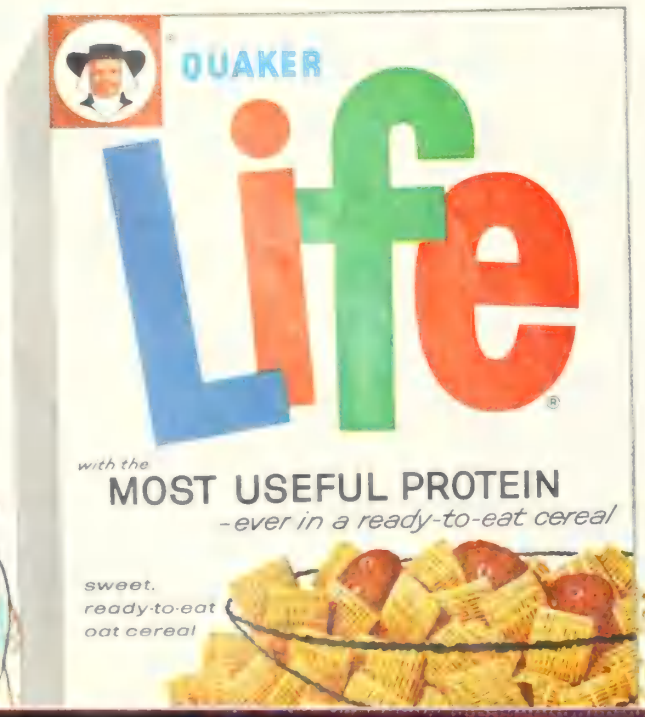
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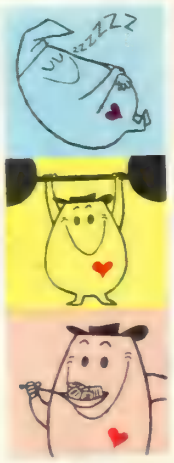
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"Her wedding ring. She has been doing this r some days. It is the only change."

They stood together, silently, for a few min- es. Then Lavenham spoke with a brisk eerfulness he was far from feeling. "We ust arrange to move her as gently as possible d at the very last moment. It will take some ys for the court to embark—many of their ips are still fitting for the voyage. We can unt, I think, on four or five days' grace."

"You mean Junot may catch us here?"

"It is possible. By all reports, he is only a w days' march from the city and no attempt s been made at stopping him. The Portu- ese army can hardly be said to exist at all."

"But what are we going to do, Lee?"

"Why, leave her here until the last possible oment. Come out on the terrace every night first dusk. If the fleet is ready to sail, I will rn a green and a red light on the stern of the *bernia*. That is your signal to get the men to ry Camilla down to the cove below the use. I will meet you there. We must just ay God that the movement does not hurt ."

"Yes," Chloë said, "I do not see what else can do."

Camilla's dreams had been troubled and tless. Waking suddenly, she was relieved to Chloë bending over her. Chloë had been in dreams, surely? And Lavenham too? She s tired, too tired for remembering.

Chloë's voice distracted her. "Camilla! n you hear me?"

What an effort it was to speak. "Of course, y not?" The question left her exhausted l she lay with closed eyes, trying to take in loë's answer. She had been very ill; that was y she was so tired. . . . She was beginning to member now; a little, slowly. "Lavenham?" asked.

Coming for us tonight," Chloë said, and h, in a rush, "Oh, Camilla, I am *glad* that y are better. Try to sleep. It will be tiring ugh tonight."

t was good advice; Camilla was glad to e her eyes. Only, as she did so, another nory came to her. "And the baby?" she ed. "What does Lavenham say now?"

hloë's look of puzzlement was answer ugh. "The baby? Camilla, what do you n? Are you ——" And then, in a rush, , those doctors! Oh, Camilla!"

When she next woke, Chloë was by her bed ching her, it seemed, anxiously. The room full of evening shadows and Camilla d hear, outside, the steady rush of rain. said, "How long have I been ill?"

A little more than two weeks. Camilla, are really strong enough to talk?"

Of course. But where is Lavenham? You he was coming for us tonight. Where are going?"

Home, I hope. Lavenham is aboard the *rnia* with Strangford, and mad, I can tell with anxiety for you. The doctors said could not be moved."

So you stayed here with me? Thank you, loë. But I still do not understand ——"

loë hurried to give her a brief explana- of the events during her illness. "You d have seen the harbor two days ago the court were going on board. I spent ay watching. The whole court, the ar- s, the treasury—everything, out there in ouring rain."

But when do they sail?" asked Camilla.

Why, they have been ready for two days, he wind is against them; they cannot stir. you strong enough, do you think, to ? The men will carry you down, but you d be better dressed."

milla laughed. "I should rather think I d. Well, let us make the effort."

e found it an exhausting business, but Chloë's assistance managed to put on traveling dress and its matching pelisse. "We shall be nothing but a pair of waifs we get home," Chloë said. "Oh, Ca- , did I explain? Lavenham does not come us. He has been appointed to escort the e regent to the Brazils. It is a great honor, urse ——" She was interrupted by an ed servant who announced that there were men below who insisted on speaking with the ladies.

"Men? What men?" Chloë was beginning, when she saw a figure enter the darkening room behind the servant. "You?" she said.

"Myself. And entirely at both your service." M. Boutet removed his hat with a flourish and advanced toward the window. "My dear sister, I am delighted to see you better. When Chloë told me the good news I was transported with joy—for many reasons."

"What do you mean?" Camilla asked. It was no comfort, in her terror, to see that Chloë shared it.

"Why, just what I say. I should have been most reluctant to move you against the advice of the doctors. But now everything is altered. I am come to offer you asylum, my dearest sister and to you, my beloved Chloë, my heart and hand."

"What can you mean?" For all her illness, it was Camilla who spoke, seeing Chloë apparently speechless with shock.

"Why, that I am come to take you home. You did not, surely, think that I would let you return to England with that tyrannical husband of yours? No, no, I am a better brother than that. I am the advance guard of the army of France. We will take you to a safe shelter far enough away so that milord the husband cannot find us, and there, for tonight, you may rest. Tomorrow Junot will be here, and all Lisbon yours."

Chloë spoke at last. "Traitor," she said. "And all your talk of love time-serving and treachery! Camilla, will you ever forgive me? I told him our plans. I wanted—God help me—I wanted to say good-by to him. Because I loved him. Or"—she was standing beside Camilla's bed now—"I thought I did."

Charles Boutet smiled mockingly. "A pity, surely, to change your mind now. But come, we lose too much time. Ladies, I should be sorry to have to mar our relationship with any show of force, but, believe me, I shall not hesitate to do so if you make it necessary. Dom Fernando's officer has been—shall we say?—dealt with. Your servants have taken our hint and fled. My carriage is outside. And I am sure you, my love"—he turned to Chloë—"will agree that any scene of violence will be the worst possible thing for our dear sister's precarious state of health."

Chloë and Camilla exchanged despairing glances. It was all too evidently true.

"Very well," Camilla said. "We will go with you, but do not imagine that we will ever forget or forgive this outrage."

"No?" He raised mocking eyebrows. "Speak for yourself, my dearest sister. I am sure my beloved Chloë will forgive me soon enough when once we are man and wife."

"Never ——" Chloë was beginning, but he had turned to summon his men. Speechless with indignation, she found herself helping in the business of carrying Camilla out to the closed carriage. With careful solicitude Charles Boutet's followers laid Camilla down on the back seat of the carriage, where Chloë supported her as best she might.

Charles Boutet stepped in, gave an order, pulled down the shades and settled himself on the front seat. "Come, my dearest sister, do not fret yourself"—for tears were slowly following one another down Camilla's cheeks. "I have left a note for that bullying husband of yours telling him not to derange himself on your account, since you have followed your heart to France."

It was too much. Camilla, who had been fighting for consciousness with every breath she took, slid once more into a faint. When she came to herself she was lying on a hard bed with Chloë once more anxiously beside her. "Was it a nightmare?" she asked.

"No," Chloë said. "It is all true and all my fault. But if it has not killed you, Camilla, perhaps there is some hope for us yet."

"Hope?" Camilla asked, looking around the darkening room.

"Yes. When we reached this house there was a messenger waiting for Charles. I am glad you taught me some French, Camilla, for Charles thinks I do not understand it. He has left us here with only two men on guard. We are locked in, of course. They are downstairs, in the servants' quarters, with a cask of wine. They think we cannot possibly escape."

"Well," Camilla said, "how can we?"

"Why, by climbing down the vine that grows up this side of the house," Chloë told her. "It will be a ladder for us. Camilla, say you can do it."

But Camilla all too evidently could not. When she tried to rise to her feet, it was only to fall back, half fainting, on the hard bed. "It is no use," she said. "Chloë, you must go alone. If you cannot get to Lavenham, then go to Dom Fernando. He will help us, I am sure."

"But, Camilla, how can I leave you?"

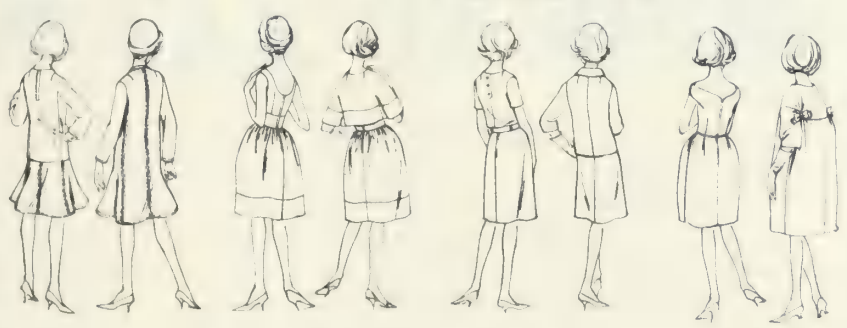
"You must. It is our only chance."

It was a clincher. Chloë kissed Camilla, pinned her skirts up around her knees and disappeared out the window. Camilla, listening desperately, heard a continued rustling, then silence. No sound of a fall; no sound of pursuit. Perhaps there really was hope. Amazingly, she slept.

She woke to morning light and the sounds of altercation downstairs. And also to an almost forgotten feeling. She was actually hungry. *I must be better*, she thought, and then heard voices on the stairs. Chloë burst into the room, followed by Dom Fernando.

PARIS FASHIONS

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57



1070 1075 1076 1082

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1070. *Coat, skirt and tunic blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $3.50. Version shown requires 5⅛ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for coat and skirt and 1½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1075. *One-piece dress and bolero; 10–18 (31–38); $3.00. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and bolero and 4⅜ yards of 5″ ribbon for bands and 3⅛ yards of 3″ ribbon for bow and belt, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1076. *Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $3.00. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 1½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1082. *One-piece dress and coat; 10–18 (31–38); $3.50. Version shown requires 5¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for coat and dress, size 14.*

BRIGHT SUITS

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 54 AND 55



4254 4270 4272 4273 4274

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4254. *"Easy to Make" two-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4270. *Suit and blouse; 12–40 (32–42); $1.50. Version shown requires 2½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 1 yard of 54″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4272. *Suit and blouse, 12–40 (32–42); $1.50. Version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4273. *Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 3⅝ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 2 yards of 39″ fabric with nap for blouse, size 14.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4274. *Suit and blouse; 12–40 (32–42); $1.50. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 1¼ yards of 35″ fabric with nap for blouse, size 14.*

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"Thank God," she said, "you are still here!"

"But Lavenham?"

Chloë's face fell. "He was gone when I reached the house. And the wind has changed; the fleet is putting out of the harbor. Listen!" A volley of gunfire echoed from the harbor and she ran to the window. "It is the British and Portuguese fleets saluting each other," she said. "Oh, Camilla, I fear Lavenham must be aboard. He must have believed that lying note Charles left. Though how he could leave us so passes my imagining."

"I collect he could not help himself. He has his duty, after all."

"Duty! And leave us to the mercy of the French! Were it not for Dom Fernando we would be in their hands tonight."

"And may be yet," interposed Dom Fernando, "if we lose time talking. I am told that Junot's advance guard are already on the hills above the town."

"Oh"—Camilla sank back despairingly—"then what hope have we?"

Chloë took her hand. "Dom Fernando has an admirable plan for us: We are to pose as his two nieces who lived on his estate south of the Tagus. It is but to row across the river—and vanish. Charles will think we succeeded in rejoining Lavenham. Besides, the French will be occupied for some time in taking over Lisbon. They will never find us."

"And then what?" Camilla asked.

"Why, then," Dom Fernando said, "as always, we must pray to God."

Camilla and Chloë had their share of terror and of prayer. Their first few days in the little house Dom Fernando had given them were made horrible by the lashing of wind and rain against the shutters and by their fears for Lavenham at sea.

Dom Fernando had not dared accompany them to their new home, but had sent his steward with them and a letter to his cousin, the prioress of the convent in whose grounds their house was situated. Its two previous tenants, his nieces, had lived there inconspicuously and had recently died of typhoid. The prioress received Camilla and Chloë with the greatest kindness. Dom Fernando's nieces had hardly stirred from their house. Like them, Camilla and Chloë would receive all their supplies from the convent, and should be safe enough so long as they did not stray beyond its grounds. Only—here the prioress looked doubtfully at Chloë—perhaps they had best assume the habit of lay sisters.

Camilla found the voluminous robes a great blessing in their cold and drafty little house. And as the slow months passed she was increasingly grateful for their lavish concealing folds. She had told the prioress of her pregnancy and had been amused, despite herself, at the worldly calm with which the reverend lady took it. She urged Camilla robustly not to worry about anything: when her time came, the lay sister who cared for sick nuns would come to her.

And, amazingly enough, Camilla found that she was not worrying. As the days passed and she and Chloë settled into their almost primitive daily round, her strength and spirits improved. "Take no thought to the morrow" might have been her motto, so successfully did she live from day to day, while her color crept back, and her child stirred to life within her.

"Chloë, he kicked me!" she exclaimed one morning in earliest spring when she and Chloë were working in their little garden.

Chloë straightened up and laughed. "He?" she asked.

"Of course. How shall I face Lady Leominster if it is not an heir?"

"Well," Chloë said, "it is true that in our family the first child always *is* a boy. First Maurice, then Edward, then Maurice, then Edward and so on, back to William the Conqueror. Oh, Camilla, I wish I might see Lavenham's face when he hears the news." For they had heard, at last, that none of the fleet had been lost, and felt safe in assuming that Lavenham was alive and, probably, at the Brazils by now. If they both, in their different ways, found this knowledge of his distance rather restful, they did not discuss the matter.

But there was something else that Camilla had been waiting a chance to ask.

"Chloë," she said, "do you still think of Charles?"

"Think of *him!*" Chloë exclaimed. "I should rather think I do. I have guillotined him and boiled him in oil, and—oh, a thousand torments, but it is all of no use. Camilla, how could I have been such a gull ——"

"You mean you do not mind any more?"

"Mind? You mean, do I still love him? Camilla, let me confess to you: I think I never did. To have made all this trouble for you, just out of a whim, out of liking flattery! When I think of it, I am so ashamed ——"

"Then do not think of it. I am only grateful to learn you are not suffering."

"Suffering? Do you know, Camilla, I do not think I have ever been so happy in my life. Does that surprise you very much?"

"Why, no," said Camilla, "for I believe I have not either."

Dom Fernando, paying one of his rare visits early in April, congratulated them on the progress they had made in the language. It would be invaluable when the time came for them to make their escape.

The news Dom Fernando brought them was mixed bad and good, with the bad preponderating. In Spain and Portugal, he told them, the people were rousing themselves to fierce resistance under the goad of French tyranny. "I only wish I could see you safe home before the fighting really begins. How long do you think ——" He stammered to a halt.

Camilla laughed. "Not long now. Sister Innocenza says it is but a matter of days."

"Good." He rose to take his leave. "I find that your identity is an open secret in the village. They are all your friends and I hope you have nothing to fear; but"—he shook his head—"I shall feel safer when you are gone."

Two days later Camilla roused Chloë in the small hours of the morning. "Chloë, I think it is time to go for Sister Innocenza."

HOW TO EAT WELL ON

August meals should be delightfully cool, simple and inexpensive. Fruits and vegetables are sweet and ripe now—real food bargains. This is the month to let your refrigerator work hard for you.

Summer salad can make a perfect meal. Try a rosy ring of tomato aspic spiked with deviled ham. Salmon-cucumber mold flavored with tarragon is sheer genius on an August night (and uses only one can of salmon for four).

Our *cannelloni* casserole can be put together early in the day before the sun starts its mischief and can be heated in less than a half hour when you are ready; it costs only 33 cents a serving.

Now shiny eggplants are ripe and make an exciting and economical supper when stuffed with a savory mixture of lamb and rosemary. This main dish will cost only 37 cents a serving!

MENU 1

Hot cream-of-mushroom and asparagus soup
Deviled-ham-and-tomato aspic with curried eggs*
Mixed salad greens
Toasted corn muffins
Stewed fresh pears
6 servings $3.63

DEVILED HAM AND TOMATO ASPIC WITH CURRIED EGGS —$1.75

ASPIC

6 cups tomato juice, homemade or canned
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
½ teaspoon dried chervil *or* 1 teaspoon chopped fresh chervil
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1 can (4½-oz.) deviled ham
1 tablespoon grated onion
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Stir 2 cups tomato juice into gelatin. Add herbs and seasonings. Stir over low heat until gelatin dissolves. Mix in deviled ham. Add remaining tomato juice, onion and lemon juice. Chill until thick and syrupy. Spoon into a 6-cup ring mold. Chill until firm.

CURRIED EGGS

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon skim milk
Dash cayenne
¼ teaspoon curry powder
Paprika

Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks, and mash. Mix in remaining ingredients except paprika. Fill egg whites with yolk mixture and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Unmold aspic and fill center with crisp greens. Arrange eggs around outside. Makes 6 servings.

Note: For perfect hard-cooked eggs: Lower slowly into boiling water and *simmer* 15 minutes. Turn eggs while cooking so yolks will stay in center. Then plunge immediately into cold water; peel under running cold water.

MENU 2

Hot French onion soup
Molded salmon-and-cucumber salad on shredded cabbage and spinach*
Cooked Lima beans, peas and sliced radishes marinated in French dressing
Sesame crackers
Peach biscuit shortcake (whipped cream optional)
4 servings $3.24

MOLDED SALMON AND CUCUMBER SALAD—$1.26

1 can (7¾-oz.) salmon
1 cup finely chopped, seeded, peeled cucumber
½ cup finely chopped scallions
⅓ cup finely chopped celery
2 teaspoons chopped capers
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup tarragon vinegar
1¾ cups water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2–3 drops bottled hot-pepper seasoning
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

Drain and reserve liquid from salmon. Discard skin and bone. Mash salmon, add liquid, chopped vegetables and capers. Beat mayonnaise and vinegar until smooth. Add 1 cup water and seasonings. Stir remaining water into gelatin and set over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Combine with mayonnaise and salmon mixtures. Spoon into a 4-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on shredded cabbage and spinach. Makes 4 servings.

Notes: Toast is optional in the French onion soup, but if you omit it we suggest serving toasted English muffins with the main course instead of sesame crackers to make the meal more satisfying and balanced nutritionally.

You can grate your own Parmesan cheese or buy it packaged already grated if you prefer, at very little extra cost. For the peach biscuit shortcake you can use a package biscuit mix or your favorite biscuit recipe, or purchase scones from the local bakery.

Decorative tubes can be used to fill stuffed eggs attractively or make fancy designs with mayonnaise on molded salads—and at no extra cost!

Soak green stems from scallions; drain, dry and store in refrigerator. Use in salads for mild onion flavor.

Chloë was out of bed in a flash. "Are you
e? Will you be all right while I am gone?
, Camilla, I wish we were at home."
'So do I, but I have no doubt I shall do well
ough—only, hurry, Chloë."
Chloë ran all the way to the convent, but
er Innocenza refused to be hurried. "Time
ough, time enough," she said in her broad
ntry Portuguese. Chloë, alarmed by her
ay, could finally bear it no longer and ran
alone, to their cottage.
As she crossed the garden a sudden almost
ecognizable scream from Camilla gave
gs to her feet. She entered the tiny bed-
m just in time to receive her squalling nephew. Sister Innocenza, arriving placidly, found herself with nothing but the tidying up to do and could hardly forbear scolding Camilla for her unladylike speed. But Camilla, white and exhausted, was too happy to care. "Edward," she whispered, and fell asleep.

It was Sister Innocenza who first noticed the thin webbing between the baby's smallest toes and pointed it out to Chloë. Chloë, an aunt and entirely a grownup now, dismissed her from the house with unearned thanks and a string of beads the sister had admired and which she accepted with enthusiasm: "For the blessed Virgin, of course." Then Chloë returned to the little room where Camilla and the child slept peacefully. If she could help it, Camilla should not be troubled with news of her child's deformity before she was strong enough to bear it.

To her delighted surprise, Camilla's return to strength was much more rapid than she had expected. By the fourth day, she insisted that she was tired of lying in bed and wanted to bathe her son herself.

Chloë protested, but in vain, and watched while Camilla removed little Edward's clothes with loving, unskillful hands and held him gently in the large cooking pot they used for a bath. In a moment Camilla looked up at her. "I see," she said. "That is why he was always dressed. Did you think I should mind it, Chloë? I shall only love him all the more. I was beginning to fear there was something really *wrong* with him; but this—who cares about this?" She bent to concentrate on the intricate and unfamiliar task of washing her son, who was beginning to wriggle in her hands like the fish he resembled.

He was a wonderfully well-conducted baby, but then, as Camilla said, so he should be, with the entire attention of a devoted mother and aunt. He was a month old, and a picture of placid health, when Dom Fernando paid them an unexpected visit. He arrived late in the evening and expressed delight at the progress mother and child had made, then plunged straight to the point. "I am more relieved than I can say to find you so well," he said, "for I fear I bring bad news."

Camilla turned white. "Not Lavenham?"

"No, no. We have heard at last that the court are arrived safe at Bahia. Your husband is alive and, so far as I know, well. No, my news is of Charles Boutet, who is returned to Lisbon and must have learned that you did not escape with the fleet. It is only a matter of time—and not very much at that—until he discovers your whereabouts and then, I gravely fear, I would be powerless to protect you."

Camilla asked, "What shall we do?"

He answered her with another question. "Are you truly better? Strong enough to face a journey, one of the most arduous?"

"To go home? I could face anything."

"I cannot tell you how relieved I am to hear it. It is idle now to hope to get you out to the blockading fleet. But there is a British agent, a Mr. Smith, who is returning from a visit to Spain. He is to be picked up by a British frigate north of Lisbon and I have suggested to him that you might accompany him."

"Can we really go with him?"

"He has agreed to take you with him. He thinks your company will improve his chances of getting safely through. The French are, we believe, on the lookout for him, but are not likely to suspect a family traveling together."

Neither Camilla nor Chloë slept that night. Dom Fernando had explained that Mr. Smith could not risk the detour to join them. They must make their way north along the shore of the Tagus and would find him waiting for them at the crossroads just before the first bridge across the river. He would, of course, recognize their little party and would identify himself by asking, in Portuguese, "What news, today, in Lisbon?" Camilla must then answer, "None worth the hearing."

After they had met Mr. Smith, Dom Fernando warned, they would have two days' hard riding over rough country to keep their rendezvous with the frigate. The mother superior would provide them with mules, peasant costume, and a man to escort them to the meeting place with Mr. Smith.

The mother superior came bustling over soon afterward. She brought a jar of black and viscous fluid with which she urged Chloë to dye her hair. "Those golden locks are as good as an advertisement that you are a foreigner." Chloë made a face, but agreed, and by morning her hair had been turned a muddy black and her face liberally streaked with the glutinous dye. She insisted that Camilla, too, daub herself with this strong-smelling substitute for dirt, and by the time they had put on the bedraggled clothes the mother superior had brought, and tied dirty black shawls over their heads, they made, in their own opinion, as convincing a pair of peasant women as anyone could wish to see.

By now it was morning, and the man was waiting with the mules. They left with a warm feeling of gratitude and the kind old nun's blessing in their ears. In order to be sure of their rendezvous, they had to ride steadily through the noontide heat, pausing only for brief rests, to feed the baby and to encourage themselves with the refreshments the mother superior had provided.

Toward evening Edward began to whimper in his aunt's arms. Both Camilla and Chloë were proficient riders, but neither of them had realized what an awkward addition little Edward would be to the party. Even asleep, he

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PRACTICALLY NOTHING

MENU 3

Cannelloni*
Salad of water cress, Swiss chard,
romaine and scallions
Italian bread sticks
Orange or lemon ice and seedless grapes
Cupcake or cookies

6 servings $4.61

CANNELLONI—$1.98

NOODLE DOUGH

2 eggs
2 tablespoons skim milk
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups flour

Beat eggs until frothy. Add skim milk, salt and flour. ix with a fork until dough comes together. Knead on avily floured board until dough loses stickiness and comes smooth. Cover, let stand 30 minutes. Divide in lf. Roll each piece of dough as thin as possible (1/16" ck). Let stand uncovered to dry for 10–15 minutes. Cut o twelve 4" squares. Cook in plenty of boiling salted ter (uncovered) for 10 minutes. Lift out, drain on a h towel.

FILLING

1 pound ground beef
1 tablespoon margarine
1 teaspoon savory
⅛ teaspoon powdered cloves
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped chives
2 tablespoons flour
1 beef-bouillon cube
¾ cup hot water
Few drops liquid gravy browner

Quickly brown beef in margarine. Mix in seasonings, cves, flour and bouillon cube dissolved in hot water. Add gvy browner. Cool. Divide mixture evenly among noodle squares. Roll up. Place seam side down, one layer deep, in a shallow 3-quart casserole.

SAUCE

1 tablespoon cooking oil
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
1 pound ripe tomatoes, peeled
or 1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes
1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste
½ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon orégano
1 teaspoon sugar
8 ounces sliced pizza cheese

auté garlic in oil until golden. Mix in remaining season- n. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Spoon over noodle c. Top with sliced pizza cheese. Bake in a moderately o oven, 375°F., for 30 minutes or until bubbly. Brown ace under broiler. Makes 6 servings.

MENU 4

Eggplant stuffed with savory lamb*
Noodles
Dark rye bread, sweet butter
Sliced ripe tomatoes and cucumbers
Oil-and-vinegar dressing
Cantaloupe à la mode

6 servings $4.77

EGGPLANT STUFFED WITH SAVORY LAMB—$2.23

3 pounds lamb shanks (have your
butcher grind the meat,
save the bones)
2 cups water
4 teaspoons salt
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon salad oil
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon powdered rosemary
3 tablespoons steak sauce
2 medium eggplants
2 ripe tomatoes, peeled

The day before, simmer bones in water with 1 teaspoon salt for two hours; you will need 1 cup stock. Cool, skim off fat, cover and refrigerate. Next day sauté onion in oil until golden. Add lamb, break up with a fork and sauté for a few minutes. Add stock, remaining salt and seasonings. Cut eggplants in half lengthwise. Scoop out pulp, leaving shells about ¼" to ½" thick. Chop pulp coarsely. Add to skillet, cover and simmer 35 minutes. Uncover and cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Coarsely chop the tomatoes and carefully stir them into the meat mixture. You may cool, cover and refrigerate lamb mixture and eggplant shells at this point until about 1 hour before serving. Place shells in baking pan with ¼" water in bottom of pan. Fill each with lamb mixture. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 1 hour or until shells are fork-tender. Transfer them to a hot platter. Cut crosswise to serve. Makes 6–8 servings.

Notes: Choose lamb shanks that have more meat in proportion to bone, and if you plan to grind the meat yourself at home remember a sharp knife is a cook's best friend when it comes to removing the meat from the bones.

To give a decorative edge to slices of cucumber, run the tines of a fork lengthwise along a peeled or unpeeled cucumber. Then slice in the usual way.

To peel tomatoes quickly and easily, plunge into boiling water for a few seconds or turn on a fork over a low flame until skins pop.

For an oil-and-vinegar salad dressing: Mix ¾ cup cooking or olive oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat vigorously or shake in a jar. This dressing may be kept in a closed jar in the refrigerator. Flavors may be added to suit the salad it is to dress: a clove of garlic, a few drops of onion juice, a little paprika and or mustard are favorites. If you like a tart dressing, make it 2 parts oil to 1 part vinegar.

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

as quite a problem to carry. Now that he as awake, it was all that they could do to old him and still keep their beasts on the road. Truly, my angel," Chloë exclaimed as she anded him back to his mother, "if I did not lore you, I should be in a fair way to think- g you a little pest."

A warning exclamation from their guide lenced her. They had come to the outskirts a village; the crossroads at which they were meet Mr. Smith was only a mile or so farther. it just as Camilla and Chloë were exchang- g glances of mutual congratulation, their iide's hands on the knotted rope that served bridle halted Camilla's mule. Without a ord he turned its head toward a filthy alley- ay leading past a group of hovels and away om the Tagus.

A fierce glance silenced the question that se to Camilla's lips and she and Chloë fol- wed him without a word down the stinking ne and into the untidy orange grove to which led. There, at last, he let them come up with n. "You did not see them?" he asked.

"Who?"

"The French soldiers." He spat expres- ely. "The village was full of them. I hope it es not mean they have caught Dom Smith. t it does mean we must avoid the village. nly hope Dom Smith will wait—if he is not eady in French hands."

The next hour or so was pure nightmare. ambles slashed their faces; even the sure- oted mules slipped and slid on the rocky ound. When they finally returned to the le road on the far side of the village, they re two hours late for their rendezvous. eir guide's face was a picture of gloom; milla and Chloë were both near tears, and baby wailed in exhaustion.

A sudden turning of the road showed them crossroads—and a small group of French diers. There was nothing for it but to go on. e soldiers were grouped around a tattered re and his dejected mule. Camilla and loë exchanged quick glances: impossible t this vagabond holding forth to a French cer in rapid Portuguese could be Mr. ith, the British agent.

But he had seen them and broke, all of a den, into a loud wail of thanksgiving to a his patron saints. "Mary, mother of God, a all the saints be praised," he concluded. "ere, at long last, are my beloved wife, my s er, my child." He ran toward them, mule a Frenchmen alike following, embraced milla and then, to her utter amazement, g e her a resounding slap across the face. "nd that," he said, "is for keeping me wait- ir As for you, neighbor Sancho, I'll not ask y to escort my wife again. Two hours I have ted for you." He turned on their guide in s a threatening manner that the man kicked h mule into a gallop and disappeared in a c d of dust.

he French soldiers found all this highly e tertaining, and laughed still harder when th prisoner fetched Chloë a box on the ears a then snatched the baby from her and c ered it with dirty kisses, calling it his lamb, h treasure. Handing little Edward back to C illa, he turned once more to the French o er and broke into what seemed an endless ti le against the whole of womankind.

At last the officer grew impatient. "Enough," he aid, "I am sure your wife and sister are e ything you say, and more so"—he spared th a quick, contemptuous glance—"but we ne work to do. Away with you, and do not et me find you loitering about the highways gain." He gave him a push that sent him st gering into the filthy ditch, shouted an or r to his men, and wheeled his horse back n e direction of the village.

he man lay in three inches of stinking wa r and watched them go, muttering a mix- ur of prayers and curses, while Camilla and Chloë sat speechless on their mules. At last, wh all the Frenchmen were out of earshot, he man crawled out of the ditch and ap- roached Camilla and Chloë. "Well," he said, wat news, today, in Lisbon?"

"None worth the hearing." Camilla con- rolled her voice as best she might. "Is it really so," she went on, still in Portuguese.

"Yes, and never more glad to see anyone. If you had not kept your tryst, I should have been a dead man. I must apologize to you both"—he made an awkward peasant's bob—"for the blows I gave you, but you must grant that they saved you questions I was afraid you might not be able to answer. Now we must lose no time." Without more ado, he mounted his bedraggled mule and led them at a brisk pace away from the village.

Cold, drenched and exhausted, the two girls were hauled at last aboard His Majesty's frigate *Indomitable*. Conducted to a cabin, they collapsed onto its narrow beds, paused only to strip off their soaked outer garments and settle the baby in the drawer of the sea chest. All three of them slept heavily. They woke to find the little cabin a swaying inferno and the next three days were a struggle to keep themselves and little Edward alive and unhurt. Their only communication with the outside world was through the sailor who appeared, at intervals, with meals they did not want.

On the fourth day, little Edward turned pink again and Chloë began to fret about her clothes. "To think that we shall have to land in England looking like this," she said, shaking out the skirts of her black peasant's dress which had been shabby when she first put it on and was now merely deplorable.

"Yes," Camilla agreed. "Still, better to land in rags than not at all. It seems hardly likely that there will be anything aboard that we can borrow."

Chloë laughed with something of her old lightheartedness. "I certainly do not intend going ashore in the full rig of a first lieutenant. Mr. Smith is luckier than we are. He is doubtless on deck enjoying the sunshine in the guise of a rear admiral."

"Or a ship's cook," said practical Camilla. "Remember, Chloë, that we know nothing in the world about him."

"Except that he saved our lives."

They were interrupted by a tap at the door and their sailor attendant appeared with breakfast, to announce that it was a fine morning, a calm sea and they were but three days out from Falmouth. "And," he concluded, "cap'n's compliments, and will you ladies dine with him and the dook tonight?"

"Him and what?" asked Camilla.

"The dook, ma'am—his grace, cap'n says we're to call 'un." He made his customary awkward bob and left them.

Alone, the two girls exchanged glances. "A duke?" said Chloë.

"Mr. Smith?" said Camilla.

"It cannot be," said Chloë.

"Then who else?" asked Camilla.

"But what shall we wear?" wailed Chloë.

She spent the rest of the day trying to persuade Camilla that they should make an excuse to refuse the captain's invitation. But Camilla was firm. A captain's invitation was practically the equivalent of a royal command. As for their clothes—he must have known how they were circumstanced when he invited them.

But Chloë remained rebellious and it was with the greatest difficulty that Camilla prevailed upon her to do what she could for her appearance. Repeated washings merely reduced Chloë's golden hair from a greasy black to a dirty brown. Camilla sympathized, but pointed out that at least Chloë's face was now clean, as were her own and the baby's. "And, besides, Mr. Smith—I mean the duke; I wonder what he is duke *of*—has seen us looking much worse. And who cares about the captain?"

"I do," said Chloë crossly. "As for Mr. Smith, he has made it clear that we were nothing but an encumbrance to him. I do not care if he is a royal duke—as indeed he might well be, from his manners, or lack of them."

"But hardly from his appearance. Has it occurred to you that without his disguise he might be positively good-looking?"

"No," said Chloë and began furiously to curl her sticky hair.

Even Camilla felt a slight sinking of the heart when they were ceremoniously ushered into the captain's cabin. But she held her head high, and greeted the captain with all the ease of a great lady, while noting that he was in full dress uniform and Mr. Smith in impeccable evening attire and looking deplorably handsome without his mask of dirt.

His bows to her and Chloë, as the captain presented him as the Duke of Weston, carried the faintest hint of laughter. Camilla, recollecting the awkward peasant's bobs he had been wont to make in Portugal, could not help laughing herself at the transformation. But she could feel Chloë bristling beside her, and hurried to mask an ominous silence on her sister-in-law's part by what she herself felt to be a slightly overeloquent flow of gratitude. Mr. Smith—or, rather, the duke—would have none of it.

"If I have helped to save your lives," he said, "you have most certainly reciprocated by saving mine." And he told the captain the story of their journey. Camilla, listening to the duke's praises of her and Chloë's fortitude on their long march, was soon in charity with both men, forgiving them what had seemed, at first, their odious elegance of appearance.

But she looked in vain for a similar softening in Chloë. When the duke drank her health Chloë merely tossed her head.

Camilla was appalled, but the duke laughed and turned back to entertain the captain with a description of their first meeting. "I can tell you," he concluded, "if these two ladies had not arrived when they did there would have been one dukedom the less in England."

Chloë raised elegant eyebrows. "Truly?" she said. "Have you then no heir ready to step into your ducal shoes?"

"Why, no." He turned back to her at once. "Oddly enough, I have not. We Smiths have dwindled deplorably into the female line."

If Camilla had not been so fond of Chloë, she would have thought she snorted. "Deplorable indeed," she said, turned her shoulder to him and began to ply the captain with questions about the state of things in England.

It was not a comfortable evening and Camilla was glad when she felt that it was politely possible to plead anxiety for little Edward (who was being minded by a sailor) and take their leave. Back in the quiet of their cabin, she turned on Chloë to administer a well-earned reproof—but found herself forestalled. Chloë had subsided on her bed in a perfect passion of tears.

They did not see either the captain or the duke again before they reached Falmouth. Camilla, who was beginning to fret at the narrow confinement of their cabin, urged Chloë more than once to join her in a turn about the deck, but Chloë was adamant. Nothing, she said would induce her to expose herself once more to the duke's censorious eye. "Did you not see, Camilla, how he took in every detail of my—I mean our appearance? No doubt it will make an admirable tale for the entertainment of his friends. No, I thank you, I shall stay below decks."

It was, therefore, with profound relief that Camilla welcomed their arrival at Falmouth, although she also found herself suffering from inevitable memories of the last time they had been there—with Lavenham. What mad hopes she had fostered then: Lavenham would learn to love her; in the end, they would be man and wife indeed. She shook herself and picked up little Edward. She had before her the painful task of convincing old Lady Leominster that her child was indeed the heir that formidable old lady wanted.

They went up on deck, where they found the captain awaiting them. The duke, he told them, had gone ashore and was now on his way to London with his dispatches. But he had left his carriage for the use of Lady Leo-

NEXT MONTH

When Ladies Eat Together, It's Usually Luncheon

Here are three delightful menus to serve when ladies meet. The recipes are easy, the food superb, the service feminine, and the number of calories small enough to suggest that all the guests claim figures worth keeping. John Prince, menu maestro for that capital city of ladies' luncheondom, Washington, D.C., is the chef.

After Long Absence

"She ran straight into the fire, her arms outstretched as a woman runs to greet her lover after long absence." It was a fire that licked feverishly throughout England in the time of the Lollards, kindling two—a man and a woman—who were already hopelessly seared by the flames of forbidden love. "Josiana" is Norah Loft's impassioned new novella.

"Why Do I Get These Crushes?"

"I know you will get the wrong opinion of me, but I need help. Lately I have noticed myself falling in love with just about every older man or boy I am with. I haven't done anything wrong, but sometimes I feel sexy, and then I'm ashamed." Dr. Adams advises Verna in "Making Marriage Work."

Hemorrhage—The Terror of Maternity

"I'm seven and a half months pregnant, Doctor, and everything is fine except that I've had a little bleeding. That doesn't mean anything, though, does it?" Dr. Schauffler explains that "a little bleeding" can sometimes mean death to a pregnant woman. "Tell Me, Doctor."

"He Looks Like a King to Me!"

"People sometimes sneer when I say 'My husband is a truck driver.'" Marie said. "But everyone is impressed by different things. The way Wayne drives a truck impresses me. He moves so gracefully pulling all that steel." What's it like to be married to a man who makes $9000 a year and was home only 97 days in 1960? Curtiss Anderson finds out from Marie Sage in "How America Spends its Money."

Also, "What Has Happened to Old-Fashioned Virtue?" presenting a panel of distinguished participants in what is probably the most significant of all *Journal* forums; "Dear Mr. G.," final installment in the Clark Gable story by his secretary-manager; Dr. Spock; stories; fashions; fun in the September *Journal*.

minster and Miss Lavenham. He begged that they would allow his servants to take them wherever best suited their convenience.

They were to travel in luxury, for the duke's elderly and formidably respectable coachman made it clear that he was to be responsible for all expenses on the way. Camilla yielded gratefully enough—it would be time to think of repaying the duke when they were safe home.

She soon discovered that Mr. Banks, the coachman, had the fullest possible orders from his master. Not only did he scrupulously refrain from showing the slightest sign that there was anything odd about their appearance, but he always contrived an excuse to go ahead and announce their arrival at the wayside inns where they stopped. When they arrived, they found themselves greeted as heroines. England, it seemed, was war mad all of a sudden, and Spain's unexpected resistance to Bonaparte's tyranny the subject of universal enthusiasm. Heralded as the heroines of a romantic escape from the Spanish peninsula, they found their odd appearance entirely forgotten in the glamour Mr. Banks contrived to cast around them.

When they drew up at last in front of Haverford Hall, the first shadows of night had fallen, and they were surprised to see that the entire front of the house was illuminated. Camilla clutched Chloë's hand. "*Someone* is there," she said.

For a moment her courage failed her. Suppose it was Lavenham! She had not spoken to him since that desperate day when he had hurled such furious accusations at her. And now she returned with his child in her arms, a child he had accused of being a French spy's bastard.

But Mr. Banks had beaten a resounding tattoo on the big front door and it swung open, revealing the brilliantly lighted hall. Even in this moment of tension Camilla found time to notice, as she alighted from the carriage, that the house shone with new paint, and the servants, who were hurriedly assembling, were resplendent in new liveries.

Then she forgot everything as old Lady Leominster appeared. More bent, more wizened and more brilliantly garbed than ever, she hurried forward. "My dears"—she gathered first Camilla, then Chloë into a highly perfumed embrace. "I had a message from the dear Duke of Weston this morning and hurried here to have all ready for you. And my grandson, I understand, a perfect paragon among babies. Has he the Lavenham foot?"

She took Edward in fragile but surprisingly competent hands. Speechless, Camilla looked on while the old lady unwound his shawls, lifted the long dress to reveal his webbed feet and let out a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah-h," she said. And then, to Camilla, "But did no one tell you? Of course Chloë was a child—she would not know—but every boy in the family since anyone can remember. It would have been . . . awkward if you had come back with an heir born God knows how in Portugal and he had not had it. As it is, come here, my dear, and let me kiss you." But Camilla had burst into helpless tears.

Later she told Lady Leominster the whole story, and received, in return, her promise of every possible assistance when Lavenham returned. "He will not be reasonable," said his grandmother. "He never was. But we must contrive to make him so." She had told Camilla already that Lavenham had asked for, and received, permission to return to England at once; she looked for his arrival daily. "But I am inclined to hope, my child, that it may be somewhat delayed. I would rather you had a little color in your cheeks and flesh on your bones before we have to deal with him. Now, tell me"—once again the large eyes flashed questions—"what is this about the Duke of Weston?"

"The duke?" Camilla asked. "Why, nothing, except that he has been most kind to us."

"Kind!" The old lady sneered. "I should just about think he has! Do you not know that the duke who has been so 'kind' to you and Chloë has about as sharp a reputation as any young rakehell in town? I have it on the best authority that when he took it into his head to go on this dangerous mission to Portugal his family let out a concerted sigh of relief and secretly prayed that he would never come back. And you wish me to believe that he tended you and Chloë across the country—yes, and the baby too—out of pure philanthropy? And sent you home in his own coach—no, no, it must be for one of your sakes, and I only hope it is Chloë. Though, come to that"—the bright eyes snapped—"it might not be such a bad thing if Lavenham were to come home and find you pursued by the most notorious duke in town."

Half angry, half amused, Camilla did her best to convince the old lady that she was far wide of the mark in her suspicions. The duke had never shown the slightest partiality for either of them, she said. Her natural fairness forced her to add, "He could not, in truth, have been kinder. He even carried little Edward much of the way."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Leominster. "Best not noise that around, if you wish him to remain your friend. Well, I think we had best go to London at once."

Camilla, who pined for nothing more than a long rest in the soothing English countryside, protested in vain. Lady Leominster had come to her decision and nothing would shake her. There were, she pointed out, a few weeks left of the London season; it was of vital importance that Camilla should make her appearance in society at once. "I wish Lavenham to find you thoroughly established when he returns," she concluded.

Camilla asked, "And what of Chloë?"

"Chloë comes too," said the old lady. "She has been kept in the schoolroom long enough."

Lady Leominster made no secret of the fact that she wanted both girls under her immediate eye during their first tricky weeks in society. As it turned out, she need not have worried about their reception. London was Spain mad: bonnets, dances, military jackets—everything had a Spanish name, and the two heroines from Portugal found themselves taken to society's heart. No breakfast was complete, no ball a total success unless they were present. The fact that Camilla either insisted on taking Edward with her, or left early in order to feed him, merely added to the glamour that surrounded her.

It was all very exciting and, in a little while, rather boring. As Chloë said, yawning, one hot July morning, one breakfast was really very like another, and each conversation the same as the last. "And if anyone else asks me if I do not adore the dear Duke of Weston, I vow I shall throw something."

"Yes," said Camilla. "I do not altogether blame him for beating a retreat from London and going to join Lord Wellesley in Ireland, though I own I could wish to have seen him and thanked him properly before he went."

Chloë tossed her head. "If he had wanted to be thanked he could have stayed in London till we got there."

"Perhaps he will come back when Lord Wellesley sails for Portugal," said Camilla, for Wellesley had been given command of the expeditionary force that was to sail from Cork any day now.

"Much more likely he will go too," said Chloë crossly, and as it turned out she was right. When the news came that Lord Wellesley and his army had sailed, they learned that Weston had gone as an additional aide-de-camp.

"I should think he would be of the greatest assistance to Lord Wellesley," said Camilla. "Think how well he knows the country and the people."

"Yes," said Chloë, "I expect he has gone back to some black-haired girl in Lisbon."

"Very likely," said Camilla.

"Or several," said Chloë.

"Why not?" said Camilla, whose heart was increasingly heavy these days. It was all very well to be the toast of the town, but where was Lavenham? He had applied for leave to return, and received it weeks ago. And still time dragged on and there was no word from him. The season had drooped to an end and Lady Leominster had finally agreed to the longed-for move back to Haverford Hall, since neither Camilla nor Chloë had shown the slightest enthusiasm for her suggestion that they should follow the *beau monde* to Brighton.

Their determination was amply justified when they reached Haverford Hall and found a letter from Lavenham awaiting his grandmother. She read it quickly, with pursed lips and furrowed brow, then handed it to Camilla.

Chloë watched impatiently as Camilla in her turn struggled to decipher the fine, small handwriting of the letter, which had been many times redirected. "Well, what does he say, Camilla? Where is he?"

Camilla handed her the letter. "In Portugal," she said. "Looking for us."

Camilla and Chloë went to Brighton after all. It was much against Camilla's will, for she could not help a superstitious terror that by leaving Haverford Hall she might fail to receive some message from her husband. But in the country quiet that was to have refreshed her, Chloë pined so visibly that at last Camilla had to give in to old Lady Leominster's insistence that what they all needed was a touch of sea air and society.

They were welcomed even more enthusiastically here than they had been in London. Sir Arthur Wellesley had landed in Portugal by now, and society talked of nothing but his position, his chances and, inevitably, of Portugal itself. Camilla and Chloë, who had actually been there, found themselves the objects of all attention. So courted, so admired, so listened to, it was impossible not to enjoy themselves a little. After all, when the Prince of Wales took the trouble to cross th room and talk to them, they must, inevitabl warm to him and to life in general.

Lady Leominster was almost alarmed at th success of the cure she had wrought. A supe ficial old creature herself, she had not the pe ception to realize that it was all on the surfac The only time of day when Camilla and Chlo really lived was when the mail came in. As th hot August days wore on they found them selves closer friends than ever in their share anxiety.

They were at the pavilion for an afternoo concert when the news of Wellesley's victo of Vimeiro began to be rumored about. N one knew how the rumor had started, but usual Camilla and Chloë found themsel the center of an eager little crowd of inquire They had actually been to Vimeiro? Were t French soldiers really such raw troops? To with anxieties of their own, the two girls d their best to answer these questions.

Presently Camilla looked about her. "B where is the prince?" she asked.

"He retired, hurriedly, this half hour p or more," said one of Chloë's admirers. "P haps he has received dispatches at last."

The questions continued, but Camilla a Chloë answered at random, their eyes a thoughts fixed on the entrance to the princ private apartments. If the prince had inde retired to read the dispatches describing t battle, would Lavenham—or the duke—mentioned? All Camilla knew about Lav ham was that he had landed north of Lisb He might have perished weeks since. It w when she was thinking this that she tol particularly portentous dowager that French were gallant allies, and the Portugu raw troops.

The old lady raised her eyebrows and be an elaborately sardonic query, when Ch interrupted her unceremoniously.

"Look," she said, "the prince!"

The door of the private apartments h been thrown open and now the prince peared. Behind him were two gentlemen traveling dress. As he paused, looking ab the room, Chloë caught Camilla's hand.

"It is!" she said. And then, "Can it be?"

Camilla was chalk-white. "Yes," she s

Followed by the two dusty and unsuita garbed gentlemen, the prince crossed the ro to where Camilla and Chloë stood.

"My dear Lady Leominster, my dear M Lavenham." The prince received their curt with his usual affable dignity. "I bring y you see, the best of news. We have wo great victory. These gentlemen have but r brought me the dispatches. They are cove with glory, as well as with dust. You welcome them, I know, for my sake as wel for their own."

Then, with the royal tact of which he sometimes capable, he turned, leaving milla and Chloë face to face with Lavenh and the duke. Camilla had not seen her husband for almost a year, Chloë had not the duke since she had been so rude to hi board the *Indomitable*. To make it wo they knew themselves the target of all Camilla, who had tormented herself imagining meetings with Lavenham, had n conceived of anything so frightful as this.

He was kissing her hand. "At last," he s

The duke was kissing Chloë's. "If I da he asked, eyebrows raised. "My dear M Lavenham, allow me to congratulate yo being once more a blonde."

"Oh, you are impossible," fumed Ch "Camilla, everyone is staring. Let us go ho

"Yes," said Lavenham. "Let us go ho He urged the duke to accompany them, Weston refused: "You will have much t to each other. Besides, I intend to ride this evening, to visit my mother. I will myself the pleasure of calling upon yo morrow morning, if I may." The remark addressed equally to Camilla and to C He bowed. "I shall see you, I hope, bet in the morning."

Coloring up to her exquisite eyebrows, C followed Lavenham and Camilla from room. An oddly constrained silence fe the three as they stood waiting for their riage. It was a relief to all of them when carriage appeared and the little bust

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

Some drivers cannot endure having other drivers ahead of them, and so decide they'll just have to pass if it's the "last thing they ever do." Sometimes it is!

Every child, learning to put on his shoes, must think he has four feet: the right foot, the wrong foot, the left foot and the other foot.

If you can cross a yard without pulling up a weed, the chances are you don't own the property.

One way to keep a husband guessing is never to run out of money.

The true "eternal triangle": father, mother, child.

It's all right for a married woman to gain a few extra pounds; just enough to keep her wedding ring from sliding off easily.

The difference between flattery and a compliment is the difference between a bonfire that tries to consume and an even-burning fire that desires only to warm.

Self-pity in a woman is in the same category as self-praise in a man.

stalling themselves provided a mo-
entary slackening of the tension.
As the carriage moved forward,
venham and Camilla both began to
eak at once, then fell silent, de-
ring to each other. Chloë laughed.
t this rate, we shall arrive home
thout the slightest inkling of each
ner's adventures. Come, Lee, tell us
at you have been doing, and how
u came to fall in with that bragga-
cio Duke of Weston."
"Why, if you must know," he told
gravely, "we saved each other's
s—and from a friend of yours,
, a Monsieur Boutet!" He turned
Camilla. "My dear, why did you
tell me he was your brother?"
The endearment, the affectionate
e were almost too much for Ca-
la. Swallowing tears, "I—I did not
e," she stammered.
"Was I so formidable a husband?"
Camilla found herself unable to
ak and was deeply grateful to
oë, who burst out with a question.
ou encountered Charles? And
ed Weston's life? But, tell me, what
you do to Charles?"
"Why, that was Weston's affair,
e he was in command of the
ops that rescued me and took Bou-
prisoner."
"A prisoner?" Camilla breathed.
England?"
"No, no." Lavenham took her
d. "Do not distress yourself about
. I do not know exactly what in-
ctions Weston gave his men. I can
tell you that by the time we
hed the main body of the army,
r brother had escaped."
Camilla breathed a sigh of relief as
oë spoke. "Truly," she said,
metimes that duke shows some
merings of sense." And then,
ously, "Lee, you did not tell him
t Charles and me?"
"Why, no. I merely told him what
tet himself had just told me, that
as my brother-in-law." He smiled
e recollected the duke's reaction,
Chloë teased him in vain in an at-
t to find out what had amused

e carriage had left the town and
rolling up the hill toward their
e. When Chloë pointed it out,
nham pulled the check string and
red the coachman to stop. "We
much to talk of, you and I," he
to Camilla. "Can I persuade you
lk the rest of the way with me?"
e carriage had stopped. Laven-
jumped down, held out his hand
Camilla and apologized to Chloë
aving her. Then he gave Camilla
rm and led her away from the
to the grassy path. The carriage
led away; they were alone with
ound of the sea below and the
above. Lavenham walked in si-
, and her quick, anxious, upward
es showed him a little pale, a
forbidding. At last he spoke.
"You have a son," he said.
"Yes." She looked up at him. It
ow or never. "*We* have a son."
looked surely more kindly than
ad expected. "I wish you would
e the truth. I have tortured my-
o these long months, trying to
stand, to believe —— But how
? Only this I do believe: you
never, purposely, false to me.
tell me what happened, what
er befell you there, alone—and
gh my fault—in a strange land
e'll speak no more of it. The
shall be my heir. Tell me, what
my grandmother say to him?"
much moved for words, Ca-
clung, for a moment, silently to
m, searching vainly for the best
o tell him that the child was in-
his. But, preoccupied with each
they had approached the house without being aware of it and now Lady Leominster and Chloë hurried out to greet them.

Lady Leominster took them quickly through the first greetings, her bright, observant eyes traveling from Lavenham to Camilla and back. Then: "But why do we linger here? Lavenham must wish above all things to see his son. He is asleep, but I told the nurse to expect visitors." Then, her bright eyes fixing Lavenham's, "He has the Lavenham foot. My poor Camilla was in despair till I explained it to her."

"I was nothing of the kind," said Camilla, maternal feeling conquering every other anxiety. "He is the most beautiful baby ——"

Lavenham had gone chalk-white. There was a little silence while Chloë looked, puzzled, from one to the other. At last Lavenham spoke. "If he has his mother's looks, as well as his father's deformity," he said, "I am sure he is. Come, my love, take me to see him." Then, as they climbed the stairs, alone for a moment, "You will forgive me, Camilla? Can you? Why did you not tell me?"

She pressed his hand. "I am glad I did not. I shall never forget your goodness. Thinking as you did, you would have acknowledged him just the same. But come, see"—they were at the nursery door.

Edward was sleeping with an infant's passionate intensity. Bending over him, Lavenham smiled. "I think I should have known him anyway."

"Yes. I have often thought he had something of your look of determination."

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"You mean my damnable obstinacy? Well, thank God, with you for a mother, he will have a better upbringing than his father's. Oh, Camilla, give me time, and I may be some kind of a husband to you yet."

"Of course," she began when little Edward rolled over and gave something between a yawn and a grunt. "Come," she said, "we shall wake him."

"He sounds just like a pig," said his father.

There was so much to be said, so many stories to be exchanged that they all sat up till the small hours while Lavenham told of the hardships of the voyage to the Brazils. "But they were as nothing, compared with my anxiety for you." Camilla and Chloë, in return, described their flight with "Mr. Smith."

"He seems devoted to you," ventured Lavenham at last.

"Oh, to Camilla, yes," answered Chloë. "As for me, he found me an unspeakable burden and made no secret of it. But, Lee, you look dead—have you the migraine again? As for me, I intend to be up and riding on the downs before breakfast."

"But the duke is to call on us," Camilla reminded her. Then, instantly forgetting the duke in awareness of Lavenham's pale and furrowed face, "Chloë is right. You have the migraine, Lavenham. I can see it."

"Yes, but at last I have my wife to soothe it away with her clever hands."

It was the signal for the party to break up. Conducting Lavenham to the guest chamber that had been hurriedly prepared for him, Camilla paused at the door. "Do you really wish me to try and soothe away your headache?"

"If you are not too tired." There was something chilling about the formal phrase, and as she followed him into the room Camilla felt that after all nothing had changed. She was still a figure in a farce, a wife and yet not a wife.

Lavenham closed the door behind her, removed his jacket and lay down on the wide bed. He lay quiet for a while, yielding himself entirely to her ministration, then suddenly turned over and grasped her wrists.

"Is it possible that you can still love me? After all I have done to you?"

It was too late, now, for pride and pretense. "How can I help it?" she said simply.

Slowly, tenderly, his hands were traveling up her arms to her bare shoulders. "Oh, my love, if you can truly forgive me, I mean to be a good husband." He pulled her down on the bed beside him. His lips moved hungrily across her shoulder. "And to think I could have forgotten," he murmured. Then, as she opened her mouth to speak, he closed it with his burning lips on hers.

The morning was gay with larks as Chloë rode up onto the downs behind the house, with only a groom in attendance. Her grandmother always breakfasted in bed and neither Camilla nor Lavenham had come down in time to prevent her escape. Taking great breaths of cool salt-flavored air, she set her horse to a gallop, congratulating herself on having got clean away from them all. It had been easy enough to see, last night, that Camilla and Lavenham were set for a reconciliation and domestic bliss, but how could she endure to share it? They treated her, all of them, as a child—and had all, it seemed, forgotten that today was her eighteenth birthday. They should be congratulating her on being grown up at last, but they were too much occupied with their own affairs.

And why not? she asked herself bitterly. All she had done with her life was make a fool of herself, first over the music master, then over Charles Boutet. It was no wonder her family had little patience or thought for her. And now—but she would not let herself think of her newest folly, the madness of loving the duke, who cared, it seemed, more for his old mother than for her. She put her horse once more to the gallop.

Drawing up at last, breathless, on the hilltop, she found herself looking down on the house from which she had come and saw the figure of a horseman ride out at the gates and turn up the long slope toward her. At once she turned her horse's head away and started at a canter down the farther slope of the hill. It was, of course, absurd to imagine that the horseman might be the duke, but intolerable, if it should happen to be, that he should think she had expected him to follow her. She urged on her horse with foot and voice, but it was tiring now and responded only sluggishly to her encouragement. She looked back. The solitary horseman had reached the crest of the hill.

With a desperate kick of her heels, she contrived to urge her horse into an unwilling canter and then, at last, a gallop. But it was no use; an occasional surreptitious glance over her shoulder showed her the figure behind steadily gaining and becoming, as he drew nearer, more and more unmistakably the duke. Absurdly, illogically, she panicked and her horse, perhaps sensing distraction in its rider, wheeled suddenly and started for home. Its reins were caught in a grip of iron.

"Good morning, Miss Lavenham," said the duke.

Short of breath, helpless and furiously panting, she was aware that her hat had slipped to the back of her head, her cheeks were flushed, her hair, no doubt, all to pieces. His hands still held her horse's reins; helpless she faced him. "Good morning, your grace."

"My grace?" He raised his eyebrows. "We are very formal all of a sudden. You did not treat Mr. Smith with such courtesy."

"Nor did he me."

He laughed. "*Touché*. Will you ever forgive me for that journey? So long as we live, I believe you will be twitting me with the fact that when we first met you were a reluctant brunette."

"I cannot believe that it is a matter that will concern you greatly."

"No? Not to have my wife forever out of charity with me? You give me credit for greater fortitude than I possess."

She did not believe her ears. "What did you say?"

He laughed triumphantly. "At last I have contrived to startle you out of that haughty calm of yours. I said 'my wife.' Surely you must know that we are beyond the social pale, you and I, if we do not marry? It is a regrettable truth, but if you do not make an honest man of me, I do not know how I am to face my devoted family—who have, by the bye, been praying that I would die gloriously on the field of battle."

"I wish you had," she said furiously.

"That do not I." Leisurely he reached into the pocket of his riding coat, produced a piece of paper and handed it to her. Her eyes huge with amazed indignation, she saw that it was a special license for the marriage of His Grace the Duke of Weston with Chloë Beatrice Sophronisba Lavenham, spinster.

"You take things, surely, somewhat for granted," she managed. And then, "How did you know about the Sophronisba?"

"Your guilty secret? Why, your brother told me, when he consented to the match."

"Lavenham? Consented? I do not understand you, sir. My brother has said nothing to me of this."

"Naturally, since I asked him not to. I prefer to do my own wooing. We settled it all in Portugal, and, being men, have not spoken of it since."

"In Portugal? You knew already what would be said?"

"I knew at last that I could not live without you. My good Chloë, why do you think I went away, but to try and forget you; and why have I come back, but because I have admitted defeat? Marriage has always been the thing of all others I meant to avoid. I shall be a deplorable husband: I shall drink and ride to hounds and probably beat you, but, I flatter myself, you will be as bad a wife. Do you not think we might make a fine cat-and-dog affair of it, you and I, and snap our fingers at society?"

She had sat, so far, frozen in her saddle, but now she could not help laughing. "It is a moving proposal, sir, and I am grateful to you for your efforts to spare me the knowledge of its real motives. But it is no use: I know as well as you do that only consideration for my brother drives you to it. Well, tear up your license, for I'll not have you."

"No?" He took the license readily enough, but tucked it carefully back into his pocket, from which he produced a small leather box. "Then your birthday present is sadly wasted. Unless you wish to use it for your wedding with Monsieur Boutet."

He handed her the box and she could not help opening it and looking for one heart-wrung moment at the two rings that nestled side by side, one a magnificent ruby, the other a plain gold band. She looked up at him. "I—I do not understand."

"You thought me a monster, did you not, to ride off, so callously, yesterday, but I had to fetch these. No Duke of Weston has been married without them since the conquest—or before, for all I know—and I look on marrying you as a desperate-enough venture without risking a family curse."

She could not help laughing. "Your proposal, sir, is grossly flattering!"

"Is it not? Shall we not have a fine argumentative life together, you and I?" He took her hand. "But it is your birthday. Let me give you joy," and he slid the ruby ring onto her engagement finger. "If you call it joy to be engaged to a bully, which I know all too well is what you think me."

She looked up at him. "I—I do not know what to say. Are you *sure?*"

"Sure that I love you? Having fled you from London to Ireland and from Ireland to Portugal? I am back, and you only lose time arguing, for I mean to have you." Suddenly his arms were round her, his lips found hers.

"Well," he said at last, "am I still to destroy the license and make my cousins happy?"

"I should be sorry to waste your trouble."

"In that case, we must hurry. Mr. Fisher will have given us up long since."

"Mr. Fisher?"

"The Reverend Mr. Fisher, vicar of Hove, who has been waiting our coming this two hours past."

"You cannot be serious?"

"Never more so. Why should society have the chance to whisper at our wedding? And why should I have to wait longer for you? Besides, I might change my mind, or you yours. The risk is too great." And he kissed her again to underline the remark.

Rising late, with the lethargy of pure happiness, Camilla was surprised to learn that Chloë had been out riding for more than two hours, and that the Duke of Weston had called and had ridden out after her. When she reported this to Lavenham, he merely smiled. "They will return in their own good time."

Lady Leominster, however, when she came down, was anxious and angry. "That child will shame us yet," she said. "To have run off again, and on her birthday too."

"Her birthday?" Camilla exlcaimed. "Oh, why did you not tell me?"

"I had other things to think about," said her husband.

At that point their first caller was announced, and for the next hours they came in droves, full of congratulations, fuller still of questions. In the face of Camilla's and Lavenham's obvious happiness, questions were hardly in order, but Chloë's absence produced a plentiful crop. "Dear Miss Lavenham . . . such a romantic story . . . such a pity the duke is . . . well . . . you know ——"

Smiling, listening, answering, Camilla began to realize what Chloë must have been going through. Increasingly anxious, she looked to Lavenham for reassurance, but he, too, was deep in a morass of question and compliment which seemed to grow more and more strident as time passed and still Chloë did not appear. Camilla had been through despair and back again, had found Chloë's lifeless body at the foot of the cliff, or drifting with the tide, when a red-faced footman opened the doors of the room, cleared his throat to ensure silence, and announced, in stentorian tones, "The Duke and Duchess of Weston."

SEX CRIMES CAN BE PREVENTED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

signs of becoming sex offenders, and studied widely in this field, I do not presume to know all the answers. But I do agree with the director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, when he says that we can no longer afford to wait until we *have* all the answers. Let us do *now* those things that *can be done.*

We cannot abolish sex crimes. We *can* greatly decrease the frequency of the worst ones.

Here are five steps which I recommend. They are not spectacular. They are practical measures which could be started immediately, in the family and in the community.

First: *Sex-crime prevention begins at home, with the forewarning of children.*

Many of our most brutal crimes could have been so simply prevented—if only their child victims had been taught to beware of elementary dangers. The dangers of lonely places, of men and boys who showed signs of molesting them. Many parents are reluctant to give this kind of instruction to children, but today it is negligent to omit it.

Warnings about sex criminals should not be a part of general sex education. That would set up a wrong and wholly undesirable mental association in the child's mind. Precaution against child molesters is something specific. Children may have some knowledge of sexual matters and yet have no understanding of the fact that adults might attack or harm them. A 12-year-old girl who barely escaped a stranger who had lured her to a lonely spot told her mother, "How silly of him! He should have known I wasn't mature enough!"

Parents need not instill in their children unreasonable fear of strangers or physical affection. They can warn them without this. But warnings should not be too nebulous, either. You *must* tell the child in some form *why* he should stay away from strangers, what you are warning him against. A girl of 4 or 5 is not too young to be told that there are grownups and older boys who get pleasure out of petting and touching children, and that this may lead to wrong familiarity and even physical hurt.

Boys and girls should be told not to go alone to lonely places; that companionship is protection. But even in twos, children should not roam particularly isolated places such as deserted buildings or unfrequented sections of parks. They should not go out on dark streets in the evening.

You do not want your child to be unsociable or shy. But you should warn him to be on guard if a stranger accosts him for any purpose. If he asks for directions, the child can give them—without walking with him or driving in his car to show him. Children should know that *under no circumstances* should they accept rides from strangers or enter a stranger's home. No matter what money or candy he offers, or what he says. Fred Thompson accosted 4-year-old Edith Kiecorius on a New York street last winter, and appealed to the nicest quality in a child. He told her he had little girl who was sick; wouldn't Edith like visit her? Later in his room he raped and brutally murdered her. If she had learned the under-no-circumstances rule, she would be alive today.

It is useless to expect a child to distinguish a sex criminal on sight. Sex offenders look harmless as other people, if not more so. Albert Fish, who committed crimes against children unparalleled in number and cruelty, looked like a harmless, friendly old man, and was a kindly father and grandfather. His appearance for years deceived adults and children alike.

Make an occasion of teaching your child these rules. Give him a chance to ask questions. Show him by your manner that you are serious. If you do not teach him, you are putting temptation in the way of incipient sex criminals. You may cause a sex crime that should not have occurred.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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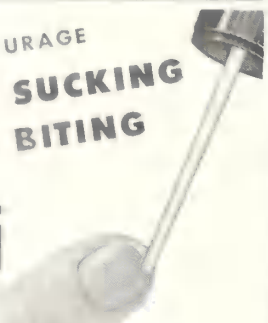
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Second: *Reduce sadism in the mass media.*

We stimulate potential sex criminals by showing the raw details of sex violence in television, movies, comic books, sadistic pornography. On television you can watch a man cut out another man's tongue, flash his knife before a pretty girl and threaten that when he is through with her she will never be kissed again. Or you can watch while a girl in a negligee is attacked by two men, strangled and shot. In a recent widely publicized film, a violent rape, followed by murder, was shown in detail. This is violence with sexual overtones—or if you prefer, sex with violent overtones. Millions of young people see these displays of sadism.

I believe, on the basis of clinical research, that violence is contagious—and sexual violence more contagious than any other kind. Sex crimes are of course not committed solely because of sadism in some of the mass media, but constant exposure to cheap, deliberately titillating sadism *is* a stimulant in many cases I have investigated personally. Too often mass media are violent carriers.

Pornographic literature directed to children has become almost commonplace in some regions. There are two types: the nonviolent and the violent-sadistic. An example of the former is a series of books sold to junior-high-school pupils, illustrated with nudes and seminudes, bearing such inspired titles as "SEXORAMA," "SEXATIONS," "OVER SIXTEEN," "EXTRA SEXTRA SPECIAL." While they clearly degrade the image of womanhood, they do not actively incite sadistic violence.

The second type does. It shows pretty girls nude and bound with cords in every conceivable position, some of them obviously extremely painful. It shows sexy girls being beaten and tortured. This material is dangerous. It conditions susceptible children to enjoy and want sex-connected violence. It suggests to them that there is pleasure in cruelty. Some people contend that it helps release aggressions harmlessly. That is not how it worked with the California sex multimurderer, Harvey Glatman, who collected such pictures and photographed his victims in standard pornographic poses before he choked and killed them.

Many years ago, dreadful multiple sex murders were committed by Jack the Ripper. It was left to our time to make the story of these crimes popular entertainment. Teenagers get unsolicited material with a sample page of a book called *Jack the Ripper*, which reads like this: "Her hand flew up to cover her breast, but her assailant knocked the hand away and his fingers began to fondle the soft, sensitive mounds of her flesh. A thin line of spittle appeared at the corner of his mouth. . . . She was assailed with a feeling of shame that the stranger was using her intimately. . . . The gleam of metal flashed for an instant . . . she felt the blade twisting in her vitals. . . ."

A movie version of *Jack the Ripper*, with half a dozen stabbings shown in detail, was widely advertised (even in the *New York Times*) as follows: "This lady of the night has taken her last walk! . . . The swaying hips, the sensuous body, the sudden glint of a knife, a choked scream, fleeing footsteps, and over and over he would repeat his brutal repulsive act of killing!" Of course these words were accompanied by a picture—a prostrate female figure, half undressed, over which tower the legs of a man with a big knife. In at least one city (Portland, Maine) the movie was advertised in print and over the radio like this: "Come all kiddies! Cartoon show followed by *Jack the Ripper!*" This is incitement to sadism. It is not sex-crime prevention, but sex-crime promotion.

Erotic violence in the mass media helps deaden the sensibilities. It promotes what the estimable author Agatha Christie has called "the incomprehension of pity."

There are still influential people who deny that young people can be led astray by what they read or see on the screen. They contend that only the youth who is "already sick" is harmed; that the disturbing factor is what the child brings to life, not what life brings to the child. James T. Aubrey Jr., president of the CBS Television Network, recently sent around a book which was written on a CBS grant. According to the book, "nothing is known" about the likelihood that violence on TV programs "will produce effects."

Scientific medical opinion holds otherwise. A recent editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* states unequivocally, "The fear that present-day television programs 'teach bloody instructions' is now proved to be well founded."

Mass media can be an enormous positive factor in enriching and refining emotional life, and thus in preventing brutal sex offenses. When instead they teach that sex is connected with violence rather than with love, they cry for our criticism and our opposition. There are signs that public opposition to this kind of thing is beginning to be felt, and it may be as successful as was the fight against crime comic books. Parents and others who feel strongly should make their feelings known to the sponsors, distributors and disseminators of such material.

Third: *We should recognize that although not all emotionally disturbed boys commit sex crimes, all those who do commit sex crimes are or have been disturbed boys.*

Sex offenses need not spring from purely sexual causes. They may grow out of a general disturbance in personality development. Sex offenders are often "emotionally disturbed" people. Their disturbance expresses itself in an explosive sexual act.

Countless sex crimes, including some very serious and some fatal ones, could have been prevented if the criminal had been treated soon enough; if somebody with the right training had sat down and *listened*, before the crime, to an upset adolescent with a worry. Emotionally disturbed boys can be helped, often cured. I do not mean that their whole personalities can be made over. But they can be helped toward a healthier, more effective development, instead of being allowed to deteriorate into sex criminals.

We need more clinics in which disturbed boys can be given the kind of help that might prevent them from becoming sex offenders. Teachers often know which boys in their classes are headed for trouble, but all too often there is no place to send them for prompt and sensible help.

Any rational program for sex-crime prevention should include readily available public clinics in every community. Private help is too expensive for most families. Public clinics require funds, too, from the taxpayer, but taxpayers at present spend money freely to catch, try, and punish criminals. The young Nebraskan, Charles Starkweather, killed eleven people. He had shown abnormalities since childhood, and the state had not paid five cents to give him the help he needed. But it spent $50,000 to convict and execute him. What price do we put on the safety of our women and children?

Fourth: *Better handling of young men convicted of minor sex offenses could prevent their developing into dangerous criminals.*

Most persons who commit minor sex offenses do not go on to commit serious ones. But behind most criminals who commit serious ones is an earlier record of minor sex offenses. Seventeen-year-old William Heirens killed two women and a little girl in Chicago. He had been arrested five years earlier for breaking into a house where he had stolen women's undergarments. This was a clear symptom of a disturbed psychosexual development, and if it had been treated three lives might have been saved.

When a man of 70 was arrested for molesting a young girl he was found to have a record of sexual offenses going back 27 years. He had been in and out of jail, but there was no record that at any point he had been given a mental examination, let alone treatment.

A 24-year-old man brutally beat and raped a girl of 15. He had been arrested 41 times, including arrests for attacks on young women.

Why is it that these minor offenders—potential major offenders—so frequently receive no therapy, even no examination?

Despite a few legislative provisions and th wishes expressed by judges on sentencin there is practically no adequate psychotherap available in jails. Justice George Edwards, the Michigan Supreme Court, said recentl "All directors of institutions mention psy chiatric treatment, and then promptly sta that it is not available."

Official statistics show the lack of psych therapy in prisons, where so many sex offend ers need it. In 1954 the number of ful time psychiatrists in all the state and Fed eral prisons of the United States was 43. I 1958 it was still 43.

Even sending a man to psychiatric institu tions often means only confinement, no treatment. What he is apt to get is a cursor examination and an idle time spent amon psychotics. He leaves feeling that he ha neither justly punished nor really helped And he is a bitter, not a better, man.

There is no use sending a man to jail if h leaves it the same man. Nor does it help t send him to a hospital if he gets no treatme there. The individual citizen should brin pressure on officials to see that the best scie tific psychiatry, the best legal procedures an the best probation practices are better co related so that sex offenders receive early an full treatment.

Fifth: *We need to bring together the findings district attorneys, judges, psychiatris social workers, criminologists, soci ogists and others who deal with sex fenders—here and in other countr Within the community, we need to br together the experts and the citizens.*

Though there is a need for more research the field of sex-crime prevention, we alre know more than we are making use of. A co siderable body of knowledge exists which one can use because it has not been brought gether. Sex offenses have been occurring nea everywhere for a long time. In every civili country attempts have been made to cope w them. But there is not a single book or rep that covers the many sometimes excellent c tributions reported individually in count around the world.

Violence is nearly always a confession incompetence. Sexual violence is a confess of sexual incompetence. On all these probl there is information in existence.

Practical, no-nonsense methods of psyc therapy have been developed which pe successful treatment of sexual difficu which were formerly regarded as incura This does not mean, however, that the chiatrist can do the job of preventing crimes all by himself. Sex crimes have so thing to do with what goes on in your community. Even housing conditions statistically significant. Sex crimes are closely connected with social conditions their prevention makes great demands o eryone, from legislator to citizen. When are shown a sexual offender, major or m you are confronted not only with an individual but with a stark page from book of life, which all of us help write.

The key problem is to distinguish bet the harmless social offender and the p tially dangerous, antisocial and viol prone one. It will take many special ski find all our answers. The individual la can best help first by warning his chil next by encouraging professional peopl supporting action on the basis of a pc knowledge. What a blessing that we now at last speak frankly about the pro A number of years ago I was asked New York radio station to give a ta "Psychiatry and the Prevention of Crimes." A few days before the broa the manager of the station called me t that of course I could not use any sexual on the air—and that the word "sex" would better be avoided.

That attitude has now radically ch Today the community understands mo a greater will to do something abo crimes. There is a more general feelin such crimes *can* be prevented and ma fenders successfully treated. It is to give tion to this effort that I have set forth t steps outlined here.

AN YOU TELL F YOUR CHILD IS READY FOR SCHOOL?

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Sociability is an aspect of readiness. By bout 6 years a child is gaining not just ompanionship but a basic security from being eamed up with one or more pals who approve f him, share interests with him, enjoy him. his compensates him for his beginning indeendence from parents. The child who doesn't evelop this capacity for real friendship is a ather lonely, uneasy soul in school dependnt on the teacher for attention but not able o get enough of it from her.

A school child must be able to take turns, o enjoy co-operation, to accept a bit of oughhousing. He has to be ready to assume ome of the care of himself and of his possesions. He must be able to listen, to follow irections, to maintain attention for reasonble lengths of time. In addition, he must ave a capacity to respond to a task that is ssigned to him, a sense of responsibility bout carrying it through—just because it's is job—whether it appeals to him greatly or ot. Otherwise the teacher is helpless in keepng him going.

We next might turn to the intellectual qualies that are measured by I.Q. tests, such as omprehension, reasoning, memory, verbal bility. It is known that a majority of children ith an I.Q. of 100 must be about 6½ years ld before they can *begin* to learn to read. his means that most children with I.Q.'s of 0, for instance, will need to be at least 7¼ efore they have this capacity. Many with Q.'s of 110 will have it by 6 years.

I've carefully said "majority" or "many" ecause there is no exact relationship between ental age and ability to learn to read. When comes to actual cases, two children with the me I.Q. may prove ready to start at quite fferent ages or proceed at quite different tes.

here are other specific capacities (not osely related to I.Q.) which have proved sential for reading, writing and arithmetic, d which can be estimated by "readiness" sts. One is the ability to discriminate visually tween similar figures and letters—*b*, *d*, *q*, *p*, r instance—and to remember these differces. (This seems so easy to you and me that take it for granted; but you can see how rd it is to do at first if you will look at a ge of Hebrew or Turkish printing.) The ility to discriminate between similar sounds (*pin*, *pan*, *pen*, for example) is a comparable problem. Other areas included in readiness are speech maturity, number sense, information about common objects, attention span in looking at pictures and books, co-ordination in handling paper and pencil. (Try writing with your wrong hand to recall how hard this is at first.)

Environmental factors that make enormous differences in the readiness and motivation of different children are whether the parents read to them, whether they have answered their questions all along and occasionally taken them to see places and things outside the home, whether the children have had opportunities to draw, paint, cut, paste, build—at home or in kindergarten.

Well, it's an impressive list of requirements, isn't it? And the fact is that in an average first-grade class, 30 to 50 per cent of the children will be definitely unready to profit from reading, writing and arithmetic in the fall. In a neighborhood where the parents have limited education or speak a foreign language, the percentage of unready children is much higher. And even in a community where almost all the children have higher-than-average I.Q.'s there will be a significant number who are emotionally and socially immature, or who do not have all the requisite discriminatory and muscular skills.

Experience has shown that children who are not ready cannot be forced to learn. In reaction to failure they pull into their shells or clown or become belligerent. Those who are on the border line can sometimes be drilled into a little progress through the school year, but it is apt to evaporate over the summer. Whereas those who are really ready will insist on learning—even if they have to do it by themselves—and will retain it.

How are these variations in readiness dealt with? In many schools the majority of the children, coming from the same neighborhood, will be in approximately the same bracket in aptitude, and the curriculum is adjusted accordingly. Larger schools have two or more classes in the same grade for students of different speeds. But despite careful advanced selection, the first-grade teacher always discovers significant differences as the fall progresses. She sorts and re-sorts her pupils into perhaps three groups, which are fairly homogeneous but never completely so. Then she uses her skill and tact in individualizing.

But more important still is the fact that whatever the level and range of her class, the modern well-trained first-grade teacher does not start with the 3 R's but with a program



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which develops *readiness* for the 3 R's. She works painstakingly on a broad front that includes emotional and social maturity, discriminatory, muscular and vocabulary skills, familiarity with the themes (such as farm animals or pets or growing plants or transportation) which their later books will be concerned with.

As she reads them a story she interrupts to pose questions, and afterward asks pupils to tell it back. They name objects in pictures, put into words the story a picture tells. They play card games like lotto which involve matching similar pictures, and do jigsaw puzzles. They labor over their picture workbooks which require matching and careful marking of similar and dissimilar objects. To focus interest and develop vocabulary, they visit a dairy or zoo or airport and then spend days talking about it, drawing pictures, making scrapbooks. Whenever there are multiple objects of the same kind (real or in pictures), the teacher calls attention to the number involved or asks the children to count them.

Gradually the teacher puts labels printed with the children's names on their chairs, over their coat hooks, on their drawings, and the children soon recognize their own and others' names. Labels go onto objects and pictures of objects and color charts. On the blackboard or charts the teacher puts the names of things they are studying. Later she puts up news items which are particularly exciting: Today is Tom's birthday; We have a rabbit. The children begin to copy a few words and sentences from the board or from charts. Sooner or later they get to books. But remember that no two children in a class start the year with the same degree of readiness, nor move ahead at the same rate, nor reach the same level of achievement at the end of the year.

It has been shown that this progression—whether it has to be slow or can be speedy—results in learning that is relatively unstrained, enthusiastic, lasting—and more advanced in the long run. In fact, it has been demonstrated specifically, in experimental classes in which formal reading was omitted from the first grade altogether, that the pupils were just as advanced by the end of the second grade—in fact, more so—as a comparable group taught in a more conventional way.

I have been discussing readiness for school to try to relieve two anxieties that many parents have as their children approach first grade:

It's unnecessary to worry about whether the local school is right or wrong to set the deadline for the sixth birthday at a certain date, provided the principles of readiness and flexibility are respected, and the teachers are competent. If children are admitted to a particular school at a relatively young age, the development of readiness for academic work will only take a longer time. And vice versa.

I wouldn't be unhappy if my child, by missing a deadline, had to be one of the oldest in his class, provided there was flexibility in the teaching and the class was not too large. The program should be able to be enriched for the older and more advanced children so that their enthusiasm is maintained. Or, to put it another way, if I myself had to make the choice whether my child would be the youngest in this year's first grade, or the oldest in next year's first grade, I'd prefer to have him wait, unless all tests indicated that he should be able to stay up in the middle of this year's group.

As for what parents can do at home to foster readiness, I think you can see the general principles. It's wise to avoid creating tensions or a sense of inadequacy about learning of any kind. There is no harm in parents answering a child's question about letters and words and numbers as long as they are not taking the initiative in pushing these at him. In the child personality, independence, curiosity, enthusiasm, sociability, co-operativeness, self-discipline are the valuable fundamentals. His experiences—from 1 or 2 years of age—in looking at picture books, being read to, having parents who are willing to answer the hundreds of questions he asks each day about the things that intrigue him, will definitely foster his learning ability and his trust in future teachers.

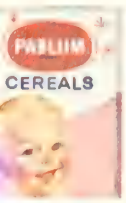
> Gratitude is the most exquisite form of courtesy.
>
> JACQUES MARITAIN

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

In September, Houghton Mifflin Company will publish *Dr. Spock Talks With Mothers* ($5.00). Basing his book on some of the articles he has written over the past seven years for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Spock has expanded and rewritten the original material and arranged it according to specific areas relating to the growth and guidance of children.



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SEE RECIPES ON PAGE 62

FUN FROM THE FREEZER

News, Notes, and Ideas on Packaging, Freezing, and Thawing

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

freezing and thawing foods, there sturdy bags of transparent plastic t stand up through temperatures n zero to boiling. They save pot ching and pot washing, for the bags rozen food go directly into a kettle ot water.

ackaging tip: Fill plastic bags, then fit ral of them into straight-sided cake pans freeze. When solid, they'll be squarish pack more conveniently into precious er space.

easiest way to seal plastic bags, ve found, is to use a two-part tic clip. A hairpin-shaped piece over the twisted top, another part s in place. They're big enough to and handle easily. And with an ial supply, you're set, for they be used over and over again.

e are casseroles and dishes that can go freezer to oven to table with grace. of the metal ones and the newer white nic casseroles work well. The crimped- ans are worth remembering, too; to these last ones table-right, fit them serving dishes, or wrap the hot pan a napkin, French style. To keep cas- e foods from drying out during their n the freezer, slip the whole casserole plastic bag and twist the top tight, or aran or foil covers held tight with er tape or a rubber band.

an save freezer space by freezing a r-in-a-dish without confining the ole to cold storage. Line the dish foil, fill and freeze, then remove the casserole and wrap. On serving the block fits like hand in glove.

n curry, tomato and cream sauce for a base are wonderful situation savers. half-cup portions in paper liners into muffin pans) or paper cups for g. When they're solid, put together in plastic bag. Premeasured, it's easy to the servings. Peel off the wraps, heat ow heat—and soup's on!

n soups and sauces taste freshest air's beaten into the mixture after ng. In our *Journal* kitchens we use der or a little hand mixer-stirrer ted by one of our editors) during ng.

ep air *away* from foods to be held e time. A case in point: Some like rgers loosely packed with an open . Fine—but if you plan to keep meat more than two weeks, the will be better if it's pressed firmly. all foods in freezer storage, the inside the package, the fresher the

New color-coded freezer papers help simplify freezer searches for food. These papers are clearly marked for "meat" (red); "fish-fowl" (blue) and "bakery goods" (yellow). Every 12" there is space for a write-in label of contents and date. Other wrappings-by-the-roll which we've found good to use are the transparent films of polyethylene and saran and the stand-bys of aluminum foil and paper laminated with freezer film. Of course, with these, you supply your own labels.

For foods to be "bagged," there are plastic bags by the roll which snap off easily into one-bag sections. Another convenience is foil precut into the sizes for wrapping sandwiches or small packages.

You might like this picnic idea: Have your butcher slice white meat of frozen raw turkey into serving-size steaks. Back into the freezer they go—well wrapped to prevent drying. A couple of hours before mealtime, the turkey steaks come out to marinate in barbecue sauce as they thaw. Broiled over charcoal, they're delicious—and different. Most butchers will power-slice any frozen meat into family-sized servings.

The larger the freezer, the greater the chances of "losing or forgetting" food until its prime is past. For anything larger than two-cubic-foot freezer space, an inventory serves as a reminder—and the simplest to use is the one most apt to be kept current. A child's blackboard or a school notebook may be the answer. Entries include listing the food, the date plus a mark for each package—to be crossed off one by one as deposits are withdrawn.

A trend we like: Fruits and vegetables frozen loose (peas, for instance) rather than in solid blocks. It's a cinch to pour out the right amount of peas, corn, beans, berries, and so on—then fold down the bag top to reserve the rest. You can buy some foods frozen commercially this way (some fruits, strawberries and cranberries), and you can do your own by freezing foods on a flat tray, then packaging them in bags.

A good hostess and a good cook will always have some "individual service" foods in the freezer to cope with uncertain weekend guest lists: baby eggplant filled with crumb-cheese mixture: green peppers filled with lamb hash: individual chicken tarts (with a top crust only), to give you an idea. On a monthly "cook for the freezer" day, make dozens of servings, cool, then freeze flat on baking sheets. Then servings are singly wrapped and placed in a big plastic bag. At mealtime, pull out just the number of servings needed.



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MADELINE'S GLORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Perfectly fascinating information. The only "he"s I knew of in Madeline's life were the rather grumpy-looking undergraduates who showed up on occasional Friday nights for a blind date. They never seemed to take her out twice.

"Who?" I asked.

"Tom," she said. She blushed furiously. "I mean . . . Mr. Wickeler."

"You mean your professor, Madeline?" I asked.

"He's not a professor—only an instructor," she told me. "He's twenty-nine and a half. I found out."

Mr. Wickeler comes to our second-floor flat every Wednesday evening with a group of six or seven students and Madeline, and they have some sort of workshop in playwriting or something equally earnest. He lopes. He really does. And he's a bit bald on the top, with shaggy side fringes. He has large, friendly teeth.

"Is it making you sad?"

She looked bewildered. "It's—it's just that it throws the schedule all off," she said. "I was just laying the groundwork until I was a senior. But now I've got to build the whole thing in only three months!"

"Madeline, have you designs on Mr. Wickeler?"

"Oh, I'm planning to marry him," she said confidently. "But I thought I had plenty of time."

"Madeline—is he on a list too?"

Madeline is a list maker. The wall above her desk in our little back bedroom is plastered with neatly inked schedules that say things like "6:30 A.M., chest breathing. 6:35 A.M., shower. 6:43 A.M., dress. 6:47 A.M., study 18th Cent. Lit." And so forth.

She smiled. "Of course."

Another suspicion dawned. "That playwriting workshop; who thought it up? Come on, now, tell me."

She suddenly rose and grabbed the stroller. Apparently five minutes of gloom had been enough to restore her.

"Well—it was number two on the schedule," she confessed. "A way to get him over here." In one big pull she had the stroller up the four steps. That lovely, fierce, determined look came back. "As soon as I get the children bathed I'll revise the whole plan," she told me firmly.

Each of us lifted a sleeping toddler and started up the stairs.

"You're hopeless. Tell me—were you upset because he's leaving or because he messed up your plans?"

She paused, looking shocked. "Oh, no. After all, a schedule is only a means to an end."

We carried the half-awake children to the bathroom, got their clothes off, and Madeline started the water. I went to peel the potatoes. It was here at the kitchen sink that I'd come to know Madeline, when we did the dishes together.

"My parents are quite brilliant," she chattered happily one evening. "My father's a publisher of iconoclastic books. My mother's a lawyer. I always wanted some little brothers and sisters, but mother said she didn't have the time."

That broke my heart. She adored Don and Cassy.

"But, Madeline—aren't your parents well enough off to pay your room and board? Why do you have to work?"

She deposited the dishes with ease on the topmost shelf. "Oh, daddy thinks it's excellent character training. I had to earn my spending money all through junior high and high school. I baby-sat." She polished a glass and said proudly, "I made a lot of allowance that way."

"But don't you ever resent it? Wouldn't you rather have been able to take it a little easier?"

The towel stopped wiping. Her eyes widened. "Oh, no," she said. She set the glasses in a shiny row and explained, as to an ignorant child, "I wouldn't want to be spoiled."

Of course not.

We had only one slight difficulty with Madeline, and it was short-lived. It had to do with the children's prayers.

I let them make up their own bedtime prayer, and every night after supper they got down on their knees in their faded green sleepers, folded their little hands on the white chenille bedspread, and bowed their heads. They said, "Dear God, help us to be good and kind to all the animals and our mommy and daddy and the dog if we get one. amen."

I thought it was a wonderful prayer. Apparently Madeline didn't agree.

Cassy, slopping her oatmeal one bright morning, announced proudly, "Maddy taught us a new prayer." Donny nodded enthusiastically. "Iss nice," he said.

I raised an eyebrow at Sam. He raised one back. "Tell us the prayer Maddy taught you," I said.

The children jumped out of their chairs. They stood, feet firmly on the ground, their hands on their hips, their heads high, and shouted defiantly, "Ev'y day in ev'y way I am getting better and better!"

Sam positively howled with laughter. The children looked hurt. I *felt* hurt.

"Now, Sam—that's no laughing matter."

"A little self-reliance never hurt a kid."

"But I—I don't want them growing up thinking they have to be little Tarzans all the time; that they can't ever lean on anybody a little, trust in somebody. Not like Maddy, Sam. She's wonderful. I love her. But she's so lonely, Sam. She's so lonely."

"She'll never admit it."

"Of course not." I sighed.

She'd be on her way to Beowulf right now: striding up the steps to class, her books tucked under a determined elbow; sensible oxfords, a slightly too long skirt, and always the hopeful rose on top of her head.

"My father," she said, "always told me that a person could do anything he set out to do. If he tried hard enough."

Madeline did. She was a straight-A student, even with working for me. She was in charge of advertising for the campus newspaper. After she came to live with us, she took on the class treasury.

"But can you *do* all that?" I marveled.

"Of course," she said. "A person can do ——"

"—— anything he sets out to do. I know."

And of all things, heaven help us, she was the star of the girls' basketball team. "Of course," she said. "Look at me."

That was part of Tom's appeal, I guess. "Do you realize what it means to me that a man is six feet three?" I could see what she meant. "But that's not it, really," she said. "He's so good. So kind. Everybody likes him. And he knows just about everything."

"Does he have a girl friend?"

"Oh, no!" she murmured, and I realized that I had asked a very shocking question. "I wouldn't even *think* of him if he did."

That was Madeline too.

One afternoon she decided, "I'm not getting anywhere. I'll have to skip to point five."

"What's that?"

"I invite him to a civic music concert. I say I have an extra ticket. It's all right for a girl to ask a man *once*, isn't it?"

"Once is all right. Especially in this case."

He accepted.

It was an all-Schumann program, and I could have sworn Maddy engineered that too.

She frowned at herself in the mirror. "I don't look right. I must do something about my looks."

"We'll go downtown tomorrow," I promised.

We bought her a soft violet chiffon. It was simple and covered up. But I saw to it that it clung.

I did things to her eyes out of my little blue-green bottles. I emphasized those long black lashes, sneaked in a little pencil line at the outer corners. Then I got my best bottle of perfume—the one that makes me want to faint—and we touched it behind her ears and in back of her knees and under the folds of the chiffon.

"Let me look at you," I said.

I got the scissors.

"Not my hair!" she cried.

"Yes," I said. "We'll just pull some do at the top and make a few curls."

"I'm not the type."

"Well, darn it, *be* the type for one evening I said, a bit irritated. "Just curl a bit a smell good. He's a man, isn't he?"

And when she thought about *that*, she w beautiful.

I watched from the living-room wind when they went out to his car, a shabby-loo ing old gray thing. I prayed it would stall o lonesome road. Tom helped her in, and could see the smile she gave him. *That's it* thought. I settled down contentedly to corr shorthand papers.

A hundred papers later, I glanced at clock.

Almost one.

From the window, I could see the emp street below; the black trees, the occasio blur of a street light, the darkened houses.

The car pulled up. He came around a helped her out. They walked very slo toward the house, soft silhouettes very cl to each other. They didn't seem to be talki

Then I saw him reach out and pull her him. I saw her body soften and bend. mouth came close to hers, and she was w ing.

Abruptly, he stopped.

He said something, went quickly to car. I saw her standing there as the car dr away. She pulled her coat very tightly arou her, shivered in the darkness.

"I don't know," she said, on the day I up courage to ask her. "It was so wonder Every minute of it. And now, in class, he as if we'd never been out together. He's as nice as ever, but it's as if . . . I'm special."

"I don't understand it."

"I don't suppose you can ask a man twic she said.

"No. Not twice."

"I'll have to think of something else."

Oh, if Madeline wanted Thomas Wicke or a piece of watermelon, or the moo would do anything to help her get it. Bu the case of Thomas, I could only watch go out hopefully each day, her smile grow a bit more forced, while she tried to thin that something else to do.

"There's one thing," she said as we did supper dishes. "The play. Tryouts are M day night. He's directing. If I could get lead ——" She stopped and laughed ap getically. "Well, not the lead, but someth It would be evening rehearsals. Then *have* to see me every night!"

For a week I helped her with the script. worked like a fiend, and long into the nig could hear her muttering the lines to he behind her bedroom door, and stam around trying to get in the mood.

The night for tryouts came. I prayed.

She came home alone, through the b December snow.

"He says I'd make a wonderful academi I'm a lovely girl, but a lousy actress." sighed, pulling off her boots onto the n paper in the hall. "He was very sweet a it, though. I'll have to think of somet else." She paused, unbuttoning her coat. said—he said I was a lovely girl! A lovel girl," she repeated, tasting it with her to like a sip of hot apricot liqueur. "Well, said briskly, "I'm just sorry we waste much time. Thank you so much." She gla at her watch. "I've got to go study Milt

Vacation came, and classes stopped two weeks. Madeline stayed with us. parents were on a short cruise for Christ Tom went away somewhere, and for weeks she had no classes with him, n meetings at our house. She had nothing at al her pained, bewildered determination.

It was getting late. Too late.

"Oh, Madeline," I said one morning hate to see you beating your head agai stone wall this way. Feeling so miserab it isn't meant to be, it just isn't. You ha accept that. You'll find there'll be a hu men you can fall in love with."

"I—I suppose you're right about that, said, scooping up the breakfast dishes.

I've got three more weeks to try, and I'm going to keep on trying. Besides"—she turned and smiled—"I feel just fine!"

All right, I thought. *You feel fine. Everything's fine. Oh, Madeline, I wish you knew how to cry.*

Classes resumed. Instead of crying, she fussed with her face before the bathroom mirror. She dug into her savings for more new dresses, and that helped, but evidently not enough. Every day I prayed that she'd run in and say, "He's asked me out!"

I dreamed of calling Thomas O. Wickeler on the phone: "Look here, sir, just what are your intentions toward my sitter whom you once almost kissed?" But it was obvious he had no intentions at all.

In the last week Madeline caught a cold. "I feel fine," she said. She trudged off to class. She didn't want to miss anything.

Two mornings later, she came down dressed for school. Her eyes were dull; her mouth had the loose, uncaring look of fever. She had not even pinned up her hair.

"I feel all right," she said, but when I brought the thermometer she sat back in the chair and closed her eyes and opened her mouth obediently.

One hundred and four degrees. I called the doctor. The "college disease"—mononucleosis.

The doctor muttered, "The damn fools get sick with overwork, a candy bar for lunch, no sleep." His gray mustache lifted in a smile, and he confided, "Same thing I did in the class of 1912."

"You're not to get out of bed until your temperature's normal," I said sternly. "He says with the penicillin it might be only two or three days. You can take finals. *If* you get yourself well."

She lay unmoving under the covers. "But the workshop tonight ——"

"What do you want me to do? Cancel it? Have it without you?"

I almost thought I saw a tear begin. But of course not. "I wish —— If it isn't too much for you," she said, "it could go on. I could hear them."

"Anything you want, honey," I said.

The day dragged by. *Overwork, yes,* I thought. *No sleep, yes. But it's more than that. It's when your system of living breaks down. Then you find the rules you live by don't work. It's an awful shock.*

I got the children to bed, and Sam off to a conference.

I went to Madeline's room.

She sat huddled in bed, her knees drawn up to her chin, her bony hands clasped tightly together. Outside, the barren trees stood in the cold as if January were not a beginning, but only an empty, waiting space.

"Here, put this around you," I said, and she sat unnoticing as I wrapped a thick quilt around her shoulders. "Feeling better?"

She nodded. "A little."

"Do you want some soup or anything?"

"No."

I sat on the bed, staring out the window with her.

"It's a funny night," she said. "It's so quiet out there. As if nothing's happening in the world. Nothing."

"Yes."

"I hope you don't mind too much—about having the class here."

"Mind making a pot of coffee? Emptying ash trays? No trouble," I said.

"Do you think—do you think he'll come in to say good-by?"

"If you want him to. I'll ask him."

"I'd like that," she said.

"All right."

Madeline sighed. And then her dark head and the loose, tangled curls were resting on my shoulder. She crept close to me like a kitten curling up for warmth, and I put my arm around her shoulders and held her. She didn't cry, though.

"You've been so nice to me," she whispered.

"You're nice to have around."

"Did—did you ever lose a man, like this, when you were young? I mean"—and she laughed a little—"lose him before you even got him?"

"About a dozen of them," I said, remembering. "And every time it was the most terrible thing that ever happened."

"You think I'm silly. I suppose I am."

"Oh, honey, I don't mean to make light of it. I know how much it hurts. And I know he's a good man, and a kind man, and I know what you dream of. All I'm trying to say is that your dreams *will* come true someday, truly they will. Not with this man, maybe, not with the next man. But someday. When it's time."

She spoke very slowly, like a child trying to read a difficult page. "When it's time. When . . . God wills it."

The doorbell rang.

"If it's him—do you want me to bring him in here? You're sure it wouldn't be easier if ——"

"Bring him in," she said. She sat up very straight, and in spite of the tangled hair and the tired eyes and the sick gray of her face, she looked proud. Able to do, as she had said, anything she set out to do.

"I'd like to say good-by. So that *I'll* know it's good-by. So I'll know not to think about it any more. It's a new year, isn't it?"

"Time for you to draw up new plans?"

"No. More like what you're always saying. 'What will be, will be.' Is that it?"

"After you've tried—yes, that's it."

Tom was at the door, with red-tinged ears and a cold nose, and a great stack of books under his arm. He peered at the empty living room.

"If I'm too early," he said, "you'll have to take me in anyway. It's cold."

I told him Maddy was sick. He set the books on the table and took off his coat. "Where is she? Can I see her?"

"She'd like you to. She says she wants to say good-by."

He followed me to Maddy's room.

Oh, I thought, *why couldn't you have stayed just one more year? In another year the miracle could have happened.*

We stood at the bedroom door.

"Hello, Madeline," he said.

Madeline, sitting tall and straight as a queen, began to cry. She did not move or close her eyes. She only sobbed, and shuddered, and stared at him.

The doorbell rang again. I muttered, "Excuse me . . . the students ——" But behind me, Tom had closed the door.

I didn't know what to do with that little crew of fresh-faced boys and girls with horn-rimmed glasses. I wandered around nervously for a while, and after half an hour had gone by and Tom had not yet come out, I sent them home. I can't even remember what excuse I gave them. They were confused, but they went.

I paced the floor and kept glancing at the closed door as if I were waiting for a late bus.

The clock crept around in two solemn circles.

The door slammed open, and the light shone, and Tom came bounding out and grabbed me in his arms and kissed me hard on the cheek and picked up his books and dashed out the front door and down the steps.

I ran to Madeline. And I saw a glory on her face.

She whispered, "I don't know what happened. It was—it was because I was crying, I guess. I didn't mean to. I *never* cry. But he came and he held me, and —— Oh, I told him! I told him! He wanted to know why I was crying and I said because he was going away, and ——" She started to cry again. But the tears were the wonder of when you get married, the beauty of having a child, the gratefulness and the joy of loving and being loved.

I sat with her a long time. When she had calmed down, she said, "He felt the same way. Even last year. And he says the night of the concert, he ——" She blushed. "But he thought it wouldn't be fair to me. Because I was so much younger and I ought to finish college before I got involved, and he couldn't put me through school on an instructor's salary, and he thought he ought to not bother me and just go away."

She stopped chattering. She put her hand in mine.

Her voice was soft and wondering. "It's so strange," she said. "So strange. I was willing to fight so hard for him. And then—just when I'd given up completely ——"

She plucked at the blanket as if she might find an answer there.

"It seems as if—as if sometimes it's better not to fight at all. It's funny, isn't it?"

. . . and all these things shall be added unto you. . . .

"Yes," I said. "It's funny."

Suddenly she sat up straight and smiled. She started to pin up her hair. Briskly. Efficiently.

"Well, anyway, then I told him just how we could do it. One: I finish school at U.S.C., only I'll go part time for two years. Two: I take a part-time job as a governess. Three: We live on a very strict budget, and ——"

I couldn't help laughing. I sat down and hugged her.

"Maddy, you'll never change. You'll end up President."

She looked at me, and her thin cheeks turned pink, and she fumbled with the lace on the collar of her nightgown.

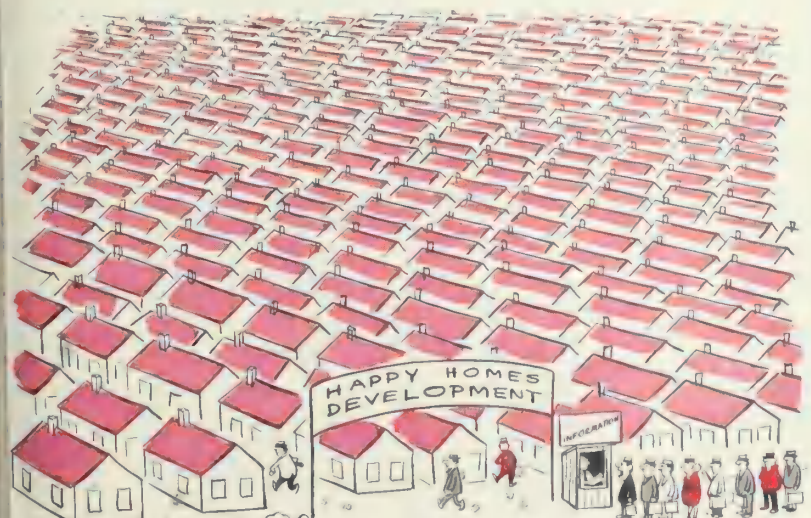
"I don't want to be President," she whispered. "I only want to be his wife." Her face glowed. "And—and have his children, and cook for him, and darn his socks ——" She sat up straighter. Her eyes had the old fierce look, and her sharp elbows dug determinedly into the pillows. "—— and be a good hostess for all the other professors, and make beautiful avant-garde clothes for the children—six, maybe—and type his papers for him, until someday he's chancellor, and I'll hold open houses for all the students, and maybe write a few biographies. And publish them independently."

"You'll do all that," I said.

She pinned the triumphant rose on top of her chignon.

"Of course," she said.

Oh, Madeline, we miss you. END



"I'm Martin; where do *I* live?"

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THE BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to see. On the stage the singers, young men, stood behind a microphone and sang—if it could be called singing—the wailing of western music, cowboy music, love songs that made her blush, old as she was. Yet the music was nothing in comparison to the screams and moans that came from the girls. Were they indeed Japanese? She saw that they were, for when the songs ended first one girl, then twenty and more, rushed to the stage to hang garlands of flowers on the necks of the singers and even to kiss their cheeks. She had covered her eyes with her hands and stolen away.

"No, Setsu," she had said firmly. "Never will I allow you to go to that place."

She was not sure whether Setsu did go, in spite of this command. No mother could be sure of her children in this new Tokyo—or of her husband. She thrust aside the disloyal thought of her husband. "A woman may not be disloyal to her husband even in thought," her mother had taught her.

She looked up from the stove where she was turning the fish in a pan. Setsu was washing her hands. Now she set the bowls on the table, and the chopsticks.

"Shall I set a place for father?" she asked.

"You know he will not be here."

Silence fell between mother and daughter. It was broken again by Setsu.

"I don't see why you let father go to the bar every evening."

Mrs. Omura paused in her task. She was slicing a raw carrot into flower shapes for the clear soup with which the meal began.

"I let him? I have nothing to do with it. He has always gone to bars."

"Not before the war."

"Before the war it was a geisha house. Nowadays the geisha are the bar girls. You know that."

"Mother, why do you stand it?"

Mrs. Omura put down the knife. "But men must go to bars now that we have no geisha houses. Where else would they go?"

"They could stay home."

Mrs. Omura allowed herself a bit of pretended laughter, stifled behind her palm, denying the pain of hearing her daughter speak aloud what she herself had only dared in thought.

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't giggle behind your hand! It is so old-fashioned." Setsu's cry was strangely passionate.

Mrs. Omura's hand dropped. "Your father stay home? He stopped that as soon as you children were born. He couldn't endure the crying and noise. Besides, he does have business."

Setsu was scornful. "Business! In bars? Such business!"

Mrs. Omura took up the knife. She spoke with regained dignity. "I do not allow this manner toward your father. Men go to bars to talk business over a cup of sake. All big business deals, your father says, are ——"

Setsu broke in. "And he comes home at two in the morning and expects you to be waiting for him with smiles and pity. 'My poor one, you are so tired. You have been working for our family all these hours. Here is your tea. I have drawn the hot water for your bath. Sleep late until the children are gone to school ——'"

Setsu's imitation of her mother's voice was so perfect that Mrs. Omura was aghast. The child had lain awake to listen!

"You are a very naughty girl," she said severely.

Setsu stamped her foot. "Think of us, if you won't think of yourself! He is our father, isn't he? When do we see him? A few hours, perhaps, on Sunday, or on a holiday. Is that good for Toru? It doesn't matter about me, of course ——" She shrugged and turned away. "I don't know what he looks like any more. I could pass him on the street and not know him."

She left the room, but Mrs. Omura called after her. "Setsu, come back!"

The girl came back reluctantly and stood in the half-open shoji.

Mrs. Omura walked toward her shyly. The girl looked a woman—and a stranger.

"What would you do if you were I?"

"I would go to the bar with him."

"I?" Mrs. Omura said faintly. She was aware of appearing absurd as she stood there, knife in one hand and carrot in the other.

"Young women do go to bars," Setsu said. "They go with their husbands. Then the husbands stop going."

"How do you know this?"

"We talk about it at school. Some of the girls have older sisters who are married."

Mrs. Omura was horrified. "Such talk in school!"

"Yes. Why not? It is only a few years until we are grown up and we will not allow our husbands to go to bars as you do."

Mrs. Omura looked at her daughter's round pretty face. She had not noticed before how firm were the lines of the childish mouth, how direct the gaze of the dark eyes. Girls were different nowadays, very different. She sighed and returned to the kitchen sink.

"Change your clothes and call Toru. We will have supper and then you must both do your homework. I have almost finished your pink dress."

The evening proceeded as usual. They ate in silence and Mrs. Omura cleared away. The children, wearing their home kimono, sat down at the low table with their books. Mrs. Omura sat at the table, too, with the pink dress she was making for Setsu. The girl was pretty in pink, her eyes and hair so dark. Let it be hoped that Setsu would not want someday to dye her hair in rusty blond streaks as young girls were doing nowadays. Strange fashion, when only a few years ago beauty lay in the darkness of a woman's hair! But everything was strange these days. The bars, for example; she preferred the old geisha houses where women were of one class and wives of another. These bar girls ——

At this moment she thought of what Setsu had said. Perhaps the child was right. Why should she not go and see for herself what took place in bars? She had the right, surely, to know how her husband spent his evenings, these long evenings, endless after the children had gone to bed. It seemed, of a sudden, that she could not sit through one more evening waiting for his return, watching the hours pass until midnight and counting two more hours to wait. And as Setsu had said, so sharply true, when at two o'clock, or even half past, he came home at last, she must force a smile, she must bravely lie, she must welcome him tenderly and speak no word to him of her weariness or of the problems of her life in the home. He must be spared everything as men are always spared.

The young girl's words had sunk into her long-wounded heart. Perhaps she was old-fashioned. Perhaps there was no reason why she should go on living this stupid life. Thus it came about that when the children were in bed and asleep, she amazed herself by what she did. She went to the closet where her clothes were folded and she took out her one western dress, bought during the occupation. "You should have one western dress," her husband had said, "to please the Americans." So she had bought a two-piece suit of blue silk, but after the occupation ended she had not worn it. The skirt was short and revealed her slightly bowed legs. She put it on now and combed her hair freshly, knotting it at the back, and clasped her string of pearls about her neck. After a moment she even touched her lips with lipstick and looked at herself in the glass. She was neither pretty nor ugly, as such words go, but she looked as she wished to look: a woman of breeding and delicacy in spite of the grotesque costume. Kimono was far more flattering, but it would be conspicuous in a bar. She had once asked her husband if the bar girls wore kimono and he had answered shortly no, they did not.

She let herself out the garden gate quietly, fastening the padlock since the children were alone. Then she stopped a taxicab.

"The Golden Moon Bar," she said.

It was one of the three best bars in the city and the taxi driver swung his cab into the heart of the night traffic. As usual with cab drivers, he talked.

"You go alone, miss?"

"I am meeting my husband there," she said. She was astonished at the calmness with which she spoke such words.

The man laughed. "Old Japan is gone," he said, turning abruptly in order to avoid collision with a bus. "Women go to bars with the men. What becomes of the children?"

She did not answer the question. It was none of his business.

He continued his prattle. "Everything is changed. The homes are empty and the offices and bars are full of women. All the women are looking for men. A man can have any woman he wants nowadays, except the old ones. Who wants them anyway? It's a great new world for the men."

He gave a coarse laugh and she shrank into deeper silence. When he perceived that she was not willing to talk he began to sing raucously and she had not the courage to protest. She had never before been alone in a taxicab. After a few minutes he turned sharply to the left and squeezed his way through a long alley. She knew at once when they reached the bar, for three girls in fluffy red dresses stood outside the door, smiling and waving. They crowded to the cab and fell back when they saw a woman.

"She is coming to find her husband," the driver explained. "Look out, you three!"

The girls tittered. Mrs. Omura paid no heed to them or to the man. She was stupefied with fright and could only go doggedly on. She paid off the man and turned to the girls, who stood across the doorway.

"Excuse me," she said. "I have come to meet my husband."

"Who is he?" the tallest girl inquired.

"He is Mr. Omura, vice president of the Sakura Manufacturing Company."

The girls fell back. "Ah, Mr. Omura—we know him very well. A fine man."

At the mention of her husband's name they changed. They looked at her with respect, they led her into the entrance hall of the bar and called, "Mama, here is Mrs. Omura!"

The madame came out at once. She was a pretty woman, perhaps thirty-five, but still slender and vivid. She wore a yellow satin dress of western style, low in the neck, without sleeves, and full-skirted. She put out both hands warmly. "Mrs. Omura," she cried in a hearty voice. "We are so glad to see you. Mr. Omura is having a drink at the bar. He enjoys whisky very much. We always give him what he likes. Is he expecting you?"

Mrs. Omura did not answer at once. She would have liked to lie, but she was not accustomed to doing so, and she was afraid she might blush and betray herself. She could only tell the truth.

"He does not expect me. I just—I just came."

Madame understood. "Ah, yes. We welcome ladies too. Would you like to sit in the other room and have a quiet drink before you go into the main bar?"

"I would like that very much," Mrs. Omura faltered. Now that she was here she was glad to delay the meeting with her husband. She followed Madame into a small room, quite empty, where there were only a table and two chairs.

"Sit down," Madame said cheerfully. "I will have one of our girls bring you something nice to drink, something sweet, and she will keep you company for a while. I think I have just the girl for you—our very best."

She smiled brightly and bustled away, her full skirt swinging. Mrs. Omura sat motionless and waiting. She had not long to wait. In less than five minutes a beautiful woman came in. That was what Mrs. Omura noticed instantly, that she was a beauty. Then she saw that she was not a young woman—not a young girl, that is. She was perhaps twenty-eight. She wore a red western dress, but her hair was long and smoothly coifed into a high knot instead of cut short and brushed every which way. She set down on the table a tray bearing two tall glasses. Then she bowed deeply. Mrs. Omura rose and bowed only slightly less deeply and they sat down. The beauty began the conversation.

"Mrs. Omura?"

"I am she."

"Our Mama asked me to sit with you."

"Thank you."

"When you are ready, I will ask Mr. Omura to join us. Or you can join him at the bar."

"Are there other ladies at the bar? Like me, I mean."

The beauty smiled. She had a pale oval face in the classic style, and her mouth was

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WHAT EVERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MONEY

QUESTION: When should a family man feel free to invest in the stock market?



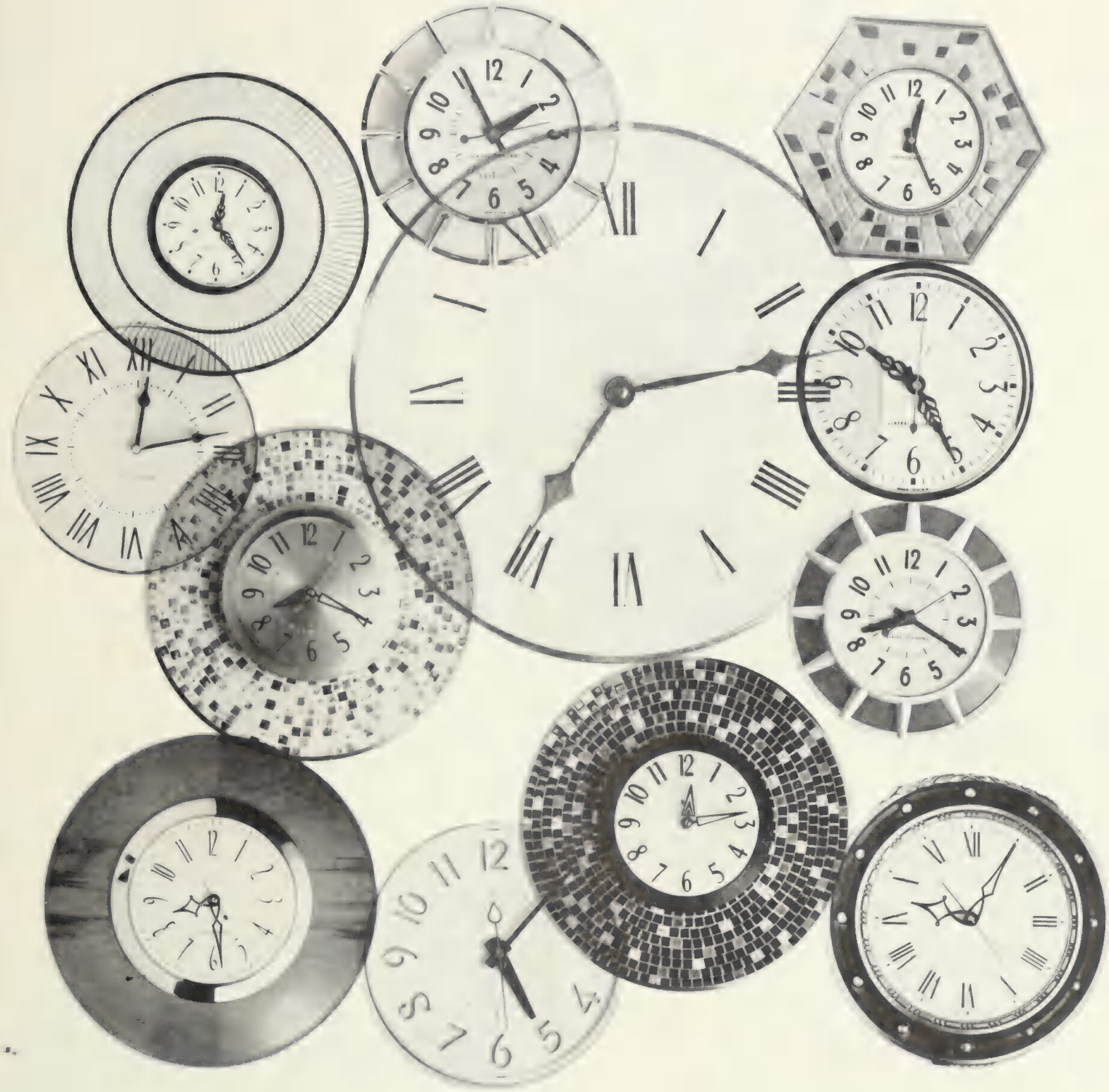
ANSWER: G. KEITH FUNSTON, PRESIDENT, NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

If, like millions of others, you're concerned about planning for tomorrow, want to aim for a second income and believe in the future of American business, stock and bond investments may well be right for you and your family.

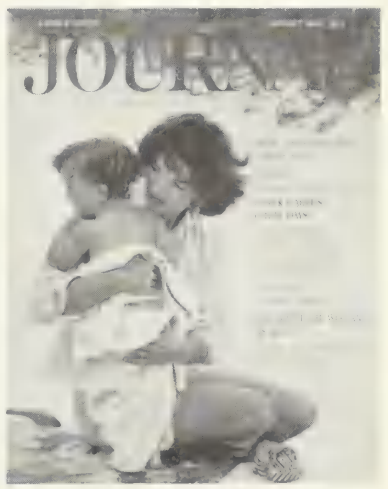
But remember that buying securities is no sure-fire guaranty—there are risks as well as rewards. Therefore, before you invest, make sure you have a steady income and funds left over to meet family emergencies. Tailor your risks to your financial circumstances. Then develop a sound investment program based on your family's particular objectives.

And above all, get information and advice from a reputable broker. A member of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, will be happy to discuss your investment objectives with you, at no cost or obligation.

Then and only then can you participate in the investment process on a responsible basis. If you meet these qualifications, you are in a position to discover what millions of others have found: that wise stock and bond investments have a way of returning a steadily higher standard of living. In view of this, American families everywhere owe it to themselves to consider their investment opportunities—the risks as well as the rewards—carefully.



UNEQUALED TIME—All magazines don't merit equal time. As a busy woman you've likely found, as many have, that the Journal merits *more* of your time than any other magazine all month long. And you probably have your own pet batch of reasons. Here are some we can think of: the Journal's special woman-to-woman editing—just for you from beginning to end; our pictures, which we try to make just as helpful and informative as they are purely; words which are right, bright, and understanding. Have some more of your own? We'd love to hear them if you've the time. Ladies' Home Journal, Box AF, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



When the Journal speaks—women listen

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small and exquisitely shaped. When her lips parted, her teeth showed even and white.

"Not quite like you, but the young wives sometimes come with their husbands. It is a new custom."

"Why do they come?" Mrs. Omura asked.

She was surprised to find that she was drawn to this woman. This was a warm beauty, a friend by intention, and not an enemy, as she had supposed all women in bars must be.

The beauty laughed softly. "Ask yourself why you have come."

Mrs. Omura was surprised to discover at this moment that she wanted to weep.

"You—you cannot imagine," she stammered, "what it is to sit alone evening after evening, year after year, to wait for two o'clock, when he comes home. And then to be compelled to smile and pretend to welcome him, never asking a question, for fear he will be angry and not come home at all!"

The beauty nodded. "I know. Other wives have told me. And yet count yourself fortunate. Mr. Omura never makes an assignation. He comes here, he drinks and tells a few jokes, he talks to businessmen now and then. That is all."

At this point the beauty seemed somewhat embarrassed and invited Mrs. Omura, by a graceful gesture of her right hand, to drink a sip of wine. They drank and the beauty continued.

"Of course, Mr. Omura has a favorite and it is understood that she sits by him and keeps his glass full and watches that he does not become drunk. But that is all. He never takes her to a hotel."

"A hotel?"

The beauty spoke with dignity. "This is a very decent bar, Mrs. Omura. Mama never allows assignations to take place here. Such arrangements are made after hours and in some hotel. We always close at two. Mama is very strict."

Mrs. Omura listened, gazing at the beautiful face. "It is not fair," she said at last. "It is not at all fair."

"What is not fair, Mrs. Omura?"

"That women like you ——"

"Women like me?"

"So beautiful ——"

"Can I help that? You are quite pretty yourself."

"I have no chance—in comparison to you."

"Mrs. Omura, I promise you ——"

"No, don't promise. I am only asking you a question."

"Yes?"

"What shall I do?"

And then before she could stop herself it all came pouring out, the sadness, the wounded love, repressed by long habit and ancient tradition. The soft face, the tender dark eyes, the gentle hands, these attributes of the beauty drew it out from her, and she sobbed as she talked.

"How can women like you—you should think of us, you women—it's we who have all the weariness—the housekeeping—bearing the children—we are like servants, but we are not servants. We are women and we long for our husbands. But you steal him from me. You take his best—his thoughts—his talk—his laughter. He comes home silent, empty. I am even more lonely when he comes home."

The beautiful face changed from surprise to defense, to pain. The rose lips trembled, tears hung on the long dark lashes, the delicate hands fluttered and clasped together under the soft chin. Above these hands the beauty looked at the sobbing wife as though she had never before seen a woman weep.

"I didn't think—Mrs. Omura, it has not occurred to me to imagine—you see, dear Mrs. Omura, *I hate him!*"

Mrs. Omura wiped her eyes and swallowed a sob. "How can you hate him?" she demanded indignantly.

"He is a man," the beauty said. "I hate all men."

Mrs. Omura stared into the dark eyes. "You hate *men?*"

The beauty nodded. Her hands fell to her lap and lay there like loosely petaled flowers. "There are so many of them and they are all the same. They are quite stupid. Each thinks himself . . . irresistible."

Mrs. Omura began to feel angry with the beauty. "It is you who make him believe this," she retorted. For her there was only one man, Mr. Omura.

The beauty drew a fan from her sleeve and fanned herself. "Can he not see that we behave the same toward any man who pays us? Why does he think it is only for him? I am so tired of them all. Do you know how many years I have been in this bar? Twelve years! Will you believe that I was only sixteen when I first came here? But it is true. Twelve years of flattering and coaxing and pretending and listening to stupid jokes! You have known only one man. I have known hundreds. There is not a straw's difference between them—vain, conceited, selfish, stupid ——"

Mrs. Omura interrupted. "It is because you have no children."

The beauty shrugged her shoulders. "For this one thing I give thanks."

She folded the fan and put it in her sleeve again. She leaned her elbows on the table and spoke earnestly, her face close to Mrs. Omura's. "If I were free, as you are, I would have a little shop—a dress shop. I would employ six girls, four to sew the dresses I design, two to tend the shop. I would never receive a man!"

"Why don't you do what you want to do?" Mrs. Omura asked. She could feel anger rising hot under her breastbone. "Why do you make women like me miserable? Have your dress

> True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was big enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.
>
> COULTON

shop—leave my husband alone! We need him, the children and I. As a matter of fact ——"

Here she felt suddenly shy. She had never used the word "love." There are no such words as "I love you," in Japanese, but she knew them from English, because she had been to American motion pictures. There, too, she had heard such words as "sweetheart" and "darling," for which also there are no words in Japanese. Love for a husband, her mother had taught her, is too deep to be spoken. It can only be shown through tender and unselfish behavior.

"As a matter of fact," she went on bravely, "we . . . love him."

The beauty sighed. She seemed not to notice Mrs. Omura's emotion. "I should do what you say, Mrs. Omura, but the truth is—I am very lazy. After all these years I have learned to sleep late in the day. When I have eaten a little food, my maid bathes me and dresses me. Then I have nothing to do except to look—as I am—and pretend that I admire a man. It is an easy way to earn a living. It is too late now for me to change."

"So because you are lazy," Mrs. Omura said bitterly, "I am to spend my evenings alone and my children are without a father."

The beauty rose and began to walk back and forth as gracefully as a lazy cat. She smoothed her soft dark hair away from her cheeks, she bit her lip, she shrugged, smiled and sighed again. Then she sat down across the room from Mrs. Omura.

"Why don't *you* have the dress shop? You rise early every day. Your children go to school, you are alone in the evening."

"I don't want a dress shop," Mrs. Omura said.

"Then something else," the beauty urged. "Let him see that you have your own life, and therefore whether he comes home is of no importance."

"And compel him to turn more than ever to you? No, thank you! At least I am not stupid."

With this Mrs. Omura rose indignantly and left the room and the bar. In the alley she turned once to look back, uncertain whether she should let Mr. Omura know. The beauty was standing in the doorway, gazing wistfully toward her. When she saw Mrs. Omura turn she smiled and waved, but Mrs. Omura did not wave back or smile. Instead she went into the street, summoned a cab, and sat silent in the back seat. Two sentences remained clearly in her mind, one that the beauty hated all men, and the second that she, Mrs. Omura, could live a life of her own.

This life became so quickly clear to her, so possible, that when Mr. Omura entered the house at a quarter past two, she met him with a real smile. "The tea is fresh," she said. "You look tired. You should not have to do business at night as well as in the day. You are so faithful to your conscience."

He groaned mildly and sat down before the low table while she poured tea for him and went on talking.

"I have not been a good wife to you. I enjoy myself here at home when I should be working at something to earn money so you need not go to bars."

"What could you do?" he inquired without interest.

"I have been thinking of a dress shop," she said. She knelt on the mat across the table from him.

"A dress shop," he repeated. "Where would you get the capital? It is an absurd idea, the sort of thing a bar girl does with her savings when she grows old. But you have no savings."

"True," she said thoughtfully. "I have no savings. I am not so fortunate as a bar girl."

He raised his eyebrows. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing," she said, "nothing at all."

The evening proceeded as usual. He yawned and went to bed and she put away the teapot and bowls and went to bed also.

Nevertheless, the idea persisted that she could have a life of her own, although nothing changed. Mr. Omura continued to go to the bar and she continued to spend her evenings in solitude after the children were in bed. After about two months once more she sought out the beauty. This time she did not feel at all strange about going to the bar. She could even refuse to increase the tip to the cab driver and she entered the bar with assurance. "If you please," she said to the girls fluttering on the doorstep. This time Madame did not appear, and the beauty came immediately.

"Mrs. Omura," she said warmly, "I am so happy. You have come on a good day. Do you know how you helped me? After you left I began to think how shameful that I am so lazy while you slave in your household, and your husband always here in the evenings and leaving you alone! The result is I have taken my savings and I have bought a dress shop. It is small, only one room for the shop and behind it a smaller room for me to live in. Now I need someone to help me. Will you be that one? I am afraid to begin alone."

Mrs. Omura was startled. She sat down at the table in the same room where she had sat before and considered.

"I cannot leave my house," she said at last.

"While Mr. Omura comes to the bar, you could come to my shop," the beauty suggested.

She looked so touchingly helpless, so exquisitely beautiful, that Mrs. Omura was moved. Seeing this, the beauty put out her little hand and took Mrs. Omura's hand. "It would only be for a short while, until I am accustomed to being alone. Then one by one I can find my six girls, as the business grows. It is not forever. Nothing is forever."

"Have you no mother?" Mrs. Omura inquired. "No older sister or friend?"

"None," the beauty said sadly. "They are far away in Hokkaido. I have lost them. They are only farm people and they sold me in a hungry winter. I do not belong to them now."

A long look passed between the two women. Mrs. Omura was the one to speak.

"Then I will help you."

In this way, simply and swiftly, Mrs. Omura's life changed. For a few weeks and then into months she went every evening to the dress shop. The beauty had chosen the site well. The shop was on the edge of the Ginza, where many people came and went. The beauty herself was a good saleswoman. She had only to linger in the doorway or to be busy at the window to have people stop to watch what she was doing. Men stopped because she was so beautiful and women stopped to see what the men were looking at. Then, forgetting the men, they went into the shop to buy the dresses. The beauty was clever and the dresses were unusual and very soon the shop was doing so well that the first two girls were employed, one to sew and one to serve.

Meanwhile Mrs. Omura and the beauty had become like sisters, elder and younger. For while Mr. Omura was ignorant and innocent. One evening, however, he did not go to the bar. Mrs. Omura was first surprised and then impatient. She was especially eager to get to the shop. Some new fashion books had come in from America and she had planned to study them this evening with the beauty. There Mr. Omura sat, smoking a cigar while he read the newspaper.

"Are you not going to the bar?" Mr. Omura inquired at last.

"No," Mr. Omura said.

"Is there something wrong?" she asked.

He put down the paper. "Can I not spend the evening quietly in my own house?"

"Certainly," she said, alarmed at his frown. "But it is so unusual."

To this he said nothing. He was reading his paper again, the smoke drifting slowly in two streams from his nostrils. She glanced at the clock. She was half an hour late, and she could not telephone, for the instrument was on the small table at Mr. Omura's elbow. She grew desperate and brave.

"Since you are at home," she said, "may I go out?"

He looked over top of the paper. "Where?"

"To see a friend."

He stared at her. "The first evening I am home you go out?"

"When you are not here, I must stay with the children. Now that you are here ——"

"Go on," he said shortly, "go on—go out. Leave me to solitude. I will be the nursemaid. Suit yourself first."

She knew that he was asking for pity and her heart hardened against him. How many evenings through the years had she not been here alone?

"Thank you," she said and went away.

In the shop she confided the whole conversation to the beauty, who listened with profound interest. Observing the enchanting face it now occurred to Mrs. Omura why Mr. Omura no longer went to the bar.

"It is because you are not there," she said. She felt guilty as she spoke. Here she was, enjoying the company of the woman whom perhaps her husband loved.

"Hush," the beauty said. "I never want to see a man again. I need not lie, I need not tell him how wonderful he is ——"

Mrs. Omura interrupted. "In some ways he is wonderful."

The beauty laughed. "How funny you are! But let us waste no more time talking about men. Let us look at the new fashions from America."

The rest of the evening they spent in delightful discussion of American women and how they looked, and from the pictures the beauty designed several dresses suited to the Japanese female figure, combining the daring of the American and the subtlety of the Japanese. "To reveal innocently," the beauty said, "without seeming to reveal."

Mrs. Omura received these words of wisdom gratefully. "I learn so much from you," she told the beauty.

The two women exchanged a look of sisterly affection and continued their work. It was two o'clock before Mrs. Omura reached home. She had hoped that the house would be dark and still, no, the light was still burning in the sitting room. When she entered Mr. Omura was waiting for her without a smile and certainly without a pot of hot tea. He sat on his folded legs beside the low table in the middle of the room, and he looked at her with accusing eyes.

"While you have been gone," he announced with majesty, "your son Toru has nearly died of a stomach-ache. He says the fish was not fresh."

She gasped and fled into the next room. Toru lay asleep on the *tatami* mat, his head on his hand. She felt his forehead. It was cool, but at her touch he opened his eyes.

"Does your stomach ache?" she asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

a touch of flavor

to surprise your family...and please your guests



Beans in a Blanket

Beans at their best—Stokely's Finest Whole Green Beans, wrapped with a rasher of partially broiled bacon, sprinkled with thyme and popped back into the oven to heat the beans and crisp the bacon! Whole, Sliced French Style or Cut Green Beans, Stokely's Finest Beans are always young, tender and stringless.



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Stokely's Finest Catsup adds a colorful touch to fish, meats, salads. And—mixed with horseradish and lemon juice—it makes an excellent cocktail dip. Boldly brings out a lot of flavor from a little shrimp! For the *finest* catsup, made from plump, red, ripe tomatoes, spiced just right—get Stokely's Finest!



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How to please with peas: add sautéed slivered almonds, salt and a cube of butter to Stokely's Finest Peas, already heated in their own liquid and drained. Sweet, young, tender and tasty, Stokely's Finest Peas make a delightfully toothsome twosome with sautéed almonds. Only the finest are Stokely's Finest.

serve the finest... products from Stokely-Van Camp *Anniversary* 100

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"It did," he said, "but my father made me some hot ginseng tea and I am well."

"Oh, what a good father," she murmured.

The boy smiled and his eyes closed.

Mrs. Omura went back into the living room. "It was very good of you to make the ginseng tea—how did you know to make it?"

"I am not a fool," Mr. Omura said. He rose with a loud sigh. "But I am exhausted with waiting for you."

"You should not have waited," she said.

"Of course I should," he declared. "I was anxious about you at this time of night—a woman still young and good-looking." He did not look at her as he spoke these astounding words. He rearranged the folds of his kimono and looked at her sideways.

Mrs. Omura stared at him. She did not know what to say. In all the years of their marriage he had never praised her looks or her behavior and she yearned now to thank him, to speak a few words, perhaps even of love. But there are still no such words in Japanese, and if she said "I love you" in English he would be startled and suspicious. Where could she have learned such English words? Impulsively she decided to tell him the truth.

"You remember the dress shop?"

He was sliding back the shoji. He turned and looked at her. "What dress shop?"

"You said I had no capital for a dress shop."

"Have you capital?"

She shook her head and looked back at him bravely.

"So there is no dress shop," he said.

"Yes, there is."

He returned to face her across the table. "How can you be at a dress shop until two o'clock in the morning?"

"I was designing dresses—with my business partner."

"Business partner!" He was suddenly furious. He strode to her side and seized her by the arm. "Who is the man?"

She stared at him, astounded. "What man?" she asked.

"Your business partner!"

He glared into her wide eyes and seizing her by both arms he shook her. "I might have known! No woman is to be trusted. But you, my wife—coming home at two in the morning ——"

She wrenched herself free of his arms. A lifetime of anger rushed through her memory. Now was the moment for revenge. Now she could pour it all out on him like acid. *You, you who came home year after year at two o'clock in the morning, you who went to geisha houses as soon as we were married and then to bars, always to bars, giving your time, your thought to other women.* It was all there to be said, but she did not speak it. Who was there to love him if she did not—he, poor man, who had wasted so many evenings of his life at a bar where no one loved him!

"Dear sir," she said softly and in deep pity. "Dear sir, my business partner is a woman. She had the capital."

"How could a woman have capital?"

"She used to be a bar girl," Mrs. Omura said simply.

Husband and wife looked at each other, she with the pity, he with a dawning comprehension.

"How did you two meet?" he demanded.

"I was so lonely in the evenings. I missed you. One evening I went to—to find you."

"You went to the bar?" Mr. Omura asked, unbelieving.

"Yes."

"I never saw you."

"No, but a beautiful woman came to entertain me."

"What did she say?"

"She said she wanted to start a dress shop."

"Why?"

"Because she hates all men."

Mr. Omura seemed suddenly to collapse. He sat down on the table and held his head in his hands. "So that is why she went away."

"Yes."

"Of course I knew she did not care for—for any of us. None of them do."

"Why did you keep going there, year after year?"

"It was pleasant," he muttered. "Very pleasant. So pleasant to be surrounded by pretty women, hearing only pleasant things—a man can almost believe himself to be what he knows he is not ——"

Too much was being said, and Mrs. Omura knew it. A wife must not allow her husband to humiliate himself before her. She knelt beside him.

"I cannot believe that she did not love you. To me it is impossible that any woman could be near you, night after night, and not . . love you."

His hands dropped away from his face. "You think so?"

"Impossible," she repeated.

He coughed, he got up, he walked around the table and stopped to look down at her. She continued to kneel before him as she had been taught that a wife should kneel before her husband. When he did not speak, however, she lifted her head to look up at him, and suddenly they both smiled. For a moment they looked at each other in silence. Then he spoke.

"From now on you need not kneel in my presence. In these modern times it is no longer the fashion."

And putting out his hands, he took hers and lifted her to her feet.

DEAR MR. G.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

too, acted as if Encino were out in the boondocks. Both left our service.

For a time it seemed to me that we had a new set of servants every week—all dreadful. One of them was responsible for our first burglar. A young man came to the door during the afternoon and the cook (who should have known better) admitted him when he said he was a friend of Clark's. Informed of his presence, I went to talk with him, but he had disappeared. I did not know that before leaving he'd gone into the gun room, loaded and pocketed one of Clark's pistols.

When I arrived the next morning around nine, I checked in as usual at the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Suddenly we heard a dreadful commotion. I thought Clark was scuffling with the dogs and paid no attention until the kitchen door burst open and Clark pushed a young man into the room. The youth made a dash for the door; Clark nailed him to the floor with a flying tackle, then sat on him.

"What do you want?" Clark asked him.

"Money," the boy replied in a surly tone.

"A fine way to get money," Clark said. "Jeanie, call the police."

The boy, who was about twenty-one, had spent the night in the garage, sleeping in Carole's car with Tuffy, our *watch* dog!

"I was standing in front of the mirror fixing my tie," Clark told us, "when I saw the door behind me open and a gun pointed at me. I stepped back quickly and when the guy moved into the room, I clipped him on the arm and knocked the gun out of his hand."

Later when police asked Clark to swear out a complaint, he refused to prosecute. Carole was dreadfully upset at the thought of what might have happened to Clark. "After all," she said, "he had a loaded pistol!"

Clark only laughed. "Tuffy," he said to the dog, "you're in disgrace!"

Clark's gun room was the most-talked-about, publicized room in the whole house. Here he kept his prized hunting guns, old pistols and other firearms. The leather gun cases were hand-tooled and beautiful. Comfortable built-in sofas and lounge chairs and old English prints made this a real man's refuge, and Clark loved to show it to guests.

Upstairs there were two master bedroom suites and an attic storage closet where Clark eventually kept his hunting clothes.

Clark's bedroom was done in beige and brown, with quilted beige wallpaper, a large green couch and attractive green chintz curtains. The finish of the woodwork did not suit Carole, so she had it removed and antiqued until it had just the right patina.

Clark was proud of a rare old pine desk which David Selznick gave him at the conclusion of *Gone With the Wind*. He had bookcases built around the desk and a dictionary stand installed.

Clark never tried to hide his lack of formal education. "I'm just a guy trying to learn," he'd say.

His bathroom was done in beige marble with glass shelves containing rare old bottles. His dressing room was mirrored and housed the enormous wardrobe necessary in his work, for men furnish their own clothes in the picture business. It's the gals who have wardrobes specially created for them!

Carole's suite was carpeted in white with white goatskin throw rugs, ankle deep. Her bedroom contained an old mahogany four-poster bed with organdy tester and flounce, beautiful old mahogany bedside tables, antique lamps, a white sofa and chairs. The windows were draped in chintz and organdy.

Her dressing room and bath were completely mirrored and very glamorous, with a white fur rug on the floor, silver-and-crystal fixtures in the white marble tub and lavatory.

Despite the servant problem, Carole ran the house beautifully. Breakfast and lunch were informal meals, lunch usually served on trays in the white-bricked patio. At dinner Carole insisted on impeccable formal service, whether guests were present or not. No linen except napkins was used on the gleaming tavern table which was set with exquisite Waterford crystal and Spode. Antique kerosene lamps furnished the light. The flatware was of antique silver, the knives pistol-handled and very rare. The blades were polished daily and sharpened with emery and a razor strop.

Carole's menus featured "he-man" food. Clark was a steak-and-potato guy loved baked beans and spareribs, corn bread, stewed chicken and dumplings, hamburgers with onions. The men always raved about the food. Women sighed over their figures, forgot their diets and enjoyed it too!

Aside from small dinners, the Gables did little entertaining, but once a year there was a formal dinner for eight or ten of the studio executives and other bigwigs in the industry. And every summer Carole staged a "fun" party for about twenty of their intimate friends.

A small dance floor was built in the patio, and garden and patio enclosed in walls of heavy cellophane, the whole area illuminated by cleverly arranged floodlights.

Small tables decked with red-checkered cloths and kerosene lamps were scattered about the patio. An attractive bar, buffet and gaily decorated hot-dog stand were put up, serving wonderful stew, steaks, roast turkey, baked beans, salads, and Clark's favorite homemade ice cream and chocolate cake. A small orchestra was engaged to play during dinner and for dancing afterward.

Clark hated night clubs, formal dinners, big parties, and the necessity to dress for them. He enjoyed being at home, having a group of close friends in for dinner, with quiet talk afterward. "We never do much," Carole explained, "but we have a lot of laughs and Pa is relaxed and happy."

Clark's father, William H. Gable, lived in Hollywood with his wife Edna and an aunt whom Clark called "Pinkie." Father Gable, as we all called him, was in his late sixties, and very like Clark in appearance, mannerisms and disposition. That is, they were both big Dutchmen, had deep convictions, unwavering integrity, were given to moods of impenetrable silence and were stubborn as mules!

They were not demonstrative with each other, but father and son were on affectionate terms and the elder Gables were frequent visitors at the ranch. Carole was fond of both and liked having them for Sunday brunch. Clark was their sole support.

Carole's former personal secretary, "Fieldsie" (Madalynne Fields) and Carole had been Mack Sennett girls together and the bond between them was very close. "Fieldsie and I shared a room, our clothes, an old car and even our dates all through those hectic days," Carole told me, "and I love her dearly."

Also frequent guests of the Gables were the Howard Stricklings, who had a ranch nearby. The Goffs (he was Abner of *Lum and Abner*), the Andy Devines, the Buster Colliers and the Al Menascos were in this group of close friends, as were Nan and Harry Fleishmann, Clark's boon hunting companions.

Clark loved to show guests around the house on the "fifty-cent tour," as he called it. It gave him a chance to sing Carole's praises as a decorator.

"Ma sure knows her stuff," he'd say with pride.

"Watch him or he'll collect the fifty cents," Carole teased.

The living room was huge, with white-paneled woodwork, a white-brick-and-paneled fireplace, and a wonderful staircase leading to the second floor. The wall-to-wall carpeting was of canary yellow. The windows, of many-paned authentic Early American glass, were draped with gay English prints in a red-and-green hollyhock pattern.

Two large yellow sofas were flanked by wing-back chairs upholstered in red quilted linen, and two huge green club chairs. One of these became Clark's favorite and I used to leave his mail there for him at night. Beautiful pine coffee tables and an antique glass cabinet housing exquisite antique pitchers of all kin completed the *décor* of the room.

Men in particular used to pause in the do way to comment, "This is a real home."

The servant problem continued. One d Carole said, "This is ridiculous—we must g Jessie and Juanita back." To her delight, s found them both longing to return. Th moved in, we acquired a Negro butler nam Martin, and peace descended.

When there were no guests, the Gables spe the evenings quietly at home, reading, talki listening to music. Jessie had Sundays off a Clark and Carole loved to get their own d ners on Sunday nights. They ate in the kitch on these occasions and the menu was of ham and eggs or baked beans and spareri

Both Carole and Clark made it a rule ne to discuss business except in my office. Wh ever they returned to the house, they mad beeline for my suite, which became the "ne center" of life at the ranch—the clearingho for their personal, business, ranch and stu affairs. Mail, telephone calls, publicity pointments, accounts and household mana ment all centered in that pleasant yellow-a blue office. Carole and Clark both called "Jeanie." I called Carole by her first name, t but when I addressed Clark he was never a thing but "Mr. G."

Clark was fascinated by scientific farm and began buying machines, tools and gad of all kinds. A small yellow tractor became prize possession. Soon after the move to ranch, he joined the Citrus Association. first season, the yield from the trees was l and we eagerly awaited the payment from association. Months later the check cam was for $6.28. The Gable fruit had been gra as "culls"! Clark was terribly disappoi for the orchard was his pride.

The second season the trees were atta by an infestation of red spiders. We cal pest-control company, the trees were all ered with heavy tarpaulins, then sprayed something guaranteed to destroy red ants ever. This proved highly effective, but n of the fruit was lost. The third year, an u pected freeze destroyed the crop. Reluctan Clark came to the conclusion that the cu was not going to pay off and just relaxed enjoyed it, along with the peaches, pl apricots and figs from the rest of the orch He and Carole gave away fruit to va friends and sent the remainder to their f ite charity, the Children's Hospital.

The chickens were another venture. "'ll sell the eggs and the chickens will pa themselves," Clark said.

Carole designed an attractive cream-co egg box featuring a brown egg and a ch

aring a tiny crown, labeled "The King's gs." Clark bought six hundred New Hampre Red hens, and we were in business.

But somehow the hens didn't lay as exted. Conferences were held with experts, feed formula was changed; but that efted no improvement. When the figures were alyzed, I estimated that the eggs were costabout a dollar apiece. In the face of this mple of diminishing returns and as Clark's siness manager, I was forced to recommend t he abandon the egg project.

Clark next got the idea of raising beef cattle a source of meat for the ranch, and a couof steer calves were bought to raise. The ves had big velvety brown eyes and white es and everyone fell in love with them. eir feed bills were astronomical, but it was tifying to watch the calves thrive and grow. Finally the day came when they were to be chered. "I just can't kill them," Fred told rk. So Clark had to hire a professional cher to come in and slaughter the calves, ss the meat for the freezer. Serving of the steaks was to be an occasion.

When we sat down to the table, however, idea wasn't so appealing. "I keep thinking ut those big sad eyes!" Carole said.

Clark sent the remainder of the meat to the ldren's Hospital and that was the end of grow-your-own-meat movement.

We did have one project that paid its way. rk bought two Jersey cows, and we had an ndant supply of rich milk, butter, and m so thick you could spoon it up.

Clark and Carole were the recipients of y gifts of livestock from their friends. We pigs, goats, rabbits and doves—the latter, ourse, in their special aviary.

he doves were Clark's pride and their y dates back to before his marriage to ole. Carole's high spirits had clashed with k's Dutch stubbornness and they'd had a Clark had returned to the hotel where he living at the time, and gone to bed.

hrole began to feel contrite and wanted to e up. She bought as many white doves as could locate, took them to the hotel in a cage and bribed a bellboy to introduce them into Clark's room while he was asleep.

When Clark woke up the next morning, he found himself the central figure in a dovecot. "There's nothing like having a dove sitting on your chest, staring you in the eye, the first thing in the morning," Clark laughed when he told me of the incident.

He knew the birds were from Carole, had them caged and sent to her house in Bel Air, where they remained until the move to the ranch.

Clark loved the doves. They multiplied, of course, and bigger and bigger pens had to be built, but he would never allow any of them to be killed. One of the sounds he liked best was their cooing in the mornings and evenings.

When Clark and Carole were both working, I alternated between their studio dressing rooms and the ranch office.

As one of Metro's top contract stars, Clark had a luxurious permanent dressing room which consisted of a sitting room, dressing room, bath. The sitting room was done in red leather throughout, the walls hung with photographs and personal souvenirs of all kinds, including a particularly devastating caricature of Clark by Walt Disney, of which he was very proud.

Carole always sent him a single red rose. Clark kept it in a bud vase on his dressing table in front of her photograph. Over his dressing-room mirror he kept the string of stuffed white doves she had sent him at the beginning of *Gone With the Wind*—her symbol of love and peace between them.

Clark's dressing-room doors were usually open and he loved visiting with the crew and cast, was always interested in their problems, or delighted when the conversation turned to guns, hunting and fishing.

Stan Campbell, Clark's make-up man, had been with him since *San Francisco*. "Clark never had a star complex, never pulled rank," Stan says. "He knew his lines, never kept others waiting and was very businesslike."

It is a custom in Hollywood to have a party on-stage the last day of shooting, and the stars of the film usually give presents to the director, crew members and others in the cast. Clark never conformed to this practice.

"A man does a day's work and gets paid for it," he said. "He shouldn't expect anything more."

Carole, as a free-lance star, was usually assigned one of the choice dressing rooms on the lot where she was working. Her quarters were always the scene of great activity. There were flowers, music, noise, ringing phones, excitement. Restless, high-strung, she loved visitors, people around her. She traveled from dressing room to stage on a motor scooter, her hair flying in the breeze, and had a smile, a cheery wave of the hand, an exchange of pleasantries for everyone.

She was the delight of Irene, the designer, who made all Carole's clothes for on and off the screen wear. "Whenever I'm asked to name the most exciting woman I've ever dressed, I say Carole," Irene says. "Everything looked good on that beautiful figure.

Clark took a keen interest in women's clothes and Carole dressed to please him. She had great style and an unerring instinct for the right thing and wore her clothes with grace and *élan*. Her wardrobe featured the colors Clark liked best—white, beige, gray, black. Her furs were of sable, mink and silver fox. Her jewels and accessories were exquisite.

Carole was mad about hats, the crazier the better. I've seen her buy a dozen or so at one time at Bullock's Wilshire. "I'll probably never wear them," she'd say. "I just want to take them home to make Pa laugh."

David Selznick scheduled the *première* of *Gone With the Wind* in Atlanta on December 15, 1939. The governor of Georgia promptly declared the day a statewide holiday and the city fathers planned a three-day gala celebration, with balls receptions and festivities of all kinds. Clark, Carole, Kay Kyser and Howard Strickling flew to Atlanta in a chartered American Airlines plane, which had *Gone With the Wind* painted on its fuselage.

Tremendous crowds gave them a huge ovation at the airport. Carole was presented with a bouquet of yellow roses. She was radiant in black suit, black hat and sables. Clark wore gray tweeds and had a red carnation in his buttonhole. Police had to fight to hold back the wildly cheering fans.

Within a few minutes a second plane arrived from New York with David Selznick, Vivian Leigh, Lawrence Olivier and Olivia de Havilland aboard.

Beginning with an outdoor reception that night, the stars were mobbed wherever they went. The Grand Theater, where the *première* was held, seated 2000 people. Sale of the tickets was handled by the Community Chest at $10 apiece. The mayor told Clark that there had been 40,000 requests for tickets.

Clark spoke very briefly in front of the microphones. "This is Margaret Mitchell's night and your night," he said. "Just let me be a spectator, going in to see *Gone With the Wind*."

Clark and Carole met Margaret Mitchell and he had an opportunity to thank her personally for the autographed copy of *Gone With the Wind* she'd sent him. Miss Mitchell thought his portrayal of Rhett was superb, exactly as she'd envisioned her character.

When Clark and Carole returned to the ranch, Carole went right upstairs, but Clark lingered in my office for an hour, describing their trip, telling me what a great job Howard

ZE ANSWER

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

When
Is a zen garden?
When there is rock and stone alone,
Zen!

Spike the flavor of any barbecue baste with zesty, hearty A.1. STEAK SAUCE

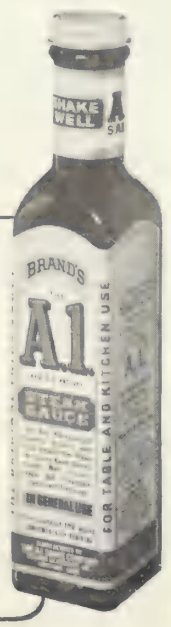


Add a generous dash of A.1. Steak Sauce to your favorite barbecue sauce – homemade or bottled. A.1. brings out more true barbecue taste in anything you grill – outdoors or in. It's exciting on hamburgers, steak, hot dogs, chicken or pork. And here's a new quick, simple A.1. barbecue baste you'll like:

A.1. BUTTER BASTE

1/2 cup A.1. Steak Sauce
1 cup butter or margarine
4 ozs. tomato sauce (optional)

Over low heat, melt butter in saucepan, add A.1. Steak Sauce. (If you prefer a tomato flavor, add 4 ozs. tomato sauce.) Stir until blended. Keep warm. Brush on grilling hamburgers, hot dogs, steak, chicken or pork. Baste frequently as meat cooks to keep every mouthful succulent. And always put the bottle of A.1. on the table. Men love it.



Send for new FREE Barbecue Booklet
"Over the Coals"

THE A.1. SAUCE COMPANY (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

Strickling had done and voicing his pride over Carole, her beauty and glamour, her graciousness to the fans. "They were all at her feet," he said.

"I tried to keep out of the limelight as much as possible," Carole told me later. "This was Pa's triumph."

Clark's mail after the film was released was tremendous. To his fans he was Rhett Butler. One woman wrote Clark to please tell her how it all ended. "What really happened to Scarlett and Rhett afterward?" she inquired. It was so real to her that she refused to believe they were just picture characters.

Clark was nominated for Best Actor in the 1939 Academy Awards Sweepstakes, but lost out to Robert Donat, who starred in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. *Gone With the Wind* won ten Academy Awards and I can honestly say that I don't think Clark minded not winning one himself.

"After all," he said, "one's enough for any man."

Clark literally lived outdoors. When I couldn't locate him anywhere else on the ranch, I could always find him near the garage tinkering with one of the cars. He was an excellent mechanic and loved high-powered motors. Carole drove a yellow Cadillac Clark had given her the Christmas before they were married. Clark changed cars every year or so. He had Lincolns, Chryslers, Fords, and later on Jaguars and a Mercedes Benz. He was the first man in town to drive an SS model Jaguar.

Whenever possible, the Gables went hunting. Both were excellent shots. Carole now enjoyed hunting as much as Clark did. She was very quick, but she was accurate.

People always marveled how Carole had changed, how she'd made herself over as a rough-and-ready man's pal for Clark, but no one except very intimate friends was aware that Carole in turn was changing Clark.

She was so vital, so full of the joy of living that she carried everything and everybody along in her hilarious wake. The atmosphere of love and companionship, the "Clark comes first" attitude in all her thinking had its effect—for Clark was inclined to reflect the prevailing mood of those around him.

"Until now Clark had never quite believed in his success," a friend summed it up. "He always acted as if it might all disappear in a flash and he'd be back doing day labor. With Carole he began to relax, to be free, to shake off the old fears and depressions."

Clark and Carole jealously guarded their personal privacy and no photographs were ever allowed inside the house. Despite their efforts, and although the ranch was twelve miles from Hollywood and twenty from Los Angeles, people of all types began coming in at all hours. Sight-seeing buses swept up the curving driveway, stopped in front of the house while the driver proudly announced to his passengers that they were at the home of Clark and Carole Gable.

Eventually, Clark installed a chain-link fence around the front of the property, so that it could not be entered from the road except via an electric gate. Mermaid roses planted along the front fence grew very thick and their thorny branches helped make an impenetrable barrier.

One day Clark, who'd been out in the paddocks, came rushing into my office, wild-eyed. "There's a woman behind me!" he said, slamming the door.

Calling to Martin, I rushed out to meet the trespasser, who had climbed through the fence on the upper property and come down through the fields. She was a bleached and blowzy blonde in a riding habit who made herself comfortable in one of the patio lounges, lighted a cigarette and calmly announced, "I'm not leaving until I see Clark."

I called Howard Strickling at the studio and he had a couple of the studio police sent out to help us.

The situation had its comic aspects, for the lady decided on a game of hide-and-seek among the trees, with the police giving chase. She was finally tagged and persuaded to leave.

Clark never scorned his fans, was always smiling and co-operative, happy to give autographs and was pleased over their attention, but he felt that this invasion of his privacy at the ranch was intolerable.

I had to screen his mail carefully because much of it was from lovelorn, hysterical women. There were many honest and sincere letters, of course, and Clark was happy to read them. It was a source of great satisfaction to him that so many *men* wrote him, men who admired him, his tastes and hobbies and the things for which he stood.

Besieged and harassed as they were, Clark and Carole began thinking of a larger ranch, far out in the country, beyond the reach of fans and tourists.

"Why not look over some of the Arizona ranches? You might like that country," Al Menasco suggested in late summer.

So Clark and Carole joined Al and his wife on a weekend trip to the O-W Ranch, high in the Arizona mountains. Haying and other fall work was in progress and the foursome pitched in to share in the activity.

In romping around the place, Carole stepped on a rattlesnake, let out a bloodcurdling scream and jumped aside just in time.

"Clark and I began banging away at point-blank range, but it took twenty-two shots to kill it," Al says. "This was pretty bad shooting and we both felt terrible. Just the day before Clark had killed a rattler at fifty yards' range with just one shot."

Clark skinned the snake and hung the skin on the barn door to dry. They brought it back to the ranch to show me.

NEXT MONTH

Hardship and heart sorrow Josiana knew well; these she could endure. Happiness she did not dare to dream of, until Walter came riding along one fine day. But soon Josiana was to learn a terrible secret, one that would cause her to curse the very day she was born.

JOSIANA

By NORAH LOFTS

Novella complete
in the September Journal

Both were bubbling with enthusiasm over the Arizona location. "When we find our place, Jeanie," Carole said, "you and your old man are going to come up and live with us. We'll be just one family and have a lot of fun."

Fred, our own ranch hand, was cutting hay when they got home. The next afternoon Carole called to me, "Come and see what my old man is doing."

I looked out and there was Clark riding the hayrake pulled by Judy, the mule, raking the hay Fred had cut. He was the picture of contentment.

We never located the ideal ranch the Gables had in mind, but Carole never gave up hoping.

Clark was always impatient when work caused him to miss the opening of the hunting season. He finished *Comrade X* before Carole was through making *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* at RKO, and wandered the ranch during the day, lost without her.

"Hurry it up, will you, Ma," he said one morning as she was leaving; "we've got to get going."

"What's on your mind, Pa?" Carole asked.

"Ducks," Clark replied, grinning.

The hunting party that fall was a gay and congenial one. But they didn't get any duck at La Grulla so decided to go high in the mountains to Laguna Hanson, a lovely little lake, where they thought they might find some canvasbacks. Phil Berg's rented plane was too small to carry the entire party and Carole refused to let Clark fly in it anyway, as Phil had scraped the treetops with his wings in coming in for a landing.

Clark put in a phone call for his old friend Paul Mantz, who flew down in his Sikorsky S-38 twin-engine amphibian, which the gang called "Nellie the Goon." Paul loaded the whole party aboard with their hunting and fishing gear, food and other camp supplies and flew them to Laguna Hanson.

They commandeered an old hunting cabin, put up their stove, cooked their own meals and had a wonderful time hunting and fishing. At night they slept outside in their sleeping bags.

When they were ready to leave, Paul had a little difficulty getting them out, for the lake was small and ringed with trees right down to the water's edge.

"It was very exciting," Nan Fleischmann recalls, "for Nellie the Goon just barely missed the treetops. Carole, who was never afraid of anything, turned pale and said to Clark, 'Please, let's never travel in separate planes. Whenever I fly, I want you with me.'"

As soon as they returned, Clark started working on his car. Everything seemed to be wrong with it and he kept complaining about it every day.

"My old man tickles me," Carole said one morning. "He thinks he's fooling us, but what he's really doing is building up to a new car. The 1941 models are out and he won't rest until he has one."

She was right. Within a week Clark decided his only recourse was to trade in his old model on a new one. Carole solemnly agreed that this was indeed a wise move.

"You know, Jeanie," she commented to me in private, "it's ingrained in Clark's nature—a sort of guilt about spending money. To justify buying the new car, he had to convince *himself* that he *needed* it."

The Gables' second wedding anniversary, March 29, 1941, occurred while Clark was filming *Bombay* with Rosalind Russell. Carole had the Brown Derby send over champagne, roast turkey and all the trimmings, and assisted in serving the cast and crew. Everything was in pairs or doubles—presents, refreshments, gags, because Clark and Carole had been married two years.

Russ and I started building our own home that March, in Sherman Oaks, high in the hills overlooking the valley. Because I'd fallen in love with the Early American atmosphere of the Gable home, Russ and I designed a modest gray-shingle Cape Cod house.

When Clark saw the plans, he was so intrigued that he decided to build a similar house for Father Gable nearby in North Hollywood. The construction of the houses went forward simultaneously and Clark and Carole drove up every Sunday to check progress on both. Father Gable was delighted with the house, and insisted on doing all the landscaping himself.

When Russ and I moved into our new place in July, Clark and Carole sent us our dining-room furniture, Early American sawbuck table, hutch and chairs. They also sent us a set of pink English dinnerware for the hutch.

Carole remembered moving day at the ranch and had the Brown Derby send us our dinner that night. Never has anything been more welcome to two tired people. The fireplace was so beautiful that after dinner we could not resist building a fire in it, although the summer evening was extremely warm.

It was soon so hot in the house that we couldn't bear it and had to go outside. Clark and Carole drove up a little later to inspect the new home and found the Garceaus peering in the windows at the charming firelit scene, exclaiming over and over, "Isn't it wonderful!"

Father Gable and family moved into their place a short time after, and Carole had a gay housewarming for them.

"Pa had such a bad time of it with Father Gable when he was a boy," Carole told me, "it's a joy for him to be on good terms with his dad."

On the morning of December 7, 1941, Russ and I had just got home from church when the Gables phoned us to know if we'd heard the bulletins about Pearl Harbor. "We're going to write President Roosevelt, offering our services wherever needed," Clark told me.

A few days later, a reply came. The President expressed his gratitude for their offer but reminded the Gables that entertainment was a vital factor in wartime morale. "You are needed where you are," he wrote.

Soon requests for Hollywood stars to ap
pear at bond rallies, camp shows and patriot
functions of all kinds all over the nation bega
pouring in. A Hollywood Victory Committe
was organized to co-ordinate these activitie
Clark was appointed chairman of the Scree
Actors Division.

"Jeanie, will you volunteer and be my secr
tary at the meetings, help me handle th
work?" he asked. I was glad to comply.

Clark's new picture, *Somewhere I'll Fi
You*, with Lana Turner, was scheduled to b
gin in mid-January. Before starting he decid
to go to Washington to discuss his person
situation with Gen. "Hap" Arnold of the Arm
Air Force. Carole, of course, thought he shou
be commissioned as an officer immediately.

"She won't settle for anything less than
colonel," Clark said.

Before he left, a request came in to the V
tory Committee concerning Carole. As
native Hoosier, she was asked to star in t
nation's first war rally in Indianapolis
January 15, to launch the Indiana campai
for the sale of Defense Bonds.

Carole was eager to have Clark go with h
but it was impossible if he was to make t
Washington trip as planned and start his p
ture on schedule.

"Bessie's a Hoosier too," he said. "Why n
take her along and I'll ask Otto Winkler to
with you in my place, just to keep an eye
you dames?" He grinned.

We began preparations for her trip. I
designed and made the wardrobe she wo
need: a slim, severe black street dress, wit
coat, toque and muff of broadtail for dayt
appearances and a beautiful strapless bl
velvet gown for the evening occasion. W
this Carole was to wear a cape of silver f

Carole wore no jewels except her ruby-a
diamond clips, with the matching ring, wh
Clark had given her.

Unfortunately, her departure was sched
the day before Clark was to return. She ha
to leave without seeing him, since this was
first time they had been separated for
length of time. She wrote a series of little no
one for each of the days she expected to
away, and cautioned me to be sure to give
one each morning.

Carole was not overly affectionate
demonstrative with her women friends and
never put her arms about me or even kissed
until now. But when she was ready to le
she hugged me hard, kissed me and s
"Take care of my old man for me, will
Jeanie? You know you'll be working with
more and more now."

She left on a very quiet and rather sad
which was unlike her, for she was usual
gay and lighthearted.

Clark came home the next day. He
Carole were on the phone constantly, as
their custom when they were apart. C
called from Salt Lake, where they'd ma
whistle stop, told about the huge crowd
had greeted her despite the ten-below
perature.

On the morning of Thursday, the fifte
Carole and party arrived in Indianapoli
were immediately caught up in a whirlwi
activity, culminating in a big rally at
Tabernacle which lasted far into the nig

At four o'clock on the morning of th
teenth, Carole, Bessie and Otto boar
plane for Los Angeles. She wired me in
morning from Kansas City, said she was
tired and eager to get home.

On the evening of the sixteenth Cla
turned to the ranch after his first day's s
ing on *Somewhere I'll Find You*. He wa
state of excitement over Carole's arriva
had planned a wonderful home-co
Carole's brothers Stuart and Freddie,
die's wife Virginia, and Otto Winkler'
Jill were all invited for dinner.

When I left that evening the table w
fresh flowers were everywhere, the
looked gay and beautiful. Carole was d
couple of hours.

Russ and I were at home when Clark
about eight o'clock.

"Ma's plane is reported down," h
"Jill and I are going out to the airpo
to check on it."

(To Be Concluded)

FUN FROM THE FREEZER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Caraway Beef

8 *slices bacon*
6 *pounds chuck (1″ cubes)*
2 *cups minced onion*
2 *cloves garlic, peeled and crushed*
2 *tablespoons paprika*
1 *tablespoon salt*
1½ *tablespoons caraway seed*
2 *teaspoons marjoram*
1 *cup catchup*
2 (10½-*oz.*) *cans consommé*
1½ *cups water*
Flour

Fry bacon until crisp in large kettle or Dutch oven. Drain bacon on paper toweling and pour off all but ¼ cup drippings. In the drippings brown the meat well, a few pieces at a time. As the meat is browned, remove and drain on paper toweling. When all is browned, add the onion and garlic to the drippings and cook until onion is golden. Add seasonings, catchup, consommé and water. Stir well. Re-add the meat and the bacon, crumbled. Cover the pan and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 2–2½ hours, until meat is tender. Skim fat from the surface, correct seasoning and thicken with a little flour-and-water paste. Cool. Pack into 3 one-quart freezer containers and freeze. Before heating, thaw, transfer to a double boiler and heat thoroughly about 30 minutes. If sauce is too thick, stir in a little water. Makes 10–12 servings.

Kidney-Meat-Ball Ragout

1½ *cups soft bread crumbs*
⅓ *cup milk*
1½ *pounds ground round of beef*
3 *sweet Italian sausages, chopped*
1 *egg, slightly beaten*
1 *medium onion, peeled and finely chopped*
6 *tablespoons butter*
1 *clove garlic, peeled and crushed*
1½ *teaspoons salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
5 *lamb kidneys, diced*
½ *pound mushrooms, sliced*
¼ *cup flour*
3 (10½-*oz.*) *cans consommé*
2 *teaspoons Worcestershire sauce*

For the meat balls, soak the bread crumbs in the milk. Mix with the beef, sausages and egg. Sauté the onion in 2 tablespoons butter. Add with seasonings to the meat and mix well. Shape into balls, about 1″ in diameter. Heat remaining butter in a skillet and sauté meat balls until well browned. Remove from pan. In the same skillet, sauté the lamb kidneys for about 5 minutes. Remove and sauté the mushrooms. Remove mushrooms and blend flour into the drippings. Add 2 cans consommé and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season with Worcestershire sauce. Return the meat balls, kidneys and mushrooms to the pan and heat for 5 to 10 minutes. Cool thoroughly and pack into 3 one-quart freezer containers and freeze. Before heating, thaw slightly in order to remove from containers and heat in the top of a double boiler, stirring only occasionally. Thin sauce to desired consistency with ⅓ cup consommé to each quart. Makes 8–10 servings.

Shrimp New Orleans

7 *tablespoons butter*
¼ *cup flour*
2 *cups bottled clam broth*
1 *cup peeled and chopped tomatoes*
3 *tablespoons chopped onion*
½ *cup sliced mushrooms*
½ *clove garlic, peeled and crushed*
1 *tablespoon chopped green pepper*
2 *pounds fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined*
2 *tablespoons chopped celery*
½ *teaspoon powdered thyme*
1 *tablespoon chopped parsley*
1 *bay leaf*
¾ *cup chicken broth*
1 *tablespoon lemon juice*
1 *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*

Melt 4 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Blend in flour and gradually add clam broth, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add tomatoes and simmer for 5 minutes. Meanwhile, in a large kettle or Dutch oven, melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add onion, mushrooms, garlic and green pepper and sauté until slightly browned. Add clam-broth mixture, together with shrimp and remaining ingredients. Simmer gently for 20 minutes or until shrimp is just tender. Cool mixture quickly, in ice-water bath. Pack into 2 one-quart freezer containers and freeze. Before heating, thaw completely in refrigerator and turn out into top of a double boiler and heat over simmering water. If sauce is too thick, add ¼ cup chicken broth to each quart. Serve with well-buttered and seasoned wild or boiled rice. Makes 6 servings.

HOW TO SAVE SOULS

The preacher's business is not merely to discuss repentance, but to persuade people to repent; not merely to debate the meaning and possibility of Christian faith, but to produce Christian faith in the lives of his listeners; not merely to talk about the available power of God to bring victory over trouble and temptation, but to send people out from their worship on Sunday with victory in their possession.

A good sermon is an engineering operation by which a chasm is bridged so that spiritual goods on one side—the "unsearchable riches of Christ"—are actually transported into personal lives upon the other.

Here lies the difference between a sermon and a lecture. A lecture is chiefly concerned with a *subject* to be elucidated; a sermon is chiefly concerned with an *object* to be achieved. A justifiable criticism of much modern, liberal preaching is that, though it consists of neat, analytical discourses, pertinent to real problems, and often well conceived and happily phrased, it does nothing to anyone. Such sermons are not sermons, but essays, treatises, lectures. It is lamentably easy to preach about moral courage without making anyone more courageous; to deliver a discourse on faith without creating any of that valuable article in a single life; to argue that man has power to decide and choose, without causing anyone then and there to make a momentous decision.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
The Living of These Days
Published by Harper & Bros.



By CAROLE O'BRIEN GAFFRON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBOT MILLS

On Their Own In New York

"Home Was Never Like This" Says Gwen, Echoes Connie, Echoes Suzie.

"My mother nearly flipped when she came to New York last week and looked in our refrigerator," laughs Gwen Taylor, a willowy blonde with a quicksilver smile. "All we had in there were some orange juice, a leftover chicken leg, cheese dip, beer, and a jar of vitamin pills. She wanted to send us a Care package immediately, but I talked her out of it."

"My mother doesn't think three girls can live together in the same apartment and *survive*," says Cornelia Talmadge, 21, a petite dark-eyed brunette from New Rochelle, New York.

"But we are, and we're living on our salaries," exclaims the third member of this youthful trio, Suzanne Wiedemann. "No money from home!"

Unlike most girls living together in New York, all three have jobs at the same place, doing the same thing. They act as guides and receptionists at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, a large brokerage firm near Wall Street. Gwen and Suzie, both 20, were roommates at Bradford Junior College in Massachusetts; Connie, who graduated from Beaver College in Pennsylvania, met them at work.

"It's no problem at all. We get up at the same time, ride the same 'Sardine Express'"—*i.e.*, subway—"together, and confer during the day about our evening plans."

"It's so great to be in the city," sighs Suzie. "No more commuting—and no more panic-stricken dates when it's time to take me home and they discover I live in Westchester County!"

Because the girls all grew up in suburbs of the city, they were more familiar with New York than girls who storm it from afar. This was an advantage, especially in deciding where they wanted to live. They were not only aware that Manhattan's Upper East Side between Fifth and Third



Gwen in the upper bunk and Connie (left) and Suzie below: three girls just out of their teens, they are on their own for the first time in their lives—and having the time of their lives!

ree young women living together in New York with brand-new
bs in the big city tell how they manage their money.



SUZIE'S MONTHLY INCOME
BEFORE DEDUCTIONS: $284.17

FEDERAL INCOME TAX	$ 42.17
SOCIAL SECURITY	8.53
STATE INCOME TAX	4.50
CHURCH	1.00
FOOD (including brunches eaten out)	41.68
HOUSING	69.55
Rent 62.00	
Gas and Electricity 2.52	
Telephone 3.03	
Furnishings, repairs, cleaning 2.00	
CLOTHING	63.45
Purchases 59.45	
Dry cleaning, repairs, laundry 4.00	
MEDICAL CARE	7.69
Health insurance 5.04	
Medical and dental 2.65	
TRANSPORTATION	8.50
ADVANCEMENT (reading—books, magazines)	2.98
PERSONAL CARE (Haircuts, cosmetics)	21.97
INCIDENTALS	12.15
TOTAL	$284.17

Suzie's expenses are typical of all three girls. Since she and Gwen make the same salary, the main difference in their budgets lies in Gwen's more expensive telephone calls home. But Gwen saves on clothes by making many of her own dresses. Both Gwen and Connie have the additional expense of cigarettes. Connie, who has been working the longest, has a monthly salary of $316.73. This extra money gives her a chance to put about $13 a month into a savings account.

avenues is considered "safe" for young women on their own, but they knew the social life they sought swirls through this area. "Rents are cheaper on the West Side, but we'd rather pay a little more and know we can come home at night without being afraid."

Their three-room apartment, found through a friend at work, is on the third floor of an elevator building on a quiet residential street in the Eighties. They have a spacious living room painted white, a small dining area ("really a foyer"), bathroom, one bedroom with two sets of double bunks, a long narrow kitchen that boasts a window—something of a rarity in New York—and not enough closet space. For this they pay $185.00 a month. Since they split the rent three ways, it amounts to one week's salary from each girl per month. Gwen and Connie took the apartment jointly, signing both their names to the two-year lease, but making sure it contained an added clause permitting them to sublet the apartment in case they want to move before the lease runs out.

All the living-room furniture was donated by the girls' parents ("We call it 'Borrowed Modern,' nothing matches"), including the tableware. Suzie's sister contributed a vacuum cleaner, waxer and carpet sweeper. The girls do their own cleaning now, but later they want to hire a maid for half a day once a week, which would cost $4.50 plus carfare.

In setting up the apartment, the girls' only decorating expense was for three sets of double drapery panels for the living room. They are a striking combination of blue and green. Fiber glass (and thus washable), they cost $24.95, an expense the girls split equally.

Beds for the bedroom turned out to be a greater bargain than the girls had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY

CONTINUED



Connie and boy friend Peter shop at neighborhood grocery store. The girls are becoming experts at bargains: "If broccoli's on sale, we buy it—even if we don't like it much."

Housewarming party crowded sixty people in living room. Everybody held up the walls. "We didn't even know all of each other's guests."







Dropping in casually on week nights, dates often find themselves put to work. One male, trying to make a good impression, offered to build the girls a hi-fi set. They immediately took him up on it—and so far haven't seen him since.



Suzie's downfall is clothes: "I love 'em!" New Yo[rk] tempting stores can wreck a girl's budget faster t[han] anything else. "You've just got to develop will pow[er]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

anticipated—and an awful headache. "We ordered two double bunk beds, for $79.95 each, from one of the large department stores," relates Gwen, describing the comedy of errors. "When they came, one of the springs had no holes for the bolts that were supposed to hold it in the frame. We called up the store and asked them to send someone with a drill. A man arrived with more bolts but no drill. After he left, we phoned the store again. A man came by with a new spring but left the old one. Then we suddenly remembered we were supposed to have received ladders with the beds for climbing into the upper bunks, but never had. We called the store and they said they'd send them. But when they came the ladders were C.O.D. and by mistake Connie gave the man ten dollars—forgetting that the ladders were *included* in the price of the beds. Again we called the store. They said they'd straighten it out, and a few days later we found a huge package in our apartment. It was a whole new double bunk marked 'Paid.' We phoned and said please come and take your bed away—and by the way, what about our ten dollars? A few more days went by and a man from the store arrived with another bunk-bed ladder. We begged him to take the extra bed *and* his ladder away, but he said he only had orders to leave the ladder. Then we were notified that a package was waiting for us at the post office, and I trudged way down there to claim it. It was a *fourth* ladder, and I had to carry it all the way home over my shoulder because no taxi





Glamorous evening at Trader Vic's: Gwen and date splurge on exotic foods they'd have a hard time finding in a small town. Sighs Gwen blissfully, "I'm glad I don't have to pay for this!"



Off to work again on Monday, Suzie. Gwen and Connie sprint toward the subway. All agree on one thing: New York is fabulous, but they'll gladly exchange it for a husband—whenever he comes along.

or bus would stop for me. "Now the store keeps writing us letters asking if we don't have some of their merchandise but not offering to send us our ten dollars. We don't dare answer the letters for fear the store will send someone to take *all* our beds away! Boy, things sure can get confused around here."

To move into their apartment the girls hired a haul-it-yourself trailer and bribed their boy friends to do the muscle work with promises of future dinners.

"Poor Joe," giggled Suzie; "he came over last week to collect. We had barbecued chicken with peas, salad and potatoes. Was he impressed! What he didn't know was that we had bought a couple of dollar-and-a-quarter chickens already cooked at the delicatessen and just warmed them up in the oven."

Of the three, Gwen is the only one who can cook. "I don't know a roast from a chop," groans Connie, "but I guess I'll learn." For the most part, the girls live on frozen dinners, hamburger in various disguises, and casseroles ("We have three—ham, beef and tuna"), or depend on dates to take them out. It's a rare evening when all the girls are there at the same time. They started out cooking regular meals, shopping together on Monday nights for staples. But their lives have become too hectic (aside from their other activities, each girl does volunteer work an hour and a half a week at the Lighthouse for the Blind) and now each cooks meals for herself—or gets a boy friend to do it. Each one has her own separate shelf in the refrigerator. "Whoever cooks cleans up her own mess."

For a brief period in the beginning Suzie got up first in the morning ("I'm an early bird anyway") and cooked breakfast for the three of them—orange juice, soft-boiled eggs, toast and instant coffee. "We'd set the table the night before," Gwen explains, "but boy, was *that* a loser! We found we'd rather sleep late and eat on the run. Weekends we go wild though—pancakes, bacon, scrambled eggs."

Spending about 45 cents, Gwen now eats weekday breakfasts out. So does Connie, though if she runs into Peter, the young man she dates exclusively, he will pay. "He's one of my pet economies," Connie teases. Suzie, who is trying to lose a little weight, finds that if she gets up at 8:30 she's not really hungry till midmorning. She eats "brunch" on an 11-o'clock coffee break and skips lunch entirely, "but even so, I find myself nibbling all day."

The girls got their jobs at Merrill Lynch in the three classic ways: Gwen just walked in "cold" off the street and landed hers; Connie found hers through an ad in the newspaper; and Suzie heard about an opening from a relative who works in the company. As guides they make $64.62 a week, though Connie has had a raise (since she has been there longer), pushing her wage up to $70.39 a week. In addition, all Merrill Lynch employees got in on a profit-sharing distribution last January—a $50 bonus for Suzie and Gwen, two weeks' extra pay for Connie.

Merrill Lynch occupies the first ten floors of what is—according to the girls' lecture as guides—the third tallest office building in the world. The guides show visitors around the first three floors.

"I was so nervous my first day," admits Connie, "that I got *lost*—with all those people following me!"

When the service was started four years ago, each guide was given one uniform from Hattie Carnegie; "but," laughs Connie, "this didn't work out at all. What do you wear when your one uniform is being cleaned?" Gwen, Connie and Suzie wish they could go back to wearing uniforms ("Most of my money goes for work clothes now," groans Gwen), but the company president has said no, he would rather have the guides maintain their individuality.

The girls work in an atmosphere of constant discussion of money. The main subject of conversation among them is investing, naturally, and a good deal of the boys' interest has transferred itself to the girls. "If I had some extra money now, I'd invest in a few shares of ——" is a gambit the young men often use to open a conversation. Suzie's expanding interest in the stock market is not anything she has had to work at, but simply a reaction to all the talk she hears. Although she hasn't any money to invest right now, she has begun "charting" some of the hot tips she has picked up. "One man I was guiding told me about a great stock he'd just bought at eighteen that's supposed to go to forty."

Connie, the only one of the three girls who is really saving any money, says she wouldn't dare purchase any shares until she has saved enough to have some funds to fall back on if she picked a loser. Gwen and Suzie, who wish *they* were able to save money, say, "We'd look for a bank that paid the highest interest, even if we had to mail our deposits to the West Coast."

"We'd never buy mutual funds," adds Sue. "I guess they've brainwashed us at work into believing that if you have money to invest in stocks you ought to be interested enough to watch over them yourself."

Connie, who has no checking account and buys cashier's checks at the bank to pay her bills, talks of opening a joint savings account with her young man as "an investment in our future."

Suzie and Gwen have special checking accounts that cost 10 cents a check plus 50 cents monthly maintenance fee. "We don't have to have a balance and we usually don't." But they keep their checkbooks in perfect order.

The biggest mistake they think girls make upon arriving in New York is opening charge accounts: "I just send a little to each store to keep them quiet, and each month I sit down and figure whose turn it is to be paid. The others have to wait." Connie's charge account at Bloomingdale's is a "Permanent Budget Account." "I have to pay only $15 a month no matter how much I owe, but the $100 charge limit the store allows me helps hold me down." Interest charges on this type of account are $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per month of each previous month's unpaid balance, which the girls admit is sometimes an expensive way to "hold yourself down" if you take too long to pay your bill.

Of the three, Suzie is probably the keenest shopper. "I don't believe in charge accounts at all," she says; "I pay cash for everything." Suzie prefers the smaller shops to the department stores for bargains but she does some of her shopping at one of the biggest clothing discount stores in the city's metropolitan area. She travels via subway far into the Bronx. Here is a sprawling two-story building where clothes are hung out on pipe racks. There are two huge communal dressing rooms on each floor with mirrors all around. "It's sometimes so crowded you can hardly find your own image in a mirror. There are women on all sides of you, grabbing for the dresses—but there are really great buys. Some of the dresses even have their original labels. I can get a dress there for $17 that Connie would pay $35 for at Bonwit Teller. The very same one!"

Gwen economizes by making her own clothes. She took a sewing course when she was only a fifth-grader and has been making her own clothes ever since. Recently she bought a $3.50 suit pattern and made a black wool suit that cost $15 for the material, including the lining. Later she made a suit of beige brocade from the same pattern. "I would rather sew my own clothes to save money than go to discount houses like Suzie." Unlike the other girls, however, Gwen buys cheap shoes with metal heels and throws them away rather than have them repaired. "Good shoes *are* expensive," admits Suzie, who pays around $20 for hers. "I often wear loafers to and from work to keep my good shoes from wearing out."

The girls are learning to save money wherever they can. Connie is letting her hair grow; she wants to save the expense of monthly haircuts. They use spot remover to hold down cleaning bills, and the launderette in the basement, at 25 cents a small load. They seldom take taxis—in New York the flag drops down at a quarter, while buses and subways are only 15 cents for some of the longest rides in the world. The girls look for sales at the stores where they buy their groceries and cleaning supplies. "Although," says Connie, "it's pretty disillusioning to buy a lot of soap on sale and then find you can't stand the scent when you get it home."

Theoretically there is still $11 in the food kitty, which they intended to use to make a joint purchase for the apartment. "But now it's only a miserable dollar bill and ten dollars' worth of I.O.U.'s. I wish we could keep a kitty going; it gives us a place to borrow."

The girls have the monthly bills down to a system, however. Gwen pays the rent. Connie takes care of the phone bill, and Suzie is responsible for seeing that the gas and electric bills are paid. Each chips in her share to the others as fast as she can.

"We're always broke near payday," they readily admit. "So we just eat less or find someone to buy us dinner."

Gwen has been earning money since she was eleven. She started by baby-sitting and was constantly in demand in Darien, Connecticut, where she grew up in a neighborhood of 60 children. By the time Gwen was fourteen, she could, and often did, make as much as $15 a day sitting all day long for neighbors. In high school one winter she earned $80 sewing costumes for a ballet school; summers she worked for a fuel company as a helper in the office. Gwen never had to contribute to her family's exchequer nor account for how she spent her money. Therefore she has a fairly mature attitude today about money and makes a pay check span a week with little effort. She sometimes runs out, but never gets upset about it.

Connie, on the other hand (though she comes from an almost identical family background), admits she had always been given as much money as she needed right up to the moment she left home for her current job. Consequently she feels that she is still learning how to stretch her money from payday to payday.

Suzie, who worked a couple of summers as a counselor in a day camp, also asked for and received money from her family, for which she was never required to account.

Getting used to being on their own in the big city and having their own money to spend has not been all smooth sailing for the girls. At first it seemed they could hardly go anywhere without one or another of them stumbling into some misadventure—as often as not involving money.

One day there was such a long delay on the subway that Gwen decided the train was never coming. She went back through the turnstile to the token booth, where she demanded a refund. Told she was out of luck, she began to argue with the man for her 15 cents when she heard the train coming, realized she had no time to get her money out and buy another token, cast a frantic backward glance at the man in the booth, and ducked under the stile. Terrified that she'd broken the law, she held her breath, fearing he'd come after her, until the train pulled out of the station. "I never thought I'd count pennies down to the last fifteen cents!"



"It's a young block, couples getting started in life, having families."



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Since one of the requirements of their jobs an attractive appearance and pleasing per-nality, the girls have few problems securing ates. There are 25 male trainees at Merrill ynch their age or older, and the girls have et many of their dates through the office. Every three months or so there's a new class f trainees, and even though some of them are arried, there are still plenty of bachelors to go round," Gwen says with a sparkle in her eye. o far there hasn't been any competition mong them for the same man, mainly be-use Suzie and Connie have "steadies" (a high-school" word, incidentally, they both athe).

Connie met Peter at work where he is trainee, and they are "fairly serious, but in o hurry to get married." Suzie has been go-g with Wally, who lived near her home, for vo years. He's taking an extra year at a col-ge on Staten Island in the hope of returning Princeton. Grins Suzie: "We plan to marry meday—if he ever gets out of school."

Gwen is the only one of the three who free-nces entirely, estimating that she has gone t with no fewer than 30 men in the short ne she has been in New York. Usually she tes three times a week, "but last week I had different date every single night." Gwen gets vited to an average of one cocktail party a ek, and here's one of the places she finds w men.

Accepting a date from a man you meet for e first time at a typical New York cocktail rty—where everyone jams into one room, nding up and shouting to be heard above e din—is a matter of judgment. There are ys, says Gwen, of knowing pretty well ether the man will make an acceptable date. e measures him by the crowd he is with at party, also by where he went to college and the way he dresses.

Neatness is the main criterion: Are his shoes ned? Trousers pressed? All three girls pre- the "Ivy League look": button-down or -collar shirts, white, blue or pin stripe; allis or striped rep tie; dark brown shoes. ey love vests, but find blazers "too prep-hooly." And they like men with heavy horn-rimmed glasses who smoke pipes, but warn t "men who wear them aren't necessarily re trustworthy than those who don't."

Connie, Gwen and Suzie agree completely t corsages from men are "a big waste of ney." They prefer flowers that they can put a vase—and love to get them. The prefer-ce is red roses—"half a dozen, or just one e." If a man is invited to dinner, the girls preciate his bringing a bottle of light table ne, but candy? They would still rather have wers.

Theater dates are extremely rare occasions oo expensive"). Though the girls try to be ed by midnight during the week, weekends the town can stretch into the wee small rs of the morning. Dinners, movies or par-at friends' apartments are the usual agenda. typical date starts at 8:30 or 9, when the ng man comes to the apartment and takes girl to one or two familiar neighborhood gouts where their friends congregate. Later they may stop for some pizza and then go ne to watch a late movie on TV.

The three girls have been in New York long enough to have come to some fairly illuminating conclusions on the subject of dating. Gwen, for instance, despises a man who keeps apologizing for not taking her to the swankiest place in town; she much prefers to take his evening's program at face value. "It infuriates me if he hasn't much money and takes me to an expensive place, then hustles me out after ten minutes, instead of just taking me somewhere inexpensive for a few hours where he won't have to worry about how much each minute is costing him."

Suzie doesn't like being asked what *she* wants to do or where *she* wants to go, hates to be caught in the I-don't-know-what-do-you-want-to-do? routine. "In the final analysis, the *place* doesn't make the evening entertaining, the date does."

Inviting men to dinner (whether they supply the food or the men do) is their principal at-home entertaining, but recently the girls threw a party for sixty people—"stand up," of course. To avoid repercussions, they decided to invite the neighbor beneath them who has often complained the girls make too much noise ("He says our hair dryer sounds like a battleship!"). It was a tactful gesture, but he never showed up. By serving punch along with potato chips and pretzels, they kept the cost to a minimum. "Parties are a good way to repay your social obligations and are a lot of fun at the same time." Their neighbors tolerate parties on weekends, but the girls who occupied the apartment before Gwen, Connie and Suzie kept giving them all the time. Finally the landlord was so eager to get rid of them he offered at one point to pay their moving costs.

Though the girls say, "We don't think we're *that* bad!" life is not yet entirely peaceful for the superintendent. The three of them were puzzled for a while when they found an old dusty plant in their apartment. It never occurred to them that one of their male guests had put it under his arm as a prank when he came through the lobby, until the superintendent accused them of stealing it. They brought the plant back immediately, but made the mistake of mentioning the incident to their dates. Consequently they had all the plants from the lobby sitting in their living room at one point, "gifts" from fun-loving guests. The superintendent finally broke down and bought new plants. Now that the girls have got around to taking the old ones back, the lobby of their building resembles a tropical forest.

Life in New York City has brought new viewpoints to each of the three roommates. At the frivolous end of the scale are their particular ideas of what a really perfect evening on the town would be like:

For Connie it would be cocktails at the Rainbow Room, high atop the RCA Building in Radio City, two-on-the-aisle seats at a good play afterward, followed by dinner at some glamorous place where there is entertainment, such as the Empire Room at the Waldorf Astoria. Suzie's idea of a perfect evening would be cocktails and dinner at "21," then on to the theater and finally winding up at the Top of the Sixes, on the upper floor of a Fifth Avenue skyscraper. For Gwen, it would be steak with wine at a small intimate restaurant. "I'd never go Dutch with a boy, or contribute money toward the date—unless, of course, it meant washing dishes or getting tossed out of the restaurant." Gwen chuckled. "So far this problem hasn't come up."

At the serious end of the scale, all the girls feel they have gained a certain maturity from living on their own. There is no doubt that the experience has made them conscious of money as never before. When Wally wanted to make an out-of-town call, he was hastily warned to reverse the charges. "Even Weather costs a dime," grumbles Suzie. Gwen accused them of leaving the light on in the bathroom: "Why don't we use a smaller watt? It's cheaper." And when someone made the mistake of suggesting the dinner menu: "*Steak?* Are you *kidding?* Do you know how much that costs a *pound?*" But when they come home from the office in the evening, it's a wonderful feeling to walk into a place their very own, and no one stands around telling them what to do. "It makes you—well—responsible . . . like an adult," says Gwen happily. Not one parent objected to the apartment idea. They decided it would be good experience, as long as the girls keep in touch regularly—a promise not one of them has broken.

Whenever there is a disagreement, they abide by majority rule. Most of the quarrels stem from "I've taken out the garbage for six days straight" or "Someone *else* can clean the bathroom this week!" There are times when things get hectic and they long for some privacy, "but you can't do anything about it—just suffer." Not one of them wants to be a career woman, yet all agree they are learning something worth while about the business world, living on their own and managing their own expenses. After that? "Well, who wants to be single?" And though they love city living, all three want to bring up their children in the country "with trees and a yard and lots of grass."

"If we had it to do all over again, we would," says Connie happily, curling up on the sofa with the crossword puzzle. "We may not have much money—but we're sure having the time of our lives!" END

Editors' Note: Just before we went to press, Gwen was dining with Peter and Connie and asked to borrow a quarter for cigarettes. Connie handed over her purse, and Gwen accidentally found a booklet on diamond rings in the bottom of her handbag. The secret was out: shortly thereafter, Connie and Peter announced their engagement!

NEXT MONTH

"We have no guarantee that we'll have a check every week," Marie Sage wrote, "and driving a truck keeps a man away from home. . . . Our time together is so golden we can't squander any of it." To make a long, happy story short, she told the *Journal* that with five children they have:

MORE LOVE THAN MONEY

By CURTISS ANDERSON

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY
In the September JOURNAL

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QUEEN ELIZABETH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

the rest of the day. But at midday, the checkup complete, the queen began tackling the spate of work she would normally have started around half past ten. Then she lunched with a visiting governor general and his wife. After that she had a session with her dressmakers. And in the evening she received the Prime Minister for an hour, as is her weekly custom.

It matters little that the power she exercises from her private sitting room is largely figurative; that though, in theory, Parliament could be dissolved by her, the army disbanded and the ships of the navy sold to a foreign power before the sun goes down, in practice each of her official actions is no more than mandatory approval of the ruling government's wishes.

Those who work for the queen know that the power resident in Buckingham Palace is real. Britain's personable young monarch is the most important regal figure on the earth, and not alone because of the duties and privileges which tradition and her subjects have bestowed on her. Much of her power emanates from her own charm, bearing and personality and from the devotion with which she fulfills her symbolic role.

Elizabeth II is the most traveled monarch in British history. In nine years on the throne she has done more globe-trotting than any previous monarch did in an entire lifetime, and this year's royal tour of India, Pakistan and Nepal, and her later visit to Italy, have brought her total mileage to the equivalent of four times around the world.

To the crowds who flock to see her, a royal tour begins as the queen comes ashore in the blue-leather-seated royal barge or climbs down the steps of her official aircraft. But for the queen herself, it begins long before that—the day her private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, a short, balding man, hands her the formal invitation during their daily half-hour conference.

The queen never goes anywhere without a formal invitation, though usually she knows well in advance when one is likely to be forthcoming. Invariably it follows diplomatic overtures between the British government and that of the country concerned.

A royal tour is always made for reasons of state. The queen is not a free agent in the matter. She does what she is asked to do. Nevertheless, she gives Adeane her formal acceptance when he passes her the invitation—and the king-size task of preparing for another royal tour commences.

The schedule must be worked out down to the last hour and minute—even the time taken to walk from aircraft to waiting car is calculated. There are tricky points of protocol and etiquette to be ironed out. There are programs to be pruned, presentation lists to be checked and clothes to be ordered: as many as sixty different outfits—suits, coats, day dresses, cocktail dresses, evening gowns, state dresses—with each outfit requiring three or four fittings. A whole month of afternoons can be eaten up by fittings for a single royal tour or state visit.

For all her overseas trips the queen likes to take along one gown that no one else in the world could possibly wear—a special design paying tribute to the country she is visiting. One of the loveliest of these was her Paris gown of ivory satin, thickly encrusted with pearls, topazes and gold, woven into a glittering pattern of fleurs-de-lis, poppies (symbolic of the fields of France) and the tiny golden bee which was Napoleon's symbol.

Once worn, such gowns are stored away as part of royal history. Less exotic gowns—day dresses and cocktail dresses—which the queen has made for overseas tours are subsequently worn upon slightly less auspicious occasions within Britain. Recently, for instance, she has been seen around a good deal in one of the outfits she had specially made for her U.S. visit a year or so ago. Contrary to popular belief, the queen never gives them to her servants.

A royal tour is an expensive outing—for the queen and for the nation which is her host. Even inside Britain, a visit by the queen, with all its social functions and traditional trappings, is reckoned to set back the town or city she is visiting a matter of $7500 an hour.

Yet most people who catch a glimpse of her on these royal tours, swallowing a sudden lump in the throat or blinking away an unexpected mist which fogs the eyes as they see this strangely mystical girl for the first time, consider it money well spent.

The mystical influence the queen has on those who see her for the first time—or even the one hundred and first—has little to do with her physical appearance; though, like any other woman, she is always careful to render that as fetching as possible. Inside the cabin of her yacht or aircraft as it approaches its destination, her personal hairdresser, tall, sixty-four-year-old Mr. Henry—one of the Joerin brothers who run the Chelsea hairdressing salon of "Emile"—stands by, in case her hair needs expert attention.

Bobo MacDonald masterminds the royal wardrobe. The queen does her own make-up. She uses comparatively few beauty preparations—peach velvet foundation cream, peach-colored powder and rose-pink lipstick. She uses rouge only when she knows she has to face up to strong lighting, and seldom resorts to either mascara or nail polish. When she does use mascara, it is light brown rather than dark and her nail polish is either colorless or pink to match her lipstick.

At last the great moment of arrival—and Britain's queen steps into the limelight, greeting the waiting crowd with her slight, rather fixed smile and her characteristic hand wave.

Close behind comes Lady Margaret Hay or another of the royal ladies in waiting, carrying the royal travel bag. The lady in waiting has all the accessories the queen may need—the glucose tablets she sucks if she has butterflies in the tummy, aspirin in case of a headache. There are also additional white gloves to replace those the queen is wearing as soon as they become soiled from too much handshaking, a spare pair of shoes and extra nylons—precautions to ensure that the queen is never caught with a broken heel or a run in her stocking.

In the background, running an eagle eye over the crowd as the queen acknowledges the plaudits and the curtsies, is the tall, tanned figure of Albert Perkins. Perkins, a superintendent in the Metropolitan Police, is Elizabeth's personal bodyguard. Not for nothing is he nicknamed "Britain's best-dressed cop." Whatever the occasion, Perkins has an outfit to match it: flawlessly cut morning suit; full evening dress for banquets and opera visits; gray topper and tails for race meetings and garden parties. Alone among British police, Perkins and the other royal bodyguards are permitted to carry guns. (Since Victoria's day, it is a matter of official record that no royal bodyguard has ever pulled a gun in public.)

Behind Elizabeth as she goes on her way, equerries and servants are supervising the unloading of her luggage—two tons of it for the visit to Italy (May, 1961), twelve tons for last winter's tour of India.

Royal tours such as these are no mere vacation trips. They are hard, tough sessions of wining and dining, handshaking and speechmaking with scarcely a moment's respite. The endless handshaking is perhaps the toughest grind of all. There is also a good deal of "homework" for the principals. When the queen visited British Columbia she astonished those she met there by her knowledge of the province's official flower, the humble dogwood. The answer was surprisingly simple. She had read it in advance.

This "homework" goes on even during a tour. Prince Philip, in particular, sits up late at night swotting the subjects he expects to be discussed the following day.

There are few opportunities to relax, to ease the tension. As the queen travels from ceremony to ceremony by air or aboard the royal yacht, she tries to forget the "ordeal" ahead by piecing together crossword puzzles—a simple relaxation trick her father taught her. (At home she tackles two crossword puzzles a day and stoutly refuses to discard them until the last word is filled in. As a result, there are times when she has a whole stack of old newspapers on hand, each containing an unfinished puzzle.)

The queen herself accepts royal tours as an inevitable part of the lot of monarchy. The queen and her family are not ordinary; they are special people, occupying a special position and surrounded by special tradition. How far the queen is removed from ordinary, everyday life was revealed when she inaugurated Britain's first long-distance dialing system. She said that the telephone call she made that day was the first she had ever dialed in her life. Normally someone else does her dialing for her.

Buckingham Palace has its own telephone exchange (telephone number—Whitehall 4832), with 250 internal lines. Private lines link the queen with other royal residences, with the Prime Minister and various government offices. But there is little chance of an overzealous subject's telephoning the queen direct, though several have tried. A special "code" enables the operator to tell whether a call really comes from one of the queen's relatives or personal friends.

When Queen Elizabeth is at home the daily round of official duties starts at about 9:30 each morning. She works at a cluttered mahogany desk so large it occupies quite half the space afforded by the big bay-window recess of the royal sitting room which also doubles as her study. The first item waiting for her on the big desk is the morning mail. Beside the stack of letters and packages lie three letter openers—one of gold, one jeweled and the third made of cheap plastic. It is the plastic one the queen always uses.

The desk is littered with photographs. There is one of her mother; others of the royal children; another of Prince Philip, treasured from the days when he served in the navy and sported a beard. There is a painted miniatur of the queen herself.

Several ash trays are scattered about th desk, but they are used for pins and pape clips. The queen does not smoke and no on else would dream of doing so in her sittin room. One drawer of the desk holds th foreign stamps she carefully peels from he overseas mail in hopes of having time, on day, to organize her own private stamp co lection. So far she has never got around to i

Most of the morning mail on this cluttere desk is either personal or semiofficial. As wit telephone calls, there is a code of secret mark ings to inform her staff which letters com from relatives or personal friends. The quee answers all her purely personal mail herse in longhand. Her fountain pen moves s rapidly over the scarlet-crested palace no paper that her writing at times verges on th illegible, yet time is her constant enemy an she is always behindhand in her correspon ence.

Shortly after the queen ascended the thro one of her personal letters was inadvertent opened before reaching her. She sent for th senior royal official she deemed responsibl He emerged from her sitting room white-fac and shaking.

"And they said the king was dead!" murmured audibly—a clear indication th the queen, when roused, can reveal somethi of her father's temper.

The queen will not tolerate familiarity fr anyone, as Michael Parker, Prince Philip onetime secretary and long-time friend, on discovered. Parker had been accustomed addressing his royal employer as "Philip" private. But there was one occasion when did so in front of the queen, then Princ Elizabeth.

"Oh, Philip ——" he began.

The queen turned in her seat and gave h a look so regal that he was quite at a loss continue what he had started out to say. A from then on it was noticeable that he w careful to address the duke as "Sir" whene the queen was within earshot.

Her personal mail dealt with, the que rings for her secretary, Sir Michael Adea

Sir Michael comes in with the official g ernment mail and documents, as well as a of forthcoming engagements for her to per and approve. (Her tight-packed schedule public engagements seldom stretches less ti eighteen months ahead.) Sir Michael also her in, rapidly and concisely, on the peo she will be meeting in the course of the d

The queen must sign all new legislation a sanction dispatches sent to foreign gove ments. She sees all minutes of cabinet m ings, as well as military reports and portant correspondence with the nation the commonwealth. She approves the gov ment's nominees for appointive offices.

If a visit to another nation has been plan for the future, details of the itinerary c be an item on Sir Michael's schedule. E her routine travels within the British Isles considerable. Tree plantings, hospital o ings, factory inspections and ship launch take her an average of 200 miles a week.

Sir Michael's departure from the sit room is followed by the arrival of one of queen's assistant secretaries, Sir Edward F and Lieutenant Colonel the Honorable Ma Charteris. The assistant secretary brings m mail and documents to go through, as we additional engagement lists for the queen's proval. Yet she usually manages to be finis with this more detailed part of her official in a single hour.

At half past eleven she goes through suite to the audience chamber at the far It is time now for her official engagem There are seldom fewer than half a d people waiting. In addition to any vis heads of state, the queen always receives new ambassador taking up duty in Bri and Britain's own ambassadors before leave for foreign posts and when they ret governors and governors general, head the armed forces, bishops, new judges, officials of the civil service, retired diplor



"The main thing I dislike about it is the shape!"

CONTINUED ON PAG

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1/3 cup HEMO, dry, packed
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1 tbsp. salad oil
3 1/2 cups water

Combine HEMO, STARLAC and salad oil; mix thoroughly. Sprinkle over water in deep mixing bowl. Stir or beat to mix thoroughly. Chill. Shake well before serving. Keep refrigerated. **Makes 1 quart.**

To serve hot: In saucepan, combine water and HEMO-STARLAC-oil mixture. Stir constantly over low heat; do not boil.

Note: This recipe, plus 1/2 cup unsweetened orange juice or 2/3 cup fresh orange slices, provides about 900 calories but meets the average adult daily maintenance needs for important vitamins, minerals and protein.*

* tional Research uncil Pub. 589 vised 1958) and o. 711 (1959)

Borden's... very big on flavor!

Important: *Consult your doctor about dieting. His sound advice will help you lose weight safely.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

She has been briefed in advance about the background of every person she meets. Since no one may ever speak to the queen unless she speaks first, and few ever ask her a direct question, she leads the conversation. These are always brief, sometimes no more than a minute or two, and seldom more than fifteen minutes. Talk always flows more easily if the visitor shares the queen's interest in horses. She is quick to divert the conversation into a channel of such personal interest to herself.

These morning audiences tend to overlap. As a result, she is often up to fifteen minutes late for lunch. Frequently the last caller of the morning has been invited to eat with her. On other occasions she uses her lunch period to further her program of democratizing the monarchy, inviting to the palace as luncheon guests actors and writers, businessmen, educationists, trade-union officials and politicians.

Equally often she lunches alone. It is a rare occasion when Prince Philip joins her. The conflict of schedules is too great.

Not so long ago Prince Charles journeyed to the palace from his boarding school at Cheam for a session with the royal dentist. Afterward he stayed on for lunch.

"Will papa be in for lunch?" he asked his mother as they went through to the royal dining room together.

"In for lunch!" sighed the queen. "If he takes on much more work, he won't even be in for breakfast."

Her meal, when she eats alone, is a light one often consisting of a single course—perhaps lamb cutlets with Brussels sprouts and potatoes. After the American fashion, there is always a salad. But only if guests are present is the meal stretched to three courses, and only then are wine and coffee served.

Stories that the queen diets have little foundation in fact, despite her light eating habits. She avoids sugar with her morning and afternoon cups of tea simply because she does not like it and never has. She avoids milk chocolate for the same reason, but she consumes plain chocolate, chocolate mints and barley sugar with every sign of enjoyment. Following the birth of Prince Andrew, she has shown fresh fondness for ice cream, steamed puddings and creamed pastries—hardly the sign of a woman worried by weight problems.

She approves menus in advance, occasionally making changes in the suggestions of Ronald Aubrey, her personal chef, but this and the time spent with her family are the limits of her role as a housewife. Yet she and her staff do have their worries. The annual royal allowance of some $1,330,000—large as it may seem—is a mere $14,000 more than her great-grandfather, Edward VII, received half a century ago. And the cost of living in Britain today is four or five times what it was in Edward's day.

The queen's private income, known as the privy purse, amounts to $168,000 a year. Expenses of the monarchy must be held to the remainder of the appropriation—$1,162,000. Of that amount, almost half is earmarked for the salaries of the staff at Buckingham Palace and the other royal residences.

The palace staff includes some sixty housemaids, two dozen cleaners, twelve chefs, twenty clerks and typists, sixteen footmen, two valets for Prince Philip, two nannies and a governess for the royal children, porters, polishers, carpenters and plumbers, to say nothing of a man who comes in every second day and does nothing else but wind the scores of clocks dotted about the building. (There are 128 clocks in Buckingham Palace.)

The palace has its own post office. There is an indoor swimming pool where Prince Philip taught Charles and Anne to swim. There is a private cinema with red plush seats. Except when guests stay at the palace, the cinema is seldom used. (The queen normally is no moviegoer. But she has been a fan of Marilyn Monroe ever since the American actress was presented to her at the Royal Film Performance one year. Since then the queen has seen every movie Miss Monroe ever made. But she was disappointed with *Some Like It Hot* and said afterward that she didn't think Marilyn had a good-enough part.)

The annual food bill, including meals for the staff, exceeds $80,000. The laundry bill runs to $14,000 a year, and gas, electricity and fuel cost another $62,000—to list but two incidental items on the queen's housekeeping budget. Prince Philip once suggested that it would be cheaper if Buckingham Palace had its own laundry, but a session with officials responsible for masterminding the royal finances soon convinced him otherwise. Entertaining takes another big bite out of the queen's purse. On average, she entertains something like 25,000 people a year and a single garden party costs between $8000 and $9000. Budgeting the royal finances, however, is primarily a job for the queen's personal aides and not for her an item of daily concern.

Her afternoons, though more leisurely than the mornings, are hardly less restrictive. Even if there is no public appearance to make—no hospital wing to be opened or housing estate to be inspected—there are sessions with her fashion designers and dressmakers.

Though she has dressed with increasing sophistication in recent times, the truth is that the queen is happiest when she can dress as she pleases: at Balmoral where she wears the kilt (the Balmoral tartan, predominantly gray; the Royal Stuart, predominantly red; or the "Reversed" Stuart which is predominantly green); and at Sandringham and Windsor where she prefers to be seen in flat shoes, time-tested tweeds, a raincoat and a head scarf.

Most weekends the queen and her family travel the twenty-three miles from London to gaunt, gray Windsor Castle, which is even vaster than Buckingham Palace. Christmas is spent at Sandringham House—a cold, drafty, rambling structure on England's bleak, windswept east coast. Much of the summer is spent at Balmoral Castle in the highlands of Scotland.

Balmoral, the fairy-tale-like castle Albert built for his beloved Victoria, is the queen's favorite residence. Here much of the wallpaper still dates from Victoria's day and carries her royal cipher. There are stags' heads in the corridors and tartan draperies at the windows. The queen loves the dry, bracing quality of the highland air, the distant scenes of blue-misted lochs and purple mountains. Most of all she likes the privacy Balmoral affords her, its remoteness, the sense of being away from it all.

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In August, 1911, Arnold Bennett's "how to" book, *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*, was a smash hit, and Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* was stolen from the Louvre.

In the August, 1911, JOURNAL, *Editor Bok disapproved of women's "modern, silly, huge hats," "hobble skirts" and the use of "rouge, powder, paint and false hair."*

Asks a mother: "Should I continue to give my baby a daily bath? I've been told it is weakening." Advises the JOURNAL: "It should be continued through his babyhood and entire lifetime."

Underwear for the well-dressed college girl: "Six union suits, six combinations, twelve black cotton stockings, eight petticoats, two pairs of black woolen tights for outdoor walks, and two corsets. Nightdresses are kept plain, with beading and scallops."

Whether she is in London, at Balmoral or Sandringham, the queen's afternoon duties are usually through by about five and she goes through to the dining room for afternoon tea. Again Prince Philip is invariably missing. He maintains that the good old English habit of afternoon tea is a sheer waste of time. But his wife is seldom alone. She is joined by Princess Anne, hastening downstairs from her rooms above.

The twin lures for the queen's quicksilver young daughter are her baby brother—she loves to hold Andrew or wheel him in his baby carriage—and the children's program on television. She puts her tea and cakes on a tray and carries them through to the sitting room to munch away in front of the television set. If a "horse opera" happens to be on (Britain imports a staggering number of such shows from America), Anne is quick to inform mommy, who loves anything having to do with horses.

The queen's afternoon cup of tea is accompanied by a selection of paper-thin sandwiches, thinly sliced bread with butter (and sometimes jam or honey), cookies, and usually a small piece of her favorite chocolate cake. Sugar, the corgi, has a meal at the same time. Dog biscuits, meat and gravy are set out on a tray. The queen mixes and serves them to her herself.

If she has no late-afternoon or evening engagement to take her out of the palace, the queen uses her after-tea and after-dinner time watching television, reading, doing her crossword puzzle or filling in her stud books and racing records, entering the prize money earned when her horses come in at the head of the field. Contrary to rumor, the queen does not bet on horse races.

She has about thirty race horses in training at Newmarket, some fifty miles from Sandringham and the nerve center of British racing, and goes to the races whenever official duties permit. Her horses carry the colors inherited from her father—purple with gold braid and scarlet sleeves—but it was not until she inherited her father's string of Thoroughbreds that she realized her long-held ambition to own race horses of her own. (As Princess Elizabeth she part owned two or three steeplechasers with her mother.) Twice since doing this she has topped Britain's list of winning owners.

The most important event of the early evening—and one of the most important of the queen's entire day—comes at six o'clock, when she makes the trip to Prince Andrew's nursery to join in the fun of bathtime. Sometimes she dons an apron and bathes the baby herself—often with Prince Philip's help. Afterward she tucks Andrew into his rather old-fashioned cot with its blue bows and pink canopy.

The royal parents wait until close to eight o'clock, when they have dinner, to go to Princess Anne's room to say good night to her. This ceremony often ends with a boisterous bedtime romp between the princess and her father.

There was one evening, as he sat down to dinner, when Prince Philip noticed that the heavy signet ring he normally wears was missing from his finger. An immediate search was instituted. Corridors and rooms were vacuum-cleaned—and the contents of the cleaners carefully scrutinized. Not until the following morning did the ring come to light. One of the housemaids found it between the sheets when making Anne's bed. It had come off during the bedtime romp.

Official functions apart, the queen seldom goes out of an evening. Occasionally the royal couple slips away for dinner at the homes of personal friends—a small circle of people including Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Lord and Lady Porchester, Lord and Lady Westmorland, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. Almost all the queen's close friends are people who share her interest in horse racing.

Perhaps half a dozen times a year the queen and Prince Philip arrive, unannounced and usually with a few close friends, at a theater in London's West End. The audience as a whole is seldom aware of their presence until newspapers carry an account of it the following day.

Last July, for example, two ordinary theatergoers, arriving at the Haymarket Theater for the Lawrence of Arabia play, *Ross*, found Prince Philip comfortably sprawled out in one of the seats they had booked.

"Sorry, sir, but these seats are—er—taken," an embarrassed usherette found herself muttering.

"Of course," replied Philip, grinning, and promptly got his party, which included the queen, to move along to their correct seats.

(Theater seats, usually for a party of four, are booked by one of the royal equerries. When the queen and her friends arrive in one of the less conspicuous royal cars, often a green Daimler, they time it so that they take their seats only a moment or so before the curtain rises. Wearing ordinary evening dress—or perhaps something even more informal—they will be sitting among others wearing evening dress and, as no one expects to see the queen so inconspicuously dressed, others about her in the theater often fail to notice her.)

When the queen has a dinner party there is one detail about which she is highly superstitious. In no circumstances will she permit thirteen people to sit around the table together. If, by chance, the number does total exactly thirteen, she issues a last-minute invitation to a fourteenth person—perhaps the palace captain of the guard—so that ill luck does not sit at table with her. Failing all else she gives instructions for a smaller, second table to be laid a few inches away from the main dining table. Then when everyone sits down, though they all appear to be dining together, three of them, in fact, are seated round a separate table.

Unless they have guests, the royal couple do not change for dinner. A meat or fish course is usually followed by something savory like cheese soufflé or Scotch woodcock. Dessert follows—grapes, apples and if in season, peaches—and Prince Philip likes to finish the meal with a few walnuts when they are in season.

The usual Buckingham Palace evenings find Prince Philip in his study, working on a report or speech. The queen, in her sitting room, continues with television or her racing projects. Any book she is likely to read will have to do with racing or horses in general. A needleworked screen of Chinese design will ward off any stray draft as she sits on a mushroom-colored settee or in one of two matching armchairs.

Only one evening a week is definitely scheduled. It is Tuesday evening when the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, drives over from No. 10 Downing Street, half a mile away, to discuss affairs of state.

Through her daily briefings and the weekly session with the Prime Minister, the queen is kept totally abreast of events. Britain's government is *her* government, functioning in her name.

The queen's great task is to preserve the unity between Britain and the commonwealth and to embellish further a magnificent heritage. She might be making her public appearances at factories, schools or hospitals, opening a new Parliament or making a royal tour of India or Canada. She might be taking the salute when the color is trooped on her official birthday, leading her knights in procession to their annual service of commemoration or performing any one of a hundred other tasks, great and small, ceremonial and informal, which make up her working day. But in all these things she must be—and always is—the gracious queen, regal yet human, distant yet down-to-earth, revered by her subjects around the world, a monarch who returns their affection in full measure.

I shall never forget one particular moment in the day of coronation. The queen was traveling to Westminster Abbey for the historic ceremony. Her coach turned onto the Embankment, which runs beside the Thames. As it did so, thousands of school children lining the processional route burst into a vast spontaneous roar of acclamation. I looked at the queen. As her coach drove on toward the gray abbey and the ceremony of coronation, I saw that her eyes were brimming with tears—pride and joy and dedication.

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SEPTEMBER 1961 35¢

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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OM HECK



MARNIE ELLINGSON



ORAH LOFTS

JOURNALITIES

OM HECK, *the Journal's new art director, ew up in a small town with a two-state ame—California, Missouri. He studied the Washington University School of ine Arts in St. Louis, transferring, after ree years with the Army Signal Corps, Carnegie Tech. Graduated in 1950 ith a degree in industrial design, he went New York, hoping for work in editorial t. Instead he worked for advertising gencies. "But now," he says, "after even years I have my first wish—and m enjoying it."*

he terrible consequences of Love and hicken Soup are related by MARNIE LLINGSON *on page 52. She herself has d no such trouble. "I was born and ised in Illinois," she reports, "and I still ink Chicago is the most beautiful city in e world. I was graduated from North- estern University, married soon after, w live in Omaha. I write with my feet so the blood can get to my brain, using soft lead pencil on the back of discarded imeographed letters. For exercise, I hold uts."*

ORAH LOFTS *says her plots and characters ome from outer space. Her plots present emselves as simply as a person might y, "Here am I." It's hard to believe this the case in her novella, Josiana (page 8), but who should know better than the uthor? Born on a farm in Norfolk, Eng- nd, she now lives in Bury St. Edmunds, a house built on the wall of an ancient enedictine library—and she is writing r twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth book. an't remember which.*

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OUR READERS



VE WERE ALL CURED!"

Dear Editors: Because of a spinal-disc ndition, my doctor told me that I ould have to go to bed for three weeks. didn't mean to be impolite, but I ughed. Like most mothers, I had a me, a garden and a husband to care r—plus two children who needed to bathed, fed, clothed, pushed off to hool, driven to and from their errands. d to have their social lives supervised. I *did* spend three weeks in bed, and re they an eye opener!

I began to see the light that very after- on of the doctor's visit. My seven- ar-old son came home from school llowing, "Hey, mom, where are you? want you to drive me to the library." He was terribly upset to find me in d, and when I told him the doctor's ws, he burst into tears. For me? Oh, . "What!" he said. "You won't be le to drive the car or anything?" He bbed with resentment.

I tried to excuse his selfish manner. t when he persisted in his anger, I rue- lly thought how much I had pros- ated myself for him and his sister. olly I said, "You might try walking." David looked surprised, then straight- ed his shoulders. And when he ar- ved home an hour later with three rary books, he had an independent agger to his walk that I had seen all o infrequently lately.

There was no dinner on the stove en my husband came home that night. t the table *was* set. By our baby-faced ndergartner whom I had never trusted handle a plate. And she actually ffed out with pride.

After both children pitched in to help ther prepare a quickie hamburger din- r, a family conclave was called around y bed. The two grandmothers were to called in for management and cook- g; the children, in spite of some gran- ose ideas, settled for keeping their oms neat, taking care of their own eds, and being of general assistance.

Looking back, I think my illness was e best thing that ever happened to my o pampered darlings. They had been ctims of an illness too: "smother" ve.

I'm up and around now, and much ppier. I'm not consumed with details ke tying shoelaces for a child who oudly does her own. And my tulip lbs did get planted. (David measured d Ellen dug the holes.) Everyone tched in on the fall cleaning too—the ds on cobweb detail.

As for me, I have time to keep up with e daily newspaper, watch favorite TV rograms with the family, or just plain sten to my husband talk about *his* day. The children haven't taken over the management of our house by any means, but they do have their little jobs. And little people, little jobs, I figure, will grow into big people, big jobs!

Sincerely,
ROSALIE MINKOW
Port Washington, N.Y.

THANK YOU, SENATOR BYRD

Dear Mr. Anderson: "We Belong to These Hills" (July *How America Spends Its Money*) is as warm and moving a piece as I have read in many years. I say this not with the prejudice of a West Virginian, but as one who admires true writing skill as well as depth of understanding.

The situation faced by unemployed coal miners, like Leonard Neubert, is worthy of the attention you have given it, and I commend you. I also want to assure you that all members of the West Virginia congressional delegation are working ceaselessly to bring about a revitalization not only of the coal industry in our state, but also in the over-all economy of our people. I shall treasure your article.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT C. BYRD
Washington, D.C. *U. S. Senate*

● *We also thank Senator Byrd's colleague, the Honorable Jennings Randolph, who entered the Neubert story in the Congressional Record on June 26, 1961. ED.*

ONE ANSWER TO TV TROUBLE

Dear Editors: Perhaps you'll be interested in the ridiculously simple solution I found to at least a part of our TV problem: *No TV watching whatsoever on school nights.*

The effect has been miraculous! No more rushing of homework in time to watch TV, no more whining to watch just one more program on a school night. The house is quieter, we are all more relaxed, and our ten-year-old has even begun reading for pleasure again.

Sincerely,
Trenton, N.J. BERTHA H. PHIPPS

ANY SUGGESTIONS FROM READERS?

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: There are reams of printed material preparing a *man* for the vicissitudes of retirement, but where is one word of warning for the wife who goes happily along in blissful ignorance, poor dear, entering into her spouse's plans for the "golden years"? If she's mentioned at all, it's to say that "it's easier on the wife, who still has her friends, her little daily activities, and so on." (Spoken like a man!) Why not give fair warning? *Only men retire.*

Easier, my foot! A lot of us wives are working harder than we ever did in our lives, trying to scale down our style of living to keep up our clubs and shopping sprees. Or, if we move to a neighborhood of retirement homes, we leave family and old friends behind. All this in addition to a new routine of accommodating a man around the house. He's bored; you're bored and resentful and trying not to show it; and tempers are short.

Where are some words of advice for the *wife?*

Sincerely,
St. Petersburg, Fla. *Name Withheld*



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"Why does he have to
come today," she asked,
"when I was just so
Saturday-morning happy?"



SATURDAYS ARE SPECIAL

The phone rang, and Polly was about to put the baby down and dash to answer, when she remembered. It was Saturday, and Joe was home. How could she have forgotten—with the leisurely, Saturday smell of bacon in the air, the nice noise of Joe in the kitchen?

Joe got the phone, and Polly finished changing Lisa, and carried her out to her high chair in the kitchen.

The coffee was made, and the orange juice poured, and Polly put her arms around Joe, knowing herself blessed. "Thanks," she said.

"For what?" Joe stood looking down at her. Polly made a small, helpless gesture.

"For the coffee, and for living with me, and everything," she said, and she turned quickly to give Lisa her orange juice. "Do you suppose she'll ever be a gorgeous thing invited to restaurants by moonstruck young men?"

"Not a chance," Joe answered her. "This kid's going to be around till we're old, old people. She's fat, she's wrinkled, and she drools. Let's face it, we've got a spinster."

Polly turned, meeting the laughter in his eyes. "You're fun," she said. "I love it when you're home. I wish you'd retire."

Joe snapped his fingers. "That reminds me," he said. "I've been talking to a Travelers Insurance guy. That's who was on the phone. I asked him to come over around noon."

Polly turned away quickly and busied herself at the sink rinsing Lisa's cup, then warming the bottle under the hot water faucet. She fought to keep back the sudden, scalding tears, the unreasonable anger.

"Why does he have to come today?" she asked finally. "Today when we're all home together. I was just so Saturday-morning happy and now..." She started to cry. "And now you want me to think about you leaving me, forever."

"Come have your coffee," Joe said gently, and she felt his kind, strong hands on her shoulders. She sat down next to him, thinking that breakfast with someone you love is possibly the best meal of all.

"I, incidentally," Joe went on, "am not just crazy about the picture of you—a ravishing, solvent widow." Polly started to protest but Joe continued. "But we're not two sentimental kids this year, my darling. We're a mom and pop with some unfinished business."

He scooped Lisa out of the high chair and held her on his lap. "She may need plastic surgery, dentures, a huge dowry—." Joe rested his chin on Lisa's sun-bleached blonde head and looked at his wife. He wasn't joking now.

"I want to take care of my girls," he told her. "It's a longing a man has, Polly, to protect the people he loves."

Outside the window, a passing shower sent fat drops of rain exploding on the patio tiles. Suddenly he smiled. "You know what insurance is like?" he said. "It's like wanting to put up an umbrella for you when it's raining."

Polly put down her coffee cup. *Like an umbrella*, she mused. *Funny how an umbrella made life insurance seem friendly, somehow, and not at all terrifying.*

She was studying Joe's face, understanding at last, when he said: "I want to put all of us under that umbrella. Please let me."

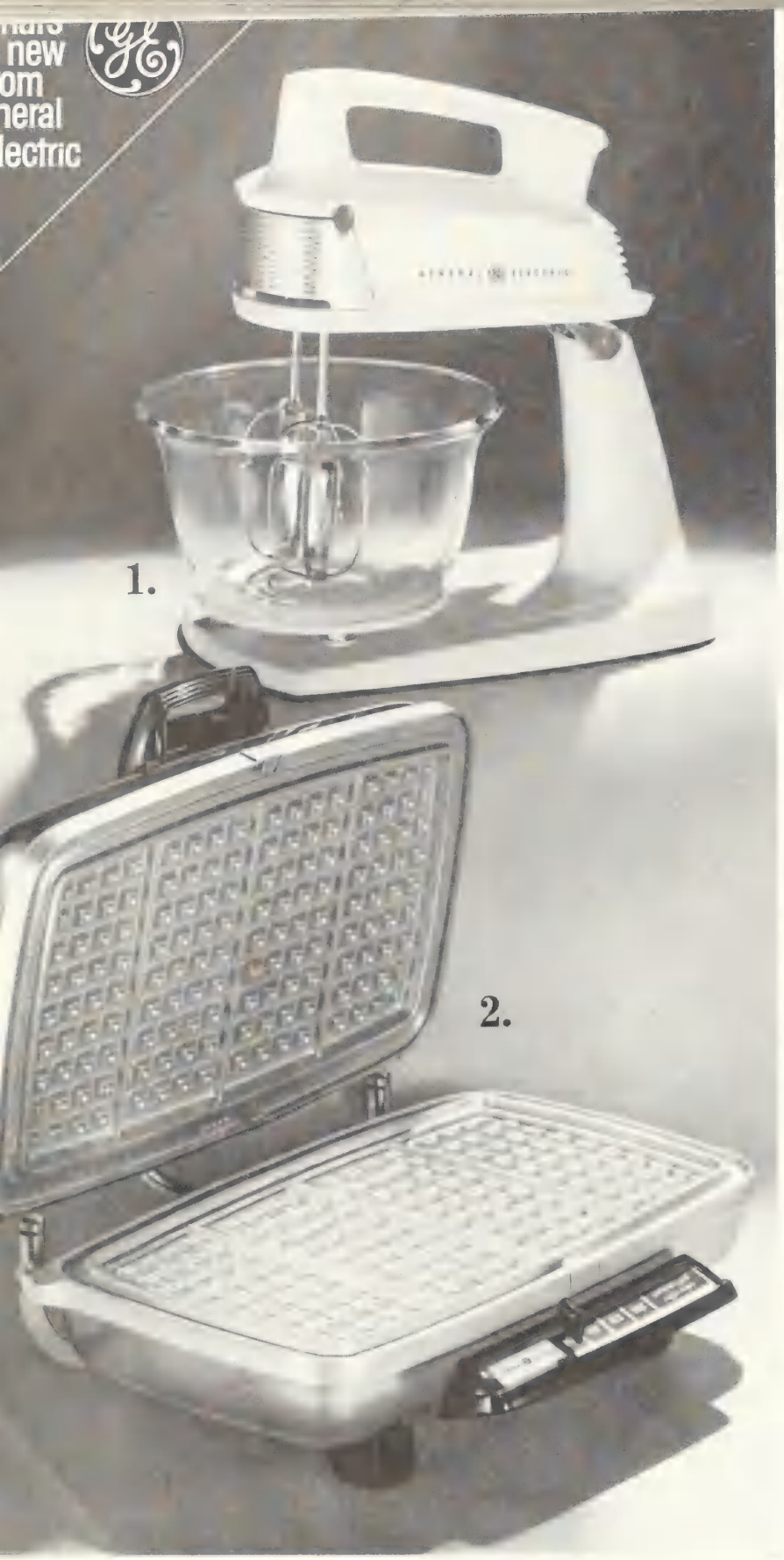
"On one condition," Polly said at last, "That you stay around and enjoy retiring on that policy with us." She leaned over and kissed Lisa's nose. "With *me*," she amended.

"That's my plan," Joe said.

Somehow Polly felt unreasonably light and happy. Somehow the thought of a visit from the Travelers man seemed a pleasing one now, a good comforting prospect. One more special part of a very special day.

She jumped up. "Golly, I'd better get going. I don't want to be caught in this housecoat when your... when your umbrella man comes."

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♠ Q J 8 4
♥ K Q 3
♦ K 9 8
♣ K 7 3

WEST
♠ 10 6 3
♥ 8 7 5 4
♦ 6 4 2
♣ Q 10 4

EAST
♠ A 9 5 2
♥ A J 10 9 6 2
♦ 7
♣ J 8

SOUTH
♠ K 7
♥ None
♦ A Q J 10 5 3
♣ A 9 6 5 2

North–South vulnerable
Dealer: South

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♠	2 ♥
3 ♣	Pass	3 NT	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
4 ♥	Pass	5 ♣	Pass
6 ♦	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead: ♥4

One of the most fascinating hands ever encountered helped us win a mixed-pair tournament early this year. The variations possible in defense and dummy play are most absorbing. In spite of them all, Peggy handled her cards in such a manner that she could not be beaten in her slam assignment.

Many readers may disapprove of the bidding sequence that landed us in the bonus commitment. We are not proud of it! Peggy opened the auction with one diamond. I considered a leap to two no trump, as my hand met the requirements of 13 to 15 points and a balanced distribution. However, I decided instead to show my four-card major (usually a wise procedure) and await developments.

East overcalled with two hearts, and Peggy showed her second suit. I now called three no trump, a mild underbid, but with my aceless holding it seemed logical to stop at that station. Now came partner's "moment of decision." Remember, this was a match-point contest where hands are rarely played in five of a minor suit because the trick-point value is higher at no trump. But Peggy decided to persist in the minor anyway, feeling that there might be a chance for slam if I had the right tickets. She did this by a somewhat unusual call of four clubs, trying to elicit a natural response. When I made the automatic return to four diamonds, she could cue-bid four hearts with perfect safety. My five-club response was "just what the doctor ordered," so she unhesitatingly bounced to the diamond slam.

West led the heart four, a normal thrust in view of partner's overcall. My wife eyed the dummy for a while, then put in the heart three—the key play to the entire hand. Her slam was assured at this point! East played his nine and Peggy calmly trumped with her ace. Now she played a small diamond to dummy's eight and led a small spade toward her king.

It didn't matter at this point whether East grabbed his ace or not. If he did (as was true in the actual play), Peggy, after cashing the spade king, could enter dummy with a small diamond to the nine, lay down the diamond king to draw the last trump and next push the heart king through East, trumping if the ace was played, otherwise discarding a small club. Now dummy is entered with a low club to the king and declarer's two losing clubs are discarded on the queen and jack of spades.

If East doesn't take his spade ace at the first opportunity, that won't help him either. Now the hearts will be handled in the same manner (playing the king through East's ace) and the remaining spade loser will be discarded thereon if East does not play his ace. A club trick will be conceded to the enemy, but that will be the end of their power.

On first examination, it appears that the hand can be made by the play of a high heart from dummy on the opening lead. If East covers with his ace, declarer ruffs, enters dummy with a trump and plays a low spade. Now East is helpless. If he wins this trick with his ace, South can discard her three losing clubs on the queen and jack of spades and the heart queen. If East holds up his ace, declarer will win with her king, enter dummy and discard her losing spade on the heart queen, merely surrendering a club trick later.

But wait a minute! East can defeat the contract if South puts up a heart honor from dummy. How? By refusing to cover with his ace! Now, when declarer plays a low spade toward her king, East must refuse to take that ace also. (Exception: if declarer discards a spade on the first trick instead of a club, then East must grab his ace fast. The defenders will still win a club later in the play.)

To recapitulate, if South plays low on the initial heart lead (as Peggy did), then no defense can beat the hand. But if South plays high, the only way the slam can be defeated is for East to hold off with his aces the first time hearts and spades are played. Now, although a spade honor from dummy drives out the ace, only the jack will be high and South will be one discard short of her goal.

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2: a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.

News from Swans Down

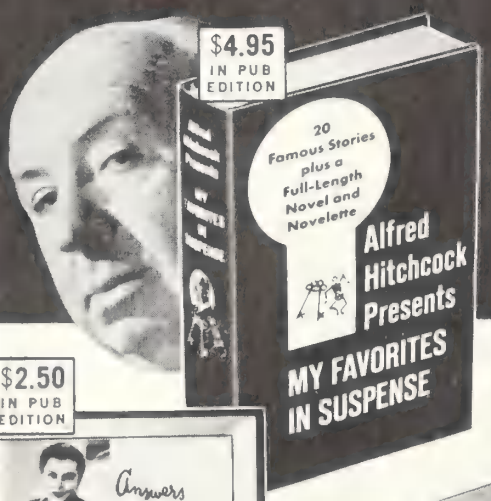
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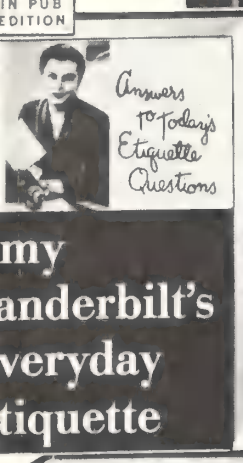


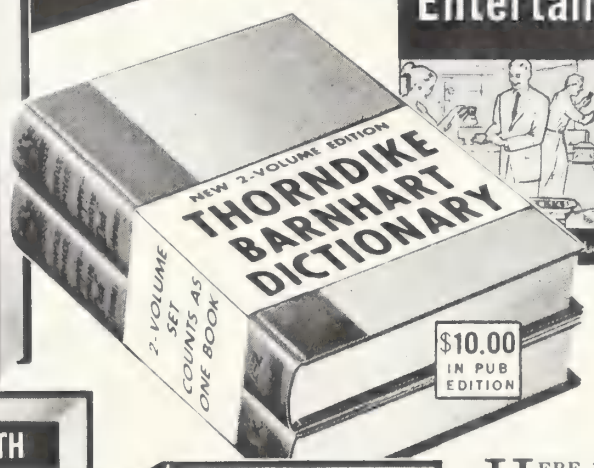
What's news? This bright new shiny red and gold package. It's a Swans Down Cake Mix. And there are 16 more just like it, in different flavors. All make luscious, light and lovely cakes. All are very likely to be mistaken for all homemade...because Swans Down uses such fine home-recipe ingredients. All in all, you really ought to mix one up for tonight. Birthday or no birthday. All right?

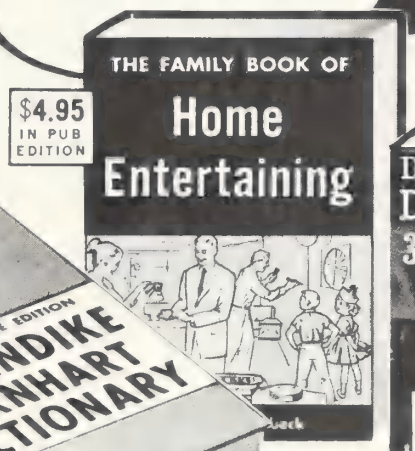
CHOOSE ANY 5 NEW for

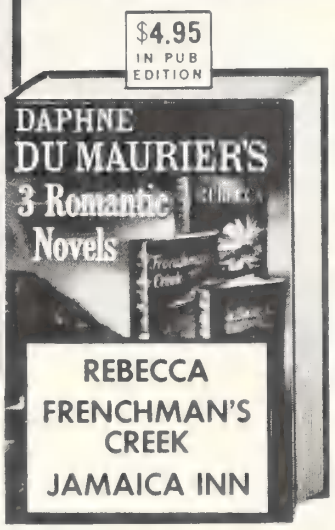
A Spectacular Get-Acquainted Offer to New Members of Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club





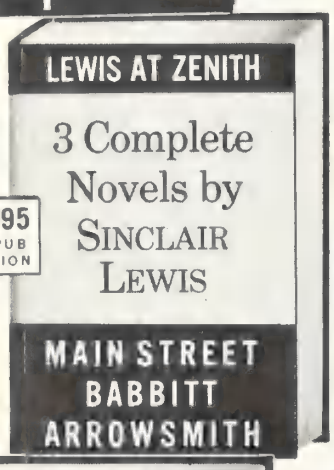


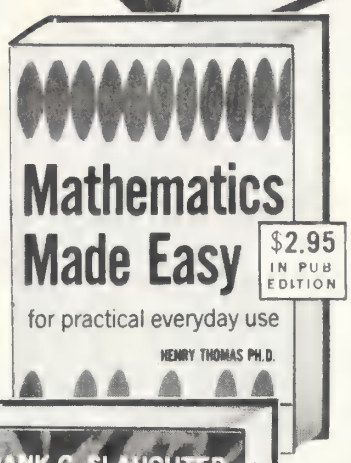




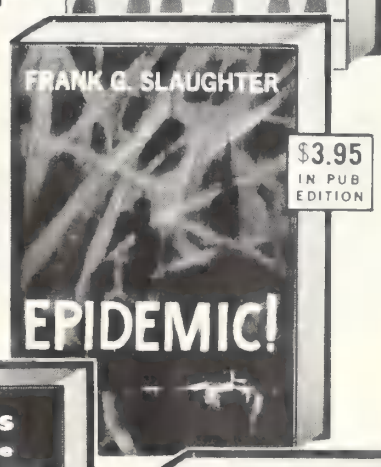




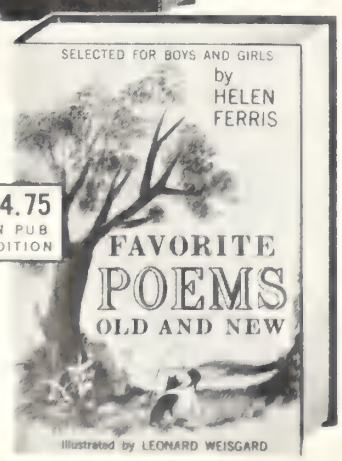










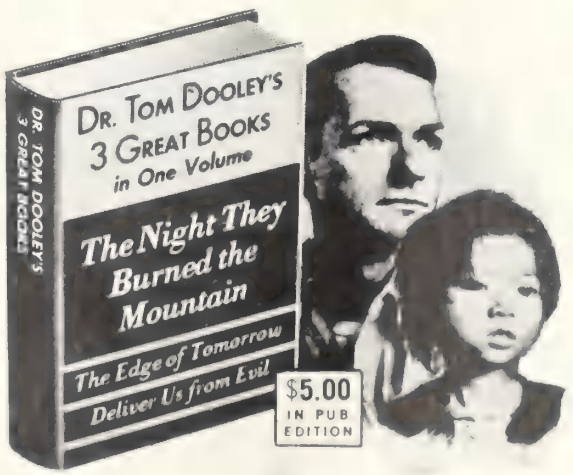


HERE is an amazing offer from Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club. Never has there been as good a time to become a member.

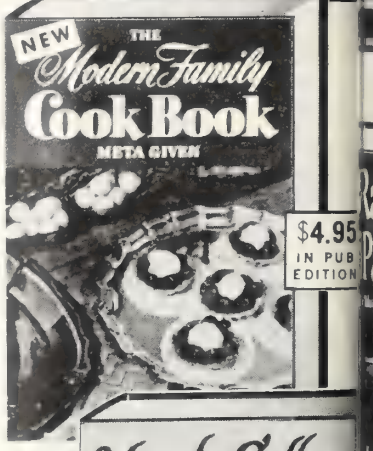
- Select any 5 books shown here for only 99 cents. Choose from best-selling novels . . . big illustrated books . . . even 2-volume sets! This is your introductory package when you join the Club.
- Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered each month a variety of book bargains from which to choose. Selections are exciting new novels, costing up to $3.95 each in publishers' editions, yet they come to members for as little as $1. Big hits by Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby, and other top authors have come to members for $1 – a saving of up to 75%. Some extra-big volumes are offered at prices higher than $1.
- Alternate selections include books of every kind – cook books, travel books, mysteries, classics, homemaking books – at special bargain prices to members only. Bonus plan offers other big savings, too.
- All selections are new, full-length, hardbound editions for Club members.

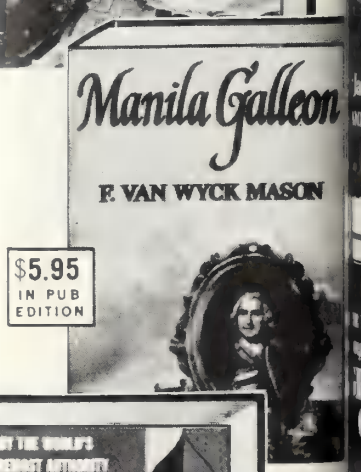
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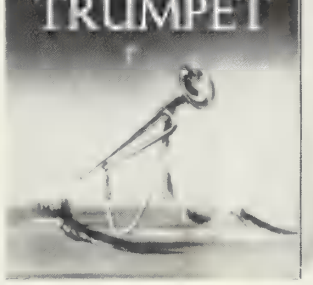
Invitation to Beauty

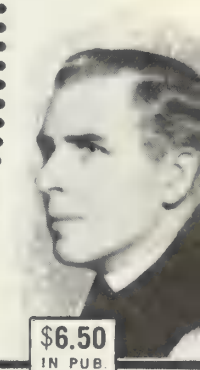
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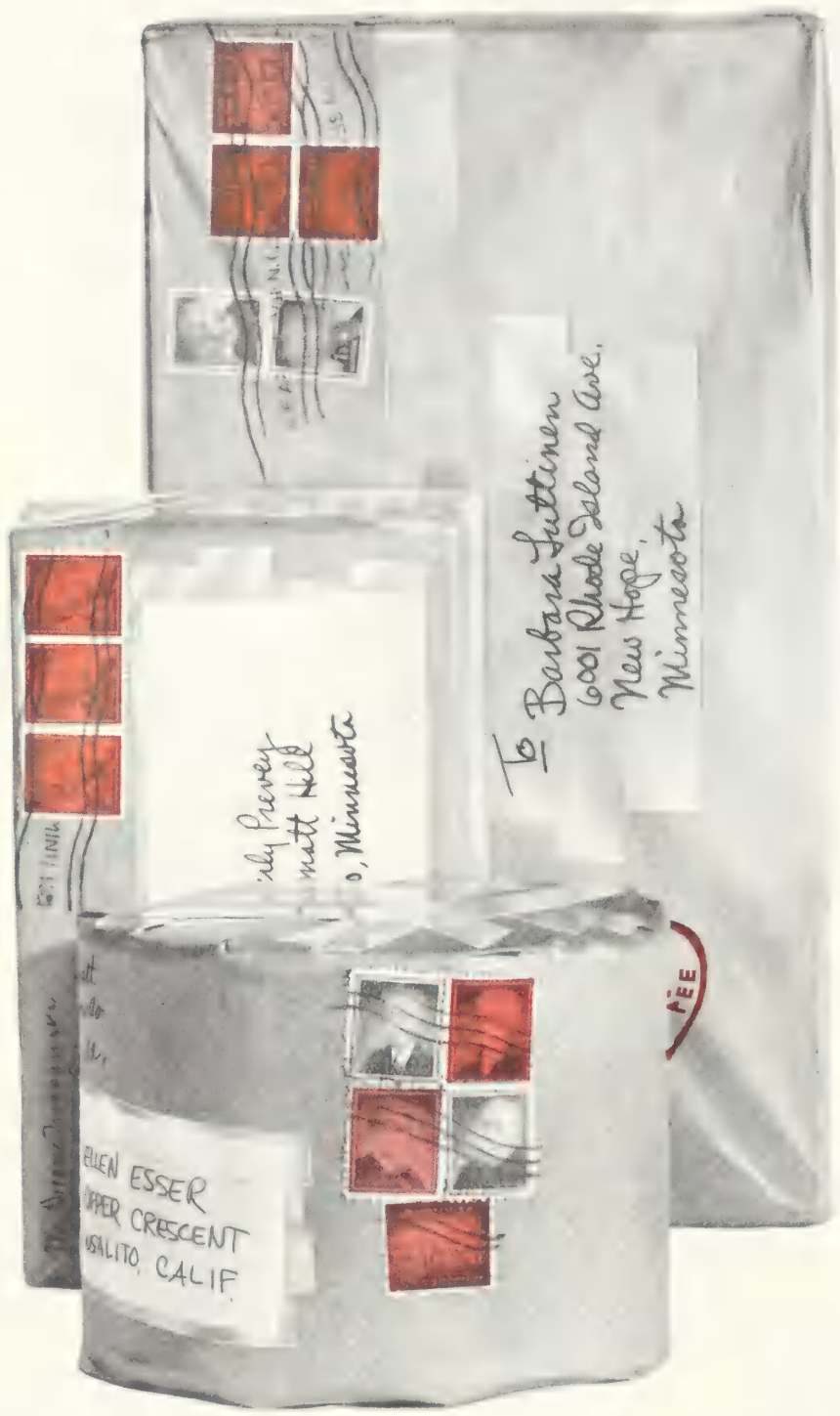
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OCTOR TELL ME, DOCTOR TE ;TOR TELL ME, DOCTOR TELL ELL ME, DOCTOR TELL ME, D

"I'm seven and a half months pregnant, Doctor, and everything is fine except I've had a little bleeding. That doesn't mean anything, does it?"

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

Marian Ferris, making her first visit to the doctor when she was nearly eight months pregnant, explained that the Ferrises had moved to the city only recently, she had been very busy getting settled. "Anyway, it's just a matter of form in my case," she remarked. "I've had three babies, and everything went like clockwork."

"That's good to know," the doctor said. "But suppose you tell me about it just the same."

The doctor's questions developed that Mrs. Ferris's pregnancies had not been as entirely uneventful as she had pictured them. She had had a severe uterine infection after the birth of her third child. When it came to the fourth and present pregnancy, Marian admitted that one morning about three weeks before, she had wakened to find that she was bleeding a little.

"There wasn't any pain, that's all there was to it." It had happened again, just two days back. "There was quite a bit more blood, and it gushed out suddenly, but I didn't have any pain or cramps that time, either. I doubt it meant anything."

The doctor said, taking pains to speak casually, "Bleeding episodes in late pregnancy—prior to the 'show' of impending childbirth, that is—may be caused by different things, several of them quite serious. It is sometimes difficult to make a correct diagnosis. The wise thing, Mrs. Ferris, is for you to go into the hospital, and let me check you over carefully."

"To the *hospital?* Why can't you examine me right here in your office? How long would I have to stay in the hospital?"

The doctor took up Marian's last question first. "I couldn't say. Some harmless little thing may have caused the bleeding, in which case you would go home at once. But we might have to watch you for several days. Or it might appear advisable to induce the birth, or even to do a Caesarean section. Everything would depend on the condition I find. Since you have had some bleeding of this sort, it would be inadvisable to examine you except in the hospital. The examination in itself might precipitate an emergency."

Mrs. Ferris protested the upset in her plans, the difficulty of leaving three young children on short notice. Finally she yielded to the doctor's gentle insistence, agreed to talk to her husband and to let the doctor know their decision. He was forced to let the matter rest. But after two weeks had gone by with no word from the Ferrises, the doctor had his secretary ask Marian's husband to come in. CONTINUED ON PAGE



There are many questions which wome would like to ask a trusted physicia but there is not always the opportunit In this series, Tell Me, Doctor, *Doct Schauffler will discuss some of the pro lems which have been sent to him readers. The situations are all real, l the names which are used are fictitiou*

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A Newly Patented Single Form That Adjusts Easily to Regular Sizes, Half Sizes and Many Figure Variations from 8 to 20 inclusive (Special Model for Sizes 20½-50). New . . . Easy-to-Use . . . Low Cost!

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None of that dreaded home-made look. Why pay $30 or more for a dress form? You'll create professional styles and precision fit with the aid of ADJUST-O-MATIC for a fraction of the cost —Even if you never made clothes before.



If you are one of the many women who "struggle" along on guesswork without a dress form—if you've hesitated to invest in a dress form that is useless once you gain or lose weight—if you feel that an adjustable form has too many complications without accuracy — here's exciting news for you!

Distinguished Designer Develops Most Flexible Dress Form Ever

After years of painstaking research, Luigi Cella, distinguished Italian-American designer for 35 years, has finally developed the dress form called PERFECT FIT ADJUST-O-MATIC, the one dress form so handy and simple to use . . . so fool-proof to assemble with the clear step-by-step instructions included . . . so flexible and adaptable that you can virtually reconstruct *your own figure and that of other women in your family*. The Magic Secret, found only in ADJUST-O-MATIC, is a unique precision-accurate method of "dialing" your dimensions. Fit the 15 slide-together sections into each other . . . gently apply pressure with your fingers until your printed number shows through the magic windows in every measurement area — and ADJUST-O-MATIC virtually reconstructs your figure.

Takes The Guesswork Out Of Sewing



With your ADJUST-O-MATIC dress form you see in advance just how attractive and becoming your dress, skirt, coat, or blouse will look. Now you can fit, pin, hem, baste, alter perfectly. Your made-at-home clothes will have the custom-fitted look you desire.

ADJUST-O-MATIC adjusts easily to regular sizes and many figure variations from 8 to 20 (special model for sizes 20½-50). You can make literally dozens of different combinations . . . compensate for slight body defects . . . (allow for your own bustline variations) . . . then readjust to a completely different size and shape for other women in your family.

Now whether you make your clothes or buy them, you can be fashionable, stylish, comfortable and custom-fitted at all times. ADJUST-O-MATIC helps you expertly remodel last year's clothes into 1961 fashions more quickly, easily and expertly . . . make many different alterations . . . design your own styles or use any standard pattern.

Now you save needless hours fitting your clothes. Never again need you rip out seams because your skirt didn't hang properly the first time.

Never again need you struggle, strain, twist, turn, trying to get a perfect fit . . . or wear out-of-style clothes . . . or discard expensive alterable suits and dresses because you've gained or lost a few pounds.

You can make your adjustments right on the dress form—and slash your sewing time. ADJUST-O-MATIC helps solve your dressmaking problems and with such professional-type results you'll glow with pride and satisfaction as you show them off.



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Sturdy ADJUST-O-MATIC is constructed of a new material containing DuPont Neoprene and exclusively compounded for long life and durability. It won't disintegrate or fall apart, and laughs at the ruggedest treatment. Throw it on the floor—see how wonderfully well it stands up, won't crack, chip, or break.

Yet ADJUST-O-MATIC is so light, so versatile, so easy to use that you can fit your blouse, pin it, baste it—all while seated and ADJUST-O-MATIC takes up so little space, because it comes apart and stores away conveniently in any drawer, or on any shelf.

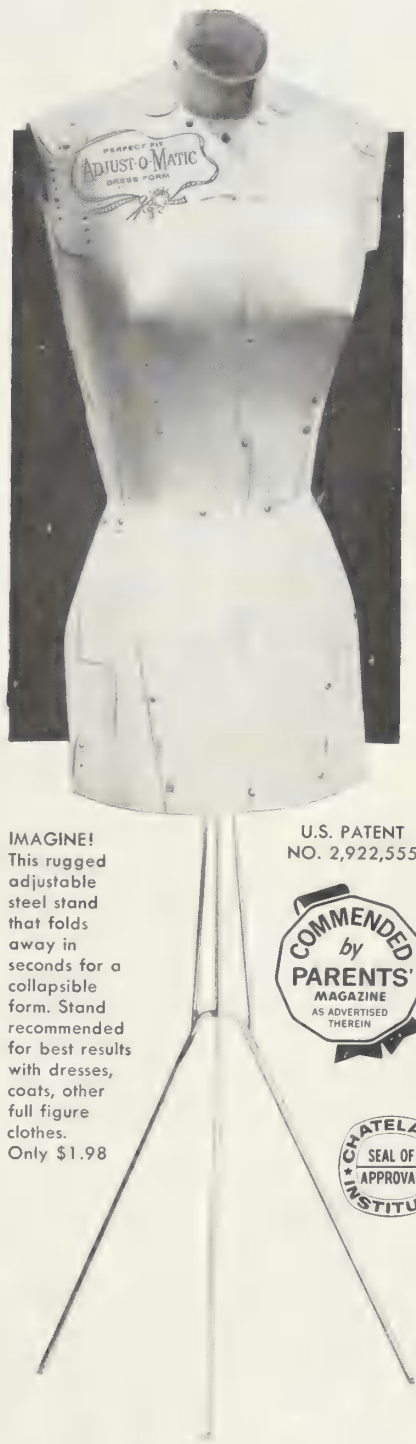
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IMAGINE! This rugged adjustable steel stand that folds away in seconds for a collapsible form. Stand recommended for best results with dresses, coats, other full figure clothes. Only $1.98

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"Tomorrow,"® the slimwear bra that changes with you every day; in white or black cotton $2.50. Long line, contour or elastic versions from $3.95. Better washed in Warner Wash, 10 oz. $1.50. (In Canada, too.)

This is the bra with the perfect fit: cups are set in elastic mesh to fit each side of you separately! Tomorrow by Warner's.

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Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back. Tonight, this head may wear a crown. If so, fair Miss, give a bow to Beautyrest. For this is the best beauty aid a body ever had. No mattress is so aptly named. So restful. So beautifying. Night after night, its comfort restores, revives, rejuvenates. Even a few minutes sets you up beautifully! Every Miss and Mrs. in America knows that!



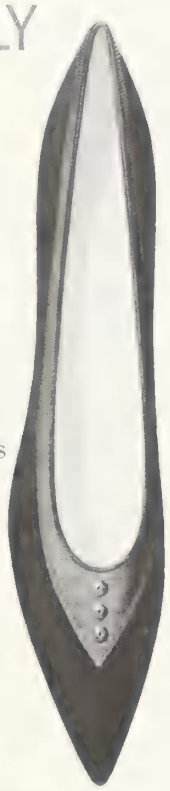
The best rest costs the least. You'd expect to pay more for the world's most restful mattress, but actually you pay less. Here's the evidence. In a series of punishing endurance tests by the United States Testing Co., Beautyrest outlasted all of the other leading mattresses tested. In fact, Beautyrest lasted 3 times as long as the next best. In the long run, Beautyrest at $79.50 actually costs least to own.

Beautyrest by Simmons

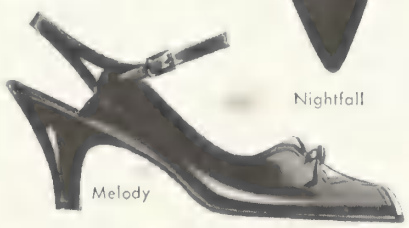
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

My outdoor gym now offers six different ways of getting exercise, from tennis to cycling. All I need now is inclination and will power.

Clear sign that a golfer has given up hope of breaking 100 regularly: he begins to urge his wife to take up golf.

After a summer of outdoor barbecues, a few of our matrons are more than a little bored with their husbands' cookery. How much adulation, they ask, must we continue to heap on a man who knows how to broil a piece of steak half raw?

"Around Labor Day," muses Betty Comfort, drying her hair in the sun, "lots of my friends with two or more children favor school all the year round."

I used to like gizzards and my Dream Girl was fond of chicken livers, until a friendly restaurant man sent us five pounds of 'em. In a few weeks we'll like 'em again.

Brave-new-world glimpse: long-legged young housewife in shorts pushing a cart at a supermarket, a child of 1½ ensconced in the saddle, eying frozen foods: America's version of Europe's promenade.

A U.S. senator recently had his face lifted. I'm told by one of our town's restless glamour gals who submitted to needless facial surgery. "My constituents," she quotes him, "don't want to be represented by an old codger like me."

My conclusion about women drivers: they aren't really better drivers than men; they merely aren't so cocky at the wheel.

I ate four kinds of pancakes at our popular pancake headquarters where they offer twenty-four different kinds plus seven kinds of waffles: only one of each kind, and now I can't quite put into words the differences in flavor.

With my poor-boy complex tucked away, my best brave-new-world glimpse comes when I'm working beside a swimming pool, stripped to Bermuda shorts, and watch a jet plane fly a white streak in the blue sky.

I have been at bay since I ardently asserted some American novels are as good as War and Peace. I could name ten, but the Tolstoi fans would tear 'em apart. Especially fans who've never read War and Peace.

I could name fifty persons who've told me the last five years that they have tried for twenty years to "reread" Crime and Punishment and haven't finished it yet.

A fuller use of the bicycle would solve America's two most serious problems: overweight and traffic—both more realistic menaces than Russia.

Of the eight enchanting children who live east and west of us, six are girls. Maybe that's why their shrieks and cries seem so musical.

Through the woods I can hear yells and shouts of the Little League ballplayers and their mothers. Maybe their voices are changing; it seems as if the mothers are doing all the yelling.

One of the town's eligible bachelors who told a hostess and her daughter that he can hardly tell 'em apart hasn't been invited to dinner by either of 'em in two years.

. . . When my red-haired daughter sends us a Swedish-modern ice bucket so handsome that I use it to adorn my den,
. . . Or our younger son gets A's on three Lit papers in a row,
. . . And Junior reproaches us for too much activity, and watches my weight like a hawk,
. . . Or my son-in-law says he must mow the grass so that Tracy's red pony tail at two is visible,
. . . And our daughter-in-law schedules her new baby one month after the birth of our daughter's,
. . . Or my Dream Girl makes me put on a straw hat when I work in the sunlight,

Then I marvel that the role of cynical bachelor ever appealed to me so profoundly.

Seems to shine even in the dark...

Your gray hair can shine like silver,
so silky, shimmery, glowing, gleaming, glimmering



New! Silk & Silver* Hair Color Lotion

Washes in new silvery beauty as it washes out yellow!
Hairdressers love the magic of it... the way mousey gray
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Just once-a-month does it! There's nothing else like it.
Won't brush off, won't rub off or come off on pillow, towel, collar,
or him! Try it, your family will be so proud!–from Clairol,* of course.

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Serve Blue Lake Green Beans new ways with Reynolds Wrap!



sweet and sour Blue Lakes

Drain 1 (1-lb.) can cut Blue Lake Green Beans. Drain 1 (10-oz.) can mandarin orange segments saving syrup. Spoon beans and oranges onto 4 or 5 (9-inch) squares Reynolds heavy duty foil; cup sides slightly. Simmer together syrup from oranges, 2 teaspoons wine vinegar, ½ teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon instant minced onion, 1½ teaspoons cornstarch until clear. Spoon over beans; close packages loosely, seal well. Place over moderate heat on outdoor grill (or under broiler) 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 or 5 servings



snow-capped Blue Lakes

Drain 2 (1-lb.) cans Vertical Pack Blue Lake Green Beans; combine with ¼ cup French dressing. Spoon onto 6 (9-inch) squares Reynolds heavy duty foil; cup sides slightly. Close loosely, seal well. Place under broiler (or over moderate heat on outdoor grill) 10 to 15 minutes. Combine ½ pint sour cream, 1 teaspoon seasoned salt, 2 teaspoons drained horse-radish, 1 tablespoon each chopped pimiento and parsley. Open packages, spoon topping on beans. Broil or heat a few minutes longer, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Blue Lakes grow best in Oregon and Washington



Blue Lake pole beans require the combination of abundant water and cool nights found in Oregon and Washington. Here the Blue Lake grows to pod, not to seed. Tiny white seeds keep the pod round and free of bumps... never any large seeds to toughen pods and rob flavor. You will find these succulent Blue Lakes at fine restaurants and hotels.

Blue Lake variety green beans are canned, ready to serve, hot or cold. Your favorite super market or corner grocery sells them under many brand names. Look for the words "Blue Lake" where the contents of the can are described.

ASSOCIATED BLUE LAKE GREEN BEAN CANNERS, Inc. · 522 Pittock Block · Portland 5, Oregon



BRING US YOUR PROBLEMS

Our readers are our friends and we are theirs. For years they have brought their *Journal* many questions. Some of them, and our answers, we feel might interest many. Our editors' close touch with human life is revealed in the *Journal*'s power to reach so many millions of women so deeply, month after month, year after year. Let us help you with your problems. When writing, address Problem Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Dear Journal: My husband's niece is planning to visit our part of the country with her three young children. We are the only relatives with a big enough house for four extra people. She plans to stay several weeks. Such an extended visit will be a financial drain for us. No one ever really invited her. Must I take her in?

RELUCTANT HOSTESS

Don't be a reluctant martyr. Write to her asking if she would like to come for a few days or a week while she's in town. Fix her departure date in your invitation. If she overstays her welcome, tell her "we'd love to have you stay longer, but . . ." and give her a reason that is courteous, but candid ("we're expecting other company," "the plasterers are coming," "my husband gets nervous with small children around too long," etc.).

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My husband recently ended an affair with the girl I considered to be my best friend. I forgave him and he seems to be trying to make it up, but I don't really love him any more. I can't stand for him to touch me, but I'm pretending. He doesn't want to move from this small town, where I'm constantly brought into contact with "her." We have two small children and divorce is not the answer. How can I renew my love for him?

DEPRESSED

The burden of regaining your love and respect belongs partly to your husband, but help him. He must know how difficult this period is for you. His continued faithfulness and devotion will work wonders. But don't ask too much penitence. Try to really forgive, even forget. Just moving to a different community won't solve anything. You have to move away from your anger, as he has from your "best friend."

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My children, seven and five, still wet their beds. I've tried everything—but if I refuse them a drink in the evening they wake up crying for water, and when I get them up in the middle of the night, they're never fully awake and I accomplish nothing. I'm so ashamed—I had to buy a dryer so the neighbors wouldn't see the bedding on the line every day. How can I break this habit?

STUMPED

Bed-wetting in older children usually is a way of reacting to unhappiness or strain. "Home remedies" may do more harm than good since the child already feels bad about his inability to stay dry. Ask a pediatrician or child psychologist for advice and guidance.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: This problem may seem funny to you, but to me it is tragic, believe me. Everyone says I would be pretty if it weren't for my nose, which is large and slightly crooked. At seventeen I have never had a date, and I can see why no boy would go out with a girl who looks like me. I'm secretly saving my money for plastic surgery, though I doubt my parents would like that idea. Maybe I should just resign myself to being an old maid.

UGLY DUCKLING

Many people share your fear that one unattractive feature will spoil their chances for happiness. Plastic surgery may alter your nose (it's often done nowadays), and it may even correct the self-consciousness that actually is handicapping you. But if your doctor does not think a corrective operation is advisable, ask his guidance in changing your attitude toward your appearance. Our beauty articles give tips on how to emphasize your good points. The right hairdo and make-up sometimes work wonders. Lots of people think a prominent nose is a sign of superiority!

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: Is there any cure for malicious gossips of all ages and both sexes? Our pretty young daughter spent a miserable year after some jealous teenagers spread a rumor that she was pregnant. Despite our high community standing, many believed the story and sat around waiting for the scandal. I'd pack up and move if I thought people were different anywhere else.

DISGUSTED

Don't let one bitter experience destroy you. There are good people and bad people in every town. Gossips usually choke on their own tongues, eventually. Show by your actions that the slander couldn't possibly be true, and it will quickly be forgotten.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: I have been married for three months and have never had a satisfying physical relationship with my husband. I think I'm probably making too big an issue of it, but I'm utterly miserable. It seems so unfair. Am I lacking? Or is he?

DISILLUSIONED BRIDE

Possibly neither of you is "lacking." You may need help. Consult a gynecologist or marriage counselor. Follow his suggestions. Sexual relations in marriage, blessed by God, are meant to be enjoyed by both partners.

THE EDITORS

Add excitement to ground beef ... add Tabasco®!



Why do simple everyday foods have new brightness, new interest, when you add Tabasco? Because this world-famous product is so much more than just a pepper sauce. Only Tabasco is made from the unique variety of red peppers developed at Avery Island by the McIlhenny family over a century ago and then pressed and mellowed, like fine wine, for years in oaken casks. That's why only Tabasco can spread this matchless flavor and appetizing aroma all through your favorite foods.

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FAMILY HAMBURGER STEAK

For 6 generous servings, mix 2 pounds of lean ground beef with Worcestershire sauce, garlic salt, onion or celery salt and Tabasco, of course. Brown on the outside, as rare as you like on the inside. Slicing will be an event!



KABOB-BURGERS

Mellow Tabasco brightens flavor in the meat balls which you arrange on skewers with pineapple chunks and green pepper pieces. Broil over charcoal or in the oven, basting with pure vegetable oil laced with Tabasco. Ah!



HEAP BIG MEAT DISH

Starts with 1 pound ground beef, 1 cup cooked rice, Tabasco, herbs, and an egg to hold it together. Stuff the mixture into green peppers and on halved tomatoes crowned with onion rings. Bake 30 mins.—get set for applause.



CHILI ON BUN

You'll be so proud of this chili you make with chunks of browned ground beef, plump red beans and chili so *lively* with Tabasco. A favorite chili recipe from the Tabasco booklet.†



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Your favorite meat loaf recipe is even more exciting when you add hard cooked eggs or stuffed green olives baked whole inside the loaf. Easy . . . but pretty fancy.



ALL-AMERICAN HAMBURGERS

Perfection—with only 4 ingredients: 1 pound ground beef, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Combine, shape into 4 large burgers, cook in lightly oiled skillet, serve on buns with "hain's."

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†**40-PAGE BOOKLET**—dozens of exciting recipes . . . ground beef recipes, too. Send inside flap from Tabasco carton or 10¢ to Tabasco, Dept. LH-9, Avery Island, Louisiana.

"Tabasco" is also available in Canada.

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DON ORNITZ

"He tells me he has broken off with her. But he still goes out nearly every night, on the excuse of business, and leaves me with the children."

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Gail Tells Her Side:

"This isn't the first time my husband has stepped out on me," thirty-three-year-old Gail said in a soft, mournful voice. Slender and unusually tall, Gail had been married twelve years and was the mother of two young sons. "A month ago, back in July, I found out about Guy's latest romance. I had weathered other episodes, but somehow this time I felt too worn out to go along any more.

"Guy is a salesman. He should be a branch manager by now—he has the education and the ability—but he shifts around too much and sacrifices his seniority. Six months ago he changed jobs again. Almost immediately he began staying out until all hours, seldom arriving home until long after the boys and I were in bed. He said he had a lot of extra work.

"He spruced up in personal appearance and there was a sharp change in his taste. In April he bought an imported tweed jacket appropriate for a rich Ivy League college student but hardly the right thing for business. He told me the jacket was a gift from his mother, but I checked with her and learned this was untrue. I then discovered the sales slip in his pocket. He had also bought three pairs of light-colored $35 slacks. To cap this extravagance, he traded in our sedan on an expensive sports car that seats two in comfort. It is hopelessly cramped for our family.

"Shortly after he acquired the sports car, toward the end of June, an invitation came to the house from his employers. We were both invited to a Fourth of July barbecue. Guy didn't want me to go, but I insisted. I was anxious to get a look at the girls in his office. In five minutes I spotted a secretary named Alice as the new blonde in his life.

"Alice is only moderately pretty, as old as I am or older, a childless divorcee. Although I was introduced to her as Guy's wife, she couldn't keep her hands or her eyes off him. In a weak sort of way he tried to steer clear of her, but the situation was obvious to everybody. It was midnight before I could drag him home and ask a few questions. At first he declared that Alice was merely a casual acquaintance, but then his denials broke down. He admitted he and Alice had been lunching nearly every day, that he was driving her from the office to her apartment after work, that he'd been with her all those evenings he'd assured me he was building up a new clientele.

SHE: "The girl meant nothing to him, he said, he promised he'd drop her, but ——"

HE: "I still can't see how my association with Alice did any particular harm to Gail."

"As soon as he cleared his conscience—I wish you could have seen his cheerful, relieved smile when he got through as much as he intended to tell—he asked my forgiveness. Moreover, he expected it. He said Alice meant nothing to him and that he would gladly end their association. He promised he would be a reformed character in the future. Unfortunately, I'd heard similar promises in the past.

"None of my marriage has been easy. But with this last disillusionment it seems I've lost my grip completely and just gone to pieces. I've dropped eighteen pounds in weight. I can't eat or sleep. One moment I tell myself a philandering husband is worse than none. I remember all Guy's other faults. CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



One of the most serious problems confronting modern parents is the task of helping their boys to grow up as good specimens of manhood, their girls as fine examples of womanhood. It is easy to find extremes in either direction. Women dislike the excessively masculine type of man with his cave-man tactics. Men avoid the excessively feminine type of woman whom they regard as a weak and clinging vine. On the other hand, the sissified man and the masculinized type of woman have difficulties not only in marriage but in all areas of daily life. Marriage counselors have to spend too much time helping men to be men and women to be women, a job that parents should have done long before. This case illustrates vividly one of the less extreme examples, among persons who come to the American Institute of Family Relations daily for help in making their marriages, and their lives, more successful. . . . The counselor was Dr. Eva Olman.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *President.*

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for Peppy Stuffed Peppers



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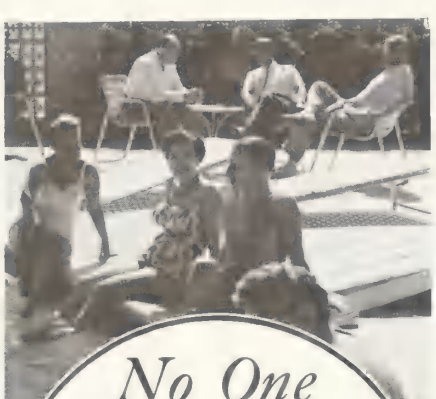
PEPPY STUFFED PEPPERS

4 green peppers
1 lb. ground beef
2 cups cooked rice (⅔ cup raw)
¼ cup chopped onion
1½ teasp. salt ⅛ teasp. pepper
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Cut peppers in half lengthwise. Remove seeds and wash. Combine beef, cooked rice, onion, salt, pepper and ½ can Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Pile mixture into peppers in large baking dish. Pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over each pepper. Cover tightly and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1¼ hours or until peppers are tender—basting occasionally. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

and I decide I should divorce him. The next moment I'm terrified at the prospect of the emptiness of my life without him. I get to thinking how badly our sons need a father. But then of course I realize they need the kind of father a boy can admire. At that point the problem of what to do about my marriage swamps me.

"Our elder son—Tim is nine years old—is a brilliant youngster, but overserious and too conscious of my unhappiness and his father's failings. It's pathetic to watch his small-boy attempts to assume the obligations of a grown man, to comfort me and be of help to his younger brother. Harry was a premature baby; at the age of six he hasn't yet caught up with the average child his age. At school Harry is at the bottom in his studies; at home he is almost impossible to discipline. His teachers say he is emotionally disturbed and it's awfully hard for me not to blame his father's neglect. Guy has always looked uncomfortable and tried to change the subject whenever I attempt to discuss either Harry or Tim. Apparently he is indifferent to both his sons.

"It seems to me I have done everything in my power to be a good wife. I'm reasonably intelligent. I'm a good housekeeper and cook. My mother-in-law, with whom I get on very well, praises my energy and drive. Guy's spinster aunts, who helped rear him, speak kindly of my thrift and the way I manage. I know I'm not wildly glamorous, but most people are charitable enough to describe me as attractive, even though I am a bean pole.

"My height—I'm six feet in tennis shoes—was definitely a trial to me until I married Guy, who is two inches taller.

"I was the third of five girls, the one big horse in the lot. It was my cute, curly-haired little sisters who sat on father's knee, rifled his pockets for candy, wore his cigar bands for rings. But I secretly felt I was his favorite. He *depended* on me. He used to say I was a 'good guy' when I helped him mow the lawn, weed the garden, keep our house in shape.

"I did have a boy friend in high school. He was a redheaded boy named Ralph—mutual shyness drew us together—and everybody assumed we would marry. At graduation he gave me a secret engagement ring. Ralph went east to college and I enrolled at the state university. In my sophomore year all that was finished. Ralph wrote and asked me to return his ring. His explanation was that he was ill and expected to die very soon. I didn't believe a word of it. I was positive Ralph had met another girl. Brokenhearted, I mailed back his ring. I quit college and jumped at the chance to move from Nebraska, my home state, to a personnel job in California. As a matter of fact, Ralph did die of leukemia eight or nine months later. Just before the end he wrote from a hospital in New York State asking me to pay him a final visit, but I didn't make the trip, and I've been sorry ever since.

"On the evening Guy and I were introduced, I was still way down in my confidence and spirits. It's a miracle he noticed me. I was dazzled by his height and good looks and awfully grateful for his attentions. Soon we fell in love—anyhow, I fell in love—and that September we were quietly married. His mother and aunts stood up with us. My parents missed the big event.

"From the beginning, maybe out of gratitude, I put Guy's wishes and his welfare ahead of my own. His mother and old-maid aunts aren't the easiest people in the world to entertain; I welcomed them for his sake. For twelve years I've regularly invited them to Sunday dinner, listened patiently to their conversation, served the food they fancy. All three are on separate diets, all three belong to different churches, and that's what they talk about. My mother-in-law is affiliated with an odd-ball, out-of-the-dark-ages religious group, that disapproves of motion pictures and card games along with just about everything else.

"Unless I keep a sharp lookout on Sundays, Guy is bound to go over the hill. His folks get on his nerves worse than on mine, and I suppose that's no wonder. His mother has always acted as though he were still a little boy. After our wedding we spent our first night in a Los Angeles hotel; she actually telephoned our room bright and early the next morning to remind Guy the tickets for our trip were in his wallet and to make sure he got up in time to catch the train.

"It was on Guy's account that we delayed starting our own family. He was earning very little, and like most young couples we wanted to buy a home. I worked full time and in two years we accumulated a substantial down payment. Then I had to select the neighborhood and choose the house; he couldn't make up his mind where we ought to locate or what style architecture he liked. Procrastination is almost a disease with him. Even after the deed to our house was finally drawn, it took him weeks to sign the papers to take possession.

"We bought secondhand furniture which I reupholstered and refinished without his assistance; otherwise we might still be sitting on the floor. If Guy once gets started on a project, his workmanship is first class; but he puts off and puts off and is so finicky about perfecting every tiny detail that nothing is ever finished. I planned our landscaping, did the planting and I've always mowed our lawn. Not too long ago I laid a brick patio on my own. I bought electric hedge clippers, hoping to tempt Guy at least to trim the shrubs that border the patio. No such luck.

"We had been married three years and were nicely established when our eldest son was born. That same month Guy was drafted and sent overseas. My parents came and stayed so I could hold my job; my father, who is dead now, was crazy about little Tim and Tim still remembers the fun they had. I wrote Guy every day he was gone; he wrote seldom. When he returned he told me he had been unfaithful during his Army service; apparently there were several girls. He said his conscience was worrying him, but I doubted it although I tried to forgive him.

"It was months after he was out of uniform before he could locate a decently paid job. Our financial path has usually been rocky. I kept my job and kept house too. By pinching and scraping we squeaked by. We even saved a little. When our second son arrived prematurely the expenses were terrific and our savings disappeared along with my job. And then came the real low blow. At the very time I was worrying over our expenses and walking the floor with little Harry, who had dreadful asthmatic attacks as an infant, Guy took up with a receptionist in his office. A friend of his mother's, a member of the same church, saw him and the girl leaving Santa Anita race track, of all places. My mother-in-law came rushing to the house straight off and I still hate to think about the scene the three of us went through.

"Somehow, by standing together, Guy and I convinced her there was a big mistake and she went away. Then he and I had our scene. It was the routine story. The girl meant nothing to him and he promised he would drop her, as I know he did. But he'd spent money to play the big shot. We were deeply in debt.

"It was at that time that I decided to take charge and try to make some sense out of our finances. It's a rugged assignment. For one thing, Guy's income depends partially on commissions that vary with his sales. For another, he behaves like a child; he tries his best to keep me in the dark about the amount he earns and what he spends. A couple of years ago I discovered from a buddy's imprudent remark that he had received two raises in his drawing account that he hadn't mentioned to me. At the moment I estimate he must be clearing approximately $600 a month.

"Right now our mortgage payments are two months in arrears. Back in June while he was busy squiring Alice I had to borrow from Tim's piggy bank to settle our electric bill. About the time Guy blossomed out in his flossy wardrobe the back porch sprang a leak. He said we couldn't afford to hire a carpenter and he would make the repairs. I waited until I almost burst. Eventually, I did the job myself. I also painted the kitchen and dining area. Guy didn't even notice the improvement. When I called it to his attention, he mumbled 'Very nice' in a lukewarm way. He sounded as though I were a hired workman, not his wife. He doesn't treat me like a woman. I like praise and flattery as much as other women, but he reserves his compliments and his charm for use outside the home.

"He tells me he has broken off with Alice. But he still goes out nearly every evening, on the excuse of business, and leaves me alone with the boys. And he's never around on weekends if he can escape.

"It seems unjust that I should be the one to suffer when he is the one at fault. This last month has been terrible for me. I watch him go off and just the cocky tilt of his hat shows he's glad to go and I wonder where he's headed. I've felt completely deserted and alone. Guy and I haven't shared the same bed since the Fourth of July. That night he moved to the living-room sofa. For a month we haven't even kissed. We have hardly spoken. It's almost as though I had no husband.

"Last night I heard him come in late and listened to him undress in the dark. Suddenly I felt so miserable and lonesome in our big double bed I couldn't bear it. I got up and went into the living room and switched on the light. Guy was already asleep. I started toward the sofa, but then I saw he was smiling in his sleep. I decided right away that smile wasn't meant for me. I went back to bed and cried my pillow wet."

SPIRIT DAWN

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

When the shielding night was young,
Heart to raptured heart we clung.
Wildly, intimately glad
In the bridal that we had.

Ah, but closer far were we.
Spirits mated sacredly,
Soul-to-soul as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

Guy Tells His Side:

"Being married to a girl like Gail is tough for a man like me," said thirty-six-year-old Guy. Tall and thin with blinky blue eyes, he spoke earnestly. "I love her and I love my children too. I'm not such a bad guy. I would like to hold my marriage together. But, at times, I wonder why.

"When I get home in the evening I find that I only want to get away. Anywhere. Gail has always been serious and moody. And too weepy. This last month she has put me on a steady diet of gloom and doom. If I glance sidewise at her, she bursts into tears. If I don't look at her at all, she broods. She watches out the window when I go off until I feel haunted.

"I was raised in a gloomy, strait-laced household and did not discover independence or fun until I went into the Army. There I learned to like laughs and to like gals who will laugh with me. My sense of humor is a business asset; without it I couldn't carry on work like mine at all. I have to pull down the curtain on jokes when I go home.

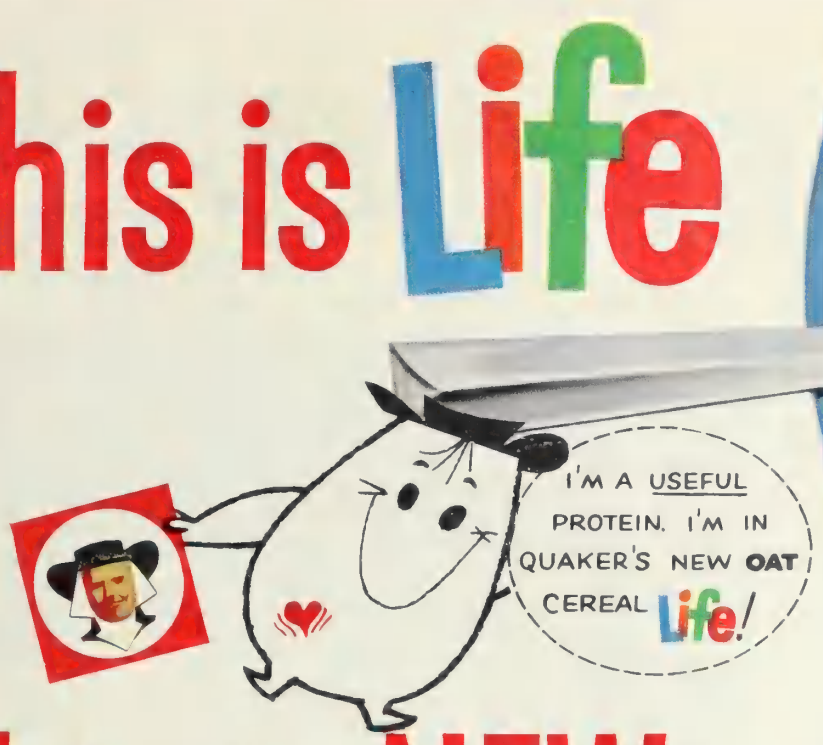
"I had a lot of fun with Alice, and it tickled me to be kidded by the fellows at the office. I guess she had fun with me. But when I suggested to her that we break up, in order to fulfill my promise to Gail, she didn't mind a bit. She is already riding back and forth to work with one of the other salesmen.

"Alice liked to lean on my shoulder and talk about her troubles. When I talked about my business difficulties—and I have plenty—she understood. To forget our troubles, we went dancing. I learned the samba and the cha-cha. It has been years since Gail and I have got together on the dance floor. She seems to think dancing is for delinquents.

"Our house has become not my home but the home of the children—a hullabaloo of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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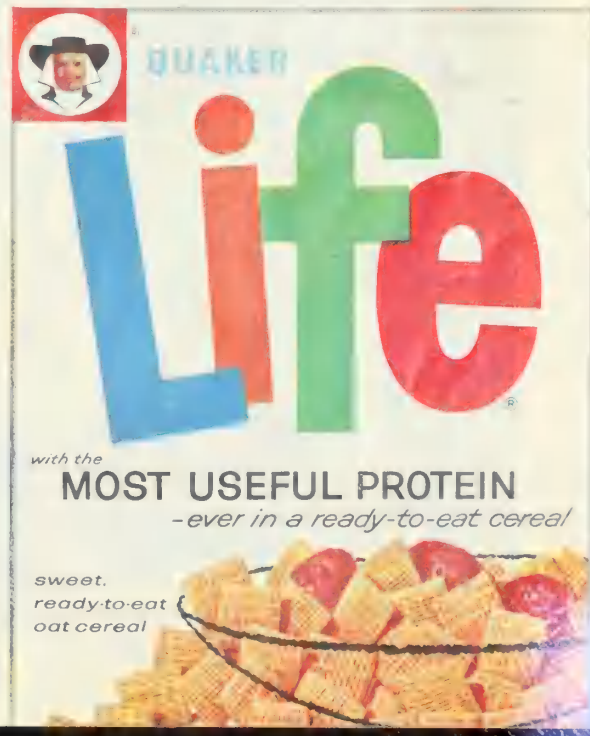
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

crepe-paper costumes, Halloween masks, big doings for Valentine's Day, Easter-egg dyeing. Then there are Memorial Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day and so on. When I was a kid we celebrated Thanksgiving and Christmas, and that was it.

"Gail says I'm a poor father and I suppose she's right. On the other hand, she does so much for Tim and Harry under her own steam that there's very little left for me to do. My elder son is convinced that he is already smarter than his dad, and he may be right.

"I'm thankful Gail hasn't discussed my shortcomings with the neighbors or tattled to my mother—that's a *real* blessing—but I'm sorry she couldn't keep our youngsters out of the act. They've both been sold the idea I'm a no-good bum. Her father gets the credit for Tim's intelligence while I catch the blame for Harry's backwardness. Gail honestly believes that if I'd given our younger son more attention—'emotional security' is the phrase—he might be a match for his brother in school. My own belief is that Gail pushes competition on Harry until he gets too nervous to concentrate, but I wouldn't care to argue the matter with her. It would probably turn out that I'm wrong again and she is 100 per cent right. She knows Tim and Harry through and through, while to me they seem almost like somebody else's sons. I feel self-conscious with them.

"The fact is, I'm not a very admirable character. I tell lies for self-protection and to avoid emotional scenes and my word is not my bond. Last spring Gail got after me to repair a leak on our back porch and I said I would. My intentions were the best. But the more she nagged me to start, the less I felt like tackling the chore.

"Nowadays Gail doesn't bother with her appearance. Lots of evenings I come in to find her with uncombed hair and a face unwashed since morning, wearing the nightgown I left her in and a sloppy bathrobe I detest. Gail used to look stunning in her clothes; she has the figure for clothes.

"I wasn't much of a hand with girls. But I was so fascinated by Gail's long, slim legs and charmed by her soft voice and seeming gentleness of manner that I managed to introduce myself. I learned quickly how hard she was to please and understand. When she told me she'd once been engaged to somebody else and I said that was O.K. by me, she was annoyed and upset for some peculiar reason. Shortly after our marriage the poor guy died and she decided if I really loved her I should be jealous of the affection she'd once had for him. She harped about it until eventually I got worried that my feelings might be different from the average. I still don't know how I should have felt.

"Gail went all out to make me happy in our early years; I know, because she's often told me. But marriage turned out to be different and quite a bit more confining than I'd planned on. Gail moves at such a fast clip that she often leaves me baffled and way behind her. She had a house picked out for us, the contract signed and the deed delivered before I actually realized we wanted a house. Then we had to get busy on renovating a bunch of beat-up furniture, put in our evenings bending over a scroll saw, tying springs, sandpapering paint and varnish, instead of going out and enjoying ourselves.

"My boyhood ambition was to become an architect, but my father had been a salesman and after college my first job offer came from his old firm. I was so lousy in the field where he'd been outstanding that I was fired in six weeks. I was on my third sales job when I married Gail. I still had high hopes I could take up architecture and get out of the selling game. Gail was afraid I might flop and that we would lose our house. My mother and aunts agreed with her. Anyhow, I stuck to sales.

"Every time I turned around in those days it seemed to me my mother and aunts were driving up in their car. All three jumped in on Gail's side in every argument we had. It was tiresome. Often I felt I was the only male in a world of chattering, conniving females, just the way I'd used to feel as a boy.

"Practically every month Gail has a real tussle with our bills. Our expenses are high. I carry the same amount of insurance my father carried; his policies put me through college and supported mother and her sisters all these years. Gail and the rest of them thought our boys deserved maximum protection and they sure get it.

"Good clothes are essential in my business. Whenever I need a new suit I have to hold back part of my earnings if I'm to get it. Usually Gail finds out and then there is a row. She would like to control everything I earn. I head her off as best I can. She now thinks I am clearing $600 a month; actually my average is closer to $450, and I tell her $400 to get a little personal leeway.

"I'm wasteful and extravagant at times, sure. I haven't always held to the highest moral principles—that's true too. Strange as it may seem. I sometimes start thinking about my conduct in the light of the standards and precepts drilled into me as a boy, and I feel so guilty and disloyal I'm almost sick.

"In the future I intend to make real important changes in myself, even though I still can't see how my association with Alice did any particular harm to Gail. Actually Gail isn't much interested in me or what I think. Occasionally she complains that I treat her less courteously than I do other women. She says she wants to feel feminine and I'm of no help to her. Well, maybe. Her favorite costume is that sloppy bathrobe or a pair of faded blue jeans. It's been a year since she bought a pretty dress. I gave her the money for a permanent wave and she spent it on electric hedge clippers. If I make a move to pull out her chair at dinner, she pops down before I can get around the table.

"It doesn't occur to her that at times I might like to feel like a man. Last night, just to escape the pressure she was putting on me, I sneaked out to the neighborhood movie. Unless I can have some freedom and a few pleasures, I doubt I can function either on the job or at home. I know I can't feel like a man."

> The egocentric self-pitier is naturally a coward. His hypersensitive concern about himself incapacitates him for either brave endurance or daring venturesomeness. When the call for valor or intrepidity comes, his spine turns out to be made, as Mark Twain says, of boiled macaroni; and this inherent weakness it is not within his power by force of will to overcome. Being still at a childish stage of personal development, self-concerned, self-centered, self-pitying, he inevitably reacts to difficulties and dangers, not with courage but with alibis and escapes. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

The Marriage Counselor says:

"Gail and Guy were two confused people. Gail instinctively wanted to be treated like a woman, but she behaved in a self-willed, assertive, highly independent manner. Her loving father had unwittingly done her a disservice by encouraging her tomboy ways, by laying undue stress on her skill in pursuits generally regarded as masculine.

"Already self-conscious because of her unusual height, Gail became even more uneasy as she looked around and decided that everybody liked her cute little sisters but that only her father liked her. In her youth she was shy and fearful of her contemporaries, and also suspicious. This suspicion showed up in the quick way she concluded that Ralph, mortally ill, was deceiving her for an ulterior motive. (Why didn't she write him a sympathetic letter of inquiry?) Afterward, to increase her confusion, she learned of her mistake and punished herself with futile but long-lasting feelings of guilt.

"In our first interview she was still preoccupied with regrets about her callousness to Ralph, a youthful admirer dead many years. She was unaware of her insensitive treatment of Guy. Nor was she aware that she was persistently presenting herself to her husband as a 'good guy,' a talented Mr. Fix-it-and-Do-it. All, the only way she knew to win approval.

"It was a hard lesson for Gail, but she slowly learned to stop and ask Guy's advice not to dash full steam ahead. If the two were out dancing on Saturday night—she acknowledged that he was entitled to his kind of entertainment at least once a week—she stepped back and let him handle the coat checks even though he fumbled through every pocket or misplaced the checks entirely. She encouraged Guy to show Tim how to use a hammer and saw, to help Harry with his homework, even though she thought privately (and, perhaps correctly) that she could do better.

"Now, to take up Guy. He yearned to be accepted by other men as a regular fellow, a yearning that largely explained his interest (quite superficial) in the ladies. What Guy sought from both men and women was admiration, acceptance, approval. Unfortunately, he didn't know how to be a regular fellow. Petticoat-dominated from his boyhood he had no masculine model, no hero to follow and emulate.

"Deprived of his father as a pattern, Guy adopted his mother's ideas of what a man should be, eventually discarded her standards as too rigid and unworkable, found no other satisfactory values to substitute, and then became really confused. Until he got out from under his mother's influence it was most unlikely he would ever develop either self-confidence or wisdom. A suggestion, rare in counseling, was proposed to him. Guy went to his mother, explained his family situation in detail, confessed in plain words his own culpabilities. Then he told her that neither he nor Gail required further advice from relatives, and after this courageous step he began to loose the bonds and fears that tied him to the past. He and Gail discontinued the Sunday-dinner tradition and saw much less of his kinfolk. As time went on he gradually learned to reach decisions, stop procrastinating and take action.

"Most of my work was done with Gail. After weeks of self-examination she came to realize that her suspiciousness, her deep-lying resentments (a childish leftover of her resentment of her doll-like sisters) had to be excised if her marriage was to be successful. She conceded that she had suspected Guy of philandering on more than one occasion when he was innocent. She also admitted the probability that her moodiness and depressions could be just as hard on her sons as was Guy's neglect.

"At this stage—about midway of our counseling—something happened. Six-year-old Harry, whose progress at school had continued to deteriorate, was sent to a psychiatrist. An encephalograph established that the child had suffered a slight brain damage at birth and should be placed in a special school where professional aid was available. Curiously, this news was a relief to both Gail and Guy. They stopped blaming each other for Harry's backwardness, and accepted the hard facts of his handicap as inevitable.

"In the course of this conference on ways and means, Guy disclosed hitherto withheld statistics about his income. It developed that the special school where tuition was $100 a month was too expensive for their budget. With some trepidation, Gail suggested that she take a part-time job. Guy was enthusiastic.

"Guy was offered an opportunity to become a partner in a small greenhouse and nursery. No capital was required, just his services. There was a long anxious consultation and Gail, characteristically conservative, dragged her feet a little. In the end, however, she agreed that Guy should give up sales work and take the gamble.

"This story has no fairy-tale ending. It wasn't to be expected that Gail and Guy could turn their personalities inside out. Nor did they. As they gained insight they became happier in their marriage and in themselves and they became better parents."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

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KROEHLER shows you how easily a few fine pieces of inexpensive, fine quality furniture can create a stunning atmosphere of new beauty in *your* home! The three-piece "Commander" sectional (four pieces shown above) can be yours for less than $350; and it boasts a grand, new depth of comfort . . . with foam-lavished seats, arms and back. "Commander" comes in a vivid variety of colors and its loveliness is lasting. For the carefree Cadon* nylon fabric is Performance-Tested by Kroehler; and like the furniture itself, is warranted for a full year!

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Before: 340 pounds. "My children were ashamed of me. In the water, I bobbed around like a cork."

After: "Here I am at 165 pounds with my daughter, Jan. Once a chubby, she's now a trim teen."

"I LOST 175 POUNDS ...my daughter lost 25"

"Diet or die," a doctor warned Tess Janes after a heart attack. Now her meals are especially planned to meet all her family's health needs.

By DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR

Here is Mrs. Janes's story as she told it to us:

In two years I have dieted and reduced my weight from a hideous, unhealthy 340 pounds to a comparatively trim 165. I'm 5′5½″ tall. Before dieting, my hips measured 67½″, two more than my height. I've lost 6″ around my neck. As a fatty, I had to tie two pearl chokers together to wear as a single strand. Even my ears have reduced to a size where I no longer can support my old earrings.

Today, in a size 16 dress, I'm not recognized by friends who only "knew me when." A doctor who had treated me for years for a glandular problem, which was partly responsible for my enormous size, saw me recently and asked another nurse who I was. Yes, I am a nurse and have been all my adult life. You would think, with expert medical advice within easy reach, I would long since have done something about my overweight. But despite constant professional admonitions to reduce—ranging from friendly encouragement to downright threats—I nearly ate my way into oblivion.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

TESS JANES'S "BEFORE AND AFTER" MEASUREMENTS

Before		*After*
5′5½″	HEIGHT	5′5½″
340	WEIGHT	165
55″	BUST	40″
50″	WAIST	29″
67½″	HIPS	43″
19½″	UPPER ARM	13″
54	DRESS SIZE	16–18



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Smartest buys in fashionable furniture . . . Another thing that makes a home beautiful is beauty in the bedroom . . . and you can introduce it in *your* bedroom simply and not-too-expensively with "Octavia" by Kroehler. This splendid new collection lends an atmosphere of fine living to any room it graces.

Perhaps it's the subdued beauty of complementary veneer patterns: soft patinas of walnut, Brazilian rosewood or pecan. Or it may be the appealing variety of pieces . . . everything from a game table to a leisure center . . . including several distinctive bedroom ensembles. The unmistakable aura of grandeur in *this* bedroom is achieved with stately posted bed, a massive triple dresser, unusual master chest and color-rich carpeting of 100% Cumuloft* nylon.

All "Octavia" storage pieces are dustproofed; drawers are center-guided to respond to the merest finger touch; their interiors are waxed and snag-free. No detail that would enhance its beauty or livability has been overlooked in the design of the extraordinary "Octavia" collection.

You can own a three-piece "Octavia" bedroom ensemble for less than $300. And your Kroehler dealer's convenient terms help prove that *anyone* can have a beautiful home when they have furniture made by the world's largest furniture maker,

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*T.M. of Chemstrand

"I LOST 175 POUNDS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

It wasn't until I suffered a heart attack that I realized I had to diet or die. My coronary occlusion occurred suddenly in 1958. My doctor told me my life depended on my losing a minimum of 150 pounds. When one comes close to death, all aspects of life take on new perspective and meaning. Excessive quantities of food understandably became my nemesis. Even so, it still wasn't easy for me to adjust to a diet of 800 calories a day. In the beginning I would shut myself up in my room and cry because I was so hungry.

I come from a Pennsylvania Dutch family and we have always been hearty eaters. It just seemed normal for me to consume heaping quantities of rich, doughy food. When I was eight years old, I weighed 108 pounds. At twelve, I weighed 187. I remember when sides were being selected for school athletic teams, I was never chosen. To console myself for being left out, I'd eat my lunch at morning recess, then buy another lunch at noontime. I weighed 242 pounds when I was sixteen. I graduated from high school with all A's—but no dates.

At times I ate so much I made myself sick. I used to hide food around the house, so I'd never run out of it. Fried pork chops with biscuits and gravy often made a tasty *breakfast* for me.

During nurse's training I had no social life unless you can count evenings playing honeymoon bridge with a schoolteacher friend. She had buck teeth, crossed eyes and a wart on her face. We were quite a pair—the only two in nursing school who never dated.

Once, after a "crash" diet that reduced me by 70 pounds, I *did* receive a social invitation from a young man. But he backed out at the last minute. I was so disappointed and hurt, I ate a whole pie. Too ashamed to be *caught* doing this, I was cagey enough to go to four different restaurants, eating a quarter of a pie in each one.

Disgusted with my size, and encouraged by a friend who told me to pull myself together and "join the human race," I improved my appearance in other ways. I tried a new hairdo, used pretty make-up, kept meticulously clean, wore as becoming clothes as I could find, made an effort to be cheerful. As a result, invitations gradually began coming my way.

I weighed a mere (!) 257 pounds as a bride. My husband, Bill, and I met when I was a nurse and his father was brought to our hospital for an appendectomy. I thought Bill was most attractive, and managed to be on duty at visiting hours as often as I could. As I became increasingly attracted to Bill, I went out of my way to see that his father got expert care. (There are a variety of ways to a man's heart!) I became Mrs. William Janes three months later. Several months after our marriage, Bill went off on a business trip. I bade him adieu at 290 pounds. Alone, and feeling lonely, I kept right on gorging, gradually working my way up to 340 pounds.

Occasionally—prompted by some embarrassing moment or cutting remark—I'd lose some weight. For instance, there was a time I overheard a girl at a party whisper to her companion, "I wonder why that good-looking man married that fat girl." (That comment was good for a 50-pound loss.) Then there was the humiliating fact that I was five months pregnant before I knew it. X rays had to be taken to determine whether I *could* safely have a baby. Fortunately, I dieted during the rest of my pregnancy, lost 60 pounds and our daughter, Jan, was born strong and healthy. Three years later when our son, King, was on his way I dieted again, lost 40 pounds, and he, too, was born without incident.

Any attempt to appear the "jovial fat lady" was strictly an act with me. Mostly, I was crying on the inside at my hideous appearance and the dreadful situations it brought about. I shall never forget an airplane trip, when the stewardess couldn't find an extension for my seat belt. The only solution, witnessed in fascination by my fellow travelers, was to tie two cotton hand towels together and to the homemade extension to the existing seat belt. Once, a valuable antique lost a thread under my weight. That was bad enough in one way, but alas, the bed had been a prized possession of my mother-in-law. The most devastating experience of all was to discover scales for human beings could no longer accommodate me. To weigh, I had to go out to my husband's meat-packing plant and stand on cattle scales. A natural reaction of others might be, "Well, at that hopeless size, why did you *care* what you weighed?" Believe it or not, I *was* weight-conscious and actually cut down on food three days a week to maintain my 340 pounds. When I meekly admitted my plight to my doctor, he became exasperated and retorted, "If you have to go and weigh with the rest of the cattle, I guess nothing I can say will help you!"

It took a heart attack to change my eating habits. I have always had a strong competitive drive (at twenty-one, I became superintendent of nurses), and the doctor did blame my condition on the tension under which I worked, along with obesity. But he prescribed an 800-calorie diet, to consist of high-protein, low-cholesterol foods, which were supplemented with vitamins and tailored to my individual needs. A typical diet day:



This Spartan fare represented a dramatic departure from my old prediet meals, consisting of such fat-making goodies as fried chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, hot buttered biscuits, salads laden with rich Roquefort-cheese dressing, buttered corn, beans and lemon-meringue pie!

It took me six months to accustom myself to eating sensibly, and I'm proud to say I departed from my diet only once. It was at one of those miserably frustrating times in life which are familiar to most housewives. The day was gray and rainy, Jan sprained her ankle, a woman I had lined up to speak at our next club meeting called to say she couldn't make it, the roast burned in the oven while I chased after the dog that was chewing up my new bedroom slippers. Infuriated with life, I marched out to the kitchen, baked a deep-dish apple pie, and ate half of it. Then I was so ashamed I cried for hours.

The rewards of successful dieting (some of them off-beat!) more than make up for any hardships. For instance, we had a family celebration when I got below 300 pounds and no longer had to use the cattle scales! When I had lost an even 100 pounds—weighing in at a "trim" 240—my husband presented me with a mink stole. And at 200 pounds, King studied me with glowing admiration and exclaimed, "Gee, mom, *now* you're smaller than most football stars!"

Throughout my diet my husband gave me sympathy and solid support which he underscored with little gifts to encourage me to keep on. He brought home lovely fresh fruits in season; picked out a pretty dress or blouse in a size that fit at the moment (and kept me from feeling forlorn and baggy in my old fatty clothes). He was continuously generous with praise and compliments and created an I-know-you-can-do-it atmosphere that was exhilarating to me. Another tremendous help was my membership in the TOPS Club of America. TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly) is a national nonprofit organization to help weight losers. Our TOPS members met once a week at our local Y.W.C.A., cheered one another's weight losses (or sympathized with temporary setbacks), exchanged low-calorie-meal plans as well as recipes. We even exchanged clothes to keep our wardrobes—as well as our morale—in good repair. Although my diet was individually prescribed for me by my doctor, and it was *my* job to stick to it, I doubt that I would have had comparable success without my rewarding association with the TOPS. Grand finale to my membership: I was crowned Queen of the Losers last year.

If my only reward for having dieted and lost 175 pounds had been the good influence it has had on my daughter, Jan, it would have been more than worth while. Jan, like her mommie, had been heavy from the time she was a little girl. I remember attending her sixth-grade birthday party at school. As I walked into her classroom, children turned to Jan and asked, "Is that the circus fat lady?" or "Look, here comes fatso," or "You're going to look just like your mother when you grow up." I was so hurt for her I could have cried. From the moment I started my diet, I worked with Jan to help her control her own weight. By learning which foods to eat and which to avoid, she has not only lost 25 pounds (15 more to go), but she has side-stepped the teenage agonies that accompany a poor complexion. To replace the fattening school lunches she used to eat, we now pack low-calorie lunches that are satisfying and filling too: hard-cooked eggs, cottage cheese, cold lean meat (such as sliced chicken, lamb, veal or well-cooked thinly sliced pot roast), Melba toast, fresh fruit or canned fruit in water pack. When Jan and her club members meet in the afternoon she might have a banana and glass of skim milk while the others down sodas, sundaes or candy bars.

Even our at-home meal preparation is a matter of "his and hers." For instance, a typical meal for Bill and King (the slim ones) might be fried chicken, tossed salad with a light French dressing, corn on the cob, strawberry shortcake and whole milk. For Jan and me, it's broiled chicken, asparagus tips, green salad with diet dressing, nonfat milk and strawberries, unadorned. Or when we have roast chicken the men have it complete with stuffing and gravy, while Jan and I have ours plain. Basically, our four meals are the same but prepared differently, and apportioned differently. This kind of meal planning is no hardship. On the contrary, it is a real delight in view of the happiness it has brought to our entire family! END



Princess Grace Talks to the Journal

Is Princess Grace as beautiful as Grace Kelly used to be? The little girl from the East Falls section of Philadelphia who grew to become Hollywood's queen and then Monaco's princess lives now in a stage-setting world of castles and romance. What's it like to be married to an absolute monarch? Does Grace's happiness seem the "forever after" kind? Here's a firsthand report based on interviews by Graham and Heather Fisher. Pictures.

Romain Gary's Story of a Man's First Love

"Promise at Dawn," condensed autobiography by the celebrated French author of "The Roots of Heaven," is a *big* story of love and passion for justice that stretched from sky to sky.

Can Ordinary Morning Sickness Be This Bad?

If you have ever had "morning sickness," you know all too well that many consider it "just imaginary." How much truth is there in this? When should you become alarmed? "Tell Me, Doctor."

The Ham What Am

There is no more versatile joint of meat than a tender, flavorful smoked ham. Buy a big one—we'll tell you how to present it in one guise after another, beginning with a banquet-worthy recipe and ending with (to get the beauty of the bone) split-pea soup. Superb!

What's it Like to Make a Million Dollars?

Spectacular fortunes have been made since the end of World War II by men in their thirties and early forties. Here's how the Bill Burgesses, of Pasadena, California, did it. "How America Spends its Money."

Also, freshening fashion news, including two pages of Paris hats; "How to Eat Well on Practically Nothing"; Dr. Spock: "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; a Journal-designed wonder house; and stories, stories, stories in the October Journal.



© 1961 by Kroehler Mfg. Co.

Smartest buys in fashionable furniture If *your* living room seems less lovely than this "Sprite" setting by Kroehler, you might ask yourself why. Especially when you could easily own the furniture shown with a very modest investment . . . the sofa, for instance, is tagged at less than $190!

Comfort in "Sprite" is boundless, with foam cushions floating over solidly braced springs. And this spirited design will virtually breathe new life into your present decor . . . with its lithe, functional lines, the vibrant or muted colorations of the fabrics. Whichever shade you select, and there are many from which to choose, the beauty will endure. For this nylon fabric is Performance-Tested by Kroehler; and like the sofa and chair, is warranted for a full year! (The warranty is just one of many reasons so many women feel confident with Kroehler, world's largest furniture maker.)

Luxurious carpeting is of 100% Cumuloft* nylon. Handsome walnut dining pieces in the background are from Kroehler's exciting new "Octavia" collection . . . which, along with "Sprite", is available at your dealers on a kind-to-the-budget basis. This means that next time someone takes a look around your home, it could, quite easily, be quite beautiful with Smartset Designs by KROEHLER

*T.M. of Chemstrand



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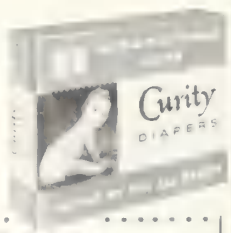
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"Most babies who have poor breathing or color in their first week recover soon and show no physical aftereffects. If parents are overprotective, they may create overdependency, feeding or sleep problems which will persist when the child is well."

THE HAZARDS OF BEING BORN

In the olden days, when the death rates were high in babies and children as a result of such diseases as pneumonia, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria and severe diarrhea, the risks of the newborn period did not stand out so prominently. But now that inoculations, antibiotic drugs and pasteurization of milk have controlled so many diseases, the special hazards of the first few days of life are more apparent. This is of course particularly true for infants who are born very prematurely and for those with serious malformations. But a few babies who come into the world full-sized and apparently well formed have their troubles at first. There are the ones who don't start breathing promptly or who breathe weakly and irregularly or who labor too hard to breathe: the ones who remain pale or blue: the ones who are limp and lethargic. It's often a question in such cases whether the cause is in the heart, the lungs or the brain. Then there are the infants who become more jaundiced than is usual. A very few babies develop convulsions or some form of paralysis.

Some of these conditions are not so easy to diagnose as parents might assume, despite all our knowledge and tests. X rays of the heart and lungs are often confusing in a small baby. (He won't hold his breath to make a clear picture.) A spinal tap to detect brain damage may not reveal a hemorrhage of the brain that has actually occurred: or it may show blood which, it turns out, has come not from the brain but as a result of the needle's scratching a vein in the spine. There's quite a list of complicated conditions that can cause jaundice, aside from the Rh factor.

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

When a baby has poor breathing or color or activity during the newborn period, it's natural for the parents to wonder whether the trouble might be related to diseases or injuries that the mother may have had during her pregnancy, or to difficulty of labor and delivery. Actually there is not much connection. Bodily injury to a mother has no effect on a baby except that, in rare cases, it starts labor. The only infectious diseases in the mother

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



CAROL HANCROFT

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

that may influence the baby, as far as we know, are German measles in the first three months of pregnancy, and untreated syphilis.

It's true that there is a somewhat greater chance of a baby's having early disturbances of breathing and color if the labor or delivery has been distinctly abnormal (not just long), or if the mother has had toxemia at the end of pregnancy. More often, however, there is no such connection. In most of the cases in which the baby has trouble, labor and delivery were considered normal; and in most of the cases in which labor and delivery were long or difficult, the baby does well from the start. So there is no scientific justification for jumping to conclusions, for assuming in an individual case that difficulty during labor or delivery is the cause of trouble in the first few days of life.

It's even more important to realize that of those babies who *do* have, in the first week of life, poor breathing and color or moderately severe jaundice, a great majority recover soon and show no physical aftereffects.

But the distress of parents, when a doctor has to tell them that their new baby is having trouble, is intense underneath. However, like human beings in other alarming situations, they instinctively tend to protect themselves against the suddenness of the blow. They may not seem to hear what he is telling them. Or they may listen to his words and then casually brush aside his warning, as if they themselves are absolutely sure there is no danger in their particular case. They may direct all their concern toward some other minor problems in the baby, such as a rash or a slight difficulty in feeding. It's often only months later, when the danger is long past, that parents can look the crisis in the eye and discuss it freely.

The doctor, too, is in a difficult situation. He knows that in a great majority of cases everything will turn out all right. And he would naturally like to be as optimistic as possible. Nevertheless, a small percentage of the babies who are in marked distress at first will not survive the first week, or will not develop ideally. A doctor feels it is his obligation to explain the danger, so that the parents will be prepared and so that, if the worst happens, he will not be reproached for having failed to recognize the seriousness of the condition. He is often on the spot, too, because it may take a number of days of observation and tests before the diagnosis is clear. And the outcome in terms of eventual development may not be certain for several months.

Statistics collected by Dr. Stuart Stevenson showed that, when there are serious difficulties in the newborn period, there will be a somewhat increased likelihood of behavior problems in the following years. There are several possible theoretical explanations for this. My own belief is that parents are in a particularly sensitive and impressionable state at this time; and if they acquire deep fears about the baby, it is hard for them to shake these off later, even after the fears have proved to have been groundless. Their overprotectiveness may lead to feeding problems, sleep problems, dependency, spoiling.

This continuing anxiety is especially evident in some mothers of premature babies. If a premature infant is not extremely small to start with and if he does well in the early weeks, his chances in the future of withstanding infections and of developing in a healthy way are essentially the same as those of full-term babies. Yet this is almost impossible for some mothers to believe. Even though their baby at six months or a year is now obviously robust, they continue to talk about him as if he were frail and weak. They ask when he will catch up to "normal" children. They ascribe his ordinary infections to his prematurity.

Of course the parents of a premature baby are subjected to worrisome influences not just for a few days but often for several weeks. Though the doctors say he is largely out of danger after a week, he continues to live in an incubator. He is taken care of by nurses with gowns and masks. The parents aren't allowed in the nursery, at least until he is almost ready to go home. He looks pathetically small and weak through the window. It's no wonder that the parents get the feeling he belongs to the hospital and the nurses, not to them, and that he's entirely different from ordinary babies. It's no wonder that when finally they are told they can take him home they sometimes act quite frightened. They can't believe he is ready to live with ordinary people. They may try to ward off taking the awful responsibility by protesting that they haven't bought all the equipment yet, or that home is unsafe because someone has the sniffles there.

In September, Houghton Mifflin Company will publish *Dr. Spock Talks With Mothers* ($5.00). Basing his book on some of the articles he has written over the past seven years for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Spock has expanded and rewritten the original material and arranged it according to specific areas relating to the growth and guidance of children.

I suspect that the explanation for the great anxiety in the newborn period is simply that Nature intends that all parents should be particularly concerned about the helplessness and the smallness of new babies. When I say "Nature" I mean that in the long process of evolution through the ages—not just of the human race but of all the other mammals who care for their young—those creatures who didn't have the disposition to fret and hover, during the period when their young were helpless, sometimes allowed them to die of neglect. It was the offspring of worriers who most regularly survived and who passed this trait along.

To get back to the present: How can doctor and parents best handle a crisis in the newborn period? How much should the doctor say? Some people would express the opinion that a modern doctor, when dealing with educated parents, should explain fully the possible causes, the risks, the steps in diagnosis, the appropriate treatments. If I had not been a doctor and if I had known no parents who had been through such an experience, I think that this philosophy of full disclosure

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WHAT EVERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MONEY

QUESTION: What are the most profitable ways to use Government savings bonds in a family savings program?



ELIZABETH RUDEL SMITH,
Treasurer of the United States

ANSWER: Government savings bonds represent one seventh of all long-term personal savings. Since the beginning of this year especially, purchases of E bonds have increased.

Because of this wide ownership, I feel families may need information on how best to use Government savings bonds in a family investment program for maximum benefits.

E bonds are particularly suitable for long-term savings for these reasons:

1. Their interest return increases each year you hold them. The third year, they earn a little over 3 per cent. If held for five years, the average yield is about 3.6 per cent. If held for the full seven years and nine months, the average yield is 3¾ per cent, compounded semiannually. If you continue to hold them after they have matured, they continue to earn their full interest. Even bonds you bought as far back as 1941 continue to earn 3¾ per cent as a result of the latest increase in the bond-interest rate.

This is important to many people. One dollar out of every five dollars invested in Series E bonds in 1941 and over 40 per cent of the amount invested in 1951 Series E bonds are still being held. A bond that cost $75 in May, 1941, grew to $100 in 1951, now is worth $134.50, and with the new higher interest rate will bring $195 if held ten years more.

2. The interest rate is guaranteed. You can be sure your bonds will earn the stated rate without fluctuation even when rates in general decline, as they sometimes do during periods of economic recession.

3. E bonds have a special tax advantage as a backlog against unemployment or as a retirement fund. You can postpone the Federal income tax on the increase in value until you actually cash in the bond. And when you retire, you can exchange your E bonds for Series H bonds, which pay interest at an annual rate of 3¾ per cent twice a year in the form of Treasury checks. You will be liable for tax on the interest from the H bonds, but since there are special tax dispensations after 65, many moderate-income retirees can escape any liability at all and will have enjoyed the earnings from E bonds and then H bonds without any tax payments or with substantially reduced payments.

For example, if you start now to buy a $50 E bond for $37.50 a month and continue for 17 years and 9 months, you then would have E bonds worth $11,174, including $3187 of accrued interest. You'd trade these for H bonds. This amount of H bonds would bring you Treasury checks for approximately $250 the first year, $400 the second, then almost $450 for the next eight years to maturity, or about $37 a month. This is nearly as much income as the amount you originally invested each month, and you'd still have your $11,174.

When the H bonds mature, or if you redeem them before maturity, you then would be liable for tax on the accrued E bond interest. But the postretirement tax benefits again would minimize your tax, if not eliminate it altogether.

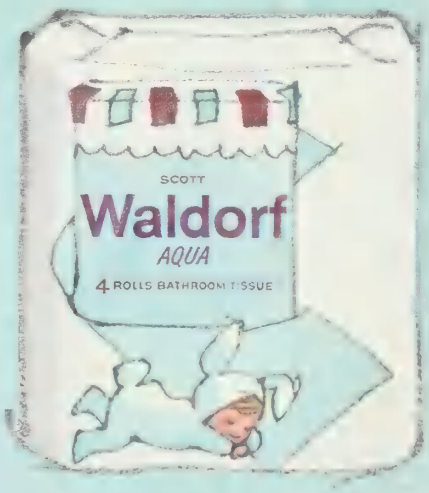
In using E bonds for children's education funds, the earlier you start, the less you'll need. The compound interest goes to work for you sooner and faster. If you start putting $18.75 a month into bonds when a child is four, you'll have over $4000 by the time he is ready for college. If you wait until he's ten, you'll have to invest $37.50 a month to accumulate that amount. In the first case, you invest a total of $3150; in the second, $3600.

Two other bond-management points that may help you: If a bond is ever lost, stolen or destroyed, write the Bureau of the Public Debt, Division of Loans & Currency, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago 5, Illinois. State the serial number, including prefix and suffix letter, date of issue, and names and addresses on the bond. The bureau will send you a form to fill out and will issue a new bond. And in case of death, it simplifies cashing in a bond if you name a co-owner. A beneficiary named on the bond can cash it, but must present a death certificate.

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D. *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

HE'S ONLY LOOKING FOR A CONVENIENT DATE

"Gary was thirty, a graduate engineer with a wonderful job, and we liked each other from the start. During Easter vacation we decided to go steady, and he persuaded me to allow ntimacies I would never have permitted anybody else. He uieted my misgivings by telling me we were as good as ngaged to be engaged. All summer we dated almost every ight, and I went back to college fully expecting a ring at hristmas. When it didn't appear, I began to hint openly, ut he said he didn't believe in engagements of more than month or two. I also accused him of dating other girls as my best friend at home had told me) and he admitted , but said it was only to have something to do. "During aster vacation there was still no ring r mention of one. Finally, in May, I ame right out and said I thought e ought to be engaged; he said he as thinking of changing jobs nd couldn't make any plans ll that was settled."

Janet is a former stu- ent of mine, very attrac- ve, and so gifted intel- ctually that she com- eted four years of college ork in three years. Be- ause of her outstanding cademic record, she had een offered an opportunity r graduate work in another niversity, and she now had to each a decision about her personal fairs.

"When I came home after graduation, it was he same story. I tried to get a halfway promise from him, ut he wouldn't commit himself to anything except that he anted to keep on dating me. Several weeks went by, and st week we had only one date. I broke down and confided my girl friend, who told me there were some things I ould know. She said Gary had tried to date her recently, nd that he just went from one affair to another. When I alled Gary about this, he just said I shouldn't believe erything I hear—and he hasn't called back."

I asked how her mother felt, and she replied, "Mother asn't liked him from the beginning. She says he's too d for me, and he isn't the marrying kind anyway. She inks I should stop seeing him, and make plans to go to raduate school in the fall. But I know he loves me as I ve him. Isn't there some way I can make him realize it?"

Together, during several conferences, we reviewed net's background. She is an only child, not yet twenty- ne. Her parents were divorced when she was fifteen, but he was not disturbed by this because the home atmosphere ad been anything but peaceful. Money was no problem: er mother had a good job and her father made a generous ttlement besides paying all Janet's college expenses.

Janet began dating while she was still in high school, sually with boys a year or two older, and in her senior ear "went steady" with a young man four years older. ut that relationship "faded away" when she entered ollege, and she dated casually until she met Gary, during hristmas vacation of her junior year.

The facts of her romance weren't what Janet wanted to ear, but with the help of an objective counselor Janet cognized them for the truth.

Gary is thirty-two years old. He has dated widely, has one steadily but not *exclusively* with several girls, includ- g Janet, but has never been engaged or seriously dis- ssed marriage. With this history, the chances are that arriage is exceedingly remote in his plans; in fact, he ay never marry.

His traits are those of a lover, not a man who wants some- y to be a good husband. Instead of honest avowals of ve, he confines himself to "I am fond of you." He ended letters to Janet with "Fondly" or "I am thinking of u, darling," never "With all my love."

DO ALL MEN WANT TO BE MARRIED ?

He evades commitments. He gave Janet the impression they were about ready "to get engaged to be engaged" but never did he even suggest actual engagement. He referred to the possibility that they might have a future together, but he carefully avoided giving his plans any substance.

He dated other girls all during the time he was seeing Janet. Except by prior arrangement and consent of the girl he claims to love, no ethical, sincere male would date other girls. He even tried to date Janet's best friend.

Janet's mother warned her that Gary was "not the marrying kind." Earlier she had stated that he was too old for Janet to date. Mothers can be quite perceptive about men, and every daughter should give careful consideration to negative comments of parents.

Gary ignored Janet's threats and deadlines. When a man is truly interested in a woman, he wants to please her. If he loves her, he does not want to risk losing her.

Gary doesn't love Janet. He told her girl friend that she was "only a convenient date." He has no "permanent plans" for her.

The past year has been a tough one on Janet. Unconsciously she probably sensed months ago that she was just another girl to Gary. But because she felt emotionally committed to him, she assumed that this implied some kind of obligation on his part to marry her.

After our third conference, she realized that he had never been in love with her and that he was not the kind of man with whom she could have found happiness. She has also concluded (rather insightfully and possibly correctly) that her interest in a much older man may well have stemmed from the insecurity of being denied a father's affection during her adolescent years.

Her sights are now set on graduate school. One of her last statements was rather philosophic:

"If I am as bright as I think I am, I have learned my lesson. If I am this dumb again, nobody will ever know it but myself."

"WHY DO I GET THESE CRUSHES?"

"I am fourteen years old, though I look at least fifteen. I have never done much dating, although this year I did talk to boys at school and at football games. Sometimes my girl friend and I meet fellows at the movies and they walk us home. But they all seem so young and silly.

"I take things to heart much too much, I know, but that's the way I am. I don't get along too well with my mother, so I can't tell her how I feel. She wouldn't understand. She loves me and I love her and daddy, except he is never home except weekends.

"I know you will get the wrong opinion of me, but I need help. Lately I have noticed myself falling in love with just about every older man or boy I am with. Why do I get these crushes? I haven't done anything wrong with them, but I have some wrong feelings because sometimes I feel sexy, and then I feel ashamed. Sometimes I hate myself. I have *confided* in you, and please don't tell my parents or anyone who knows them. I thought you might possibly help me. Will you?"

At Verna's age crushes are common, and unless they are excessive they are harmless. In fact, they are merely a way of trying to grow up. The most common type of teenage crush focuses on a movie star, singer or a radio or television performer. There would be few fan clubs if teenagers weren't prone to hero worship.

Psychologists call worship from afar "identification," because the girl tends to identify herself with her idol and to assume or pretend the qualities she thinks he admires. This identification is a mixture of compensation, daydreaming (fantasy) and of positive emotional feelings. Dreaming that he loves and admires her, she forgets her customary self-consciousness and timidity.

Unless greatly exaggerated, identification is a typical form of adjustment, harmful only when it becomes a permanent and satisfying substitute for achievement.

Crushes of this type are not unknown among more mature girls and women. The idolization of Rudolph Valentino was a classic example. For most girls, adolescent or adult, this admiration and love at a distance has no serious consequences unless it encourages withdrawal from social participation or impairs ability to be effective in contemporary relationships.

Related to, but distinct from, this phenomenon of worship from afar is the crush a girl may develop for one of her teachers, the football coach or other male figure whose position, prestige or personality makes her feel he is outstanding.

Most of these crushes are short-lived, but this type of crush may have dangerous potentialities. If the older male is aggressive or maladjusted, he may attempt to exploit the girl who betrays her attachment to him. She may firmly believe that he loves her and his demonstrations of affection may have an unwholesome, almost hypnotic, effect upon her. Fortunately, most young teenagers are quite idealistic, and usually break off such associations before they become involved or result in a serious problem.

Only a small proportion of girls with crushes suffer serious hurt from them. The few who do are usually either so maladjusted or so disturbed by unhappy home conditions that they seek any available escape route.

Most crushes represent a form of adolescent identification. Usually they are among the normal manifestations of physiological and psychological changes characterizing the transition from childhood to adulthood. In the integrated home where parents are happily married and in accord, crushes should be no cause for alarm (though they may be hard to tolerate!).

IS HE MARRIAGE-MINDED ?

Going steady is no guaranty that engagement or marriage will be the outcome. But it should indicate a couple's mutual interest and desire to learn more about each other. Custom presumes that if their association is congenial and leads to love, then engagement and marriage will follow. But some men are hard to pin down. Answering these questions "Yes" or "No" may help you decide if the man is marriageable as well as marriage-minded!

HAVE YOU AND HE :

1. *Found several absorbing interests to share?*
2. *Gone steady for six or more months?*
3. *Been in accord on standards and ideals?*
4. *Reached agreement on basic issues?*

HAS HE :

5. *Often told you that he loves you?*
6. *Honestly tried to please you?*
7. *Proudly introduced you to his friends?*
8. *Revealed his job plans to you?*
9. *Acted responsibly when you two disagreed?*
10. *By good behavior, proved he is reliable?*
11. *A good reputation and clean record?*
12. *Dealt frankly and sincerely with you?*
13. *Gladly presented you to his parents?*
14. *Suggested that he wants to marry you?*

No sensible girl wishing to marry should continue dating a man exclusively for much longer than six months without some positive indication from him that she is included in his plans for the future. Even three or four "No" answers to the above questions should give her pause for reflection. Particularly should she be on her guard if his interest and her appeal to him center around sexual motivation. If a direct question about his intentions does not bring definite reassurance, she should assume that he is not the man for her nor she the girl for him.



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"Has indignation become unfashionable?" Adlai Stevenson asks participants in a Ladies' Home Journal forum—from left to right: Harold Dodds, Robert Fitch, Stevenson, Beatrice Gould, Charles Taft, Mary Rockefeller and Bruce Gould. Backs to the camera: Glenn Matthew White and moderator Margaret Hickey.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OLD-FASHIONED MORALS?

"PEOPLE ARE LESS CERTAIN TODAY THAN THEY HAVE BEEN AT SOME TIMES IN THE PAST WHAT THE BASIC MORAL VALUES ARE."—ROBERT E. FITCH.

A JOURNAL FORUM, WITH

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, president emeritus of Princeton University

Dr. Robert E. Fitch, dean, Pacific School of Religion, author of *The Decline and Fall of Sex* and *Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self*

Mrs. Laurance S. Rockefeller (Mary French), chairman, World Service Council of Y.W.C.A. of U.S.A., member of national board and vice chairman of foreign division

The Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson, author, statesman, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., former governor of Illinois, twice Democratic candidate for President

The Honorable Charles P. Taft, attorney, city councilman and former mayor of Cincinnati (1955–57), vice president, National Council of Churches (1958–60)

Bruce and Beatrice Gould, Margaret Hickey and Glenn Matthew White of the *Journal* editorial staff

U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson remarks in his book, *Putting First Things First*, that "no democratic system can survive without at least a large and active leaven of citizens in whom dedication and selflessness are not confined to private life but are the fundamental principles of their activity in the public sphere."

Both public and private morality are topics for discussion in every home in the United States today. Is there a difference? Have standards for personal morals changed? Has the moral fiber of our nation weakened?

To explore these and other related questions so near to the hearts of all *Journal* readers, the editors invited five persons of exceptional experience and leadership to participate in one of the most challenging of all *Journal* forums. The editors and their guests assembled in the *Journal* Workshop in New York early in the morning. The intense and exciting conversation continued through lunch and into the afternoon.

MR. BRUCE GOULD: We are certainly grateful for your presence today. I am not going to apologize for inviting you to the most difficult of all *Journal* forums. We have so little time together that I am going to say what I believe immediately and try hard to remain quiet hereafter. In these times it seems to me we need to reaffirm the sense of individual obligation and to rely far less upon morality formed by public opinion. I would say there are but two essential virtues—faith and love. I will add a third, courage, just to make three.

Faith I take to be a belief in God and that there is an ordered universe, whether or not we understand or approve of it. I wonder sometimes why people say faith is so hard to achieve. For me, it is the easiest of the virtues. Almost from the moment of conception, one has faith if he has any desire to live. Love is best expressed, in my view, by the Golden Rule—do unto others as you would wish to be done by. It is a kind of automatic, reciprocal kindness—if words can begin to say it. With faith and love, I do not believe courage is necessary. It seems to me that if you have faith and love, it follows that you will have courage.

THE BASIC VIRTUES

MRS. BEATRICE GOULD: I join my husband in welcoming you all—and disagree with him at the outset, which is not unusual. We are old friends. It is hard to list three virtues in any order of importance, but I would put courage first. I remember that Winston Churchill once said

"Courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities because it is the quality that guarantees all others." Second I would place love—and to me love implies respect for other human beings, so I think it includes humility. And my third would be old-fashioned truth or integrity—the constant pursuit of truth.

MODERATOR MARGARET HICKEY: Dr. Fitch, is there a common moral ground on which we all can stand?

DR. ROBERT E. FITCH: I am confident there is. There has to be if we are to have any cohesive society. I believe our American democracy rests upon three basic moral assumptions. One is the Old Testament idea of social justice, which stresses the brotherhood of man and has a special regard for the underdog.

The second great principle would be the New Testament idea of love, which is the regard for person, and his sanctity as originally a child of God.

And the third principle, which isn't so much Biblical as a product of our later heritage, is the principle of liberty. This is both the inward liberty, which holds contempt for circumstances, and outward liberties, which are civil, political, economic and academic. These great principles come out of our Hebrew-Christian culture, and it seems clear to me our society cannot stand without them. They are the common ground for all of us.

AMBASSADOR ADLAI E. STEVENSON: Well, I would certainly agree that social conscience is a basic virtue. The other two, love and liberty, are broader in their implications than those I would select. If I were to choose the three virtues that summarize moral excellence—if it is possible to condense them into three—my first choice would be social conscience, or sense of moral responsibility. My second would be courage, the courage of one's convictions, the courage to nonconform. The third would be truth, or honesty, or faith in the triumph of virtue.

It is extremely difficult for me to reduce the virtues to three, but certainly my listing would include social conscience, courage and truth as the most necessary virtues for citizens in a free country. I remember John Powell Davies once saying, "The world is now too dangerous for anything but the truth, too small for anything but brotherhood."

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Rockefeller, how would you list the virtues?

MRS. LAURANCE ROCKEFELLER: The virtues we consider basic in Y.W.C.A. work are faith, hope and love. First we recognize the need of every girl for a basic spirituality, a foundation of spiritual values. Then she must have hope—and hope is based upon knowledge and training to fit her for a better, more useful life. I deeply believe that such a life means a good deal more than individual satisfaction or even self-fulfillment. It means a responsible role in the community—a role both sensitive and responsive to all others in the community, their varying religions and races, needs and wants. At the root of this sense of responsibility there can only be love—a love that itself is inspired by the first two virtues, faith and hope. It is my belief that no person, young or old, can be a successful human being without these three virtues.

MR. CHARLES P. TAFT: Well, my list would follow most closely that of Dr. Fitch. I think I would list love first. This is a difficult kind of concept. Plato interpreted it as the capacity of a person to achieve perfection through his own efforts. The Christian idea of love, called *agape*, I interpret as a kind of affectionate, perceptive concern for other people.

Second, I would place what might be called "the Puritan conscience," that prods a person into speaking and working for what he believes is right. And third, I would list humility, a quality that seems to me essential. It allows for free discussion with an interest in what the other person is saying and the possibility that what he is saying might be right, however hard that is to imagine. It includes being a little skeptical of oneself, which is reflected in a sense of humor, I think. I would like to add a fourth important virtue—fortitude. This is perhaps the kind of courage that Ambassador Stevenson favors. There is toughness involved in it, endurance.

MISS HICKEY: But do we lack today what Ambassador Stevenson calls in *Putting First Things First* the mainspring? "Is it broken?" he asks. Or has it just run down? Is there a serious reluctance among people today to stand up and be counted, to take positions and fight for what they believe?

IS OUR MAINSPRING BROKEN?

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: I am not sure that I know what has happened in our country, or why. Generally speaking, all great societies have come into being and have been maintained through the people's acceptance of certain objective moral standards. Such standards aren't created; they exist and cannot be displaced. They are stronger, indeed, than we are. It is a too pessimistic view—though maybe that's the best way to emphasize it—to say that we no longer pay our first allegiance to these standards, call them ethics, virtues, morals, what you will. Instead we mumble uncertainly, "Who am I to say what is right or wrong?" Some say, "Whatever you can get away with is permissible."

To me, this is sad and bad. In the past cynicism and selfishness have marked the beginning of the deterioration of societies. A society will carry on of its own momentum for a long time. But we should make an effort to arrest this moral erosion—if such it can be called—before it gets any worse.

DR. FITCH: People are less certain today than they have been at some times in the past what the basic moral values are. We hear there are more ways than one to moral goals. I happen to believe this. But there is a difference between a society that recognizes differences among people, and a society, such as we are getting into, where "anything goes"—that is to say, where there is no common moral ground.

MR. TAFT: Well, I am constitutionally an optimist, I suppose. I don't believe we have been in a period of moral decline generally. Moral climate, whatever it may be, does not seem to me as important as the need for people to speak up vigorously in their own groups for what they believe is right, and to make their voices heard. Too often the indignant are quiet.

MRS. ROCKEFELLER: I am an optimist like Mr. Taft. I think we are making moral progress as well as other kinds. There has always been reason for concern about immoral behavior in private as well as public and business life; there has always been a war against laziness, ignorance and selfishness. I would say it is a CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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A man who dies for his belief, a woman who endures only for love—are they defeated?

BY NORAH LOFTS

Tomorrow the man I love is to die: horribly, and in public. Only two other people ever knew of our love, and they are both dead now: but there are circumstances which make it natural enough that I should spend the night on my knees before the altar in the St. Mary Chapel of the abbey, praying for him.

I am supposed to be praying that he may recant. They don't like this burning of heretics. A heretic who recants is defeated and finished: one who burns scores a kind of victory. The common people who come to stare go away asking themselves: Would a man suffer so much and die untimely for anything less than a sincere belief? Even the judges themselves must feel a nibble of doubt: Would I face such an end for *my* beliefs?

I wish I could pray. If I could pray and if prayers were answered, Walter would recant within an hour. I wish I could pray, and I wish I could believe. If I could believe anything I should believe as he does: then I could go with him tomorrow, certain that once the pain and the dying were done with there would be happiness in heaven. Walter does not believe in purgatory. He says there is no evidence for it in the Scriptures. He says that Christ said to the dying thief, "*Today* thou shalt be with me in paradise." For Walter, that disposes of purgatory.

I have studied my Bible, too, and have been left with the feeling that men have always been able to believe what they wanted to. Thousands of men, all through the ages, good men, sincere men, like Walter, picking out what they will believe and what they will not, and making an issue of it. Walter will burn tomorrow because he will not believe that at a given moment the wine and the wafer become the veritable blood and body of Christ—yet he has no difficulty in believing that Christ fed five thousand people on one boy's dinner, and walked about on the sea, and made dead people come to life again.

I see no difference myself. And why go about saying what you believe and what you don't? They're going to burn Walter: if they could see into my mind they'd think burning too good for me. But they can't. And the priests value me as highly as a parishioner as Arthur values me as a wife.

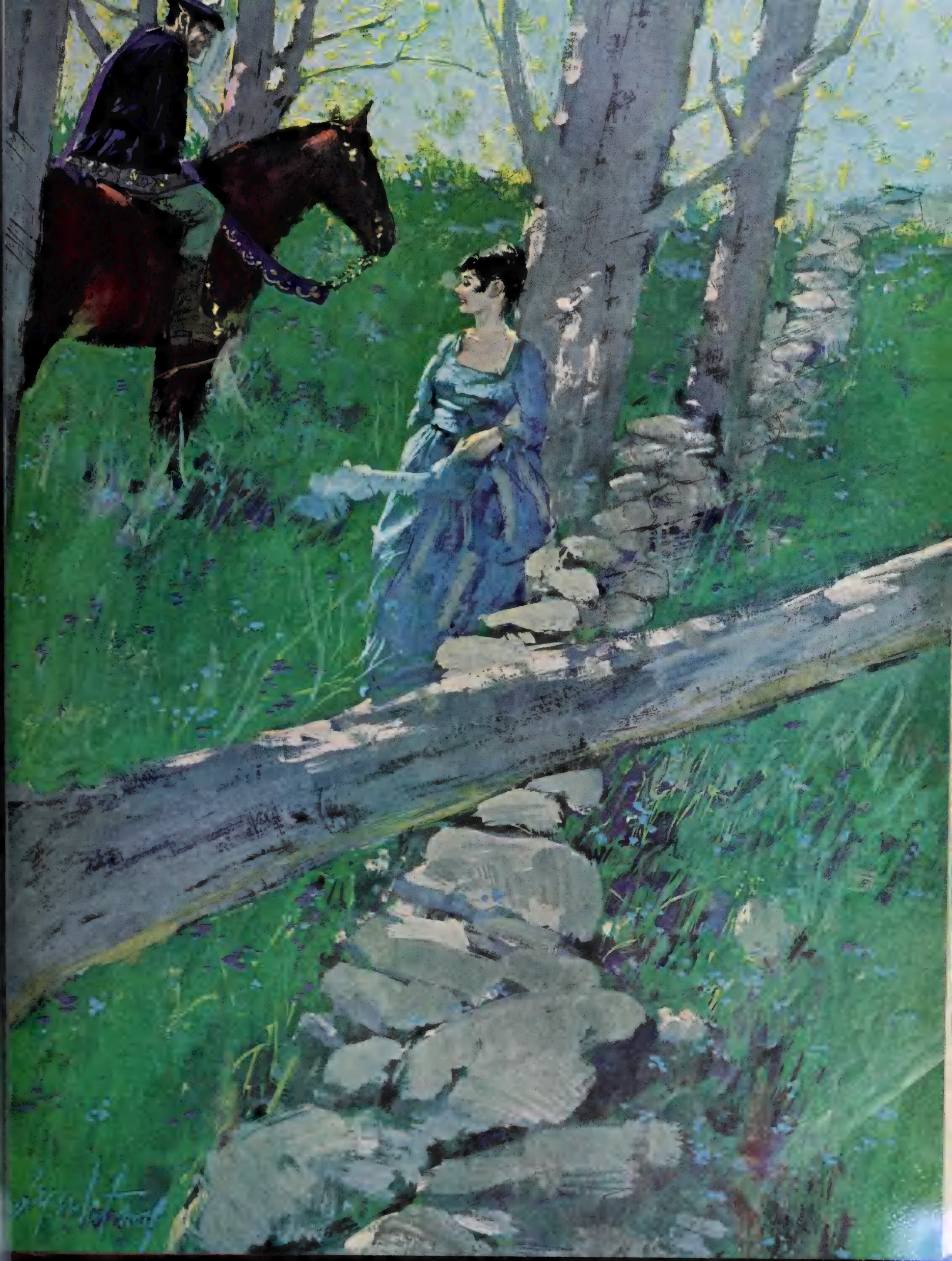
CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Before he spoke a word I had fallen in love with him—with the shape and color of him, and the idea that there should be people like him in the world.

THIS IS A NOVELLA, "JOSIANA GREENWOOD'S TALE," TAKEN FROM THE BOOK, "THE HOUSE AT OLD VINE," SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY DOUBLEDAY & CO., INC. COPYRIGHT © 1961 BY JOHN MORGAN HOOPER AND ROBERT JOHN LOFTS

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE





By PRENTISS COMBS

THE MAN WITH THE SHINE ON HIS SHOES

His was a great tradition that must live on. Could he trust this boy to care?

The old man found the pool hall like a tired pigeon homing. His foot found the rail and the ache in his feet subsided. He brought a silver dollar from his vest pocket, looked at it, rubbed a thumb over it, and rang it on the bar.

"Whisky," he said.

The bartender poured. He picked up the dollar and noticed the neat hole drilled through it.

"Luck piece?" he asked.

The old man drank the whisky and shivered.

"No," he said after brief thought, "I guess not."

He had another and his thin frame straightened.

"Where's the weekly paper in this town?" he asked.

He walked down the street, his thin body leaning far over against the straw suitcase he carried. He found the peeling building and read the sign over the door: THE MCKITTRICK RECORD, FOUNDED 1882, LENNIS MCKITTRICK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. There was something about it he liked.

A lanky boy came and leaned a loafing shoulder against the doorjamb. He was about midway through his last spurt of growth and everything about him was only half finished. The growth of his eyebrows had outdistanced the tender boy curve of his cheek, and as he stood there and looked out at the world his chin line went hard and soft, showing the play of wild kid dreams that he was powerless against. His face was ink-smeared and his printer's apron was too big for him.

"You the shop foreman?" the old man asked the boy, with a straight face. There was no hint of teasing in the question at all. The boy straightened and tied his apron, and then went all loose, the quick surge of pride dying as quickly as it had come.

"I'm just the printer's devil," he said. "You looking for a job?"

The old man looked at him. "Now, I thought you were the foreman for sure," he said. "I might consider working here at that."

"You'll have to talk to dad. Our printer just quit."

"You just hired a new one," the old man said.

The boy looked at him. He looked like an old bum. But he saw the old man's shoes and the sight of them brought his shoulder away from the doorway. He'd never seen a shine like that. The sun shone on them and left its light there. They were black and there must have been an eighth of an inch of burnished polish over the leather. Even the tongue shone through the laces. The boy forgot the dirty shirt collar and the droopy old suit.

The old man caught the boy's glance and shifted from one skinny leg to the other. Gently, tenderly he drew the gleaming shoe tips across the backs of his pant legs.

"I like shined shoes," he said. They both looked at the boy's shoes for a minute.

"I do too," the boy said and saw nothing funny in the fact that his own shoes were untied and unshined.

The old man picked up his suitcase and went into the shop. Instantly he was at home. Against one wall stood the cases of Bodoni,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

"How many papers have you worked on?" Jimmy asked. Macleod said, "You name the place; I've worked the shop."



LOVE & CHICKEN SOUP

How to get your man in ten easy lessons. Belinda knew all the rules (in fact, she made most of them).

It's the oldest trick in the world. The man gets sick. The girl brings him chicken soup, aspirin, and a cool hand for his hot brow. Groggy with fever and wonder drugs, he looks up at the ministering angel. Suddenly the fog lifts and everything slips into place in his mind—the barbecue pit, the two-car garage and the girl.

Oldest trick in the world. I know at least twelve girls for whom it has worked, including my college roommate who had absolutely no chin. Fortunately she had something better—a can opener and a boy friend with a bad case of the grippe.

So why shouldn't it work for me? That's what I asked myself. I mean, maybe it isn't original, but would I rather be original or would I rather be married to Adam Knight? Adam Knight is the end, the utter, living end who justifies the means.

There was just one flaw in this otherwise perfect scheme. Adam Knight has the reddest corpuscles in town.

He is a TV producer who imagines he's too busy for marriage. He's very fair, though, about not taking up all a girl's time when he has no intention of making it a permanent arrangement. I had been promoted all the way from being the girl he asked to go out for a hamburger on rainy Monday nights when he'd been working late, to his Saturday-night-at-the-Stork girl, complete with a neat spray of green orchids and my name in the columns the next day (spelled wrong).

What I had in mind, however, was not so much promotion as graduation—with honors, such as a small platinum band, a certificate from the sovereign state of New York, and a CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

By Marnie Ellingson



"I'll set the mood for you and Adam," Pete explained, spraying several dollars' worth of my best cologne into the air. "Then I'll tiptoe quietly away, so you can practice smiling wistfully."



ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER


CAFÉ KLÉBER

PROPHETIC 8

PARIS

Especially for *Journal* readers, and to give them a preview of the future, the leading designers of Paris, Rome and Madrid have created the fashions on these four pages. Like a captivating woman, fall fashion is full of contradiction and diversity. Skirt lengths are restless. New and varied lengths are coming in, a little longer ones are anticipated. The triangle dress, narrow at the shoulders, flaring at the hem, is a forecaster. The rising waistline, a sophisticated new Directoire look, is in beautiful contrast to casual fashions. The longer jacket is indicative. The cape coat with its flash and dash carries along with it a little wool dress, the simplest thing in the world.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
FASHION EDITOR

Left: Cardin of Paris does a slightly longer jacket, but keeps this plaid suit young and casual with a scarf neckline and slightly gathered skirt. A suit for the first fall day anywhere, a world traveler if need be. Calotte in brown velvet. Bracelet by Cartier.

Right: Marc Bohan of Christian Dior, Paris, designs this pink-of-perfection late-day suit in silk *peau d'ange*, combining it with a sophisticated black chiffon blouse, the silhouette a gentle flare. Gloves and purse are pink, the necklace black and pink beads.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE





PARIS and Madrid

Photo *above—left:* Castillo of Lanvin of Paris is famous for his velvet evening coats which are invariably elegant and to be cherished for years—this fall he does one in coral velvet with a white mink collar, matched with a close-fitting velvet hat; *Right:* A gay black dress by Pertegaz of Madrid, for dancing and theaters, in shantung organza with ruffles at the hem and a coat to match. *Below:* The winter-white coat, also by Pertegaz, inspiration for a black-and-white costume. The dress is a two-piece plaid wool; the cloche hat and gloves are of black kidskin.



ROME

Above: A black cheviot suit by Fabiani, forecasting a new longer skirt and a new higher waistline, defined by Persian lamb. Pearl necklace and earrings by Bulgari. *Right:* Simonetta of Rome presents the dramatic capelike coat, heroine of fashion, in black-and-white tweed lined with red jersey over a skillfully simple red wool dress. Robin Hood hat of red felt. *Below:* The triangle dress by Simonetta in black textured wool, a fashion with a new Empire look, sloping from slender shoulder to hem. Silhouette with a future, current and distinguished. The hat, a veil and a black rose.









AMERICAN Scene

FALL '61

There's a flourish about it. The cape-coat swings in, cloak-and-daggerlike, color on color. In disarming contrast: the slender silhouette, gently fitted and flared. Texture is the great thing about fabrics—dramatic tweeds, shaggy wools, matelassé silks. The costume look is imperative—coat and dress made to live together. (If you don't buy it together, put it together, but skillfully!) Part of the genius is color: dark brown with palest blue, magenta with pink. Watch skirt lengths—possibly getting longer.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
FASHION EDITOR

Young woman in an important suit—the tunic in smoky-gray plaid with leather sash and a mink ascot to match the hat-brim, by Christian Dior, N. Y. Pumps by Ria Geopardi, handbag by Lederer.

The figurine suit (right) indicative of feminine, fitted lines to come. All-black fashion with black mink collar by Monte Sano and Pruzan. High pillbox by Mr. John Jr., the gold pin by Nadja Buckley.

Far right—The costume idea, intensely red—the coat in reversible wool and civet cat, by Philippe Tournaye of Marquise. New long envelope handbag in calfskin.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL
BY HENRY CLARKE



AMERICAN Scene FALL '61

A fashion story in itself: reversible brown-and-green tweed coat with a simple collarless neckline worn over the very current two-piece overblouse dress of wool jersey. By David Kidd of Arthur Jablow. Hat fashion: straight on-high pillbox in matching fabric.

This young, silhouette-making dress in plaid wool launches a new pleat fashion with its overbloused top and leather belt resting on the hipline. By Christian Dior, N.Y. The scarf is fastened with Hattie Carnegie's gold clips. The hat is a sleek black soleil.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE



The dashing cape-coat, ready to envelop an exciting woman. This one is in magenta chinchilla wool, lined with lilac crepe to match the lilac jersey dress that's such an everywhere fashion, by Herbert Sondheim. The high hat is a real chinchilla fur by Mr. John.

Super trend maker: the dark brown cape-coat in wool that looks like Persian lamb, beautifully lined with pale blue taffeta matching the delicious little jersey dress. All by David Kidd of Arthur Jablow. Velvet hat by Miss Dior; alligator handbag, Lucille de Paris.



GIRLS WHO SEW ARE GIRLS WHO KNOW

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

The most exciting thing about sewing is the quick effect a girl can get for very little money: $15 worth of red wool becomes an eye-catching coat worth all of $65. Mixing and matching is a natural when you make your own clothes—that extra yard of fabric gives you two skirts, and it's fun to match linings to blouses for co-ordinated effects. A beau can be terribly impressed when his date appears in a beguiling dress that she has made that very day. We have chosen these easy-to-make designs to save you time and money—but most of all to make you look pretty.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



HOW TO MAKE $15 LOOK LIKE $65

A bright red chinchilla coat will go over just about everything in a girl's wardrobe. This easy-to-make design has a detachable scarf—pretty to wear with fake fur accessories too. Patch pockets are big enough for a notebook and a wallet. Vogue Design No. 5343.



HOW TO COMBINE ACCESSORIES

There is real excitement in 1 yard of imitation zebra fur. In fact, there is enough fabric to make this amusing hat and muff or scarf for the neck. All look pretty with a red coat. All accessories, Vogue Design No. 5362.



HOW TO BE ORIGINAL

Every creative girl will recognize the value of a black wool jersey sheath. For morning, noon and night changes, we suggest a fringe-trimmed pink wool jersey buttondown bolero, a yellow burlap braid bound jacket and a delightful circle overskirt on a bright sash. Dress, Vogue Design No. 5052,



HOW TO MIX AND MATCH SEPARATES

Mix and match blue flannel separates with an amusing cotton print or a marked-down design. The blouse matches the lining and an extra cotton skirt combines to make a dress. To extend the use of the pleated skirt, knit one of the new four-color sweaters. [See sweaters on page 134.] Suit, Vogue Design No. 5363

HOW TO MAKE A GLAMOROUS EVENING DRESS IN AN AFTERNOON

Surprise yourself, beguile your date with this easy-to-make bit of enchantment. It can be done in an afternoon. The neck and armholes are bound with green wool braid. The hem is finished with just two rows of machine stitching. The secret: combine the same print in different colors. The look: an imaginative one. Vogue Design No. 5360

FOR OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 134



HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

By BET HART

BARBARA JOURNAL FAVORITES

Barbara J. likes to begin the fall with an investment to wear now, to count on for all winter months ahead. Three Barbara J.'s—our familiar career girl, a city nurse and a homemaker—choose a suit as the perfect fashion starter. Any one of their investments might be the one and only made for some time. Or, like our Barbara J.'s, it might be the bright beginning for a new wardrobe.

DESIGNED BY JEAN ESSIG



DESIGNED BY DICK DUMAS



A pretty neutral, oatmeal tweed, is our Barbara J.'s season starter. Her suit choice is right for work every day—and for Saturdays and Sundays too. Her list of accent colors: yellow, green, black, or more variations in shades of beige. Barbara J.'s investment is the basis of her whole new wardrobe to come.

Suit jacket is semifitted, skirt slim. Today for the office, Barbara adds a white scarf at the neckline, gold butterfly pin. Jacket, $12.95; skirt, $10.95.

Barbara J. makes one more addition for $3.95. A new beige shirt in Dacron and cotton goes prettily under the jacket or with the skirt all alone.

Barbara Kyloo, a trained nurse in a large city hospital, likes to commute to her nearby home town for her one day a week off duty. In uniform all working days, she spends her fashion $'s for clothes to wear after four when her working day ends and for her day off. Barbara's love for fall: "Wool dresses in my favorite colors, blues and blacks."

Blue wool costume combines Barbara's favorite wool dress plus a pretty suit look for city *or* country. Accent today: two gold pins at neckline. Jacket dress, $29.95. Barbara likes the dress alone for evenings in town. She can accent with one bright accessory.

Mrs. Carl deGersdorff lives in the country, has three small children ranging in age from two to six. She loves casual clothes. "Not *too* tailored and nothing 'fussy.'" Her new cranberry-red wool suit is perfect with shirts and sweaters already in her wardrobe. Favorite color accents: pink, white, black and beige.

The suit has a flared skirt, "Easier for country walking," and a jacket with easy-to-accessorize neckline. Today, Susie adds a pink sweater and scarf. Suit, $24.95. For a trip into town, Susie's "casual look" becomes dressier. She can wear the jacket buttoned, pearls at the neckline and long beige gloves.

DESIGNED BY KRISTI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO





DEAR MR. G:

By JEAN GARCEAU and INEZ COCKE

Clark had found happiness, only to lose it. Now began the years of restless searching—for a love he was not to find until almost too late.



Married to Lady Ashley, Clark often tired of formal dinners with her "European set" and slipped off alone to ride or practice roping.



In 1955, Clark married Kay Spreckels, a divorcée with two children. "I really love those kids," he said of Bunker and Joan.



"Imagine this wonderful thing happening to an old guy like me!" Clark said, months before his son was born on March 20, 1961.

CONCLUSION When Clark telephoned to tell us that his wife's plane was reported down, Russ and I were not unduly concerned at first. Once before Carole had crashed, returning from location, and later had laughed and made a big story of her adventure. But soon things began to look serious. Clark called again to say that the plane had been located near Las Vegas. "Howard has chartered a plane and we're all flying over there," he said. "I'll keep in touch with you at the ranch."

Jill Winkler (whose husband Otto was on the plane with Carole), Howard Strickling and Ralph Wheelwright flew with Clark to Las Vegas, while Carole's brother Freddie and his wife started the six-hour drive in their car. Russ and I left for the ranch. The Langs joined us there, together with Phil Berg and the Goffs.

When Clark's party arrived in Las Vegas, they went directly to the sheriff's station where they found the mayor with a group of deputies, local men and military police from a nearby air base. All were busy looking over maps of the area, plotting routes for rescue parties to follow up the mountains. No one immediately noticed Clark and his companions.

"How do you know the plane is there?" Clark asked one of the men.

"Because it's on fire," he answered. "The flames shot up two or three hundred feet."

"My wife is on that plane," Clark said quietly.

"Clark's face whitened," Ralph recalls. "I think he *knew* then."

Clark insisted on going up with the rescue parties, but Howard and Eddie Mannix held him back. "We'll come back for you when we locate the plane," they promised.

Eddie and Ralph tore their shoes to ribbons in the seven-mile climb with the rescue party over the snow-covered, barren mountainside. Hours later they reached the wreckage. The transport had crashed into the Table Rock Mountain two hundred feet below the crest, then had fallen into a steep ravine. Flames had melted the snow and scorched the trees all around. There were no survivors. Ralph and Eddie identified Carole. A charred script lay near her hand.

Eddie and Ralph started back down the mountain. Halfway down they found a way station hooked into a telegraph line, and asked the station agent to send a telegram to Clark. The wire read: *No survivors. All killed instantly.*

"I knew I had to make it plain to Clark immediately that Carole and her mother and Otto had not suffered," Ralph says.

Meanwhile, Clark was pacing the floor of his hotel room like a man possessed. When Ralph's telegram arrived, he had gone out on a little balcony and was looking at the stars. Howard took the wire to him.

For those of us at the ranch the suspense was dreadful. At first we kept up a steady stream of small talk as people do when desperately worried. Gradually we lapsed into a strained, hopeless sort of silence, each busy with his own thoughts—and prayers.

At four o'clock in the morning Clark called. "Ma's gone," he said simply.

My one thought was to comfort him, but it was hard to speak when my own grief was so great.

The next day two gunnery-school recruits approached Ralph. One of them had a newspaper picture of Carole, showing her wearing the ruby-and-diamond clips Clark had given her. The soldier showed Ralph a portion of one of the clips which he'd found at the wreck. It was badly damaged, but identifiable as Carole's. He wanted to sell it to Clark.

Ralph pointed out that it was cruel to try to sell Clark his wife's clip.

"But I ought to get something for it," the man said.

Ralph suggested that a jail term might be appropriate. He persuaded the man to relinquish the clip and gave him a receipt for it.

When Al Menasco arrived in Las Vegas, he found Clark sitting in his room alone, red-eyed, unshaven. "Why did this happen, Al?" he asked.

Al, a former pilot, was hard put to answer. "I took him for a drive in my car and let him talk. He wanted me to show him where the plane had crashed, so we drove to the foot of the mountain where we could see the plane wreck from afar. I tried to explain from a technical standpoint what *might* have happened. This seemed to satisfy him. We drove around for a couple of hours and returned to the hotel. Clark ate his first meal then."

Other friends rallied round. All reported that as the exhausted men of the search parties came down the mountain, Clark met them, the calmest and most restrained of those around him. He waited hand and foot on the weary men, ordered steaks and coffee for them, helped serve the food.

"Grief usually makes men self-centered," Ralph says. "Clark was just the opposite in his agony—he was kind, solicitous of everyone."

One little man, a deputy coroner, had worked tirelessly. Clark noticed that he had difficulty eating because he had no teeth, and slipped Ralph a hundred-dollar bill. "Give it to that little guy," he said, "and tell him to get himself some teeth."

Newspapers and the radio carried full details of the air tragedy and the bond

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

© 1961 by Jean Garceau and Inez Cocke. The complete book is soon to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

THE FAMILIAR AND THE BEAUTIFUL COME BACK HOME

Americans have always loved traditional furniture. This is especially true now, when traditional styles—either in faithful copies or modern adaptations—are in great demand. Modern furniture, respected for its streamlined beauty and its practicality, is being reserved for heavy-duty areas, such as children's quarters or family rooms. The traditional look in furnishings links a home with the past, is a comforting reminder of quieter times, when people had time to make patchwork quilts and plant gardens, to pen love letters in elegant handwriting at the old secretary and listen to grandfather read prayers from the family Bible on the parlor table.

The desire for beauty and individuality is fulfilled by the traditional. Graceful silhouettes, handsome ornamentation, romantically pretty patterns, cheering colors, decorative lighting fixtures offer relief from the mass-produced carbon-copy interiors—utilitarian and colorless—that many Americans have lived with for the past twenty years.

Today there is all history to choose from—styles whose originals were found in French cottages or châteaux, Italian villas and palaces, English manors and town houses. Furniture of different periods and places can be mixed to achieve even more individuality in decorating. Adaptations retain the best of old designs, eliminate features that would make the originals too cumbersome or impractical for small modern rooms.

By CYNTHIA KELLOGG
INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR

FAVORITE FURNISHINGS, *of earlier American styles, have been augmented with more reproductions. In this setting are copies of a wing chair in Greenfield Village, $179 and up depending on upholstery fabric; a Windsor chair, $99; a Williamsburg bench, $35 in muslin. Coffee table, a type of furniture unknown in early America, is a modern, lowered version of a trestle table in the Henry Ford Museum. In the home of Jay Dorf, interior designer.*



NEW, READY-TO-BUY FURNISHINGS WITH ROOTS IN THE PAST



UPDATED TRADITIONAL

designs soften the look of utilitarian areas such as busy foyers. In the news here: plywood wall paneling with an exotic bamboo surface: a new vinyl "slate" tile that re-creates the charm of flagstones: screens that look like art works, as this one of sculptured louvers by William Keck: stained-glass light fixtures revived from the age of Tiffany. Teak desk, wall-hung to save space, translates the old roll-top idea into a writing surface that pulls out to expose compartments in the back. A modern scatter rug puts a new color, purple, underfoot. Picture is a stone rubbing from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Patterned Rugs

as vivid as modern paintings return in scatter sizes to become the major color accent in a room. They are used on bare, polished floors to unify sofa and dining areas. The wool rug here combines the stylish reds and purples in a design recalling Pennsylvania Dutch painted patterns.



EDWARDIAN COMFORT

in streamlined versions of basket furniture recalls the palmy garden rooms at the turn of the century. Today, the love seat and chairs might start out in the living room of a first home, move on to the family room or master bedroom or go outdoors. Cushioned in a rambler-rose pattern beloved of the Victorians, these wickery pieces establish a country look in decorating that is popular now in city homes too. Contributing to this fresh, easy-to-live-with decorating style is a rug in one of the new grass greens, nineteenth-century bric-a-brac on the wall and hearth, and the Franklin stove. Chair-side table is a drum of spindles topped with a terrazzo-like plastic





ROMANTIC PATTERNS

have been modernized with brilliant color to create contemporary backgrounds for traditional styles. Shown in this year's fashionable reds and purples are samples of new trends in fabrics and wall coverings. Reading clockwise: mottled pattern for an antique effect, on a paper-backed burlap for walls; felt, a rage for Victorian table skirts or, with a special backing, for a soundproofing covering on walls; fancy shapes in tiles, as these that produce a quilted surface on a wall; flowers, which never go out of fashion, freshened in such patterns as a mosaic of blossoms on cotton; embroidery for a delicate air on sheer curtaining—for example, a filigree of flowers on wispy linen and cotton; stripes in the same color family or, as in the loud Mexican cotton here, in closely related ones; cotton toiles copied in abundance for use in country-style settings; painting effects, as Matisselike fruits and flowers on cotton velvet. In the center, rich, regal purple colors a wool rug of luxurious thickness.

ANCESTOR TREASURE CHESTS

are a return to decorative accessories that families will find highly practical, since they help out with storage problems. Large sizes of these ornamental boxes can double as end tables, furnish tiny foyers, fill in under picture windows. Small ones fit neatly into bookcases or rest on tables. From the top, left to right: a plumed Italian curio box to hang on a wall; Mexican glass dome for colorful candies; scenic Mexican bride's box for bedding and sweaters; miniature Chippendale chest for jewelry; red leather box for magazines; copy of a Moroccan coffer in black leather studded with brass nails, which could store bridge or desk paraphernalia; copy of a Japanese armor chest in red leather to hold bedding; print-topped Italian box to keep papers in order on a desk; triple-decker Japanese container of china for edibles; long, low Japanese box with two drawers for table mats and silver. All rest on a Mexican copy of a Spanish Colonial chest, whose many small drawers could organize wardrobe accessories. Glazed French tiles create an Old World look underfoot.



INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE

STILL LIFES BY STUART

By ELAINE HANNA

Family Favorites

ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

Juiciness, crispness, tenderness, tastiness—these are what family favorites are made of. The nine we give you here will get the school year off to a nourishing start. Baked meat loaf glazed with an apricot sauce makes a tangy variation of a filling favorite. Crisp, crisp chicken, relished by children and most grownups, is baked instead of fried for a change, rolled first in rye-wafer crumbs. For an unexpected dish try spareribs, cooked with the delectable sweetness of juicy pineapple. Raisin-cinnamon rolls, hot from the oven, are very little trouble, and how the children love them! On the dessert side of the list, lemon-meringue pie or a peppermint-frosted chocolate ribbon cake is sure to win wild applause. No collection of family favorites would be complete without waffles; this time we suggest you add chopped pecans and a creamy butterscotch sauce for that Sunday-breakfast treat!

GLAZED BEEF-AND-PORK LOAF—$2.51 WITH APRICOT SAUCE

Loaf

- 1 pound ground lean pork
- 1 pound ground beef chuck
- 1½ cups white bread crumbs
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- ⅓ cup chopped sweet gherkins
- ¾ cup skim milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon monsodium glutamate
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Measure ingredients into a large bowl and mix well. Turn into a shallow baking pan and shape into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Make apricot sauce following recipe below. After meat loaf has baked 1 hour, drain off drippings and brush with sauce and continue baking for 40 minutes, basting with sauce 2 or 3 times. When ready to serve, remove meat loaf to warm platter, drain off any fatty drippings from roasting pan, add apricot sauce to roasting pan and simmer 2 or 3 minutes, stirring to dissolve all browned drippings. Spoon some sauce over the meat on the platter, and serve the rest separately. Makes 6 to 8 servings. Serve with stuffed baked potatoes, if desired, and garnish platter with apricot halves and parsley.

Apricot Sauce

- 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) peeled apricot halves
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons catchup
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard

Drain apricots, saving syrup. Rub through a sieve or buzz in a blender for a minute. Scrape into a heavy 1-quart saucepan. Add syrup and seasonings. Cover and simmer about 20 minutes over very low heat, stirring occasionally, until flavors are blended.

CRISPY BAKED CHICKEN—$1.83

- 1 stewing chicken (4-lb.) cut into parts
- ¾ cup crumbs from crisp rye wafers
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 1 teaspoon marjoram
- ½ teaspon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup skim milk
- 6 tablespoons melted margarine

Wipe chicken parts with a clean damp cloth. Singe any hairs. Mix rye-wafer crumbs and seasonings. Dip chicken in milk and roll in crumb mixture until coated evenly. Place in greased baking pan. Add melted margarine. Bake, uncovered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½–2 hours or until golden and tender. Arrange on a warm platter; garnish with parsley. Makes 4 servings.

PINEAPPLE-BARBECUED SPARERIBS—$2.19

- 3 pounds spareribs
- 1 can (8½-oz.) crushed pineapple
- ½ cup firmly packed dark brown sugar
- ½ cup chili sauce
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- ¼ cup vinegar
- ½ cup canned pineapple juice

Wipe the spareribs with a clean damp cloth. Cut into serving-size pieces. Place on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour, turning spareribs frequently. Meanwhile, mix remaining ingredients in a saucepan. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. When spareribs have baked for 1 hour, drain drippings from pan. Remove rack. Pour sauce over spareribs. Continue baking for 1–1¼ hours, basting frequently until spareribs are tender and well browned. Makes 4 servings. This dish can be made in an electric skillet, if desired. Brown ribs first, then cook, covered, at 350° F.

RAISIN-AND-CINNAMON ROLLS—82c

- 2 envelopes active quick dry yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons melted margarine
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 4½ cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons light corn syrup
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 cup seedless raisins

Mix yeast and lukewarm water, stirring until dissolved. Mix sugar, margarine and egg. Add yeast liquid. Sift flour and salt together twice. Add 3 cups flour to yeast mixture and beat until smooth. Stir in remaining 1½ cups flour. Turn dough out on a lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with margarine. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch down and turn out on lightly floured board. Divide dough in half. Roll out each half into an oblong about 15″x9″. Brush each oblong with melted margarine and light corn syrup. Mix cinnamon with a generous amount of sugar and sprinkle each oblong, then scatter on the raisins. Roll each section up as for a jelly roll, from the longer side. Cut into 1¼″ to 1½″ pieces. Place cut side up about ¾″ apart in a greased 9″x9″x2″ baking pan. Cover and let rise again until double in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 35 minutes. Turn out on wire cake rack. Serve warm with a little margarine spread on top, if you like. May be stored, wrapped in aluminum foil, in breadbox and reheated in foil before serving. Makes 2 dozen rolls.

SPAGHETTI WITH SURPRISE MEAT BALLS AND TOMATO SAUCE—$1.95

Meat Balls

- 1 pound ground beef chuck
- 1 cup white bread crumbs
- ½ cup skim milk
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon steak sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Small stuffed olives, dill pickle, chopped onion, crumbled cooked bacon
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- Tomato sauce (recipe below)
- 1 pound thin spaghetti

Mix the beef, bread crumbs, milk and seasonings. Using about 2 teaspoons beef mixture for each meat ball, place inside the center of each one of the following: a halved olive, a small piece of dill pickle, a little chopped onion or crumbled cooked bacon. Place balls on tray, cover and refrigerate for 1 hour for easier handling. Heat cooking oil in a large heavy skillet and sauté the meat balls until evenly browned. Drain off all but 2–3 tablespoons fat from the skillet. Add tomato sauce made from recipe given below. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Cook the spaghetti following directions on the box. Drain very thoroughly. Make a ring of spaghetti on a warm platter and pour sauce with meat balls in center. Makes 6 servings.

Tomato Sauce

- 1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes
- 1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon basil
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon onion juice

Measure all ingredients into a 1-quart saucepan. Break up tomatoes with a fork. Cover and simmer for 1 hour, stirring occasionally.

LEMON-MERINGUE PIE—69c

- 1 (9″) baked pie shell
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 6 tablespoons cornstarch
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ¼ cup margarine
- 3 eggs, separated
- ⅓–½ cup lemon juice

Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt, boiling water and lemon rind. Heat slowly, stirring until smooth, and then cook over low heat until thickened and no taste of cornstarch remains, about 15 minutes. Remove from heat and add margarine. Beat egg yolks slightly and add lemon juice; add hot mixture slowly. Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly for 5–7 minutes. Do not boil. Now fill the pie shell and cover with meringue. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 4–5 minutes or until browned. Makes 6–8 servings.

To Make Meringue:

Beat the egg whites until frothy, then add a pinch of salt and 6 tablespoons sugar, a little at a time, beating constantly. Then beat until stiff and glossy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

What makes meat loaf so popular? Flavor! The recipe for the loaf pictured here blends pork and beef with unusual seasonings and then adds tang with a smooth apricot sauce.



WHERE THERE'S A CHILD THERE'S A PUDDING

By ESTHER FOLEY

. . . though the pudding will usually disappear pretty quickly! There is something about a pudding that makes dessert seem like an extra-special treat. And the recipes we have here will taste as delightfully delicious to the grownups in the family too.

Just a few extra steps will put fairy-tale splendor into such familiar nursery stand-bys as tapioca and rice pudding. We've had to invent some new names, like Tapioca-Peach Butterfly, Lighter-Than-Air Prune Whip, Banana-Custard Surprise. But whatever you call them, there's always magic to puddings, and they'll go on being popular long after Mother Goose is forgotten. Let's begin with that childhood favorite, custard sauce over cake and fruit:

BANANA-CUSTARD SURPRISE

2 teaspoons cornstarch
¼ cup sugar
Pinch salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 cups scalded milk
2″ strip lemon peel
16 one-inch squares of day-old white cake
2 small bananas
Gumdrops (garnish)

Combine the cornstarch, sugar and salt and stir into the egg. Gradually add the scalded milk, stirring until well blended and smooth. Add the lemon peel and cook in a heavy saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens enough to coat a silver spoon, about 10 minutes. Do not boil. Cool and remove peel. Divide cake among 4 dishes. Slice half a banana into each dish and fill with sauce. The surprise? Top with tiny gumdrops. Makes 4 servings.

TAPIOCA-PEACH BUTTERFLY

2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons lemon juice
4 cups sliced peaches, fresh or drained canned
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
6 small rounds white bread

Mix tapioca, sugar, brown sugar, nutmeg, lemon juice, peaches and butter or margarine. Turn into a 5–6-cup shallow baking dish. Cover and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 30–40 minutes, or until the peaches are soft. Stir once while baking. Take from the oven, remove cover and allow to cool. Butter bread very lightly on each side and brown in a skillet, turning to brown on the other side. Then cut each in half and press the curved edges into each serving of pudding, butterfly fashion. Serve with whipped topping if you like. Makes 6 servings.

Packaged pudding mixes are a short cut to delicious desserts. Follow the cooking directions exactly for perfect texture. Don't hurry them; let the mixture come slowly to the desired thickness, then cool. To prevent a skin from forming, cover pan lightly and stir occasionally as the mixture cools. Or pour it directly into serving dishes and cover closely with waxed paper. The personal touch, and your chance to add variety, comes in the topping and trimming. Have you tried these ideas?

CHOCOLATE-PUDDING MIX

To add texture . . .

Try a well-drained canned apricot filled with whipped cream or whipped topping.

Try crisping ready-to-eat cereal with a bit of brown sugar and butter. Use a heavy skillet.

Try adding ½ cup additional milk to the pudding when mixing. Then pour while still hot over cut-up marshmallows, and watch them rise to the surface and softly melt.

VANILLA-PUDDING MIX

To add variety with trimming . . .

Try lining the dishes with split ladyfingers. Fill with extra creamy cooled pudding and top with a neat scoop of bright red jelly.

Try poaching meringue, by spoonfuls, in simmering water. Drain, then place one in the bottom of each dessert glass. Fill glass with pudding and top with a spear of candied orange peel or a tiny chocolate-coated cooky.

BUTTERSCOTCH-PUDDING MIX

To add a surprise . . .

Try dissolving a whisper of decaffeinated instant coffee in heavy cream before whipping it for a topping.

Try lining a small loaf pan with waxed paper and then with thin slices of leftover cake, cut in triangular shapes. Pour in the hot pudding mixture. Chill overnight; then unmold and slice.

CUSTARD-FLAVORED DESSERT MIX

To add flavor accents . . .

Try just a *little* almond flavoring. Then after the pudding is set, make a meringue and flavor that, too, with a little almond. Spread meringue on pudding, sprinkle with chopped almonds and brown very quickly under the broiler.

Try coarsely chopping a square of unsweetened chocolate. Add to the pudding-milk mixture. Then bring mixture to boil as the directions state. Cool and serve topped with whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

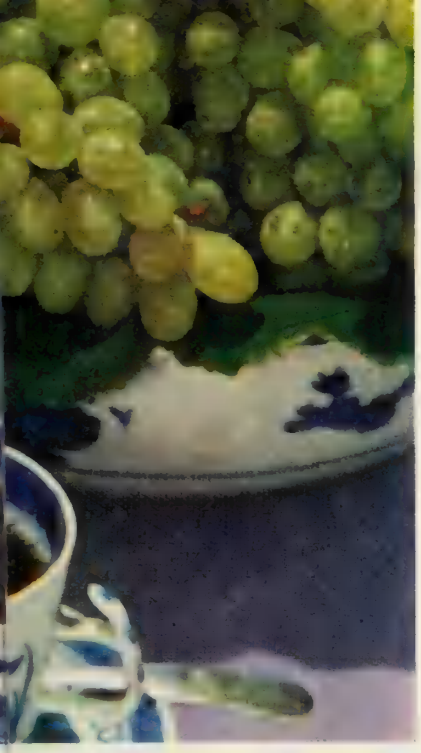
There's a conspiracy going on in this picture. "Where do we start?" On jelly-topped Vanilla Pudding with Ladyfingers? Creamy-cool Banana-Custard Surprise? Blueberry Cottage Pudding with its own hot lemon sauce? Apricot-topped chocolate? Or on tapioca that never tasted this good before—Tapioca-Peach Butterfly?

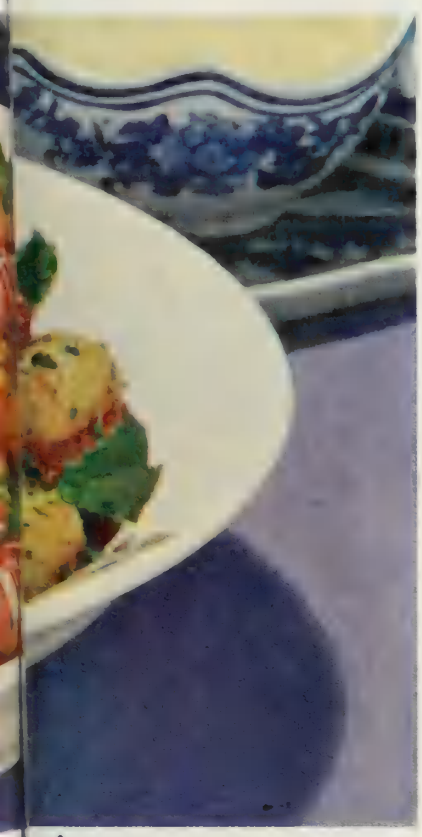
BEN SOMOGOFF

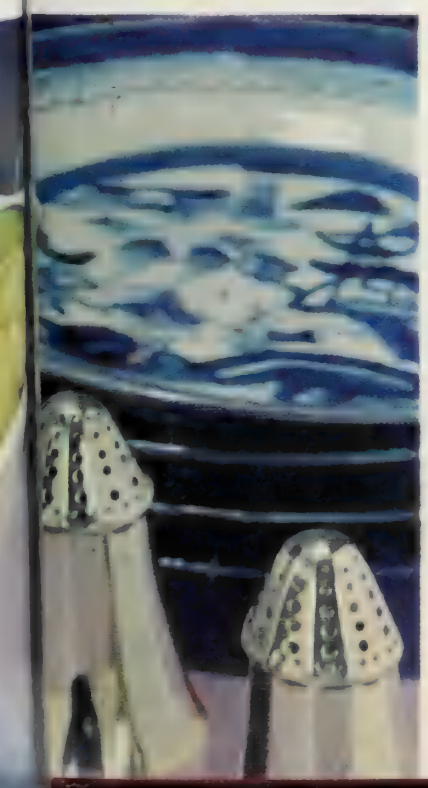

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Crepes aux Asperges comes to the table directly from under broiler heat, the cheese topping a delicate, bubbly, golden color.

Poulet Sauté Parmentier here glistens under a light coating of sauce made delicious with veal stock and a touch of sour cream. Crab Casserole, fragrant, piping hot, is served in a frame of tiny artichoke hearts lightly brushed with butter and lemon juice.







THREE LUNCHEONS FOR LADIES

More ladies' luncheons are held in Washington, D.C., than in any other city in the United States, and our Washington food authority, John Prince, gives us delightful menus for three. The recipes are easy to follow—served in a most feminine way and low in calories too!

By JOHN PRINCE

I am often called upon, in Washington, to suggest menus for ladies' luncheons. Sometimes the occasion is an official one—say at Woodlawn Plantation—in honor of the wife of a foreign diplomat; more often it is simply an intimate meeting of a few friends in a small Georgetown house; but whatever the occasion, the basic requirements for this very important meal remain the same.

It ought to have a little element of surprise, I think; it should be elegant, but elegant in the plain-but-chic sort of way; above all, it should be fairly light—nourishing, but nothing to alarm a woman who is "watching herself." Here I think of a luncheon served the first lady of a South American republic, one that I was guilty of, but on order. It began with a *pâté*, went on to a *quiche Lorraine*, then to a *filet mignon*—and so on for hours. The *quiche Lorraine*, a pastry filled with egg-and-cheese custard, with salad and a dessert, would have been ample.

In time, I have accumulated many menus which illustrate these principles. My wife has used them for her own luncheons, always successfully; she has also (this may be a note to keep in mind) served them for herself and me alone, as light suppers. I have found them delicious as each centers around a main dish, and ends with a dessert—but not a rich one.

Following are three typical menus which I choose from the lot, each planned for four.

MENU I: Crepes aux Asperges . . . Salad of water cress, Bibb lettuce and the white hearts of chicory or white centers of escarole, with a plain oil-and-vinegar dressing, seasoned with garlic salt and pepper . . . Euphrates bread or sesame-seed crackers, which give the same crisp seeded effect . . . A good raspberry sherbet, with a few drops of kirschwasser, if you like.

MENU II: Poulet Sauté Parmentier . . . Salad Printemps, a salad made of any crisp green found in your market, and served with the merest hint of other vegetables, such as thinly sliced scallion, radish, artichoke hearts all tossed together when the dressing is added . . . Fresh pears with cheese and crackers.

MENU III: Crab Casserole, with cheese topping . . . Artichoke hearts with lemon and butter . . . Pocketbook rolls, heated after buttering . . . Individual bowls of chilled white seedless grapes served with sour cream and brown sugar . . . coffee.

Recipes for the main dishes in all three menus are on page 112.



Wigmaker to Major Washington owned the house; his tiny shop was next door.

A WONDERFUL NEW KITCHEN FOR A WONDERFUL OLD HOUSE

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

"I would like a kitchen that's compact and efficient," wrote Mrs. O'Leary, "but at the same time I want it to be really part of our old house, with the same eighteenth-century atmosphere we love." Built in 1754, the Peruke House, as it is known today, still has the six-panel doors, fret-trim cornices and carved mantels that George Washington saw when he visited its earlier owner, the wigmaker. Its newest owners—newspaperman Jeremiah O'Leary, his pretty dark-haired wife and two lively sons—have managed to combine the historical spirit of the old house with the conveniences of contemporary living. Most dramatic evidence of this is the kitchen.

Tips from the *Journal* kitchen planners showed the O'Learys how they could make the most of their 14'10" x 13'3" room. For efficiency an unbroken sweep of counter lines the window walls, incorporates a set-in gas-range top, a sink, ample



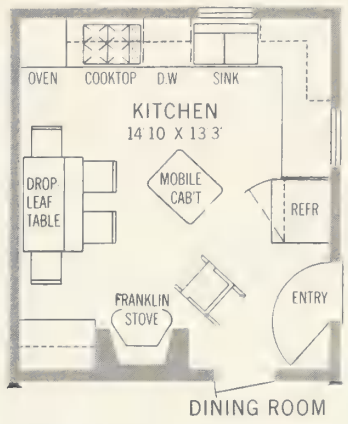
Movable cabinet in the middle has cutting-board top, caster base so that it rolls easily from gas cooking top to table to sink. Note its storage space. Stenciled designs on scalloped window valances were adapted from wallpaper still hanging in the attic.

working surfaces. The oven forms one end of its L shape, the refrigerator the other. Bringing in the eighteenth-century character: fruitwood-finish cabinets with the patina of old wood, black hardware and tongue-and-groove work; walls of soft blue—a color popular in Revolutionary days. The floors are a contemporary quick-to-clean vinyl tile in a deeper, marbled blue.

Mrs. O'Leary had wanted a laundry center in her kitchen, but after careful planning decided to make the hearth the focal point for an informal dining area, decorated it in a manner reminiscent of the period. The laundry is to be located on the second floor near the bedroom area.

The O'Leary kitchen combines the best of both centuries—the warmth and character of the eighteenth, the efficiency of the twentieth. The gas cooking top is a simple one-piece design that eliminates awkward-to-clean crevices, and its burners are designed to mix measured amounts of air with the gas for cleaner, cooler cooking. The built-in gas oven has a window so that the boys can satisfy their curiosity and watch cakes and cookies brown. The dishwasher's cycles adjust for scrubbing pots or sudsing fragile crystal. The gas refrigerator provides plenty of freezer space plus roomy cold storage for keeping vegetables crackling-crisp. Its special talent is turning out a continuous supply of ice crescents.

Updated colonial, that's what the O'Learys want. Imagine George Washington's amazement if he stepped into the kitchen today and saw one machine doing the dishes, another making ice and refrigerating food, and a stove requiring no stoking with cordwood. But most of all he would marvel at a workroom as gaily dressed as any other room. The twentieth-century O'Learys, in fact, still consider it all a dream!



The kitchen at the back of the 200-year-old house is almost square.

WESLEY BALZ

Like kitchens everywhere, this one is the heart of the home. A favorite gathering spot for both family and friends is at the table by the fire. The Franklin stove is new, a contemporary cousin of one that had been installed in the front parlor in 1780.



Well-filled cooky jars make childhood memories. Nothing is so satisfying to the in-between appetite of a child as a big fat cooky with a glass of milk. Handy to the pocket—ideal for the lunch box! Crisp cookies crumble in little hands—moist ones don't. They keep better than crisp ones too. Here are five good ones: plump chocolate drops, raisin-studded sour-cream cookies, oatmeal cookies, raisin-stuffed sugar cookies and soft ginger cookies.

OLD-FASHIONED SOUR-CREAM COOKIES*

¼ cup butter
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 teaspoon nutmeg
Raisins (optional)

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten eggs. Stir mixture until well blended and pale in color. Sift the flour with salt and baking soda. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream. Flavor with nutmeg and mix well. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto your baking sheets. Allow several inches between the cookies because they will spread while baking. Place a large, soft, seeded raisin in the center of each, if you like. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 12–15 minutes. Remove immediately from baking sheets to wire racks. Cool thoroughly. Makes 2 dozen 3″ cookies.

RAISIN-FILLED COOKIES

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 teaspoons vanilla
6 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
⅔ cup sour milk or buttermilk

FILLING:

1½ cups sugar
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups seedless raisins, ground
1½ cups water



Cream butter with sugar. Add eggs and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately to creamed mixture with milk. Mix well. Cover and chill overnight.

Filling: Stir and simmer ingredients until thickened. Cool. Roll out cooky dough, a portion at a time, on a floured board or pastry cloth. Cut with a 3″ round cutter. If you do not have one, use the open end of a washed, empty No. 2 size can. Put a spoonful of filling in the center of one circle. Top with another. Press edges firmly with the tines of a fork or moisten edges with a little water. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 17–20 minutes. Cool. Makes about 2½ dozen 3″ cookies.

CHOCOLATE DROPS

½ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sour milk or buttermilk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Cream together butter and sugar. Add egg and beat until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with sour milk or buttermilk. Stir in vanilla and melted chocolate and, if you like, the chopped walnuts. Drop by tablespoonfuls on greased baking sheets, spreading the mixture slightly with a spatula. Bake for 12 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Makes 1½ dozen 3″ cookies.

OATMEAL COOKIES*

½ cup butter
½ cup brown sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Pinch cloves
6 tablespoons milk
1 cup quick-cooking oatmeal
½ cup seedless raisins

Cream the butter with the sugar thoroughly. Add the egg, and cream until fluffy. Sift the flour with the baking soda, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk. Stir in the oatmeal and raisins. Drop by tablespoonfuls on greased baking sheets several inches apart and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 10–12 minutes. Makes about 3 dozen regular-sized cookies, or 1½ dozen 4″ cookies.

SOFT GINGER COOKIES*

1¼ cups butter
⅓ cup brown sugar
1½ cups molasses
1 egg
2 teaspoons ginger
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ teaspoons allspice
5 cups sifted flour
½ cup boiling water
4 teaspoons baking soda
½ teaspoon salt

Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add molasses and egg. Mix until very well blended. Sift spices and 2 cups flour together. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the boiling water. Add another cup flour and mix well. Sift the remaining 2 cups flour with the baking soda and salt. Stir very thoroughly into the batter. Drop by tablespoonfuls on baking sheets, several inches apart. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 10 minutes, until the cookies are a good brown color. Cool thoroughly before storing in your cooky jar. Makes about 4 dozen 4″ cookies.

**Repeated by request.*

3 souper supper loaves



Soup adds good flavor...soup saves you time

Cheeseburger Loaf. Mix 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, 2 lbs. ground beef, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, ½ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 tsp. salt, dash pepper; mix thoroughly; shape firmly into loaf; put in shallow baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) about 1 hour. Top with tomato slices and ½ cup shredded mild cheese. Bake 15 min. more. Serves 8 deliciously. Look for other wonderful recipes on every can of Campbell's Soup.



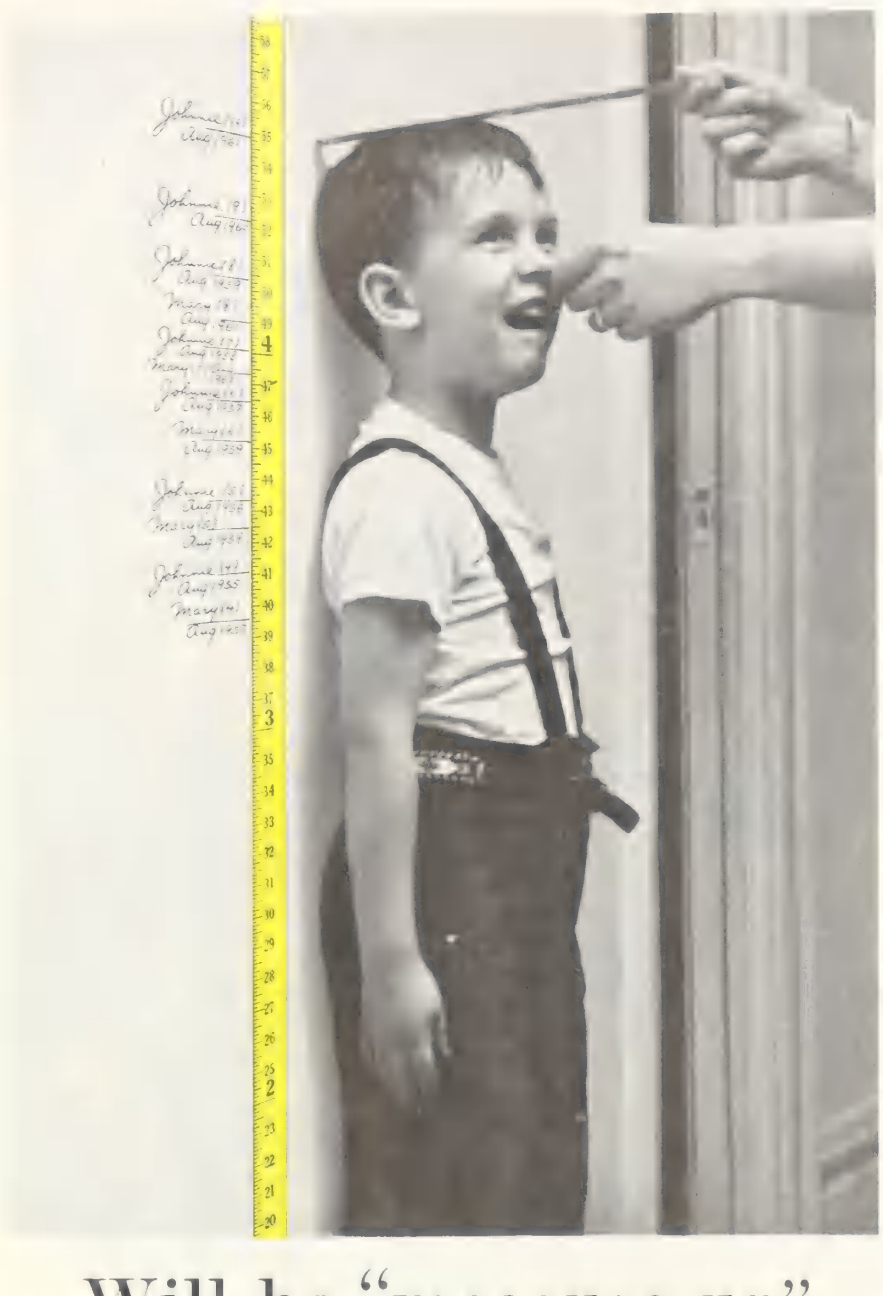
Tuna-Celery Loaf. Mix thoroughly two 7-oz. cans tuna (drained, flaked), 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 slightly beaten eggs, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pack into well-greased loaf pan (9x5x3"). (Mixture is soft before baking.) Bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 1 hour. Cool 10 min.; loosen sides; turn out on platter. Sauce: Mix 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, ⅓ to ½ cup milk; heat. Pour over loaf; top with pimiento strips. Serves 4 to 6.



Tomato-Ham Loaf. Thoroughly mix ½ cup Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 lb. ground lean ham, ½ lb. ground lean pork, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, ½ cup minced onion, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, 1 slightly beaten egg, ½ tsp. dry mustard, dash pepper. Shape firmly into loaf; put in shallow baking pan. Dip 3 slices onion or green pepper in melted butter; press into loaf. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) about 1¼ hours. Sauce: Combine remaining soup with 2 tsp. prepared horseradish; heat. 6 souper servings.



Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soups*



Will he "measure up" in his school work, too?

"Chin up! Shoulders back! Stand tall!" "You're a big boy now—ready for school."

What about your youngster? Even though he may appear to be in tip-top condition—like the one shown here—it is a sensible idea to have his health checked *before school opens.*

Your child's doctor will be alert to problems—both physical and emotional—that could interfere with your youngster's school progress. For example, he might have some slight and unsuspected defects of his eyes or ears which, if attended to now, could prevent difficulty later on.

And when you see the doctor, you can talk with him about your child's health habits. If, for instance, he skips or barely eats breakfast, he will have a poor start for his day's work at school.

Now's the time to make sure, too, about your child's protection against the communicable or "catching" diseases. Are his immunizations up-to-date against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and smallpox? Protection against influenza is also given to some children.

A preschool check-up could make the difference between a good or a disappointing year at school—for children who are entering, as well as those who are returning to school.

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JOSIANA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Poor Arthur. He came with me to the chapel and helped me to light the candles. They are all tall candles, and thick; I pointed to them when Arthur asked if I should be frightened and offered to stay with me. I needed, tonight, to be alone. Once I was frightened of the dark, of being alone in the dark, but tonight, even if the candles burn out, I shall have no room in me for fear of anything except tomorrow.

I was thinking of it even while we lighted the candles. I held my little finger in the flame of one of them and counted. At three I couldn't bear it any more. A whole body, Walter's body, and a fire greater than a thousand thousand candle flames. Not to be borne. Not to be thought of. *Oh, God* ——

It's no good. I believe in God, but not as a kind, loving Father Who cares what becomes of us. How could He have played such a trick on us, if He cared? I believe in God the Grandfather Almighty, Grandfather Greenwood ——

What am I doing? This was to be my time to think of Walter. One night, of all my many. I am Arthur's wife; we are regarded as a happy, enviable couple. I have pretended well; and when this is over I suppose I shall go back and pretend again.

Tonight is Walter's and I must face the story that we share, and remember again all the things which turned a cheerful, outward-looking young man into a soul-searching Lollard of such fanatical beliefs that this world counts for nothing.

It is natural for me to think in homely terms and of practical things; what learning I have came late in life. I was born and spent my first thirteen years on my grandfather's farm at Flaxham St. Mary.

My grandfather had bought it from the loot he had gained in the French wars, and it would be less true to say that he owned it than that it owned him. The work, the care of the soil, the state of the crops and the prices were as much ingrained, as much part of his mind as the brown earth itself which was embedded in the cracks of his hands, the creases of his neck, the pores of his skin.

Perhaps because he had married late in life, he had but one child, my mother. My grandparents' embitterment may have started with that disappointment, for to land-loving people a son is a necessity. They made the best of a bad job and at an early age betrothed her to the son of a neighbor named Bowyer; they planned that he would be as a son to them and work the farm when their feeble time came. Before the marriage took place my mother had disappointed them again by getting herself with child. Young Bowyer denied all responsibility and backed out of the contract, and my mother, with a stubbornness hard to credit, refused to name any other man.

It is as difficult to believe that in this matter she defied that terrible old man, that grim old woman, as it is to believe that she was once a pretty girl. I never saw her other than meek and timid, as hard-working and patient and almost as dumb as our overworked mare, old Jenny. By the time I was of an age to notice her she seemed like an old woman herself, stooped and bent by burdens, thin and anxious of face, her hair and skin a uniform grayish brown color. In resigning themselves to this second disappointment my grandparents had used her hard: disgraced and unmarriageable, she could still be useful; and I, when I was born, could be useful too. My earliest memory—that is, the first moment when I became aware of myself as "I"—is concerned with a stumble, a broken egg and a clout from my grandmother's hand.

Mother and I led miserable lives, but I at least was so ignorant of any other condition that I was not troubled by any comparison. To me it seemed natural enough to rise very early, work all day, to be shouted at and slapped to get the worst of the food my grandmother's meager housekeeping set on the table. As I grew older I did regret that I was not stronger and had been cursed with a kind of fastidiousness. Sometimes, straining at a heavy task, I would turn dizzy and lose consciousness for a while; and often, set to some disgusting task, I would vomit. No allowan was ever made for these frailties. The wo must be done, the lost time made up. Moth was the only one who ever pitied me; s sometimes whispered that she would finish job for me, but as I grew and realized h heavily burdened she was already I hesitat to add to her load. My grandmother's attitu toward what she called "fancies" was show once for all, when I was very small. My pie of meat one dinnertime gave a little hea and turning it over I found the underside acrawl with maggots. Already wise in the wa of my small world, I said nothing. I simp left the meat; but she noticed and asked wh was leaving "the good food." I showed her t maggots. She lifted the slice and roug brushed the creeping things onto the flo crushing some in the process and smea them into the meat. "Now eat it!" she sa And such was my fear of her that I did t but was unable to swallow and had to r to the door to cast up my stomach. Such p nicketiness, she said, was a sure sign tha wasn't hungry.

Whenever she was more than ordinar cross with me she called me "little bastar and all the other unkind names for childr born out of wedlock. The one kindly wo for such, "love-child," she never used. Ki words, indeed, were far to seek in that hou my grandmother must have had a name, b to this day I don't know it. My grandfat always called her "woman." My mother w "that girl"; I had various names, all hurtf but was mostly addressed directly as "yo "You, did you feed the pigs?" "You, h many eggs did you fetch in today?" "Y hand me that whetstone."

It was life on an animal level, and looki back on it I wonder why I didn't grow up be dull and simple-minded. I think the ea itself saved me, the young green breaking like a shout every springtime, the bugloss a poppies, the daisies and meadowsweet, t wild roses and the honeysuckle trails on t hedgerows. Flowers were my first love, a that was a secret love too; for my gra mother held that anyone who had time gather flowers—except cowslips for cordia hadn't been "rightly busy."

My second love was a great, loud-voic black-haired man named Tom Thorou good. He also was a neighbor, though not near as Bowyer; his farm lay beyond the lo thin arm which Layer Wood threw out alo the river. He and his fathers before him w noted for a special kind of horse they br silver gray with almost white manes and ta and with quiet natures and easy paces suit for ladies' riding. After young Bowye

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEXT MONTH

She wanted him to make lovely women unhappy, and she wanted him to have his suits made in London. Most of all, she wanted her son's love as abundantly and joyously as she gave her own. In his own story, a Frenchman, distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic, captures the essence of a mother's love for her son.

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NTINUED FROM PAGE 82

usal to marry my mother there was no neigh-rliness between our houses, but there was ways a coming and going, if not a great rmth, between us and Tom Thorough-od's because my grandfather, though he s hard on dumb things, was very knowl-geable about their ailments; he had his se-t ways of making liniments and drenches d was a skilled cutter of stallion foals. I'd n Tom Thoroughgood at intervals all my and never given much heed to him until e winter morning when I was sent over to farm with a bottle of liniment. I was eight n, and old enough to be trusted.

He was in his yard, and I handed him the ther bottle and gave him the directions ich my grandfather had given me and which ad repeated to myself as I walked. Tom k the bottle and then looked at me as ugh he had never seen me before.

"My, my, Josiana," he said, "you're going to pretty. Prettier than your mother even." said the last words in a funny way, as ugh being prettier than my mother were hing to be glad about. While I was thinking

over, he noticed my hands. "You've got masterous bad chilblains, child. I won-our granddad don't brew you up a rem-or them."

was again surprised. Nobody in our house ed chilblains. Mine were so much a part every winter that I hardly noticed them lf.

Wait a minute," he said, and he went into ouse, leaving the door open, and I heard reat voice shouting about some mittens had been knitted by, or for, Alice. Alice ne of his three daughters. After a minute me out, carrying a pair of red mittens in g hand. "There," he said, "they'll be a comfort. And the color'll go well with lovely black hair."

ardly thanked him, for I was looking at ir. I had his black hair; and he had just me the only present I had ever had in e. He must be my father.

as too young, I suppose, to feel any re-ent against him for bringing me into this d world and leaving me to the mercy of andparents, or for ruining my mother's life. I never gave that side of the matter ught at that time. I just looked at the s and had a hitherto unknown feeling of cherished and cared for. And I wished ll my heart that I had been one of his family and not just a by-blow. I was leased, in my silly way, that my father big and loud-voiced and prosperous. , I fell in love with him, and like every-n that condition, I felt the need to talk him.

t evening, as I kicked off my clogs and d my dirt-stiffened shift beside them ade ready to climb into bed, I said, "It nd of Tom Thoroughgood to give me ttens."

THE YOUNG GIRL

By THEODORE ROETHKE

What can the spirit believe?
It takes in the whole body;
I, on coming to love,
Make that my study.

We are one, and yet we are more.
I am told by those who know—
At times content to be two.
Today I skipped on the shore.
My eyes neither here nor there.
My thin arms to and fro.
A bird my body,
My bird blood ready.

Mother was already in bed and the light of the dip shone level on her face. I watched her craftily and her expression did not change.

"He's a kind man," she said.

"I wish he was my father."

"And well you may. Hurry now, do, this dip 'on't last the week."

We made the dips, mother and I, every summer, gathering the rushes and peeling them and dipping and redipping them in melted mutton fat; but one of my grandmother's petty meannesses was to limit us to one a week. I got into bed and mother blew out the light.

The darkness gave me courage and I asked in a half whisper, "Is he?"

"Is he what?"

"My father?"

She made an impatient movement in the bed. "Now for Mary's love, don't *you* start that. Thass a thing I kept to myself all this time and mean to go on keeping. The way I look at it thass something that don't concern nobody except me. *He* tried to beat it out of me, there's the marks on my back to this day; and *she* bruk my little finger, squeedging it down to make me tell. But I never did and I shan't now."

"Not even me?"

She made another movement. "No. What good would it do you? I'm looking out for you," she said astonishingly, "and do you be a good girl and work hard and bear up, everything'll work out all right for you in the end. So don't go bothering about what don't concern you. Angels guard you while you sleep."

That was her usual good night to me and I had no choice but to make my usual response: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, watch the bed that we lay on."

Just before I fell asleep I thought, *At least she didn't say that he wasn't!*

I must have spent two years or more thinking about my father, always very eager to do any errand that took me to his farm, always making some excuse to show myself when he came into our yard, and most thankfully accepting any scrap he threw me. Once it was an orange. He'd just come back from Baildon market when I arrived with some message from my grandfather, and in the kitchen all his children had gathered about him to see what he had brought them.

One of the girls said, "Oh, there's Josiana," and Tom said, "Here's one for you, too, poppet," and threw me a golden globe.

I'd never seen one before.

"It's to eat," Alice Thoroughgood said, pulling the peel from her own. To me it was much more than that; it was a secret acknowledgment. It made me one of them. I never did eat that orange; I hid it away and at last it shriveled to half its size and became as hard and dry as a stone. To this day, however, the scent of an orange can recall that one and the hopes it kindled in me, for somehow his giving it to me, and calling me "poppet," linked with what my mother had said about all coming right in the end. It was concerned with waiting. For what? For his lawful wife to die. That was all I could think of. I was sensible enough to realize that with people the act of breeding and begetting was not so simple as with the beasts; a married man couldn't—however much he wanted to—take into his home, into full recognition, a child of his born out of wedlock. But the time would come. . . .

After that I began to take a morbid interest in Mistress Thoroughgood's health, which was uniformly and disappointingly good.

When did the change come? And why? I have no answer to these questions. I can only suppose that in people, as in animals, some kind of wisdom comes with maturity. I only know that there I was, one day regarding Tom Thoroughgood as a fine fellow, a father to be proud of, and hoping with all my heart that the time would come when he could openly acknowledge me; and the next day I saw him for what he was, a heartless scamp who had ruined my mother and abandoned me to a life of misery. All this without a word spoken to anyone or by anyone. A pair of red mittens, a dried-up orange, a ribbon for my hair and a silver farthing, a few kind words; what were they worth? I despised myself for ever having placed any value on them; I hated myself for

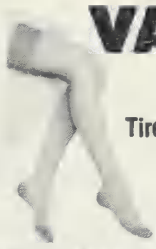


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ever having thought Tom Thoroughgood other than hateful. And suddenly, for the first time, I understood my mother's silence; she, too, was ashamed of ever having liked him. Then what, I argued to myself, had she meant by waiting, and everything coming right? That someone would marry me? Who? I was between twelve and thirteen and Tom had called me pretty, but no father from Flaxham or any nearby village had ever come bargaining for me. The word "pretty" might be just as valueless as the other things Tom had given me. I had no means of knowing; there was no glass in our house and the only reflection I had seen of myself was from the distorting round belly of a well-polished pot, or the quivering surface of a bucket of water.

That was the year 1485, the year of great changes in the outside world. Even we, on our Flaxham farm, heard in due time news of the Battle of Bosworth, and how the crown had fallen from King Richard's head and landed in a thornbush, whence Henry Tudor plucked it as though it was a berry, and set it on his own head. To us it was a story of no importance; to us all kings were tax extorters and one no better than the next. Much more important to us, in the autumn of that year, was the news that Lady Maude Rancon was to set about reviving a dead business and, late as it was in the season, was hunting all over the countryside for wool.

My grandfather had his whole summer clip stored in the barn. Except for perishable goods, he seldom sold anything at its proper season. Our corn never went to the mill until after Christmas, when stocks were low and prices high. On a few occasions my grandfather managed to outwit himself, and this year was one. With October growing old and the roads worsening, he was faced with the prospect of not selling his wool that year. And then someone in the market told him the news, he'd gone at once to see the lady and she had promised to ride out next day and see what he had to sell.

He came home in, for him, a jubilant mood and all through supper explained to us how clever he was, and the advantages of his system, miscalling those improvident fellows who rushed their wool to market "still warm from the sheep's back." We had heard it all many times before and gave him no heed. Presently, however, he rambled on to a new subject, Lady Rancon herself. In his father's time, and in his own very young years, there'd been a business at the Old Vine that hadn't its match in all Suffolk. It had gone to ruin because the clever hard-working old man who had made it had no son to leave it to. (Here he gave my grandmother one of his hard, hateful looks.) So it had got into the hands of women who'd ruin anything, being senseless, idle and extravagant.

How he could sit there and say it to us, beyond all to my grandmother, passed my understanding; and perhaps in her own dull way she resented it; for presently she said:

"*She* got a *boy* out her marriage, didn't she?" The emphasis was the slightest possible, but it was there, and then, as though to cover her daring, she said quickly, "Why ain't he seeing to the business?"

"Woman, he's dead. Years since. She brung him up idle and good for nowt and he went to the bad and died of the French disease."

He went on to say that Maude Reed, as she was, had married above her so she could be called "Lady" and then wasted all the good hard-earned money buying Sir Henry swords with silver handles, set with shining stones, and great horses that had to be fed corn even in summer when the meadows were full of grass. It was a pleasure to see anybody so wasteful brought to their senses at last; if she ever earned an honest penny, which he doubted, that'd teach her the value of money. He glared around the table as though we, his womenfolk, had also squandered fortunes on frivolity.

Something about that squandering had caught my fancy. Except for the flowers, the sunrises and sunsets, there was little of color in my life, and except for a rare story told in church by the priest, nothing to fill my mind's eye either. My grandmother knew some tales, all grisly, about murders and hauntings and ill-wishings, but they made me feel so ill that I turned a deaf ear to them. Now my imagination got busy and pictured swords with handles like the great cross which stood on the church altar, and horses three times the size of any I had ever seen, scorning to eat grass and whinnying for corn at midsummer when, as everyone knew, it was worth its weight in gold. I longed to see the woman who had wasted a fortune on such things and for the first time in my life was glad to be set to clean out the pigsty next morning.

I expected the lady herself to be more than life size, brightly dressed, and her hands all shining with rings like Lady Shelmadine's when she came to church at Easter. And a woman who gave great horses away would surely have bought one of the Thoroughg palfreys for herself.

I was dreadfully disappointed when, midmorning, she rode into our yard, a li old woman huddled into a cloak and hooc wool as gray as the sky. And her horse no better, except that it was fatter, than old Jenny. I thought to myself that of cou my grandfather had got it wrong; Lady R con wouldn't go round buying wool, tho it was strange to have sent a woman serv However, there was my grandfather, bust forward and doffing his woolen cap and very civil and pleased.

On foot she was taller than I had expec and once down she did do something was different. She took an apple and gav to her horse, which, as it munched nuzz her shoulder, drooling spit and bits of chew up apple onto her gray cloak. My gra father would have as soon given Jenny a g apple as he would me a silk dress, and e Tom Thoroughgood, precious as his g horses were, didn't spoil them that wa thought to myself, *Ah a woman who w give a horse an apple would give away sw and things, and spoil her son so that he g up idle.* And alas, she would never mak good job of wool buying: if you were sof business you were always cheated; I'd he my grandfather say that a hundred times.

However, when they came back from barn he did not wear his good-bargain lo Far from it. His head was down like a b and he was scowling and muttering.

Lady Rancon said in a voice that wa loud but so clear that every word reac me, "It's an offer you're not *obliged* to acc If you change your mind, let me know."

To hear a woman speak like that to a m to my grandfather of all men, gave m funny feeling inside me, like a hiccup com on.

Because he was angry he'd put back cap and he did not help her to mount. took her time and I was able to look at face. It was thin and pale and as hea

DEFEAT BY TIME

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

As with a colt, or puppy, or young
woman,
I broke and worked the truth to
win my game.
But truth is beauty and she, all
too human,
Lives with me now, and now
assumes my name.
She dogs my footsteps, enervates
my mind:
I suffer her weak touch, for she is
blind.
Her small, old face weeps in the
winter snows.
And the white shadow of
December's rose.





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rked by trouble as my mother's, but with lmer look. Mother's face looked as though worst had happened once and she ex- ted it to happen again any minute; Lady ncon's looked as though the worst had pened and could never happen again. But n, she didn't live under my grandfather's l.

he swung the horse's head round and an to ride quietly out of the yard. Before reached the lane my grandfather called, y lady!" and she reined in and waited, turning her head. He broke into his mbling run and caught up with her. They ke together for a moment and then she e away.

le'd sold her the wool at the price she red, and from that day on he never had ood word for her. "Grasping bitch" was least horrid name he called her. He swore he'd never again sell her a handful of wool matter what she offered; and indeed in the t year, contrary to his custom, he sold his in June to a man from Lavenham. I ught of her quite often and the way she "You're not *obliged* to accept ——"

the next year, in the autumn, just re I was fourteen, came the day when her and I were sent to market.

here was a market every week and some ers went to it just for the sake of going; grandfather never did anything for its sake. If he had business to do he would grudging the wasted hours. If it was just atter of selling something small, like eggs utter or fowls, my grandmother went; little as I liked her, I was sometimes sorry her when she came back and gave an unt of her dealings.

o go and do the marketing and face the iling grumbling afterward was the very thing I would have chosen; yet I was the hat brought it about.

all the jobs that sickened me the pig g was the worst. I hated to see one of taken by the hind leg and hauled up o the killing board and have its throat hated the blood and the squealing and eath closing down, like black night. But of all I hated the job which, a few hours ward, always fell to me.

of all the hams were cut off and soaked e brine barrel before being hung in the e hole. The head and the trotters went he big pot to be made into brawn. One joint—the best meat we ever had on able—was hung on the spit and other were set aside for sale. But there are parts to a pig. I always had to wash ne guts so that they could be used for for sausages, and the bladder so that it be filled with lard.

en I was small and sick over this dis- g job mother used to say that I should sed to it; grow out of it"; but I grew, if ng, worse. When I crossed the line en being a child and being a woman I ed more easily than ever, and on the ay morning in that October when the pig was to be I felt ill before I started work. male benefit was on me; I woke with a ing head and a pain, and I could eat no ast.

ling with that pig's innards I vomited imes and fainted once. I must have been ess longer than usual, for I lost a lot of nd when my grandmother came into the use to see how I was getting on she was ngry. She called me a lazy young var- nd went to catch me a clout, which I d, and in doing so let go the long slip- ube I was cleaning. It fell over the side tub. My grandmother came to give me that I couldn't dodge, penned in the as I was by that time, and she stepped slippery mess and fell. She was up in ment and I got two clouts for good re.

morning her knee was black and and she had to sit on a stool to make usages. My grandfather said it was g to make a fuss over, and he fetched rse liniment and rubbed her so hard brought all the skin off.

evening, however, even he could see y grandmother would never be able to walk into Baildon next day. "Here's a fine to-do," he said angrily. "The load all ready and me promised to take my plow into Thoroughgood's ten acre!" He gnawed his lip. "There's no help for it," he said, turning to my mother, "you'll hev to go this once. And mind, no foolery." He swung round on me. "You. You'll go along with her and keep a sharp lookout. Do she speak to any fellow, except in the way of business, you let me know and she'll be sorry."

The next morning was crisp, almost frosty, cold enough to set me thinking about the coming winter, and I was so downhearted that I could have cried.

"Look how he is to *her* over the prices; he'll be ten times worse to us," I said.

Dragging at old Jenny's head to get her started, mother said, "Well, we know whatever we do'll be wrong, so there's no use in fretting. We'll see the market and hev a day off."

They were comforting words, and presently the sun came out and shone on drifting, whirling leaves, and I felt better. I'd never yet been in Baildon, never been anywhere outside Flaxham, and when at last from the top of a hill we could look down and see the town with all its tall towers and huddling roofs, I was overcome by excitement. We arrived at the bottom of the hill and mother pulled to a stop. We were just outside a house at which I stared with awe and admiration; it was so large and had shining glass in its windows and a door so wide that Jenny, laden as she was, could have walked straight in.

Mother said, "She lives there. You know, Lady Rancon, who came to buy the wool."

"How do you know?"

"I've been to market before. In the old days. . . . And once I went to the Guild plays. There was a devil with real smoke and a smell of brimstone."

I was reminded that before I arrived to ruin her, she had led an ordinary life. When she

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was my age she'd been betrothed to young Bowyer; my grandparents had got over their sharpest disappointment and, though she no doubt had to work hard, she wasn't disgraced and enslaved. Oh, dear. Why had it all gone wrong? Why had she *let* it go wrong? What had Tom Thoroughgood given, promised her? Or had he just jumped on her one dark night and taken her against her will?

"Come up!" mother said to Jenny, and we made our way into Baildon town.

We went through a gateway and along a narrow street which turned and opened into a wide open space set with cobbles. It was right in front of the abbey gateway and the space belonged to the monks, so anybody who wanted to sell anything there had to pay a due. They took two of our cockerels and at least half of the apples and in exchange gave mother a token, a piece of metal stamped with a pattern, which could be shown if, when they made their next round, they asked for the dues again. All these pieces of metal had to be put into a box when the market was over.

"And it's no use taking it home because they have tokens of different sorts and if you show the wrong one, ever, you can never trade on this market again," mother explained. Everything had to be explained to me and I asked so many questions that I think mother tired of me. She told me to run away and take a look round the market, because heaven knew when the chance would come again.

I ended my wandering, having lost all sense of time, by a board covered with a white cloth upon which was set out a display of gingerbread cut into shapes—little men and women, stars, hearts, true-lovers' knots, wild roses and bells. Of all the wonders I had seen that morning this seemed the most marvelous.

I jumped and turned when someone touched my shoulder. I found myself looking into a man's face, ugly, purple except where gray stubble clung to the sagging jowls. He was so ugly that even when he said, "Are you hungry, little maid? Then which do you fancy?" I heard no kindness in his voice. I thought that he must be the woman's husband, placed there to urge on a reluctant customer.

I said, "I've got no money," and would have backed away, but he held me.

"Go on. Take your pick. I'll stand you treat."

Choosing was hard, I admired them all so much, but at last I lifted my hand and pointed to a true-lover's knot, because that seemed to me the most intricate. He said I had chosen well, and paid the woman.

"Well, go on, let's see you eat it."

"I can't eat it yet. I want to show it to my mother."

He said, "Jill, give her another. There you are, one to eat and one to show. Where is your mother?"

I pointed vaguely.

"And what's your name?"

"Josiana."

"What?"

I thought perhaps he hadn't heard, for I had taken a bite which was quite as delicious as I had expected. I swallowed and repeated my name.

"Josiana what?"

This was my happy day, my free day, and I didn't want to spoil it by even mentioning the name I shared with my grandfather. So I said, "Thank you very much for the gingerbread," and slipped away into the crowd.

Mother had sold all that we had brought and bought the few things she had been told to buy and was ready to go. I went skipping up to her, holding out the knot of gingerbread.

"Look," I said. "this is for you. I've eaten mine."

She asked how had I come by it and I told her. She said, "Oh dear. I should have told you. You shouldn't take presents from strangers. Still, it's done now. . . .This is a light load. We can ride and tie. You first." She helped me up among the empty baskets and the bundles and when I was settled I looked down and saw, near at hand, the man who had stood me treat.

"There he is," I said.

The man came nearer, smiling. "Joan Greenwood," he said. "Well, well, well!"

I'd never seen mother any way but humble and downtrodden. Suddenly, though, she took on what I now know was dignity.

"Good day, Master Hayward. I was coming to look for you. You lent Josiana the price of a sweetmeat or two. That was neighborly. Thank you."

She dipped into the little pouch she carried, pushed a coin into his hand and at the same time gave Jenny a smart slap, so that she shot forward, not like the aged mare that had trudged into market but so fast that for a moment mother had to run hard to keep up.

When the speed slackened, I said, "Oh, dear! They'll take it out on us for that. I'd never have *looked* at that gingerbread if I'd thought you'd have to pay for it."

"We didn't want to be in *his* debt!" Mother's voice was breathless. "I shall stick the price onto the salt. They'll grumble anyway."

The price of that piece of gingerbread was higher than we guessed.

Three or four days afterward I was late for my dinner because I'd been moving the sheep from one pasture to another. I was hot and dirty and panting like a dog. There at the table was Master Hayward, halfway through a great plateful of meat and with my grandfather's own horn mug, out of which nobody else was ever allowed to drink, full of ale at his elbow. He looked mighty pleased with himself, and my grandparents wore their most pleasant expressions. Not so my mother. Her face was whiter than ever, but with two round

> A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. They practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of Life. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

spots, red as a berry, high up on her cheeks; and her eyes, usually a pale mild blue, looked quite black.

"Here is Josiana!" My grandfather spoke as though my coming had been eagerly awaited. "She've bin tending the sheep."

"So she's handy, as well as bonnie, eh?"

"She's as good as two men to me," said my grandfather. I thought he must have gone out of his mind. My grandmother too.

"So good about the house and all. Her butter's as good as my own, and her bread, truth to tell, a mite better."

What lies. I was never allowed to do the pleasant, easy, inside-the-house jobs.

Mother made a noise, like a laugh, but mocking. "Nothing like praising up something you want to be rid of. The poor child's dim-witted and prone to fits besides being ——"

We never heard what, for my grandmother leaned over and silenced her with a clout that rattled her teeth.

"Now, now," said my grandfather, "don't hit the wench. 'Tis but jealous spite speaking. She missed the market herself, poor creature. That go against the grain to see another girl bid for."

Master Hayward pushed his stool from the table, exposing his thick legs clad in moleskin.

"Come here, my li'l' dear," he said coaxingly. "Sit on my knee. Lemme look into them pretty blue eyes and I reckon I'd take you even if you did hev fits."

My grandmother gave me a push, so that I landed up against him. "Let the man see what he's getting. We ain't done bargaining."

Mother, with her eyes watering and all one side of her face the color of a poppy where the blow had landed, jumped up and began to shout, "She's only a child, not ready for any man yet. Wicked. It'd be wicked. He's old enough to be her grandfather and look how he treated his first wife and his second, killed ——"

"Woman," my grandfather bellowed, "take her in the backhouse. How can men talk sense with that caterwauling in their ears?"

Mother went meekly.

Then, while I sat rigid on the greasy moleskin knees, trying not to look at the stubbly face, the black teeth, the pig's eyes, trying to catch the stinking breath of the man who kept moving his hands over me, they struck their bargain.

I was to marry Master Hayward. In return one of his younger sons was to come and live with my grandparents and work for his keep and one noble a year spending money, and see them both comfortable until they died. In addition Master Hayward would hand over a young horse and a heifer calf.

"And you got the best end of the stick," said my grandfather. "She could marry a younger ster that'd come here and be more biddable."

"Rob'll be biddable. There's four ahead of him. He've got to go for a day laborer or soldier unless he's settled this way. As for getting a youngster, you might, Jack Greenwood, you *might*. On the other hand, though she's a pretty filly she come from a mucky stable, don't she? Afore you got a offer she might go the way her mother went. No, this is the best way for all." With that he took hold of my chin, tipped my face up and kissed me. That was so horrible that, without even being sick first, I fainted.

Next morning my grandfather went to work at Thoroughgood's again, and because my grandmother's knee was still troubling her, mother was obliged to make the butter, so had all the outside jobs to do. Overnight mother had tried to comfort me, saying she'd think of something, she'd make sure I did not marry Jim Hayward no matter what; but when I asked what *could* we do, she had no answer. So I worked that morning in greater misery than I had ever known before. At noon I had no appetite for the boiled goose-grass with which we always made do when there was no man to feed. Shoveling her own in her mouth, mother said in a defeated way:

"Jim Hayward'll be expecting a lot from Josiana, the way you talked. And she've never done only yard work."

"What of it?"

"I was wondering ——" mother said vaguely.

"What?"

"Whether she couldn't come and help me make up the butter. That seem the least ——"

"You took the words outa my mouth. I mean she should go fit and able to do what I said. Today she can make up the butter and next week she can churn it. And I'll show her the way with bread and dumplings. I'm a liar," my grandmother said.

The dairy had only one door, which led off from the kitchen. When I went through I saw that the butter was all neatly made up and stamped. I opened my mouth to ask what mother was doing and why the butter was already shaped, but she signed to me to be quiet, and then began to whisper. I was to take a bucket and go to the well and make sure that my grandmother saw me go. I was to leave the bucket by the well and run to the orchard. "I'll be there," mother said. She then told me, in an ordinary voice, to go and get some fresh water.

In the kitchen my grandmother, never to be idle even when lame, had settled down with her spindle. She would never have admitted it, but it was true that over any sort quiet, sitting-down job she was inclined to doze presently, into a cat nap. I drew her attention to my errand and she said, "Don't dawdle."

Mother had managed to force herself through the narrow opening that served the dairy for a window and was waiting for me under the apple trees. She snatched at my hand and said, "We must run like the wind. I thought for a moment we were making for Tom Thoroughgood's; and what was the point of that? In any case, my grandfather was there. Before I could speak, however, she had pulled me off the track that was worn between the two farms and there we were running across a piece of plowland, heading straight for the main part of Layer Wood. Then she gasped out, "We're going to Clevely."

All I knew about Clevely was that there was a nunnery there, and the nuns kept bees. Tom Thoroughgood bought his honey from them, not liking to have a hive himself in case the bees should sting his precious horses.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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"Not to the nuns," I said, and stopped running.

"Just for the time being. Till I can think. The only other safe place I know is too far. I must be back afore I'm missed. Come on."

We ran again. It isn't so easy to think clearly when you are running fast over rough ground, but before we came to the river which here, as near Tom Thoroughgood's, ran alongside the wood's edge, I had it all plain in my mind. I saw why she had hung the bucket and the skimmer up to make a noise like someone working on butter, and sent me out for water. It would look as though I had run away. But that wouldn't save her when the truth was discovered.

"They'll take it out on you," I gasped. "Don't go back. Let's run away together."

She said "No!" so fiercely that I looked at her in surprise, and then was frightened. She looked so like my grandfather. Then she said, "Careful now, step where I do," and letting go of my hand plunged into the stream which reached halfway to her knees. When we were on the other side and into the trees, she said, "I shall be there when the breath go out of his body. His land he can leave as he like, but I know where he keep his money box and the key round his wicked owd neck. When he give his last grunt I shall be there to take what I've worked for all these years!"

So that was what had held her there through so much ill treatment and misery. The very same greed that had been to blame for most of the misery.

"Suppose gran's looking in the dairy this very minute. Then what? Look what they're losing. Think how they'll treat you."

"Thass a risk I must take. Come on now. This is a short cut. Not far now."

I thought of the whip with which my grandfather was so handy; and the way he had used it on her before.

"Look," I said, "I'll marry Master Hayward and ask him to take you to live with us." I held back a shudder. "He's took a fancy to me and I'd ask him nicely. And he'd be glad to have you when he found I couldn't do all the things ——"

"He only want you for one thing. You don't know what you're saying. You're too innocent."

"I do know." This time the shudder mastered me. "I took our cow ——"

"The poor beasts are clean by comparison. In my living memory Jim Hayward killed off two, bigger and stronger than you. At his place you'd work harder than you ever did and hev him at you all night as well. I'd sooner see you dead!"

She pulled me forward again, and soon we came to the edge of the trees and could see, across a meadow with a few sheep in it, some gloomy-looking gray buildings.

"Wait till you hear my tale. You keep quiet, act simple-like. You're a poor orphan and your name is . . . Jenny Reeve, and I'm your friend and we've run all the way from . . . Nettleton. Now, pray God it'll work."

It worked, mainly because the tale she told was so nearly the truth. It was true to say that we had worked together for many years, and that in bringing me to the nuns she risked getting into trouble with the man she worked for. It was true to say that she was all the mother I had. But the lies slipped out as smoothly as the truths and the half-truths. There was no need for me to try to act simple; I just stood there, agape, as the words poured from mother's mouth. I was half inclined to believe that the Virgin had inspired her. Where else had it all come from? How had she hit upon exactly the story to appeal to a pious old nun? A story that explained our breathlessness, and her own desperate need to get the business settled quickly.

"I must be back, madam, afore I'm missed. He'd beat me black and blue if he guessed. And she must stay close to the house. When he miss her he'll search everywhere."

"Not here," the nun said; and I knew that mother had won.

I had early learned the uselessness of tears, yet when the moment of parting came, which it did promptly, I clung to mother, weeping bitterly. Our relationship had been a strange one, bare of caresses, of loving words, but the bond between us was strong and true, and my fear for her well-being in the immediate future was lively. She sensed that.

"You know how hard it is for me to get away, but as soon as I can I'll come and see you. Don't you fret about me. Be a good girl and do what you're told."

She pulled herself free and, with some gabbled words of thanks to the lady, went scurrying away. Dame Isabel came and put her arm round me and pressed my face into the folds of her robe, which smelled of sweat and onions and wood smoke and something else unknown to me.

"We'll look after you, child," she said in her gentle voice. "You'll be safe here, and happy. You'll see."

That was a true prophecy; my happy years were about to begin.

Walter being a Lollard, and very argumentative, I have had plenty of opportunity of hearing how people of that persuasion regard religious houses. Arguing back I have often said, "But there was none of that at Clevely." Walter's reply to that is that Clevely must have been exceptional.

Perhaps it was; it was certainly a dying house, reduced to eleven ladies, all old, one of whom was blind and one astray in her wits, but harmlessly. It had always been a poor, obscure house, not the kind to attract the sort of inmate who would bring it wealth and fame.

There is no Clevely now. It was closed by order of the bishop about eighteen months after I left; by that time the house was deemed to be uninhabitable, it was in such a state of disrepair; the ladies were deeply in debt for flour and candles and other necessities, and—which the bishop found shocking—there was no priest in attendance except Sir Roger at Flaxham St. Giles, who visited at irregular intervals largely determined by whether his horse was lame or not.

The ladies were unfailingly kind to me and I like to think that while I was there they ate a little better and increased their debt a little more slowly. I worked at Clevely harder than I had at Flaxham because I did it willingly, and because I was praised instead of being constantly chidden. I earned myself a new name. Jenny Do-Well, the ladies called me; and since, when first asked my name I had gulped out "Jenny" and never mentioned the "Reeve" which my mother had chosen, Dowell became a family name to me.

I was astonished to find how strongly the blood of my hated grandparents ran in my veins; my grandfather himself could not have been more shocked than I was over the mismanagement out-of-doors, nor my grandmother more grieved over the muddle within. When I went to Clevely the two fields which should have been cultivated, turn and turn about, and made to yield enough corn to make all the flour eleven old ladies could need, both lay fallow, thick with shriveling weeds. The waste of it! They had no horse or ass, and the plow had disappeared—"I know we had one," Dame Isabel said. "Oh, yes, we had one, when Jankyn was alive." Jankyn and William were two brothers who had looked after the convent's little farm; Jankyn had died and William had given up all attempt to manage. "He used to borrow a horse, but the plow was ours." It was never found, and during my first winter at Clevely I dug the smaller field with a spade, turning it sod by sod and then breaking each stubborn lump with the spade's edge before passing on to the next.

To pleasure me Dame Isabel "borrowed" a few handfuls of seed corn and the same of peas, and I planted them, grain by grain. Careful farmers, even my grandfather, sow their seed broadcast, but I planted every separate seed and covered it against crow and pigeon and patted the soil down, with a prayer to St. Phocas, who, Dame Isabel said, was the friend of all who grew things.

When I went to Clevely they did not even keep a cow. It was the old story: "We had one, when Jankyn was alive." Only a few sheep had survived, "And they are going lame, I notice," said Dame Isabel placidly.

I quoted to her one of my grandfather's dictums, "If there's a frog in a field your sheep'll start to hop too." It was just a way of saying that sheep flourish on dry land and go lame on damp.

Moved from the soggy meadow, the Clevely sheep did better and in June, when Lady Rancon made her round, we had a little wool to sell. It was, I realized as I laid it out, of the poorest quality, and I was surprised when, in the evening of that day, Dame Isabel said to me joyously:



"I suppose boys are at a disadvantage. If I wanted my father to lend me the car I'd just sit on his lap, tousle his hair and tell him how wonderful he is."

"Now, Jenny Do-Well, you shall have y cow."

I had often urged upon her the wisdon keeping a cow, especially in a house of women with so few teeth and such weak st achs, always in need of a comforting posse

I said, "I should never have thought little wool would fetch so great a price a buy a cow."

Dame Isabel and Dame Constance, was also in the kitchen, began, together, to plain, trying, I think, to show which of t had kept most of her memory. Often I clo my ears to their talking matches, but this ti because of my interest in Lady Ranco listened avidly.

Once, as a girl, plain Maude Reed, she lived in this house; here she had learne read and write and reckon.

"And unlike many, she has remained gr ful, and our friend."

They did not say that she had ruined business by extravagance or negligence, said she had followed her husband—a fam knight—as a wife should; but they ag with my grandfather that she had spoiled son, allowing him to grow up idle, caring for playing the lute and making songs. "ar said Dame Isabel, with a glance at me, "o more regrettable pursuits."

Then, as so often with their antiph conversations, Dame Isabel and Dame C stance fell out a little.

Dame Isabel said, "Well, at least she lear her lesson and is doing better with her gra son."

"How better?" Dame Constance deman "To my mind his proper place is with grandmother, learning the business, so she is not forced to ride unattended lik fishwife and bargain for maggoty fleeces. must be twenty years old. And any yo man of proper spirit would be shamed have his grandmother so demeaned while idles in a great kinsman's house."

"At Beauclaire he will not be idle," Da Isabel said. She herself came from a gr house. "There is no training—no, not eve novitiate—more strictly ordered and di plined. Only by being sent away from ho can a man child be tamed and tempere their own parents are too tender for the tas

"That is rubbish," Dame Constance s "I had three brothers who until they marr never slept a night under any roof but father's. When he said go they went and w he said come they came, and if they so m as looked amiss he felled them to the floo

"Plow horses without blood or spirit easily broken," Dame Isabel said. "Destr need more subtle handling."

I could see, by the expression on Da Constance's face, that somewhere in t speech a deadly insult lay; so I asked, "Wha a destrier, Dame Isabel?"

"A war horse, a knight's charger, ch And this discourse began with a cow—a leap."

"Some people," said Dame Constance, w had been given time to barb and fledge arrow, "swear to abjure the world, its por and vanities, and to follow the example Christ, Whose only mount was a humble yet they hold to their old false values reckon those for whom Christ died as ea divided by breed as animals with no sou

For a moment Dame Isabel looked though she would make a sharp answer, she governed herself and asked pard admitting her fault. And that little s squabble was typical of Clevely. I cannot sp for every nunnery and for monasteries no all, but in this small, poor, dying house th was a good spirit. I also have ever been gr ful for what I learned there, and for the ki ness with which the ladies rewarded the w I did, and the advice I gave. They gave m string of blue beads, "Mary's own color, keep you from harm," Dame Isabel said, a pair of leather shoes. They sewed me pretty dresses for wear on Sundays and h days.

Naturally, being of a sensible nature, I my new things carefully and worked in soiled, worn garments, growing small for

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

in which I had run away. I was clad in them when Walter first saw me. And the yeast of Lollardry must have been working in him even then, for later he told me that his first thought when he saw me was that I was some poor orphan child of whom the nuns had taken advantage.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. But then, everything to do with Walter and me has been obscured, and mistaken.

That was my third summer in Clevely, and for a holding run by one girl and one lazy old man, the place looked well. I reckoned my achievements with some pride as, on that hot mid-June morning, William and I went out to cut the hay. After two hours of it he fell back upon his invariable excuse—a pain in his belly.

"Go tell Dame Constance," I said unkindly. "She'll dose you with juice of sloes."

It wasn't as bad as that, he said, thus proving that he was not so simple as he pretended to be. He would just lie down for a minute or two and it'd pass off. So he lay down in the shade of a tree and within a minute the pain *had* passed off, for he was sound asleep. I worked on alone, remembering the first time I handled a scythe and the sorry fist I made of it and how my grandfather nagged. That was years ago, when I was really too small to balance the tool; now I was expert.

I was working happily enough, and humming to myself, when I knew that I was being watched from behind. I swung round and there was time, while I made that one movement, to feel terror, to think, *Grandfather!* and *I won't go back!*

At that minute I no more saw Walter than Walter saw me. He saw an overworked waif with a frightened look which spoke of ill usage, and I saw a fine young gentleman on a big black horse. He'd missed his way and needed directing, I thought; so I laid down my scythe and ran to the balk which separated the meadow from the track, jumped to the top of it and stood almost level with him, looking into his face and waiting for him to speak first.

People can believe in love at first sight when it is in a song or a tale, but they laugh about it in real life. It can happen, though. It did to me. Before a word was spoken, before he could nod toward the gray buildings and say, "Is that Clevely Priory?" I had fallen in love with the shape of him, and the color of him, with the idea that there should be people like him in the world. It was all mixed up with the feeling I had always had for flowers and sunrises and sunsets: a sudden certainty that *this* was what they had all been leading to. And I knew with a deadly certainty that when he had asked for direction and turned his horse about and ridden away, I would suffer, forever, as long as I lived, a terrible sense of loss.

He asked about Clevely, a question to which, he told me later, he knew the answer already, and asked it for the sake of saying something. He told me that he had stopped his horse and stared at me with pity and concern because I looked so small to be wielding that great scythe. Then, when I had jumped onto the balk and faced him, "I was overcome. Never in all my life had I seen anything so beautiful."

(In truth I am not beautiful, not even pretty. What I have, what made Jim Hayward notice me in the market place, and drew Walter to me, and held Arthur in thrall, is a *different* look. I have very blue eyes and straight, smooth, black hair; you don't often see them together. And my skin, which no amount of wind or sun can ever redden, is unpocked; the cowpox which strikes country people is not so deadly nor so disfiguring as the smallpox they have in the towns.)

Walter put his question and I answered it and then he told me that he had come to buy our wool. That surprised me greatly, for he hadn't a merchant's look.

"You can't," I told him. "Lady Rancon always buys the Clevely wool."

"I am here on her behalf," he said. "I am Walter Rancon."

I told him that I would show him the wool. He asked me, half jokingly, whether I did all the work around the place, and I said, "Not entirely. I have help from William. That is one of his ways of helping me!" and I pointed to where William lay asleep under the tree. Abruptly we broke into that laughter which has nothing to do with its apparent cause but is, in the right circumstances, a kind of wooing, with eyes meeting and the glance renewing the laughter again and again.

Walter was quite breathless when he said, "I can see he's a *great* help!" And off we went again, laughing so hard that William woke and reared up and saw us and called:

"What's to do? What's to do?"

I called back to him, "I'm going to show the clip to Master Rancon. That'll give you a chance to catch even with me, if you don't fall asleep again."

I meant to skip alongside the horse, for the barn where the wool was was no distance away, but Walter reached down to me.

"Take my hand," he said, "and set your foot on mine. Up you come. Holy saints, child, you weigh nothing at all!" And there I was, perched on the saddle before him with my heart beating so heavily and so loudly that he must surely have heard it.

He bought the wool, paid Dame Isabel and rode away. I fell into a curious state of mind. I was entirely certain that I should not see him again until he came to buy the next year's clip; but I was equally certain that he would come again soon. Up and down, like a seesaw, joyful and dismal, but always preoccupied so that the work I did was a mere keeping to habit, quite mindless, and my behavior so vague that Dame Constance was certain that I was sickening for the jaundice and dosed me with parsley piert and horse-radish; she also suspected an ascendance of the melancholy humor, for which the sovereign cure was a small cup of the wine which she made from honey. That I did welcome, for after a few sips of it my certainty that Walter would return, and soon, was greatly enforced.

Every evening, when the work was done, I washed myself, put on one of the gowns the ladies had made me, the buff or the gray, and my string of beads and my shoes. I combed my hair smooth and wished that I had a headdress. In secret I tried out ways of knotting my hair, so that all I needed was a net to hold it. I looked older so, older and more important. I knew my true reflection now, for at Clevely there was a looking glass, backed with silver, that nobody owned. It lay propped against the wall under the stone basin in which we washed. Every evening, coming face to face with myself in it, I said to that other self, *This is nonsense; this is a waste of time, he will not come until he comes next year to buy the wool.* Then I would go to supper; and if the dish—as it most often was—was flavored with onions, I would pass it by. I did not wish to stink of onions when Walter came.

Ordinarily I shared the ladies' evening occupations. Dame Isabel was teaching me to read and write a little; Dame Sybil was showing me how to handle a needle; even Dame Constance would now and then ask my help in the pounding of leaves, or the stirring of some mixture. All these pursuits, hitherto so engaging, had lost their charm. Something within me would cry, *Out! Out!*

I made the silliest, most transparent of excuses. Most girls in that state have but one mother to evade; I had six, all the ladies who were active and shared the downstairs mess. Most girls could at least say that they needed a little air, but I had been hard at work out-of-doors all day. Still, every evening, for ten days on end, I escaped and walked first to Dame Constance's herb garden where there was a lavender hedge. I plucked a spray and squeezed it, rubbing the rough-feeling juice of it into my hair and skin as I walked on, along the track toward the highroad, the way Walter would surely, would surely not, come. He would come, I knew, while the wild roses were in bloom; he would come, I knew, next year, to buy wool.

Wild roses have a short life span. One by one they opened, sweetened the air and died. Ten days is a long time in the life of a rose. A long time in the life of a girl in love. A long time in the management of a cow whose breeding time, for some unknown reason, has been delayed. Most cows come in heat and are served so that the calves are born in the spring and have all the sweet summer ahead of them to feed and strengthen and build up against the winter, or, if destined for the butcher in the autumn, time to put on flesh. Our cow, that year, had turned awkward, and she was due to calve on the day of St. Peter and St. Paul, two months late at least.

The cow, named Nancy, was staked out by the side of the track leading to the road. I meant to be careful and bring her into the barn on the twenty-sixth of June, her calving date being the twenty-ninth. On the twenty-fourth, which was the eleventh evening that I had walked along the track looking for and waiting for Walter, I found her heaving and moaning, the calf half born and stuck. No wonder, either, for it was wrong way round, hindquarters first.

It was a situation I had never been called upon to deal with before and I knew a moment of frightened indecision: to run back and rouse William, or stay and do what common sense suggested. The cow herself turned the scale. She let out a bellow and then rolled her moist bulging eyes in my direction, at once appealing for and certain of my aid.

I was wearing my gray dress which had sleeves which were close-fitting from shoulder to wrist and then opened and widened to fall in loose cascades to the hem of my skirt. I ripped it off and threw it aside. When Walter came, as part of me had been sure he would, I was wearing my shift, a string of blue beads and a pair of shoes; and my hands and arms were as red as a butcher's. But the calf was alive, seemingly unhurt by my rough and inexpert handling, and the cow was standing up, licking it.

Any shyness or coyness of the kind which is almost always connected with the first deliberately contrived meeting I swept away by saying crossly, "You *would* come tonight and find me so!" and he said that he had been waiting for an excuse to come and found it at last. The Midsummer Fair had opened in Baildon that morning and he had bought me some fairings.

Dear Walter! I could tell, as he brought out each offering, that he had also suffered from a divided mind. With one eye he saw me as a pathetic orphan child who didn't get enough to eat; for her there were marchpane, a coffer of pastry shaped into a little bucket with a handle, filled with currants in syrup, there were raisins and almonds and rose petals crystallized in sugar. With his other eye Walter had seen me as one who had outgrown childish things; for her there was a pomander ball (most dreadful remindful of that first orange I had cherished), a knot of blue ribbon smooth and shining, and a flask of painted pottery with a stopper, filled with gillyflower water.

There was a comical side to all this, for I couldn't, with my bloody hands, *touch* anything; and half of what he brought I did not even know the name of until he told me. Since then I have heard many songs and stories about love, and read more than a few, but never in any one have I found anything ridiculous. Yet, with us, there it was. And there was I, laughing and crying at the same time from pure happiness that he should have thought of me.

He was older than I and vastly more worldly-wise, yet just then there was something clumsy and boyish, almost touching about him, so that I in a single breath space could be flattered and uplifted by the man's notice and tender and pitying of the youn

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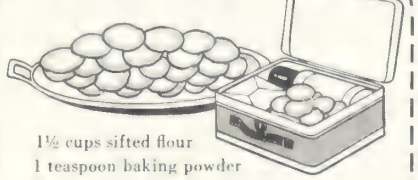
By LENORE BALLARD LAATZ

Do you know aught of him?
We were to wed. Tall he was and
dark.
I loved him.
We were to have our own cabin.
I might have two windows if I
liked, he said.
Life is brief and death is long.
I wanted him to know one window
would be fine.
Love would make our cabin light.
I wanted to say.
Death stilled my lips, but I think
he understood.
Abraham knew that love was light.

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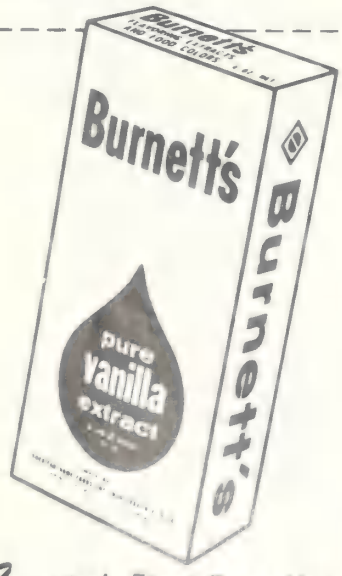
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VANILLA LUNCHBOXERS



1½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon milk
2 teaspoons Burnett's Pure Vanilla

Preheat oven to 400° F. Grease cookie sheet. Sift flour, baking powder, salt together. Cream butter; add sugar; mixing until fluffy. Beat in egg, milk and vanilla. Gradually beat in flour mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 1" apart on baking sheet. Bake 10 minutes. Makes 3 doz.



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awkwardness. But, oh, who can describe love? And who can bear, at the end of the road, to look back and remember those first few enchanted steps? Not I.

I discovered, again with surprise, that I shared my mother's secretive spirit. It was as though I held in my hand a green leaf and lying on it one perfect plum covered with bloom; to say, "Look what I have," and to have people say, "Let me look, let me smell," would be to lose the bloom which, once gone, could never be restored. I began to understand my mother too. And I forgave Tom Thoroughgood. I saw how it had happened and why "love-child" is as true a word as "by-blow." I sympathized with her hanging on grimly to the last fragment of her secret, the last bit of bloom.

That was part of it, but not the whole. I had my fears. Walter might love me all the more because I was poor and nameless and, despite all the nuns' effort, still ignorant and uncouth. But he had a family: the grandmother who had taken care to marry above her; a mother who surely must already have picked some suitable girl to wed her son. What would they say? I feared the nuns too.

Walter bore with me for a little time. We met, we kissed, we held hands; there were silences, there were times of talking. That our love remained innocent is wholly to his credit. I was quite mad, utterly reckless of what I did so long as it remained private between us; distraught at any mention of the outside world.

"But sweeting, they must all know soon. A marriage cannot be secret, so why should our wooing be hole-and-corner?"

I laid my cheek against his and said, "This is so wonderful. The most wonderful thing in my life. I couldn't bear to have it spoiled."

"And what could spoil it?"

"A hundred things. Your mother, your grandmother may despise me and say things that would lower me in your eyes."

"God Himself could never do that. As for my mother—she married again and lives in Bruges; we could pass in the street unknowing. And my grandmother will *love* you." He wrinkled his brow with earnestness, and the wrinkles made two little horseshoes, one inside the other. "In many ways—seeing what is funny where others might miss it, and making the best of things—you are somewhat alike. She'll dote upon you. And even if she didn't, what could it matter to us? You are my chosen one, and the devil himself couldn't keep us apart. I wish to marry you and you say you will marry me. I think the first thing is to ask Dame Isabel's permission and then we'll go and break the news to my grandmother."

"Now?"

"Why not?"

I had no reason. The way he suggested was the decent, orderly, proper way of doing things. So I said, "Very well. But not Dame Isabel. I have a real mother and she should be the first to be told."

I owed her that; she had been remarkably faithful to me. I'd been at Clevely less than a fortnight when she had come running to see how I fared. My grandmother was still lame, so mother had been sent to market again and had stolen half an hour to get to Clevely. The news she brought was good. There had been a great uproar over my disappearance, but she had not been blamed; how could she be, working away in the dairy and thinking, when I didn't come back with the water, that my grandmother had given me another task? Nor could my grandmother be rebuked. She had seen me go to the well and then climbed the stairs and spent the afternoon turning cheeses in the attic, which had air holes but no window. My grandfather and Jim Hayward had both fallen into frenzy and gone searching as far afield as Colchester on the one hand and Bywater on the other.

"So stay close to the house," mother said. "I must go."

I saw her again when it was cowslip time. As in years past she had been sent out to gather a sackful of the fragrant heads, and this year she had run to Clevely. I helped her fill the sack as she jerked out the news. Jim Hayward was still hunting for me. He'd heard of a girl with black hair who was serving ale in an inn at Enfield, and he'd gone all that distance, only to find some poor afflicted creature with a harelip. Mother reported that both my grandparents were well. "They'll live to ninety to spite me, I don't doubt," she said. "But I shall still have sap in me, and you and me'll make merry." She ran off, dragging the sack behind her.

She next came in winter, in bitter weather. Both my grandparents had been smitten with the sweating sickness. "I had high hope that it'd carry him off," mother said, "but he's mending and itching to get down to find fault with how I've managed."

She looked older and thinner and more dragged down. I thought, *Suppose it's all for nothing; suppose that tough old man bears her down to the grave?*

I said, "Stay here. The ladies would have you, I know. There's work enough, and food, too, now. Don't go back."

"No. I must be there. It can't last forever. And one day we'll have a place of our own and eat what we sow." She always made some such promise, straightening her back a little. And the lines would lift in her face, the light come lively into her eyes for a moment. "So long as you're safe and happy, I'm all right," she said, and ran off.

> The clever woman, desiring to ensnare a man, realizes that the best way to get him is to throw away all the traditional feminine weapons and subterfuges and frankly and openly, yet charmingly, tell him that she likes him. The man thus handled, all folklore to the contrary, is won—and absolutely. The indifference tactic may in the end achieve some vagrom boob, but it has never yet in the history of the world gained for a woman a single desirable, first-rate man.
>
> GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

She had come each summer for the cowslips and at least once, on this excuse or that, in between.

Yes, I had a real mother, and she should be the first to hear the news.

I told Walter the whole story. That was easy enough. Had I said that my mother was a strumpet whipped at the cart's tail, my father hanged for murder, he would have been that much more sorry for me, and loved me that much more. When I spoke of Jim Hayward's kissing me he put his hands on my shoulders and turned me about.

"Poor sweet," he said. "Forget it. There," and he kissed me hard, "let that wipe out the memory."

It did something else; it started a panic fear in me.

"How can we tell her? If my grandfather should get to know, he'd marry me to Jim Hayward yet! Walter, that I could not bear. Not now. It was bad enough, but now—now ——" I clung to him and shuddered.

He steadied me and said nonsense. He was not a rich man, but he could outbid Jim Hayward if it came to that. "If you'll forgive the use of the word, Josiana."

"Jim Hayward has one thing to offer for me that you have not, I *hope*. A great lout of a boy to work the farm." Even in this serious discussion I could not resist the temptation to make him smile.

"I'll hire him a boy Or two or three. There are boys to be hired, you know."

"It wouldn't be the same. You don't know how people like my grandfather are about bargains. He struck this one and I brought it to nothing. Out of spite, nothing else, mere spite, he'd marry me to Jim Hayward."

"Over my dead body, darling," Walter said. "And Jim Hayward would be dead too. I could kill him for *daring* to think ——" And he talked about being reasonable; as though my fears were less reasonable than his threats to kill people!

In the end I said, "Very well. Maybe it would be all right—for us. But what of my mother? She saved me; she hid me. Suppose we went there, openly as you suggest, and faced them all with what we have to say; and suppose some word is let slip that shows that she knew where I was all these years; what would her life be, after that? Unbearable. We can't do it, Walter. Not that way."

"Then how?"

"We must catch her alone." I thought hard. There was a tree in the orchard that grew an early apple, red-skinned, very sweet and soft and ill to keep. "Any market day now my grandmother will be taking the Red Sops to market. Walter, if you could bear ——"

"For you," he said, "I could bear anything."

"Watch, then, for an old woman, lame of one leg, with a very old gray horse, lame on two." I described them both more fully, the very pattern of my grandmother's summer go-to-market dress, the cut of her apron. He would pick her out, easily enough, on the road that led past his house, I was sure. "Send a man then, as quick as you can, on a good horse, to bring my grandfather to Baildon to look at one of your pack ponies—coughing or off its feed or some such thing. He prides himself as a horse doctor—his liniment has kept Jenny at work these many years—and he will come out to show his skill, and for a price. Then you come here. I'll wait under the trees and you and I can watch to see your man carry my grandfather past. Then we can go."

On the next immediate market day I found a job for myself, rigging scarecrows in the pea field which was the cultivated piece farthest from the house and nearest the track.

Although what Walter and I were about to do seemed ordinary enough—two young people in love, politely asking permission to marry—and although my careful arrangements seemed to promise an easy performance, I was so restless and nervous that I was in my hiding place among the elms in time to see my grandmother go by. I heard a horse go past trotting briskly. I moved back to the trees. It was a warm day, but I was shivering; and for the first time since my coming to Clevely I felt sick.

Soon Walter came. He had thought to bring a noon piece, enough for two: small chicken pies with crisp crumbling crusts, and sponge cakes spiked all over with sliced almonds which Walter called "hedgehogs." My eyes admired them, but I was too dry-mouthed to eat with enjoyment. Walter comforted me and teased me a little. Even when the brisk horse less brisk now that it carried two, went past toward Baildon and there was nothing left for actual fear, another uncomfortable thought struck me.

"This may not be good news to my mother," I said. "Her dream has always been of us living together in a place of our own."

"Come now. What has she ever done that you should judge her so selfish? She will be like every other mother, glad of your safety and happiness." He took my hands and exclaimed over their coldness. "Is anything wrong? Look, Josiana; are you sure that you love me and want to marry me?"

"How can you ask that?"

"You're very young and you've lived apart from the world. Have I wronged you, perhaps—taken advantage ——" He broke off and scowled. "Ever since marriage was mentioned you've been different, less happy. If you have any doubts ——"

"I do love you. More than anything in the world I want to be your wife, Walter. If it could happen, if it could just be done, between us. Breaking the news, hearing what people will say, seeing how they will look—this, I know, is the hardest part, but when this is done we have your family to face, and then Dame Isabel, and all that seems so far apart from us and the way we feel about each other. It's silly, I know."

"No," he said gravely, "not silly, natural. Nothing in all your life has been calculated to give you any faith either in yourself or in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

events. But it will all be different now. From this moment on nothing shall ever trouble or fret you again; that I promise. Come along now; I'm with you. In this and everything else, so long as we live, darling, we shall be together."

(This is a fine time to remember that, Walter. With me kneeling here snug in a fur-lined cloak, free to come and go, free to live out my life span; while you lie in a cold dark dungeon in the Bridewell; and two dozen paces tomorrow morning will bring you to the stake and the heaped firewood. And yet, in a sense, it is true. Despite everything, we have always been together. We are even now.)

Oh, dear. They say that when a great ship goes down with a great loss of lives and cargo, worthless, trivial bits and pieces will come to the surface and float. So, out of that disastrous visit, there remains with me the terrible pathos of the moment of our arrival.

She was in the kitchen, and she had been eating an egg; a smear of yellow glaze lay alongside her mouth. She heard the horse's hoofs and thought it was my grandfather returned. She came hurrying out carrying the swill pail and without a glance in our direction made for the pigsty. Knowing what I knew, I could see that she was swallowing as she scurried across the yard.

I called, "Mother; it's only me," and then she turned.

I had begun to scramble down from the horse and Walter set his hands under my arms and swung me clear.

I began to run toward mother, crying, "It's all right. They're both away, we saw to that."

The look of trapped astonishment, such as might appear on the face of a person under whose feet the solid earth has opened to engulf him, did not ease from her face as I spoke my comforting words. She hardly looked at me. Her eyes were on Walter.

"It's only me," I said again. "Me and Walter. I'm sorry we surprised you. There was no other way."

Walter had dismounted and came toward us.

Mother said, and her voice sounded as though someone were strangling her, "Walter Rancon?"

And Walter—this I shall always remember—he greeted her, in her soiled working clothes, with her dirty bare feet and rough hair and egg-smeared mouth, as though she were one of the grand ladies he had known at Beauclaire.

The ideal man bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of the circumstances.
ARISTOTLE

"That is so, madam. Walter Rancon, at your service."

As though the strangling hand had tightened on her throat, mother said, "And what do you want here?"

She'd guessed, I thought. She knew that her dream of our one day being together, of having our place and eating what we had sowed, was over. I knew exactly how she felt. And I knew how right I had been in dreading this moment. Poor mother.

I broke into a gabble of apology and explanation and promise, a light froth of sound, through which Walter's voice cut like a firm hand moving through cheese curds:

"I have come to ask permission to marry your daughter."

Then she went mad. She flung down the pail, the whole precious garnering of buttermilk, wash-up water, bacon rinds, pot scrapings that nothing could replace; she flung it down and turned to the house wall and beat upon it furiously with her fists, screaming. It was worse than any pig killing, for just as a pig, being an animal, cries out against death with a human voice, so she, being human, cried out then with a voice that was more . . . more horrible, more protesting than any human voice should be.

I ran to her, put my arms about her and pulled her away from the wall. There was blood on it, where her hands had beaten. As I did so I thought about Walter's words concerning selfishness; I knew it wasn't that. It was just that all through those years when she had shielded me as well as she could, and borne, for my sake, mockery and ill usage, and had saved me from Jim Hayward, it had all been with one end in view. Thoughts are very swift. I had time to think, *Poor dear, it is as though now somebody had come to tell me that I couldn't marry Walter because he had a wife already.* So my hands, though firm, were gentle on her and I said:

"Don't, I beg you, take it this way. When we are married you shall come and live with us. No more waiting ——"

I poured out promises, and Walter joined me. She quietened. It was all right. I looked at Walter and smiled, apologetically, because sometimes you must apologize for having been right.

And then she said, "But you can't be married. The same man fathered you both."

Because I had been, all along, expectant of some disaster, I bore this felling blow better than Walter could. If mother had taken a sword and run him through he would have looked no worse, turning the color of tallow and reeling back until he came to a post against which to lean and stare, his jaw sagging.

It occurred to neither of us, in that moment, to doubt the truth of what she said. There wasn't time for a hopeful doubt. Once the seal of her silence was broken, she began to babble, standing there barefoot on the cobbles, muffling her shaking, broken hands in her sacking apron.

"How could I know that this'd be the end of it? My poor little girl. I'd have told! Oh, if I'd only foreseen!" She made a wild, wailing noise, the like of which I never heard before or since. "To think I bore the beating and finger breaking, to end like this."

Walter spoke as though moving his white lips hurt him. "He was married th Did you know?"

"Oh, yes," she said, almost eagerly, aln as though it excused something. "He n made a secret of it, there was no sec betwixt me and him. And he meant to st by me. When I told him the way I was said not to fret, he'd look after me, and meant it. He would too." She looked at W ter in a curious way, both ashamed triumphant. "He was married, but that w fixed-up job, his heart weren't in it—tho he was fond of *you;* and he wasn't one want to cause his wife any grief either. W tenderhearted he was. So he went off to L don to settle on a place for me. He said la he'd been there as often or more as in Bail and he'd find a place where no questions' asked and he'd spend what time he co there and it'd be like being married. All I to do, he said, was to hold on and say no ing. And we fixed a time to meet in the place where we always had. I went just was." She lifted her hands, clenched into f and pressed the knuckles against the lo part of her face.

"We can guess the rest," Walter said. went on as though she had not heard.

"He never come, and that was one day; the next, and the next. That never was for me to get away, but I did, time after ti a whole month, I reckon. And then in end Tom Thoroughgood brought the n back one market day. That time the old p ple wasn't so sour, nor so mean, and T stopped by and had bite and sup and he young Rancon had took ill and died in Lond so he heard." She looked at me, and for all was talking so much, it was a dumb look beyond the reach of any words. "If I'd any sense," she said, "I could have ha things up with Jack Bowyer and had my b at seven months; plenty do. But someho well, I had to get used to the thought of



eing dead, that I'd never see him again, or ear him speak. And by the time I'd pulled yself round that was too late. And now —— ou see, I kept his name to myself despite all, ecause that was all I had. He was very open-anded, he was always wanting to give me ings, but there was nowt I dared bring ome—they reckoned me pledged to Bowyer, ho'd as soon have ducked in the horse pond given a girl a fairing. So in the end there as nothing except just his name to hold on . And who could have thought it'd turn ut this way? In a thousand years who'd elieve that you two would ever meet?"

"He was rotten," Walter said. "Rotten to e core with selfishness. Straight from hell," alter added bitterly.

"No. You marn't say that. There's no ving-kindness in hell, young sir. And he had ore than his measure of it. That was his ouble, not badness." She looked at me, eading for understanding. "Bad though it rned out for us all."

In the silence the pigs set up their impatient uealing and I realized where I was.

"The swill all wasted," I said in a voice at sounded too ordinary to be believed. Oh, what a row there'll be."

"I'll manage somehow," mother said quite lmly; but she was frightened too. She went own on her knees and began to scratch to-ether the bits of solid stuff that had been in e swill.

I think that action, at that moment, brought ome to Walter the truth of all I had said out life in my grandparents' house. He ade a great effort, and moved; he put his nd under mother's arm and pulled her right.

"Leave it," he said. "This has been a bad siness from first to last, but what can be t right, shall be. You must both come home th me. Now."

"I can't do that," mother said. "Not after cking out all these years."

What seemed strange to me, even at that oment, was that I bore her no grudge. She'd ned my life, I knew that, though I hadn't fully reckoned the damage; but I'd always ied her and now, having heard her story, itied her more than ever, and I understood, ause I was in love, exactly why she had ed as she had. So I said, in that same angely ordinary voice:

"Please, mother, come away. From now it'll be you and me together, and I can't me back here, so you must come away h me."

"No," she said. "I must stay here." She ned to Walter. "Take her away and keep safe, set her where she should be." She de a curious noise, neither laugh nor sob. he day I took her to Clevely, if I'd had re time and not been in such a maze, I'd e brung her down to the Old Vine and de everything plain; that was in my mind, it was too far. If I had, all this would have n spared. I wish to God ——" She broke and began to cry, and crying, bent again gather up what she could of the swill; and oked down at her and saw her hand, mis-ded because she was tear-blinded, close a hen's dropping.

My stomach heaved, I turned away toward wall and walked into a spinning darkness. When it lifted I was lying flat on my back the grass by the side of the road and ter was splashing cold water on my face. ined from my childhood to regard my kness as something to be ashamed of, I ed myself and said, "I'm all right now. sorry ——"

e said, "I thought you were dead. I ted to carry you into the house, but she ldn't let me. She's mad! She drove me All she cared for was that we shouldn't ound there."

said, "She was right. Out of it all, nothing matters now. Oh, Walter ——" I took arm in both my hands and leaned my head against his shoulder for a moment. n I bethought myself and let go and htened. "We're on the road they'll come e by," I said.

You're safe with me."

She isn't. Quick, ride me back to Clevely, ter, please."

"You're coming back with me to Old Vine."

"No, Walter, I couldn't. I know now—after what she said, and we know it is true—I know that we must feel differently. But I don't yet; I couldn't pretend; I couldn't live under the same roof and not —— No, you must take me back to Clevely, and we'd best not meet again."

He said, "But how could I rest, with you at Clevely, working so hard and living so poorly? I don't feel differently toward you—yet—but I must learn and so must you. The one sort of love—the sort we had—is forbidden us; but love has other faces. I swear that I will rule and govern myself and learn to love you as a man should love his sister, and in no other way."

"That," I said, "I well believe. Time after time I have seen how well you govern yourself. I am made of frailer stuff, Walter. The moment I saw you I loved you in one way, and a few words have made no change in me. Suppose that my mother had died, or had been struck dumb, or decided to keep her secret to the end. What then? We'd never have known. And knowing something in my head, Walter, makes no difference to how I feel here and here. I can never love you as a brother, never."

They were true words, but sometimes the truth can do as much harm as a lie. I should have held my tongue, and let him take me home, and pretended. How things would have ended then I don't know—but not worse than they did, that is certain.

His love was always a good deal less earthy than mine; his wound would have been eased by his taking me home, seeing me provided for; he could have taken refuge in brotherly love.

He kept arguing about it, right there in the road along which my grandparents might at any moment pass, and I sweated with terror for my mother. In the end I was pleading

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with Walter to ride me just as far as the turn-off to Clevely.

"And you must promise to drop me there. Otherwise I shall not ride. I'll run."

He promised, unwillingly. And that short ride was a foretaste of what our lives must henceforth be.

We reached the Clevely track without meeting anybody, and once off the road, stopped. Walter began to argue again, doing his best to perstuade me to go with him to the Old Vine. In the end I frightened him into giving me my way. I threw my arms round his neck and pulled his head down and I kissed him more hotly and roughly and passionately than I had ever allowed myself to do before.

"That's how I love you." I said breathlessly, "and to live under the same roof and see you every day would put me on the rack. My way is best." I slipped to the ground and thought for a moment that I was free, but instantly he was beside me, holding my hand with gentle firmness.

"It mustn't be decided yet," he said, "and not by you, who are so young and wild of heart. Why throw away the whole apple because of one speck?" His face was still white, and his eyes stricken, but he managed a smile. "Try not to fret. When the first pain has eased we can make plans. Something will be saved."

I bade him good-by, but he wouldn't say it. As at other times he said, "Until we meet again, sweeting." He kissed my fingers, not my lips.

When he had gone I threw myself down on the ground and cried; I sobbed and I shrieked and moaned. There was no one to hear me, no one in the empty field, nothing in the empty sky. I willed myself to die and in the end reached a state of exhaustion which did, for a while, seem like a prelude to death. But I was sixteen, and healthy; I had a long way to travel to the end of my road.

My mind recovered first. I recognized the need for secrecy. In some bygone age, in another life, I had left the house, supposedly to work in the pea field. I must have some good reason for returning white-faced and trembling and all blubbered with tears. I got up. The track was stony, for it sloped and the rain had washed away the covering earth. I found a large, flattish stone and took it in my right hand. I laid my left thumb on another stone, firmly embedded. I struck my thumb one hard blow and somewhere within the fierce hurt there was a pleasure. I hated myself because of what had happened to me. I hit my thumb again and again.

When I reached the house I said that I had hurt myself hammering in one of the scarecrow posts. Dame Constance took charge of me and while applying ointment and a bandage gave me a little homily about bearing pain in the right spirit. I must, she said, offer up my trivial suffering as a contribution toward Christ's agony for the world's sins.

Genealogy—tracing yourself back to people better than you.

JOHN POLLARD

Next day my thumb began to swell and throb, and despite all Dame Constance's plasters and potions it continued to grow worse. My hand became a shapeless lump, my arm puffed up to twice its size and was streaked with scarlet. By the third day I was in such agony as to be almost out of my mind. Only one thing brought me any relief and that Dame Constance used oversparingly. It was a syrup made of poppies, and after a draught of it I and the pain would part company for a while. It was still there, grinding and throbbing, but I floated off, sometimes into a kind of daze, sometimes into a brief, merciful sleep.

I had been told to keep to my bed, but except just after a dose of the syrup I could not lie still. I walked about, cradling the aching arm in my sound one, and moaning. The room was small, five paces between bed and window, six from the window to the door.

I was at the window when Lady Rancon arrived. Walter's grandmother, and mine. My other grandmother! I guessed that Walter had told her about me and she had come to see for herself. I could imagine how the story sounded in her ears; and suddenly I knew I couldn't face her. I must get out and away; but I couldn't run as I was, in my shift, so I opened the press, awkwardly, one-handedly, and groped for my winter cloak. While I was doing that Dame Constance came in.

"Get back into the bed at once," she said. "I came to set you straight. You have a visitor."

"I know. I can't see her. I won't. I'm in no fit state."

"You will be," she said; and I saw that she had brought the poppy medicine with her. She poured me out a generous dose, almost twice as much as I had ever had before. She straightened the bedclothes, admonishing me to be calm, to be civil. "From the few words I heard exchanged between Lady Rancon and Dame Isabel just now, this could be a great chance for you, Jenny," she said.

The pain stayed there, with my arm, in the bed, and I began to float upward and sideways until I hung close to the rafters in the far corner. Then my Grandmother Rancon came in and sat down by the thing on the bed and began to talk to it. She stroked its sweat-soaked hair and held its uninjured hand. She called it Josiana, and said that Walter had told her everything. Her voice was grave, full of understanding and pity. It made me cry in a way I had never cried before.

"I didn't want this to happen," I blubbered. "I didn't wish this on any of us. It's disgusting for you, too, I know."

She said, "No situation is ever quite what it seems at first sight. I am most deeply sorry this should have happened to you and to Walter; but even after heartbreak something is left, and if we are wise we make the most of it. Perhaps it is selfish of me, but I am glad to have found you."

I went on crying and she continued tryin to comfort me, speaking of a comfortabl life at the Old Vine and making up to me fo all my labors and privations.

I said, "I can't come there. I told Walte that I shall never feel toward him in sisterl fashion, and I cannot live under the sam roof with him."

"Walter is not there." Her clear voic trembled a little. "He has gone to live i Amsterdam, so that you may come home."

"He shouldn't have done that! You neede him."

"I needed a reliable factor in Amsterda too. And now I need you, you see."

Floating there where I did, it was the easie to answer her boldly. I said, "Madam, yo need a baseborn granddaughter as much a I at this moment need a toothache!"

"I need you," she said quite fiercely. The in a different voice, "The relationship seem to me to be our own business. I have no spoken of it downstairs. To my household and such people in Baildon as are interested in our affairs we can say that you are a kins woman of my late husband. If you are satis fied with that."

"It is a wonder to me that you accept m at all."

She said, "When Walter, all distraugh began his tale I knew the end of it." Sh sighed and then said abruptly, "Your mothe was to blame, in part."

"She has suffered for it."

"So I understand." But there remained a ways in her mind some resentment again this unknown Joan Greenwood who had l herself be seduced, and then by her secret set the scene for this situation. Later on, whe circumstances changed and it was possib for me to go from the Old Vine to visit m mother, my grandmother always saw me o with reluctance and disapproval.

"Will the ladies allow me to go with you? I asked.

"That is already settled," she said. "I to them I was growing old and lonely and had



fancy for a convent-reared girl to companion me. I shall recompense them for what they lose."

At the beginning of my life with my grandmother at Old Vine I was conscious that I had robbed her of Walter and that it therefore behooved me to fill, as best I could, his place. So I worked as hard as I had ever done, without the need. She would have let me be idle or frivolous had I wished. After a while I learned a truth which sounds harsh—the kind of thing my Grandfather Greenwood might say—but a truth it is nonetheless: hard work is an easement for sorrow. There would be stretches of time when, busy and struggling to learn something new, I would forget Walter and my feeling for him, and all our sad story. Only at night sometimes, lying in the soft, warm, goose-feather bed, I would find grief flooding over me again; then I would turn my face into the pillow and cry myself to sleep.

My grandmother—whom now I called my aunt—was careful at first to avoid mentioning his name, or, if it slipped out unwarily, would check herself and look confused; she showed her feelings very openly in the widening of the pupils of her eyes.

One day I said to her, "I can bear to speak of Walter, and to hear his name. I am in no worse case than any woman who loses her lover through death, or his own unfaithfulness."

She said, "Sometimes I wonder whether we were not hasty. You and Walter were brother and sister and neither of you had others. Is it possible that what, being young, you took for the ordinary love between men and women may have been the call of the blood, the sense of kinship?"

I saw what she thought. Plant that notion firmly enough in my head and Walter could come home; a happy family under the one roof, and for decency's sake bandying about the word "cousin" twenty times a day.

"For him," I said, after some thought, "it may have been. That and more. But not for me." I added quickly that if she wanted Walter home, I would go.

She said, "It was Walter's own wish that you should come home. And if you left for any other reason than marriage, he would hold me to account."

I shuddered when she said "marriage." I said, "The very thought of another man is distasteful to me."

"Time may mend that. I hope it will. My grandfather, who was a wise man, once told me that to a woman children mattered more than anything else in the world. I lived to prove it true. Sir Henry and I were fortunate: ours was a love match, and the *love*, that heady thing people mean when they say the word, lasted perhaps five years. Kindness remained, and affection, and loyalty. But in the end his horses and his arms, his tourneys and his triumphs took first place with him, and our child first place with me."

It was the first time she had ever made mention of my father, even indirectly. I was interested in the man who ruined three lives that we knew and who had left a memory of kindness in the woman he had betrayed, and in whose own son spoke of him with hatred. How had he seemed in his mother's eyes?

I said rather timidly, "What was he like—my father?"

"That no one can say, I least of all. I could say that he was like my own brother—but that would mean nothing to you. To me it did though. The first moment they laid him in my arms I looked down and I knew, and I thought, 'Oh no, not *that* again.' But it was." She narrowed her eyes and looked at me. "When Walter told me about you, Josiana, I was afraid. If you had looked, or acted—no, despite my promise to Walter I could not have borne that again."

"Borne what?"

She said, "The charm and the heartlessness, the way they could make magic with music, until you cried and then they would laugh. Something not—not quite human, something wild and unaccountable. Dear child, there are no words. Something strange crept into this family—there are queer tales of *my* grandmother—and it crops out now and then, a flaw in the weave. Thank God neither you nor Walter shows it."

I knew by her tone that that was the end of that conversation. She was very gentle, very kind, but she could, by a change of voice, a lift of the eyebrow, a set of the lip, issue a rebuke, express disapproval, make a claim to something for which, in her own words, "there are no words." It pleased me to think that I had recognized that quality in her on the day when she had visited our farm and outbargained my Grandfather Greenwood. It pleased me to see it in action, again and again, as I followed her about on her rounds. She could buy and sell without losing dignity; in an emergency she could lend a hand with a most menial task and yet still seem fastidious. I watched her, I did my best to emulate her, I loved her.

She was scholarly and, through her teaching and even more by her example, she made me scholarly too. I had Dame Isabel's rudiments

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to build upon and the best of all reasons—the wish to escape from my own thoughts—as a spur. In the winter evenings we would often sit, one on each side of the hearth, and read for two hours or more, without exchanging a word. But for our clothes and the comfort about us we might have been two old fellows in a Cambridge cell.

I had been living at the Old Vine for almost a year and a half when, on a gray December afternoon, my mother arrived. She presented a strange appearance, wearing my grandfather's warmest jerkin, and his old woolen cap pulled low over her ears; and she was riding one of Tom Thoroughgood's satin-hided palfreys.

We had not met since that day in the Flaxham yard. Before I left Clevely I had charged Dame Isabel with a carefully worded message for "Nancy." On her next visit I asked that she should be told that I had gone to live with Lady Rancon because her grandson had gone abroad. I thought that if she should, at any time, be sent to market again, she would visit me; but she never had. Since I had lived in Baildon I had seen my grandfather on two occasions, and my grandmother on three or four—both as hale and hearty as ever.

But now mother, scrambling clumsily from the palfrey, cried, "He's dead, praised be the saints! He's dead!" I never heard such delight in anyone's voice before, or since.

I chanced to be alone in the house, so I took her in, sat her by the fire and warmed some ale. She looked around the comfortable room, a little timidly at first, then more boldly.

"We'll hev our comforts, too, God willing," she said. "I took the key off his neck and I opened his box. There was more'n I ever dreamed of, both silver and gold. I left a few pieces and buried the rest in the muck heap. So if they come asking did he die rich or poor, they can see for theirselves."

"How did he die?" I asked.

"Just as he should. Yesterday morning it was and he was coming in to market hisself. We'd been out in the bitter cold, loading up, time he ate a bowl of porridge to warm hisself, and when we'd done that was a tidy old load; best part of a pig and a sack of corn to be ground as well as odds and ends. When he was ready he took howd of the leading rein and went to give Jenny a slap on the rump. 'Come up,' he say, but instead of coming up she come down." She broke off and laughed with gruesome glee. "Ah, toppled clean over, she did, pinning him down. He wasn't killed, he laid there groaning and hollering to us to get Jenny off him. But who was we to go lifting a dead horse and all that gear? Your granny *tried*, but she was all of a tremble and she couldn't do it alone. I never tried. I told her not to go pulling and pushing, she'd do more harm than good; I'd go for Tom Thoroughgood, I said. And Josiana, I took my time."

It was not to be wondered at: he'd used her brutally for years; he was the enemy and could not expect mercy.

"When we did get him out," she told me, "he was like a stove-in barrel and as dead as old Jenny."

"And how is *she?*"

"Gone to nothing," mother said, "like a spray of old-man's-beard without no bush to cling to. Scared of *me* now, she is. We hadn't got him laid out afore she was telling me all she'd done, ever, was by his order. I told her sweet words now was too late, she could've spared me many a clout in her time, the same as I tried to you, the best I could."

"I know. And for that I shall always be grateful."

She looked pleased, and began again to talk about the money.

"If they knew what he had they'd be after me to give to the poor—and the only poor I care about is me and you, my dearie! They'd want Masses said for his soul—and I hope he rot in hell forevermore. So I must go slow with the spending for a bit."

"There'll be talk if you go riding round on one of Tom's best palfreys."

"Thass a loan, so-called. Tom'll get his money, little by little. And ain't it natural for a neighbor to lend a horse, specially with ours dropped dead? And I was eager to see you. Thass been a long time." She looked around the room again. "I was glad when I knew you was here, I reckoned you'd feed better and lay softer and not toil so hard. But the first thing I thought when I see him lay there, dead, was that now you could come home."

My heart seemed to drop. There was a bond between us; even the knowledge that she had ruined my life hadn't broken it. She had been kind to me, she had been faithful, she had saved me from Jim Hayward. But I couldn't go back to the farm.

"I can't come back there," I said. "I was too unhappy there. But if you like—if you'll sell it and move away I'll come. We could buy another farm, or a little business, a baker's or something, or we could take a job together."

And then I shall be gone from here and Walter can come home.

"That'd be silly. There's fifty good acres there at Flaxham and I've sweated over every inch. I ain't giving that up now. Where would I find a place in such good heart? You wouldn't hev to work, Josiana. I'm going to hire a man, maybe two. And when I die, that'll be yours and whoever you marry. I'll give you a dower. Tom Thoroughgood's Peter is a right comely lad."

I said, "I don't want Peter Thoroughgood, or any other man, however comely."

Perhaps purposely she took this in the wrong way. "You mean you got your eye on somebody?"

My inward eye, which every night strained toward a strange city named Amsterdam, where Walter was. Alone? Not alone? Happy or grieving? His letters to his grandmother, as regular as wind and tide allowed, told nothing of his state of mind.

But I might, with a little pretense, buy a little time for making a decision.

"I'm not sure about that, yet," I said.

And then, through my mother's pale, cold-roughened lips, spoke the old yeoman pride, based on its ownership of land, however little, upon its contempt for any other way of life.

"Whoever he is," she said, "he'll think the more of you seeing you on your own place, that'll be yours one day, than here, a kind of body servant, however glorified."

"It isn't like that at all. I am acknowledged as a kinswoman. I call my grandmother my aunt."

"So you may," mother said, and this time it was her voice which reminded me of my Grandfather Greenwood, "but afore people marry they look into things. You'd do better at home where the truth is known and not took amiss. Tom Thoroughgood know all about us and he never flinched when I kind of put out a feeler for Peter."

Something took hold of me then; after all, bastards are no different from other people, they have their feelings and their pride.

"The man who would marry me tomorrow," I said, "wouldn't flinch at my bastardy either." Was it true? How could I know? I'd never until this moment given the matter a moment's serious thought.

The man existed; I hadn't made him up. His name was Arthur Kentewood and he lived at Minsham Old Hall. There was a connection of some long standing between his family and my Grandmother Rancon's, a connection that I had never bothered to sort out. It reached back to my great-great-grandfather's day and was very involved. Arthur, who was thirty, and rather dull, but honest and good and kind, always stopped at the Old Vine on his way home from market, and talked to my grandmother, of whom he was obviously fond. I knew that he was taken with me, but he was shy, and I had done nothing so far to encourage him.

"Why ain't you married then?" mother asked.

"Because I am still in love with Walter."

Her elated mood tipped over—helped perhaps by the ale. She began to cry, to accuse herself. . . . It was horrible, especially when I must think that *this* was the happy day, the great day to which she had looked forward, in which she had believed, and which had enabled her to bear everything. And after all, if she had ruined my life, I by my mere existence had ruined hers.

In the end I said, "I know what I would like to do—come to Flaxham for Christmas."

She cheered up instantly. "Ah, you do that, and see how different everything'll be."

My grandmother came home soon after mother had gone and I told her the news and that I was going to Flaxham for Christmas. Too quickly she said, "This is the fifth. If I wrote at once, Walter could come home."

She meant no ill; Christmas is the family season, and Walter had been away for eighteen months. She was fond of me, I never doubted that; but I was something which had been grafted on, Walter was of the true stock, he had smiled at her from his cradle. She wanted him home, she wanted his advice—for to a woman a man's advice has always a special value—she wanted his arm to lean upon. She wanted to see him married, begetting another little trueborn Rancon. Any other woman would most surely have hated me.

When, on the day before Christmas Eve, I rode out to Flaxham, I was face to face with my choice: I could go back and live with my mother, or I could get married. One or the other I must do, for everybody's sake.

Before the first evening was spent I knew that I could not live with my mother. She was mad in the same way as a dog which has been chained for years and years goes crazy if by some chance it is loosed.

And there was my grandmother, suddenly a frail, shuffling old woman, saying "Yes, Joan," and "No, Joan" where formerl had said "Jack." It was difficult to see i the tyrant of my childhood, the one wh brushed off the maggots and said, "No it." The memory of that episode stood, I admit, between me and any real pity fo nonetheless, she was not a cheerful sigh

I stuck out the twelve days. On one of some of the Thoroughgood family came goose with us, and on another mother went to eat goose with them, and it w very merry in a coarse and boisterous The table manners—which had been my until I went to Clevely—I now found gusting, and there was but one bra humor, the bawdy. When at the end holiday mother again broached the qu of my coming home to live, I made h answer which alone would content le excuse me. I told her that I was going married.

Once it was said I wondered whether overestimated myself; all I had to go were some yearning faithful-dog looks the width of the room, but I was soon sured. Within an hour of my return t Vine my grandmother had mentioned four separate times, each time in a consciously wistful voice.

I said to her, "Walter would come for good, would he not, if I were mar

"He is not waiting for that; he wo willing ——"

"I know, I know. But I would soo away. Nothing will change my mind o Besides, I told my mother that I was betrothed."

She asked me to whom and I said, Arthur Kentewood in mind." And th took my hand and told me that Arth spoken to her, months before, and th had told him to be patient. She said, "I you would be happy with him, Josia there were anything for you to hope for wait for, I would say 'Wait'; but in yo there is nothing. And many people hol love comes after marriage; I shall pray may be so with you."

I knew that could never be; but I ma my mind that I would be kind and fait good wife.

We arranged to be married during t week in March, just before Lent Walter wrote me a letter which, but f sentence, might have been of any brother to his sister just betrothed. T exceptional sentence said that the ne taken a great load from his conscience he feared that because of him I might married all my life. For the rest he Arthur, saying that if he had had the he could not have found me a sounde He said that he was sending me a Milan silk which, if it arrived too lat made into a wedding gown, could be the christening of my first-born.

I have that letter still, the only one wrote to me. It is creased because I cr in my hand, and it bears the mark of because I flung it on the floor and tro Its very kindness was a rebuff. But h could he have written?

Eight days before my wedding I we my grandmother on one of the last e should go on Old Vine business.

We rode abreast, with our man fo a few paces behind. We spoke of the of the beauty of the evening, and wedding. We came to the road wh in front of the great gate of the abb there, with no warning, my grandm mount stopped, stiff-legged. It was so that, good horsewoman as she was, almost unseated. My own horse, hol its own pace, carried me forward two before I could check and turn it. my grandmother say in a voice of the horror, "Oh, no!"

I swung round and saw that she had the rein and was pressing both hands face, so that only her eyes showed. S staring ahead as though she saw so horrible; the horse, too, had the attitu

CONTINUED ON



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

horse confronted by something which it will not pass.

I cried to her, "What is it? What is the matter?"

She didn't answer me, but she moved, took the rein and pulled her horse's head round sharply to the left as though avoiding some obstacle, and set off for home at a quick canter.

The manservant came lumbering up. "What ailed the beast? Like a wasp had stung it, but they ain't abroad yet."

I turned my horse again and hurried after my grandmother, overtaking her just before we reached the Old Vine. She was still deathly pale and looked strange. I asked her again, "What happened? What did you see?"

She said, as breathless as though she had been running, "I must write to Walter ——"

In the yard she flung herself from the saddle and hurried into the house, making for her office. As she went she pulled off her gloves and threw them on the floor. I followed, and at the door of the office I was close enough to touch her, but she seemed unaware of me and closed the door in my face.

I waited. From the kitchen there came the clatter of supper dishes, otherwise there was no sound. The light, already fading when we entered the house, seeped away. Presently it was almost dark and I thought that if she were writing she must have lighted the candles and

In every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained: the body and the soul; and that what you give to the body you will presently lose, but what you give to the soul remains forever.

EPICTETUS

line of light would show around the door, a slit of light in the hole where the latch went through.

I hesitated to intrude, but I remembered her pallor; so I opened the door and, calling her name, went in. In the deep twilight I could just see her, slumped forward across the table.

Afterward I saw that she had begun her letter. Ordinarily she wrote a marvelous neat, quickly hand and headed her letters, "Written at the Old Vine, Baildon on ——" and then the date. There were no such preliminaries on her last letter. A violent, unsteady hand had driven across the top of the page, "My dearest Walter on no account must you ——" From the final word the quill had rolled, leaving an inky trail which ended in a blot. And that was all.

It was unseemly to follow a funeral so soon after a wedding, and ordinarily we would have postponed it until after Lent was past; but I was anxious to be married and out of the house before Walter returned and Arthur was governed for me, left all alone at Old Vine. So with no wedding finery, no feasting, Arthur and I stood before the priest in this same church of St. Mary and were made man and wife. Afterward we went to Minsham Old Hall, and there I settled down to prove once more the virtue of hard work.

Arthur, though he owned more than fifty acres, and was well-born, with the right to call himself a gentleman, was far from wealthy; in order to make his place pay at all he was obliged to be out and about overlooking the work a great deal of the time. Withindoors I was busy too; the house was extremely old, miserably cold and damp and awkward, and had I only known other homes than the Old Vine the change might have fretted me.

I had discussed with my grandmother the problem of telling Arthur the whole truth about my birth and my parentage; she had been against it, asking what purpose it would serve. Her motive was the same as had made us conceal our real relationship—a desire to shield the truth about the man who was, after all, her son, and dead. So all I had told Arthur was that I was born out of wedlock, and that the other still lived at Flaxham; I had the foresight to realize that to conceal this might lead to trouble in the future. Concealing the full truth led to trouble, too, for Arthur was fond of Walter, "our Cousin Walter," and naturally eager to entertain him. Our Cousin Walter must ride home with him one market day, and have supper and stay the night and tell us all about Amsterdam and his plans for the Old Vine. Our Cousin Walter was now, remember, alone in that big house, and probably feeling his bereavement. I deferred the dreaded day of meeting for a week or two, pleading the state of the house, which, left to an old servant for many years, was indeed dirty. But the day could not be postponed forever, and one Wednesday Arthur brought Walter home.

He had aged in some way not to be described in physical terms; his hair had its gloss and color, his skin was unlined, his body still strong and upright; at first glance he was the handsome young man who had come riding down the track at Clevely and dazzled my eyes; but at second glance one saw the change. Youth had gone. Mingled in the tumult of feeling with which I greeted him there was pity—*I have done that to him*, I thought. And the pity ran over to extend to Arthur, so innocent and so well-meaning; I must be very, very careful not to do or say, or even look anything which might hurt Arthur too.

It was worse even than I had expected. I had cherished a secret hope that time and marriage might have changed me, that only in my mind had I remained in love with the thought of Walter. But as we exchanged, under Arthur's benevolent eye, a cousinly kiss, the old hunger leaped in the same way and I was sick for love. I said to myself the ugly word "incestuous" and my mind flinched, but not my heart. Nor would it be deterred by the plain fact that he had mastered any feeling he had cherished for me, and could, in every word and glance be, not act or pretend to be, my good Cousin Walter.

I was relieved to hear him say, somewhere through the evening, that he must go back to Amsterdam to appoint someone to take his place there and train him to fill it.

He was gone almost three months and when he returned and Arthur began proposing another visit I had a good excuse, for I was pregnant and my never very reliable stomach was queasy in the extreme.

"If you think Walter needs company," I said, "you go and sup with him; and that will give me one evening when I need not even *think* about food."

After that Arthur made a habit of stopping at the Old Vine whenever he went to market, just as he had done in the old days. He brought me back news. One day he told me that Walter had the looms at work again; only six of them in the great loft, but still it was a start.

"He will do well," Arthur said, "for Baildon cloth is not forgotten. They used to say that a coat or a dress of it would last a lifetime."

I thought how happy my grandmother would have been if this could have happened in her day. And but for me it might have done!

But that thought had no power to hurt me, for I had become, as most women do at such times, a mere brood animal. I was merely the container, the seed pod. It was a blissfully it-and-me engrossed time when nothing else in the world mattered. Walk carefully, eat well, suffer nausea or be free of it, steer this bulk, this valuable cargo safely through doorways and up stairs, avoid a stumble, a twist or a fall, and in the end the pod will burst, the cup so carefully carried will spill its treasure and there will be new life in the world.

My baby was a boy. When he was about two weeks old Arthur came and sat on my bed and said, "Would it please you to call him Walter and ask your cousin to stand godfather?"

"No," I said firmly. "In my family Walter is a name of ill omen."

Arthur blinked. "What do you mean? Walter Rancon is set to be one of the most prosperous men in Baildon."

I said untruthfully, "I wasn't thinking of him. There was another Walter: Walter Reed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

my—my Aunt Maude's brother; I've heard her speak of him. He died young and far from home. There was another too—I misremember his story, but it was a sad one and he died young."

As always, Arthur was ready to humor me. "No Walters then. What do you say to Henry? It is the name of the king; and it is also the name of your uncle Sir Henry Rancon, who, when I was small, often gave me a ride on one of his great horses. Henry for his name, and Cousin Walter for his godfather."

"I thought he would be named Arthur," I said.

"Two of the same name in a family leads to confusion."

"So will asking Walter to sponsor him," I said, little dreaming that I was making a prophecy. "You have two intimate cronies, Sir Mark Fennel and Mr Hatton; if you ask Walter and one of them, the other will take offense. Why are you so set on Walter, Arthur?"

Arthur said, with a frankness which robbed the words of some of their crudity, "Because he is going to be a rich man, and will have no children of his own."

"How can you be so sure?"

"He told me so," Arthur said. "I was teasing him one evening; I said that what the Old Vine needed was a mistress and why didn't he get married."

"And what did he say?"

"He turned serious. I had spoken half in earnest, half in jest but he answered me gravely. He said he had loved a woman once and could never fancy another I grant you that many men have said such a thing and wedded within a twelvemonth, but, young as he is, there is something *settled* about Walter My best hawk to a peck of corn he'll live and die a bachelor, and this boy here will inherit a flourishing business."

I would have argued more, but it would have looked strange; also, there was in Arthur a stubborn streak where practical things were concerned; also, I was still weak. So I gave in, and two weeks later, when I was on my feet again and as lively as ever Walter was asked to visit us and to see the baby.

Over the table Arthur said, "We would like you to be one of his sponsors at his baptism, Walter."

Walter said, "I am conscious of the honor you do me, but I can't accept." He looked from one to the other of us apologetically. "It would involve responsibilities which I am not prepared to undertake."

"In God's name, why not?"

"If you want an answer to that question, Arthur, I will answer you. But what I say may displease you. I'd sooner let it go."

Arthur's face had gone dark red. Later on I wondered whether he suspected that Walter had guessed his mercenary motive, for he looked angry in the way men do when they are caught out.

"I do want an answer," he said. "Never in all my life have I known anyone refuse the office of godfather save on account of age. Give me your reason."

"I should be obliged to promise to see that the child was brought up to believe a number of things which I know to be untrue."

"God's blood!" Arthur said. "Are you a heretic?"

"That is the name they give us," Walter said mildly.

"What other name is there?"

"Well, you could call us the seekers after truth."

"But *what* truth?" Arthur demanded. "We know what is true and what we should believe." He stopped eating and folded his arms and leaned forward across the table. "I'm interested, Walter. Where do you get your notions of truth?"

"From the Bible."

"Which, to start with, is a sin to read."

"There you are. Why should it be a sin to read God's own Word and to learn at first hand what our Lord said and did during His earthly life?"

"Can we be sure that that is what your Bible is? If you read it in English, most like it was translated by the enemies of the church, and might contain anything."

"Mine is Wycliffe's; and he was a scholar and an honest man, and as good a churchman as ever lived."

"That won't save you," Arthur said, "if you're caught with it in your possession."

Before Walter could reply to this the baby woke and cried his hunger cry; not liking to bare my breast before Walter, I retired, and when, taking my time over it, I returned, the talk had swung to ordinary things and it was almost time to say good night.

In our room, however, Arthur said, "I'm worried about Walter. If he speaks elsewhere as he did at our table, he will run into trouble." Perhaps I looked worried, for he added quickly, "Of course he is young and he has lived in foreign parts; maybe he has brought home new notions as other young men bring home new fashions. We must try to persuade him out of them."

Arthur's attempts at persuasion were painful to me, for they took the form of frequent invitations to Walter, the laying before him of the best that our house could afford, and then a long argument. The trouble was that Arthur *had* no argument; his best bolt had been fired when he made his suggestion that a translation might mirror the mind of the translator; after that he could only contradict whatever Walter said, and fall back upon the phrase, "The church teaches ——"

Sometimes I listened; sometimes I made an excuse to slip away to some job in kitchen or dairy, but even when I did that I would carry with me something which Walter had said and mull over it in my mind. Nothing he said seemed to me to be so very extraordinary or wicked. I'd think about this vexed question of

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ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

What any mother wouldn't give to have the influence over her son that the eighth-grade basketball coach has! "Fellows," he says, "I want all of you in bed by nine tonight. Big game tomorrow." And promptly at nine o'clock in homes all over the town the boys crawl cheerfully into bed. No argument, no excuses. Isn't it wonderful!

It begins to seem that the American tourist in Europe has been worth his weight in gold.

Parents-can't-win Department: When a child isn't able to blame his mistakes on an improper bringing up, he'll manage to blame them on one that was too proper.

Young boy to mother: "What 'instant' are we having for dinner tonight?"

Gentleman: A man who behaves decently even when he doesn't.

Parenthood ends where law begins.

"To move into an attractive house and discover that it is 'hard to take care of,'" laments a young housewife "is almost worse than being disappointed in love."

Perfection in woman's dress is achieved not when nothing can be added but when nothing can be taken away.

Most curious thing: A child who isn't.

"I hope that when I grow older," confided a friend recently "I'll be sensible enough to take my children's advice . . . when I think I should."

For my classification, a gourmet is a person who is capable of appreciating the delicate flavors of summer squash and parsnips.

Picture: One-year-old beginning to spill, thrill, will.

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transubstantiation and ask myself how many people really believed in it as a fact. How many people would open their mouths and accept what they were certain was a morsel of a man's flesh, a sup of his blood?

One day I horrified Arthur by asking Walter to lend me his Bible; and then was myself horrified by the sight of it. Even in my studious-eveninged days at the Old Vine it would have taken me years to read from cover to cover.

Walter advised me to start on the Gospels. I read slowly and carefully, and so far as the mind's grasp was concerned, I think I could say that I understood what I read, but the thing which had always most puzzled me remained a puzzle still. God the Father, all-powerful, had made the world and all that was in it, and He loved the world and its people, yet they were wicked and they were afflicted; God the Son came down from heaven to save the world—and that was fourteen hundred and ninety-one years ago, but people were still wicked and still afflicted. During His lifetime He had healed lepers and restored sight to the blind; yet we could still hear the leper's dreadful bell and see his sores, and as for blindness one had only to walk round Baildon market place. . . . I just didn't understand. And always, of course, there lurked at the back of my mind the question of how a loving God would possibly have allowed to happen what had happened to Walter and me.

Once—I was then about two months pregnant with my second child—I made a positive trial of the virtue of confession, another thing against which Walter railed. I had always been regular at confession, admitting and asking forgiveness for the usual trivial things, but on this day I said that I had sinned in that I loved a man who was not my husband.

The priest asked me how far I had sinned; had I carnal knowledge of the man?

"No," I said, "but I have sinned with him in my heart." It didn't strike me at the time as being an unusual thing to say; nor did I, as I said the words, hear in them the echo of what Christ said to the crowd who wanted to stone the woman taken in adultery. But perhaps the priest heard it. For after saying that I had done well to avoid the sins of the flesh, and advising me to eschew the man's company and to cling to my husband, he accused me of my *real* sin, which was, he said, spiritual pride. I must pray, he said, for the blessing of a humble heart, and he would pray that it should be granted me.

I was puzzled again; but when I was about halfway home I thought I saw what he meant. It was, perhaps, a form of pride to think that what went on in your mind *mattered*. The priest had rather that I had answered "Yes" to his question about the carnal knowledge; then he could have set me a penance and told me to go away and not do it again, like slapping a dog for chasing chickens. My self-accusation was something on quite a different level.

What happened next? Oh, something for which I blame myself bitterly because I was guilty of something far worse than spiritual pride. I made a great blunder.

Arthur hated to see me reading in Walter's Bible, so, although by this time I had begun reading in the earlier part of the book where there were some fascinating stories, I decided to give it back; and before I did so I said, carelessly, thoughtlessly, to Arthur, "Walter's ideas can never make much headway. All but the stone deaf can listen to the priests, and very few can read."

All unknowing I had handed Arthur a weapon. In his next argument with Walter he said, "You know, Walter, if the soul's salvation depends upon Bible reading, most of us would be in poor case because we cannot read."

Actually he could read, about as well as I could do when I left Clevely, going along from word to word with a busy finger and mouthing. When he made his remark about being unable to read Arthur looked proud of his skill in dispute rather than ashamed of his lack of knowledge. Walter didn't reply immediately, and Arthur's pleased expression deepened, saying wordlessly, *Ah, I had you there.*

Then Walter said, "That's very true. And it's the duty of those who can read to spread the truth."

Then Arthur issued his warning. "What you say at this table, Walter, does no harm; and what you think is your own affair. The church itself does not go querying what goes on inside a man's skull. But if you start spreading this truth, as you call it, then anything may happen. I'll tell you something. It happened when I was eight years old, but I've never forgotten it. My father took me, for a treat, into Colchester. You know, going in by this side, there's a steep hill where you have to walk your horse. Halfway up, on the right-hand side, there was a crowd and my father said, 'What's to do?' and we rode close. We could see over the heads of the crowd. They were burning a Lollard—that's the name they gave people with notions like yours in those days—and, Walter, that wasn't a pleasant sight. It quite spoiled my day, and my dinner." He paused, and then said in the most solemn possible manner, "And there's this too. You're our kin, you're welcome to come and dispute over a cup of ale as often as you like, but an out-and-out heretic is like a chimney sweep: he blackens those he brushes up against. If you're coming into the open with this nonsense, Walter, we must forgo your company from now on."

Walter nodded his understanding, "That's just enough—if nothing I've said has convinced you, if you go on holding to the old superstitious ways. The point is, if there were enough of us, enlightened and sure, they couldn't burn us all, could they?"

"There will never be more than a dozen of you in any one place," Arthur said. "Heresy will always be stamped out. Don't be a fool, Walter; think your own thoughts, but keep your mouth shut."

I added my pleas to that. Whether he would have heeded had I said, "For my sake, Walter," I shall never know. I didn't say that; I said other things, things that made Arthur look at me with astonishment and say, "God forfend! If this is what Bible reading does ——"

And then there was a time when Walter visited us no more, which was a relief to me. If he was spreading heresy, he was doing it carefully; every time Arthur returned from Baildon I would ask, "Any news of Walter?" and wait with a quickening heart for the answer. Arthur would say "No" or tell me something trivial about the business at Old Vine—another loom at work, or something of that kind.

My second child, a daughter, was born, and the seasons followed one another speedily, each with its special activities.

I think that if Walter had lived in London, or even in Norwich or Lynn, his shrift would have been shorter. In small places things move slowly and people are loath to think ill of, or move against, men who are known and respected in the community. Walter benefited by the piety of his grandmother, and of her grandfather. The acts of the family were taken into account when it was a matter of how many times Walter Rancon absented himself from Mass or failed to visit the confessional. He had a long run; my little Maude was steady on her feet by the time the next thing happened.

Arthur came home from the Wednesday market and I could see by his face that something had unsettled him. Before I could say, "What news?" he said, "I saw Walter today. He'd left a message for me at the inn. So I stopped on my way home."

"Is he well?"

Arthur nodded, and dropping down on the bench began to work off his boots.

He said—and he gave me the impression that he was picking his words with care—"Walter wants to sell the Old Vine."

More than once Walter had said that in the great merchant cities of the Netherlands there were more people who thought as he did; perhaps, I told myself hopefully, he had decided to go back to Amsterdam.

"Is he leaving Baildon?"

Arthur busied himself with his boots. Then he said, "Josiana, you're not to take this to heart. We've tried to talk sense into him. Even today I tried—but he won't listen. There's trouble ahead and he knows it, and he wants to get rid of his property before it comes."

"Heresy trouble?"

"No less. And if a man is convicted of heresy his goods are forfeit. Walter wants us to have the Old Vine. I told him—Josiana, I agreed to buy it."

He looked up then and the unsettled expression was graved deeper. There was a kind of anger, and some sorrow and some shame, even some fear on Arthur's usually placid, pleasant face.

"How can you?" I asked. "Where would you find the money?"

He looked relieved. "I was afraid that you'd say I was encouraging him; or taking advantage of his plight," he said, with the air of a man throwing off a burden. "He said I could name my own price. And he said that if I didn't take it he'd sell it to the first man who made an offer, however small. So I named a price—every penny we have in the chest."

It was the price of the farm at Flaxham which my mother had left to me. She'd died early in the year, during the hard weather. It was sad to think that she'd borne overwork and near starvation for so long a time, and enjoyed her comforts so briefly. Sometimes I thought that it was her comforts that hastened her end; she ate and drank far too much, and seldom stirred from her chair. She hired a man to do the work, and after my grandmother's death a girl to tend the house. In a short time she grew very fat and short of breath; in an icy February a cold settled upon her chest and she was dead in a week.

Arthur had sold the farm for me and laid the money away. We planned to buy sheep in the summer, when pasture was scarce and prices low. The farm had made a good price and there was still some left of my grandfather's hoard, but in all it amounted to less than a twentieth of the value of Old Vine and the business Walter had built there.

"I couldn't see it go cheap to a stranger, could I?" Arthur asked defensively.

I said, "Of course not. You did right, Arthur. None of this is your fault."

Not mine, either, though I was concerned, as a tool is concerned with a finished job. If Walter and I had never met —— But it was no good thinking in that fashion. We had met, we had loved, and we had seen our love turned by a few words into something obscene and loathsome. We'd taken the blow in our different ways. I'd turned away from the God Who could let such things be; I'd turned to work, to comfort, to marriage and childbearing, to making the best of a bad job. Walter had turned toward things of the mind and the spirit, and had come, perhaps naturally, to prefer a form of religion that was stark and simple, and which cut out all the offices of go-betweens. He'd once actually used the expression "wrestling with God." I thought at the time, and I still think, that the church is in error in taking Walter's kind too seriously; for, for every one man who is capable of thus dealing directly with God, there are a thousand who prefer to use the intermediaries, the priests and the pardoners. To people of Walter's kind the church should behave as I behaved to my daughter who showed a tendency to be left-handed; I gave her a light slap and said, "Do as your brother does." She tried, but she *was* left-handed and no trying could cure it, so I said, "Then be awkward if you must."

Walter went and hired himself a hovel i the Saltgate; we moved into Old Vine, an very strange it felt to be there again, mistres of the house. Because Arthur was new to th business and I had had at least the experienc of helping my grandmother, he relied upon m a great deal in the early days. There were day when I was too busy to spare a thought fo anything but practical matters; but I began t dread my bed. Bone weary as I was, I coul not sleep and would lie for hours, with Arthu snoring peacefully beside me, and my min would go over and over all that was past, an shrink in terror away from what might be t come. There was talk in the town now, rumor about meetings in Walter's home, with read ings from the Bible, reports of incautio things he had said to this man and that. An there was one thing, small, but sinister to m when the taxes were due Arthur was asked t show proof that he was the legal owner of th Old Vine; this was most unusual, for ord narily they were only too ready to assum ownership and grab what was due.

Once I saw Walter, close to in the mark place. He looked thin and poor and uncare for, my handsome young man who had com riding to Clevely on his glossy horse.

I went home and said to Arthur, "We mu do something about Walter; he looks ha starved."

"For that he must blame himself. He spend his money on Bibles and other forbidde books—or so I hear."

"Where do you hear such stories?" I aske in terror.

"The whole town buzzes," he said. "I'm afraid, Josiana, that with Walter it is no merely a matter of time. And for that reaso we cannot have him here and feed him. Tha was what you had in mind, was it not?"

I could truthfully say that it was not so, tha I had only thought to take, or send, Walter good meal now and then. As soon as I said Arthur showed his quality.

"It must be taken," he said, "since sendin would involve another person whose tongu might wag. Put food in a basket and I will la it on his step myself, under cover of dark ness."

"Is the situation so dangerous?"

"It will be. And we want no part or l in it."

Yet despite all the rumors and the tow buzzing with tales, it was Walter himself wh hastened on his doom. And all over wh seemed such a small, silly thing.

On the road that led out of Baildo through Clevely and Minsham and Flaxha and on to Bywater, there was a stone brid over the river. It was old beyond reckonin My Grandmother Rancon, who had be learned in such matters, said that it had be made by the Romans and that there we stories of a lost road which they had al made, now overgrown and forgotten. She al said that for as long as she could remember t bridge had been in poor repair.

The September of 1496 was very wild a wet, with gales which ripped the thatch houses, and floods in many places. Twice d ing that month Arthur, trying to get to M sham to see to his farm, had been obliged turn back because the bridge was under wat When the river went down almost half t bridge had been carried away. There remain a portion, seemingly safe, wide enough to ta a pack horse.

Arthur said, "Now the abbot will be oblig to repair it, for one side is unguarded and o dark night a stranger on the road might wa into the water."

The bridge was the abbey's responsibil because at that point the land on both sid of the river was abbey property.

Nothing was done, however. People w used the road regularly grumbled, but th had no redress.

Early in November the Bishop of Bywa came to Baildon on his way to London. was a sufferer from the stone and was una to sit astride a horse and had to travel by ter. What remained of the stone bridge w not wide enough to accommodate him, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE

MOTHER'S-EYE VIEW

By JANET HENRY

A holiday,
I often think,
Is nothing but
A change of sink.

This is the kind of salad dressing people eat salads for. It nudges the taste buds . . . it pleads for a little more. That heavenly flavor comes from a whole constellation of spices—more than 20 good kinds. We've kept the secret of how we mix 'em all through the years. And we think you'll understand from your very first taste why Miracle Whip Salad Dressing is now—and has been for so long—America's favorite salad dressing. Wouldn't you like to taste that taste in this savory coleslaw salad tonight?

* * * Sassy Slaw * * *

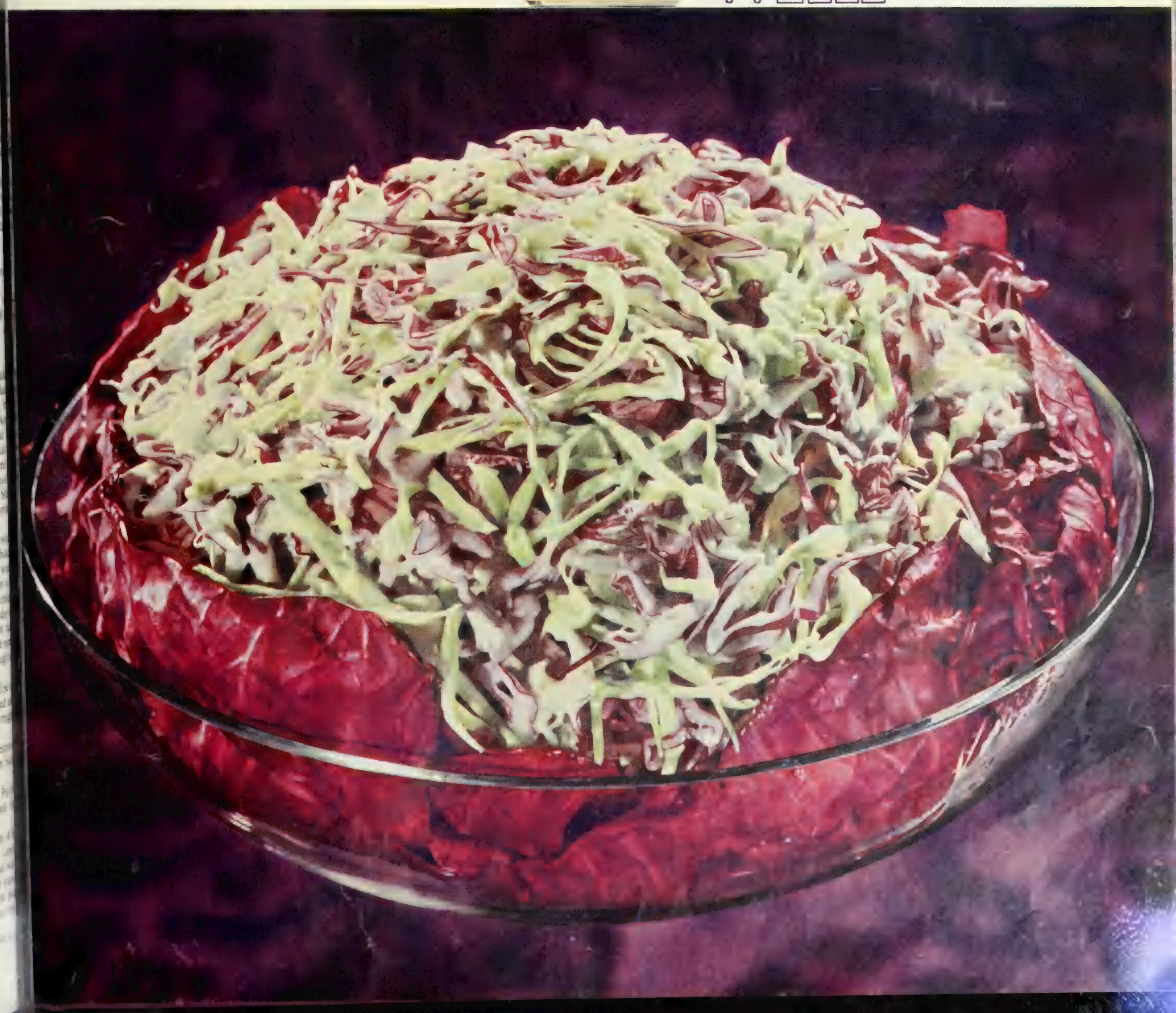
1 large head red cabbage 1 cup shredded green cabbage
½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
¼ cup dairy sour cream Salt and pepper

This is easily the world's most colorful coleslaw. And its flavor is bright and sassy, too, thanks to light, lively Miracle Whip. Shred the red cabbage to measure 2 cups, reserving outer leaves. Now mix the rich, creamy smooth texture and superb flavor of Miracle Whip with the red and green cabbage and sour cream, tossing lightly. Season to taste. Serve in a bowl lined with red cabbage leaves.

MIRACLE WHIP IS MADE WITH PURE LIQUID VEGETABLE OILS



THAT FLAVOR YOU SAVOR IS MIRACLE WHIP



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

was obliged to turn aside and cross the river higher up, at Marley. That added several tedious miles to his journey and he arrived in the abbey at Baildon in a bad temper.

Next morning the crier was out, bawling a proclamation: Any man willing to work upon the bridge, so that it should be ready against his Lordship's return from London in six weeks' time, should have a pardon for all his sins.

It was a cunning and perhaps a necessary move, for business was good in the town and few men except the halt and the lame and the half-wits were unemployed that winter. And bridge building in November is not work which the ordinary man would choose if he had a choice. As it was, a team was mustered in a short time, and put under the orders of a monk who was experienced in working with stone.

The next evening was one of those when Arthur was due to take Walter some food, and when he appeared to have forgotten it I reminded him gently and he said:

"I'm sorry, Josiana, I've finished with Walter, and so must you."

"What has he done now?"

"Run mad. He went along to the bridge and told the men to work for pay if they liked, but not to be deceived by promises of pardons. Only God could forgive sins, he said. And much else. You know how he talks."

"The monk will report him if nobody else does," I said.

"I fear so. The wonder is that he has escaped notice so long. This nobody could overlook."

Because I longed to hear my inmost fear contradicted I said, "Arthur, what will happen now?"

"What happens to heretics everywhere," Arthur said.

My stomach began to heave and I had to run from the room.

Even at this point Walter's story could not be plain and straightforward like anyone else's. He was still at liberty on the next day, and again he went to the bridge. By that time the men knew what they had undertaken, one had been drowned, one had his foot crushed under a stone block; they were in ill humor, so they turned on Walter in anger and threw stones at him and accused him of ill-wishing the work. Through all the awful time that followed, among the common people the charge of witchcraft ran alongside that of heresy. In many people's minds they were akin, both being of the devil. . . .

When I heard that Walter had been taken and lodged in the abbey, there to await trial before the bishop on his return, I fell to the ground senseless and lay like the dead for two hours. That and the fact that my stomach threw up everything I ate convinced Arthur that I was pregnant again. Another boy, he said, like somebody ordering a joint, beef or mutton, at the butcher's, another boy so that there would be one to see to the business and one to look after the Minsham farm in days to come. I think he was trying, poor Arthur, to distract my mind, and to cheer his own, for he, too, had been fond of Walter, in his way.

The poor old ailing bishop came back to Baildon in mid-December; the bridge was fit to carry him over; he wanted nothing but to get back to his home for Christmas. They said later that he spent four hours trying to reason with Walter and that Walter *preached* to him. That was a private affair, an attempt to avoid the routine examination. Oh, they gave him every chance. But he was obdurate, and on the eighteenth of the month there was a full inquiry in the Guildhall.

I did not attend, being in no state to go anywhere; but Arthur did, and came home, good man that he is, to try to cheer me with a rueful joke. "I'd best go work on that bridge a day or two myself," he said, "for I have perjured myself. I swore on oath that I had never heard Walter express a heretical opinion. But plenty had, and he was the chief witness against himself."

I whispered, "It was good of you to try—and brave too. Where is he now?"

"In the bridewell. They found him guilty and handed him over to the secular arm. Now who can that be?" For someone was hammering on our door.

It was the sheriff's man, to see me. He said that the bishop was very much put out about this whole affair; there had never been a conviction for heresy in his diocese and he didn't want one now. So, since the convicted man had no family, no wife to plead with him, would I try? Would I visit him and try to persuade him to recant?

Arthur had doubts about my physical state; but this was hope and it strengthened me like wine. My stomach lay quiet and I was steady on my feet. All the way to the bridewell, which stood in a muddy lane, a stone's throw from the abbey's great gate, I planned how I'd plead; I'd say, "You loved me once, Walter; recant for the sake of the love I bear you."

Arthur came with me as far as the gaoler's room and he would have come farther, but I stopped him.

"Perhaps if I talk to him alone, Arthur."

"Very well," he said. "Send for me if you need me. And you," he said, turning to the gaoler who stood by with a dim lantern, "carry that stool, so that my wife can be seated as she talks. She is far from well."

Walter lay in a little stone box, deathly cold, foul-smelling. He wasn't fettered; he was free to come and take my hands in his.

He said, "Jenny—I always think of you by that name, you know—you shouldn't have come here. This is no place —— And they'll say you aided and comforted me in my misdoings. *Which is not true.*" The last words were meant for the ears of the gaoler who was setting down the stool and the lantern.

I didn't speak until he had gone. When we were alone I said, "Walter, they sent me. To beg you to recant. And I do beg you, for the sake of the love we once had for each other. Think what you like, do what you like, so long as it is safe and secret, but please, please, Walter, I beg you, don't be stubborn now. They'll burn you, and that I just could not bear. I should go mad, Walter. I'm almost mad already. You're all that matters to me. I'm fond of Arthur, I love my children, but in these last days they've none of them seemed real to me. Only you. . . . Please, Walter, recant, and then go away if you must. Go back to Amsterdam where people think as you do; we'll send you money; we still, in truth, owe you a great deal ——"

He said, "Dear Jenny, always so practical!" He had kept hold of my hands and his grip tightened. "Just for a moment look at it *my* way. Somebody must lead the way to freedom. I did work in secret—perhaps too long—but the time comes when truth must come into the open. What I said will soon be forgotten, but if I die for the truth, that will not be forgotten. And you're not to grieve, Jenny; it will be horrible, but it will soon be over."

I saw the hopelessness of my errand: the bishop himself had failed to turn Walter, the threat of a horrible death had failed too. And here was I, with no argument, with nothing to say except, "For my sake, Walter."

I said it and he answered me.

"Alive, what use am I to you, Jenny? Nothing but a reminder of old sorrow. Dead I may help to unshackle you, and your children, from the chains of superstition." His voice changed. "Sometimes I think that it was all planned, the blow that hurt us so sorely when it fell; that was God's way of calling me and shaping me for His own ends."

He threw up his head as he spoke, and in that foul narrow place it was as though he heard the voice of God and was blown upon by a fresh and fragrant wind.

"You mustn't grieve, Jenny," he said again.

"How can I not," I said, "loving you as I do?"

"This," he said, touching his chest lightly with his finger tips, "you must cease to love. We must love with our immortal souls which have no father save God almighty." He took my hand again. "John Boreman has my Bible; I'd like you to have it. Study it well, Jenny, for the truth is there, and the truth shall make you free, so that when the time comes, as it will, as it must, when the old things are done away with, you will be ready. The seed is planted, soon there will be a great harvest. I and those like me will not have died in vain."

And it seemed to me at that moment that Christ Himself had died in vain, if His object had been the redemption of the world; and He had died in despair, crying His dreadful question, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Would Walter, likewise, when it was too late, know himself forsaken?

I began to weep and say things without forming them in my mind first. I begged him to recant and give himself time to think things over again, to try to reconcile himself with this world. If he married, I said, he would grow fond of his wife; if he had children he would, love them and then his views would change. I even said, "The bishop's reluctance to carry out the sentence, Walter, mightn't that in itself be a sign that God wants you to live?" He said no, that was all part of the wiliness of the churchmen and also part of the test of his faith. "And so is this," he cried, moved by my distress. "If they had scheme d for a thousand years they couldn't have found a stronger temptation. Your tears—more than any argument ——"

"You do love me," I managed to blurt out.

He said, "Yes. Now I can own to it. I clapped a mask on my face that day, the mask of brotherly love, and I hid behind it. But nothing was changed *here*." He struck himself a blow on the chest. "I was *glad* when Arthur said that he couldn't have a heretic in his house," he went on. "And that is how I know that I was chosen by God to bear witness to the truth—because the fire that finally consumes me and sets me free of this flesh will be as nothing to the fire that has burned in me all these years."

I cried, "So I am to blame for it all," and never heard his answer. One of my fits came on me, and when I was sensible again I was in my own bed.

Tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock, they will burn Walter, just outside the abbey gate on the very spot where our grandmother clapped her hands to her face and cried, "Oh no!"

I know now what she meant to write, because she had seen it all. "On no account must you come back to Baildon," she would have written; but then, if she believed that she had been given a glimpse into the future, the warning would have been wasted. Because it was bound to happen.

I don't understand any of it. I'm here on my knees in an attitude of prayer, but I'm praying either to nothing or to something as hard and unforgiving and terrible as my Grandfather Greenwood.

I only know that there I was, on a sunny summer day, wielding a scythe, and singing, and there was Walter, riding in to buy wood. How did it end in this?

Now the candles are beginning to burn low; soon, one by one, they will fail. For all my fur-lined cloak I can feel the cold creeping in. That is where we all come to—the darkness and the cold of the grave; but the dead don't know how dark and cold it is. I do, for I am still alive. . . .

Epilogue

There had never before been a burning for heresy in Baildon—though there were more to come—so, despite the great cold, Walter Rancon's execution was well attended. Save for the actual bridge builders who in any case suspected more than unorthodoxy, the spectators' attitude was one of sorrowful curiosity and lacked vindictiveness. Walter was, after all, a Baildon man, the bishop and the sheriff both in a sense "foreigners."

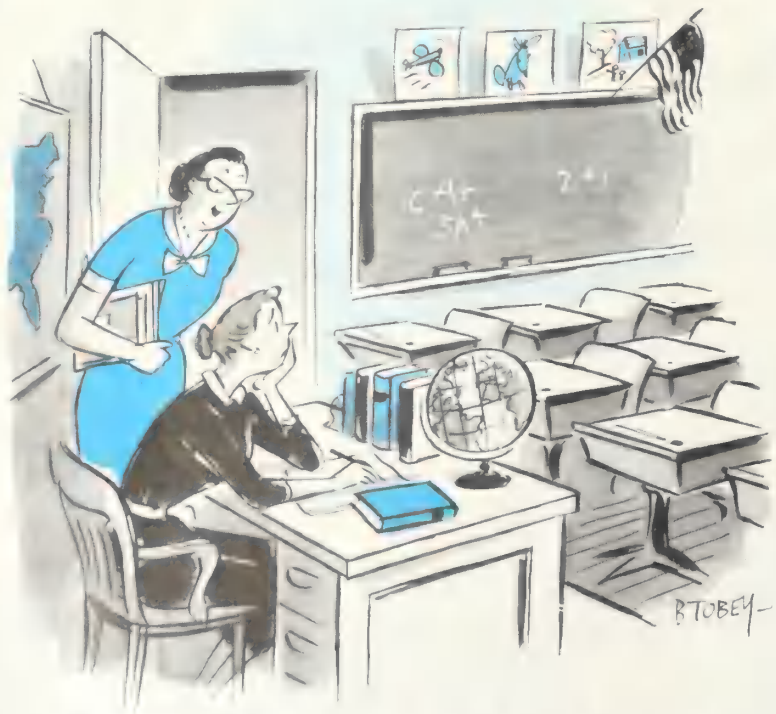
The sentence was carried out in an atmosphere of unwillingness, and of amateur improvisation. The iron hardness of the frozen ground made it impossible to drive in a stake so it was decided to use a barrel. The martyr's end was thus deprived of its small dignity; to die at the stake for one's beliefs is subtly different from and less ridiculous than dying in a barrel.

After the fagots were placed and the men with torches had taken their position, the Bishop of Bywater, seeming to wilt under the weight of his robes, moved with a feeble step to the open space between the condemned man and the crowd, and in an astonishingly firm and resonant voice offered him a last chance to recant. When Walter, in equally clear tones, refused, saying, "I die for what I know to be the truth, and I know that by God's mercy I do not die in vain," those at the forefront of the crowd could see that of the two his Lordship was the more distressed. He stepped back weeping.

The torches were applied to the wood in four different places and the flames leaped orange and scarlet in the gray air.

And then Walter Rancon was denied even the poor distinction of being, at his own martyrdom, the center of attention. Mistress Kentewood, his kinswoman, whose heretical leanings had hitherto been most cunningly concealed, broke from the crowd and ran forward. Those who were nearest, or had the sharpest hearing, reported that as she ran she cried, "We will be together" or "We will be together."

Her husband, poor man, ran after her and actually had her by the cloak, but it stayed in his hands while she ran forward, straight into the heat of the fire, her arms outstretched as a woman would run to greet her lover, after long absence. EN



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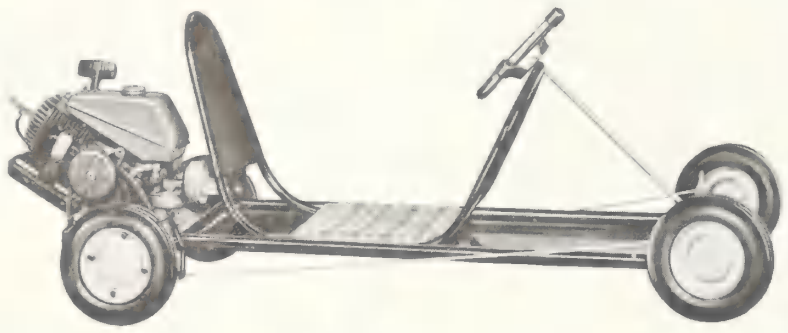
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TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Mr. Ferris," the doctor said to the puzzled young man, "I am afraid your wife may be headed for real trouble, and I think you should know about it."

"Why, how so, Doctor? She did say you wanted her to go to the hospital for a checkup. But frankly, she thought it was a lot of nonsense."

"I was afraid of that. But I couldn't be sure of the situation without an examination, and one doesn't like to frighten a pregnant patient unnecessarily. However, I am as sure as I can be *without* making an examination that the lining of your wife's womb was damaged by the infection she had after her third delivery. When this fourth pregnancy occurred, there may still have been trouble in the lining—the endometrium, we call it—in the upper part of the uterus, where the conceptus would normally attach itself. The result could be that it attached itself farther down in the uterus than is desirable. We call this condition 'placenta previa'—which means, literally, a placenta too far down. It may be what we call marginal; that is, close to the opening into the cervix, the passage into the vagina. Or it may vary from that to total, where it covers the opening completely. But placenta previa is always dangerous."

"What is so bad about it, Doctor?" Mr. Ferris asked.

The doctor drew a picture on his note pad. "Here we have a cross section of the uterus, in late pregnancy, with the placenta well up toward the top, where it ought to be. And here"—making another sketch—"is a uterus where the placenta is so low that it partially covers the cervical opening. As the cervix begins its process of thinning out and gradual dilation in order to let the fetus pass through, you can see that the movements of the muscles will do increasing damage to the underlying vessels which nourish the placenta. Also, the baby's head is pressed down onto the placenta during the contractions, perhaps upon the cord, shutting off circulation. When the placenta previa is total, and delivery is allowed to take its natural course, the baby's head may be forced right through the placenta."

"Is that what caused Marian's bleeding? Did some blood vessels break?"

"It is what I suspect. Quite often these early bleeding episodes are ignored because they are painless. But each one is likely to be more serious than the one before. By the third or fourth, we can expect a massive hemorrhage, which could cost Mrs. Ferris her life. Even if she survived, it could be fatal to the baby."

Seeing the shocked look on Edgar Ferris's face, the doctor said reassuringly, "Actually, it may not be that bad. It's barely possible that the bleeding has been due to a tiny separation at the edge of the placenta, which will do no real harm. But we need to find out! Believe me, Mr. Ferris, it will be far better for your wife to spend a day or two in the hospital, even unnecessarily, than for you to have to call me in the middle of the night because she is undergoing a massive hemorrhage."

"I'm certainly glad you told me, Doctor. I guarantee to get Marian to the hospital within the next day or two."

But at 2 A.M. that very night Mr. Ferris called, so horrified that he could only stammer, "It's happened, Doctor, and it's dreadful, unbelievable! It's a fountain—a—a torrent! What shall I do?"

The doctor, fully awake in an instant, spoke decisively. "Mr. Ferris, listen carefully. I am calling an ambulance. It will be at your house in about twelve minutes. You must get your wife in it immediately. I will be at the hospital before your wife gets there. Any delay may be fatal. Do you understand me?"

Mr. Ferris understood. Marian Ferris arrived at the hospital shortly after the doctor did. Her face was gray and covered with perspiration, she was only partially conscious and in beginning shock. Checking quickly, the doctor was relieved to find the baby's heart tones still good, though he knew they weren't likely to remain that way very long.

The patient was given fluids intravenously to restore blood pressure while her own blood was being typed and cross-matched for tra fusion. The surgery was alerted to prepare emergency Caesarean section. The twen three minutes required for these prelimina seemed very long to the doctor, the more when, nineteen minutes after Marian's arri another heavy hemorrhage began.

But now the surgery was ready, her blo had been matched and transfusions could started. The doctor had never worked fas In the forefront of his mind was the thou of the baby, undoubtedly beginning to su from oxygen deprivation. The infant listless when the doctor lifted her from the cision he had made in the mother's lower domen, but a good heartbeat could be felt

With utmost gentleness the baby was in the waiting bassinet, the cord clamped, breathing passages cleared with a suction paratus. Then she was placed under oxyg The operating-room staff heaved a unanim sigh of relief as the baby coughed, sp coughed again and cried lustily. From point the operation proceeded as in any C sarean, except for a stepped-up tempo. danger of shock grew less as new blood introduced into the patient's veins, and the uterine arteries were temporarily restrained rubber-covered clamps.

It was daybreak by the time the last sut was in place and the patient, her color va improved, was sleeping soundly under the fluence of narcotics. The doctor suddenly drained of strength—and with a long, h day ahead! But he had one more task to form. Edgar Ferris was in the Fath Room.

When he saw the doctor, he drew a breath. "Doctor, is she—will she ——"

"She is, and she will!" the doctor answe heartily. "And what's more, the baby is go to be all right too." He added quickly, see how close to collapse the man was, "I th what we both need right now is some go strong, black coffee."

Mr. Ferris drew a hand across his eyes can't get over that dreadful hemorrhage," told the doctor. "I never dreamed there co be anything like it!"

"Yes, you have to see one of those h orrhages to believe it. Maybe you will und stand now why hemorrhage is one of the m important causes of such maternal deaths childbirth as we still have. And it kills m babies than mothers. The great pity is t most of these deaths need not occur."

"You mean you could have done so thing about the placenta previa if Marian gone to the hospital when you first wanted to?"

"We couldn't have done anything about placenta previa. But we could have foresta all or most of the heavy blood loss. We w have been ready in advance to do a Caesar if it proved advisable. We might even been able to induce the birth, and spare wife an operation. We could have saved quite a bit of emotional wear and tear, to guess."

"You can say that again!" Mr. Ferris "Those women who die—is it because don't pay attention to the little hemorrh they have at first?"

"Many don't. Quite often they are wo who, like your wife, have had several ba uneventfully. They have become overconfid maybe careless about making regular visi the doctor. They don't believe the doctor w he tells them something is wrong. Or m the doctor doesn't pay sufficient atter when they tell him about the bleeding. M of these deaths could be prevented if do and mothers, too, would insist on hospita tion, for thorough investigation, at the bleeding episode in late pregnancy."

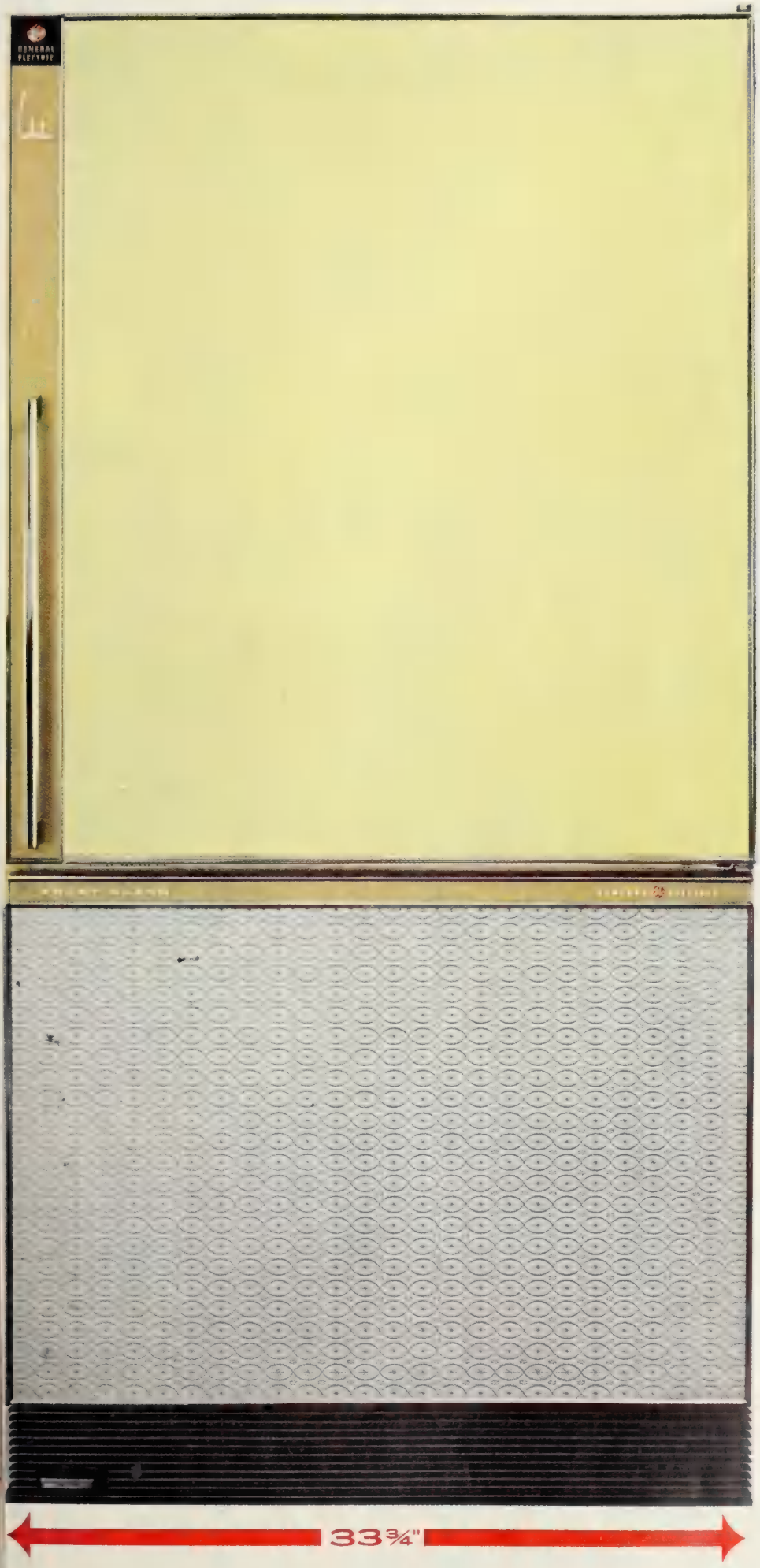
"I wish I had realized ——" Mr. F started to say, his voice shaky, but the d interrupted him.

"You got your wife into that ambul with no delay. A few minutes could have t the difference. Incidentally, she will sle long time—you may as well go home. can tell your children that their mommy be coming home soon, too, bringing a little baby sister with her."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses nausea of nancy.

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THREE LUNCHEONS FOR LADIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

RECIPES FOR MENU I

THE CREPES AUX ASPERGES

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NEW ENGLAND BEEF STEW



4 tablespoons flour
2 lbs. boned chuck, in 2" cubes
4 tablespoons shortening
4 envelopes G. Washington's Seasoning ("Rich Brown")
2 cups tomato juice
3 cups boiling water
1 cup diced celery
1 cup diced carrots
2 cups green beans
1 (12-oz.) can corn niblets

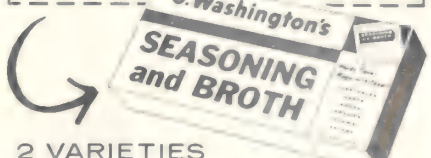
Coat beef cubes with flour. Heat fat in Dutch oven or saucepan. Brown meat well. Dissolve 4 envelopes of G. Washington's Seasoning in boiling water. Add to meat with tomato juice, celery, carrots. Cover. Cook over simmer heat for 2 hrs. Add beans and corn. Continue to cook (covered) for 1 hr. Serves 6.

G. Washington's Seasoning and Broth adds the *professional chef's touch* that means so much to almost any food you prepare: meat, fish, eggs, casseroles, vegetables, stew and gravy. And an envelope of G. Washington's added to a cup of hot water makes the most delicious, non-fattening broth — only 6 calories per cup. Buy G. Washington's at any food store. Be sure to send in your recipe.

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2 VARIETIES

- "Rich Brown" with beef-like flavor
- "Golden" with chicken-y flavor

CREPES

4 eggs, well beaten
1¼ cups milk
½ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons sugar
Dash nutmeg
¼ cup butter

Add the eggs to the milk: sift in the flour with the salt, sugar and nutmeg, and beat. Don't worry if a few small bits of flour stubbornly remain: they will cook out. Melt the butter and set it aside where it will be handy. Heat a 6" skillet quite hot. Pour in a little of the melted butter, swirl the pan and then pour it back out. Stir the batter and measure 2½ tablespoons into the hot skillet. Tip the pan this way and that until the entire bottom surface is covered. Cook a moment until the under part is golden brown, then flip over and cook on the other side. Tip pancake out onto a clean towel. Continue until 16 crepes are done.

SAUCE

½ cup butter
½ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 quart milk
2 (10-oz.) packages frozen asparagus spears, cooked only until firm-tender
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Melt butter, add flour and blend. Then add seasonings and milk. Cook over low heat about 15 minutes, stirring until thickened, and satiny in appearance. Pour some of this sauce into the bottom of two shallow oven-to-table baking dishes. (One large dish is too unhandy to pass easily and the second can be kept warm in a slow oven for the second serving.) Season the asparagus with melted butter, salt and pepper. Roll two stalks of asparagus in each pancake and set rolls close together in the baking dishes. Top with the rest of the sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Cover and keep cool. Just before serving time, heat through in a hot oven, 400° F., 25–30 minutes, or until the sauce is bubbling. Then at the last moment, slip each casserole under the broiler until the top is flecked with golden brown. Makes 4 servings.

THE SALAD

Naturally you will use whatever greens are available. However, if you may choose, this combination of green and pale green is very pretty to look at: water cress and heart of Bibb lettuce, and yellow hearts of chicory or white centers of escarole. The dressing ought to be plain oil, vinegar, garlic, salt and pepper. If you do not make it ahead of time, then at the last minute rub garlic into the salt at the bottom of your salad bowl and add two parts oil to one of vinegar over the salad greens. Remember to add the oil first. Should you use the vinegar first, the oil would not coat the leaves but sink to the bottom and the taste of the salad would be spoiled.

THE EUPHRATES BREAD

This is a thin, unleavened bread with sesame seed all through it, baked into large rounds but marked so that it can be broken into four pieces. You may serve it as it comes; or better, heat it in the oven, dotted with butter. If it is not available, many groceries now have the smaller sesame-seed crackers which give the same effect.

THE DESSERT

Raspberry sherbet is one of the most refreshing desserts for a meal of this sort. It has the lightness and fragrance of fresh fruit, without the richness of ice cream. Then, if you are so inclined, a few drops of kirschwasser poured over it will bring out the flavor. Pass the thinnest of sugar-cooky wafers.

RECIPES FOR MENU II

THE POULET SAUTÉ

This chicken parts browned in butter and done in the oven with tiny potato balls, is French cooking at its best. Plain, subtle and with just that bit of discrete surprise I was talking about a moment ago. It is also as simple as a boiled egg except for one item—*jus de veau* (a sort of veal broth). The catch is that, though you will need only a small bit here, this broth must be made in quantity. In my household we do not call this a hardship. We take what is not wanted of a given batch, freeze it in an ice-cube tray and store the cubes, foil-wrapped, until we need them. They add flavor depth to many chicken, veal or pork-chop dishes, or to sauces and gravies. This is a glorious extra!

JUS DE VEAU

1½ pounds boned veal cut into small pieces
¼ pound veal bones, cracked
2 chicken necks
2 carrots, scraped and coarsely chopped
1 onion, peeled and coarsely chopped
1 teaspoon salt
Bouquet garni

Place all in a heavy kettle. Cover with 1½ quarts cold water and season with a bouquet garni. (For this, tie together the white part of a well-washed leek, 2 sprigs parsley, a sprig of celery leaves, a pinch of thyme and a small piece of bay leaf.) Bring all to a rolling boil. Skim, reduce heat, cover loosely and simmer for three hours. Cool, skim off the fat and strain broth.

THE POTATO BALLS

These may be done ahead of time and left in cold water. They are carved from washed, pared large potatoes (the firm, not mealy kind) with a little instrument sold for the purpose at nearly any five-and-ten. You will want ½ pound of the potato balls, which you will get from 8 good-sized potatoes. Dry them well with a towel before cooking. With this done well ahead, the actual preparation of the dish is as simple as one, two, three.

POULET SAUTÉ PARMENTIER

3 to 3½ pounds chicken breasts or parts
⅓ cup butter
Salt, pepper
½ pound white-potato balls
⅓ cup butter
¼ cup jus de veau or chicken stock
2 tablespoons commercial sour cream (or 3 tablespoons white wine)

Wipe chicken with a damp cloth, and singe if necessary to remove all hairs. Melt ⅓ cup butter in a large heavy skillet, and brown chicken parts slowly on both sides. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Drain and dry prepared potato balls on a towel. In a separate skillet, melt another ⅓ cup butter, add potatoes. Shake occasionally over low heat until browned on all sides. Add potatoes and the butter in skillet to chicken. Cover closely and cook in a moderate oven, 350° F., 20 minutes, or longer, until chicken is very tender. Place the chicken parts carefully on a warm platter. Put potatoes in a ring around the chicken, and sprinkle with parsley. Place the skillet back over low heat, and add stock. Stir until all browned bits are dissolved from the bottom of the pan, and stock is cooked down to about 3 tablespoons. Then add 2 tablespoons sour cream, bring to a boil and pour over chicken.

Note: If you would like to use white wine, use ¼ cup veal or chicken stock, cook down to 3 tablespoons and stir in wine in place of sour cream.

THE DESSERT

This combination of ripe pears and chees has of course been "right" for centuries. I appeals to the eye and nose as well as to th palate, and never fails where an importan dessert would be out of character. For tunately, fresh pears are usually to be ha the year around, though you may have t buy them ahead of time to ripen them up As for cheese, if you haven't already a fa vorite I suggest a Brie, a soft type of chees that spreads easily and so it is excellen with fruit and, if you don't find the im ported or do not wish to afford it, there ar domestic versions of it which come qu close to the original.

RECIPES FOR MENU III

CRAB CASSEROLE

3 tablespoons grated onion
2 tablespoons butter
Pinch sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 cups light cream
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 pound boned crab meat
1 tablespoon drained capers
3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Brown the small amount of onion in th butter. Add a few grains of sugar, the corn starch mixed with a little cream, the re maining cream and the seasonings. Simme until the sauce thickens, about 10–12 mi utes, stirring all the while. Add the cra meat and capers, stirring as little as possibl and heat until the crab warms through Pour into a buttered 1½-quart oven-t table casserole, and sprinkle the top wit the grated cheese. Place the dish in a sha low pan of hot water and bake in a h oven, 400° F., for about 20 minutes or unt the top has browned.

THE ARTICHOKE HEARTS

These are of course the tiny, froze hearts, whose delicate flavor and pal greenish-yellow color complement the a ready delicate casserole. Be careful not overcook these. They need only a fe moments of simmering after coming to boil. Serve hot with butter and a fe drops of lemon juice. Serve them aroun the edge of the casserole, or pass separatel as you prefer. Two packages will serve fo people.

THE ROLLS

If you do not bake these at home, g them from a good baker, but let them be th miniature, pocketbook sort that may b buttered and heated before they are broug to the table.

THE DESSERT

For each guest serve an individual bow of stemmed white grapes, nicely chille with a good dollop of commercial so cream on top. Pass the brown sugar, to b spooned over it, separately. This dessert mouth-watering and gratifyingly unusual a any time.

If you wonder a little at the sour crea I may tell you this: In France recipes calli for "fresh" cream never get it fresh, th get it slightly "turned." This sounds like joke on the French, but no, they know wh they are up to. If they really mean what w call fresh cream, the recipe reads "crea *very* fresh." They are always right. Here, this grape dessert for instance, the slight tart sour cream banishes any cloying, ove fed taste—just what we are to avoid in su luncheons. EN

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Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould:

I am a truck driver's wife—and I wouldn't trade places with anyone. It is a way of life like no other, and I am only one in a huge clan of women.

The children and I never know when Wayne will leave or when he will come home, and we have no guarantee that we'll have an income every week. Wayne has no regular run, but goes wherever he is sent—sometimes overnight, sometimes for a week at a time. He is always welcome to bring his friends home at any hour, and we have had many a steak dinner for two—or ten people—at four a.m.

Most of the handling of the children and finances rests on me. I have been father, mother, doctor, nurse and banker until responsibility is my middle name. But I never have to battle over who is boss. When Wayne is home, I am only too happy to be all woman—soft, feminine, relaxed, dependent and cherished.

After thirteen years of marriage, the honeymoon is still on—only grown better. And why not? Our five handsome children would improve any marriage. Our love has been so many things—laughter and adventure, a soothing when upset, an infinite tenderness, and an almost overpowering attraction for each other. I think we understand each other as well as a man and woman can.

Sincerely, Marie Sage

The Sages have been in debt all their married lives. But they have never wanted money badly enough to have it!

MORE LOVE THAN MONEY

By CURTISS ANDERSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Wayne and Marie Sage's life together has very little to do with money—and not because they don't have any. They have more than most people, almost $9000 a year. Still, they are not consumers so much as they are consumed—by each other.

Wayne's work as a truck driver separated the Sages 269 days in 1960, during which time Marie more or less prepared for the 97 days they were together. She has plastered walls, cut down trees, painted rooms, bailed out the basement, torn out a closet and dug a ditch: she always gets three children off to school, amuses two at home, and loves and feeds them all; she usually rearranges furniture, cleans house, and washes and irons clothes.

When Wayne returns home, she doesn't do any of these things except those she absolutely must. She is Wayne Sage's wife then, and she wants them both to know they have had every moment of their lives together. "I do virtually no work while Wayne's here so I can give full attention to him," Marie said. "When he watches TV or reads, he wants me to be with him. He doesn't want me to be ironing or cleaning house. So the housework accumulates for a day or two, even three or four days. We just like to be together."

She *does* cook. She cooks whatever pleases him, when it pleases him. She has cooked full-course dinners at midnight and later for Wayne and other drivers he has brought home with him. They have Sunday dinner on Monday and any other day that Wayne is there. The first part of this year, however, he was home more often than even the Sages liked—or, more accurately, could afford.

The Sages felt the recession. They are pulling out now, but Wayne's dependable income of $750 a month temporarily shrank by $150 and more. Weekly checks in early 1960 for $257 and $224 and $181 were down to $108 and $120 and as low as $79 in early 1961.

Something had to give. They missed two car payments ($173.12), and for the first time CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

"Wayne loves to kid all of us," Marie said. "He is the kindest person I've ever known. He has the courage to be gentle as only a real man can be."



Marie first took up sewing as an economy, now calls it her "recreation." She sews almost all the girls' clothes: Randi, 8 (above); Julie, 11; Gillette, 3.



Wayne is away more than he is home, so time together is almost like taking turns. Jeff, 4, and Lane, 10 (below), have their father's lively sense of humor.

in their lives they missed a month's rent ($100). "I sat right down and cried," said Marie.

Wayne is No. 160 of 244 drivers on the call board for truck runs at Roadway Express, Inc., in Akron, Ohio. The first 126 men listed are called on jobs by seniority and are given their choice of runs, the farthest being the most lucrative.

"We live by that telephone. Sometimes, after waiting two days for a call, I get nervous enough to fly," Wayne said, then added, "But I like my work. It's the only trade I know where I can make equivalent money. And on the road every day is different, and I don't have to answer to anyone."

Wayne left several jobs when he was younger because he would not accept the routine of set hours and certain duties. Marie, too, cherishes the absence of routine in a schedule that would scarcely give her time to notice a routine anyway.

"Our habits meshed from the beginning," she said. "I'm a night owl, and I love the odd-ball schedule of a truck driver. Wayne would come in off the road at three A.M., and I'd still be up. I've started washing clothes at midnight, hung them out, then went in and began cleaning house at two A.M."

Marie Sage at 34 is a woman of husky good looks that contrast vividly with her monochromatic coloring. Without make-up her eyebrows, lips and cheeks almost disappear from her face. With it, she gives every impression that she could kick up a storm in the Rockette line. She is 5′ 7″ tall, 143 pounds (size 14 dress) and has the robust contours of a girl reared on fresh farm milk and home-baked bread. She has quick, penetrating green eyes and a brave face that bristles with conviction.

Wayne, also 34, is trim at 5′ 11½″. He *feels* skinny, but doesn't look it. (He has weighed 158 pounds for 13 years.) He has a ruddy red complexion with hair the color of iron ore: he has quiet green eyes and the sort of nose a man likes—large enough not to be mistaken for anything else. His mustache is like a stage whisper—quiet, but clear.

"Without his mustache," Marie said, "Wayne looks young enough to need his birth certificate when he orders a beer. I always kid him that he's too skinny, too—because I weigh almost as much as he does."

Marie has lost weight (from 151 to 143) following exercises on television and doing general work around the house. (One day she counted 47 trips up and down the stairs.) She counts calories rather than following a diet. "The children don't like broiled food," she said, "and a protein diet is too expensive."

She loses a pound a week by cutting to 1500 calories a day; but when she does, she tires easily. "I do so much work and get so little sleep

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



Wayne often stops by home when he's starting on a road trip to say good-by again to a devoted gallery.

THE SAGES SPEND MORE MONEY THAN THEY MAKE

AVERAGE MONTHLY INCOME . . . $734.64	
AVERAGE MONTHLY EXPENSES	
FEDERAL INCOME TAX	57.37
CITY INCOME TAX	3.25
STATE SALES TAX (estimated)	2.22
SOCIAL SECURITY	12.00
LIFE INSURANCE	20.10
UNION DUES	4.00
CHURCH AND CHARITY	8.00
FOOD (including cleaning supplies)	138.81
HOUSING	101.01
Rent 100.00	
Fire insurance 1.01	
HOUSEHOLD OPERATION	59.37
Electricity 12.60	
Heating 22.86	
Water and water softener 8.35	
Telephone 10.80	
Furniture 4.76	
CLOTHING	24.37
Purchases 20.37	
Cleaning and repairs 4.00	
HEALTH	24.50
Medical and dental 10.00	
Insurance 14.50	
TRANSPORTATION	123.17
Operation of two cars 22.20	
Licenses and insurance 13.16	
Car loans 86.56	
Automobile club 1.25	
ADVANCEMENT	8.09
Education 3.09	
Periodicals and books 5.00	
RECREATION (including vacations)	20.00
CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCES AND ACTIVITIES	7.10
WAYNE'S ROAD MONEY	100.00
MISCELLANEOUS	31.09
Haircuts, cosmetics, toiletries 8.00	
Tobacco 11.09	
Cemetery plot 5.00	
Incidentals 7.00	
TOTAL	**$744.45**

WE FOUND $605 IN MONEY LEAKS

By Sidney Margolius
Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

Wayne and Marie Sage had gone frighteningly close to the point of no return in money matters. By the time the recession melted away last spring, the Sages were trailing behind in their debts and were unable to pay several big medical and car-repair bills that could be postponed no longer.

When I went over their spending record, the money leaks stood out in Marie's own figures. Running two cars took a noticeable slice of their money. The expenditures for insurance and household operation also invited a second look. The size and type of their debts were insistent signals that they were paying unusually heavy finance charges.

The first goal was to pay off their debts. Like many young families, the Sages had never been out of debt since they married. And like many more, they developed the habit of buying even relatively small items like tires on a "budget charge account." They never realized that the service fee amounted to an actual interest rate of 18 per cent a year.

The Sages also had a bank loan for their car at 12 per cent a year. Because they had had to postpone payments, the interest fees ultimately totaled $205 on an original debt of $1596. All in all, they had been spending $126 a year on finance charges of various kinds—more than they spent for advancement and education.

The money to pay the debts was available from a refund on their 1960 taxes and the cash value of $743 in the family's life insurance. Wayne did not realize he had this cash value until a *Journal* editor discovered it. He could have borrowed on it at a rate of only 5 per cent to pay the debts now costing him 12 to 18 per cent. Or he could cash in some or all of it in line with a new insurance plan we discussed.

The Sages had planned to bank their tax refund and continue to pay their debts monthly. Families often hold on to cash rather than pay off debts. They reason that they may need the cash, but can always return a car or other goods. *But a family collects only 3 or 4 per cent interest on money in a savings account while it pays 12 to 18 per cent interest on installment purchases.* If an emergency does arise, a car or other durable goods are salable assets; in fact, they will bring more through private sale than if repossessed and sold at auction.

The second goal was to set up a cash operating fund to take advantage of the discounts local public utilities grant for early payments, to buy food in bulk, and to pay cash for purchases. Even a small fund of only $50 could save the Sages $28 *every year* on their utility bills. The local gas company rebates 4 per cent if the bill is paid by the tenth of the month. The light company charges 10 per cent more if its bill is not paid by the sixteenth. The Sages voted to put $200 of their tax refund into the operation fund and will replenish it by regular deposits of $25 a month.

The third goal was to plug their spending leaks. The Sages' assortment of life-insurance policies provided only meager protection for the outlay of $241 a year. For one thing, they had some insurance on every member of the family, but only $2500 on the breadwinner himself. That's almost no insurance at all for a man with five children. (Wayne does have $10,000 of employer-paid insurance, but it is payable only in case of death on the job.)

Also, they paid their premiums the costliest way—by the month. If they did nothing more than put the policies on an annual basis and stagger the payment dates, they could save about 8 per cent.

The cost could be cut still more dramatically by concentrating all the insurance on Wayne. After all, the main reason for insurance is to provide income for the family if they lose the breadwinner. And to keep cost at an absolute minimum, that insurance can be plain term insurance at a cost of $7 or $8 per $1000 for a man Wayne's age, 34.

But the Sages wanted insurance on the whole family. We called their agent. He suggested a family policy at $174 a year instead of the present $240. The new plan included the children at no more than the cost of insuring just the husband and wife—and provides more insurance on Wayne. It's especially advantageous for a large family like the Sages, since the price is the same no matter how many children.

For Wayne himself, the new policy provides $5000 of whole-life insurance plus a family income rider of $100 a month for 15 years, the equivalent of $15,000 of decreasing term insurance. If Marie died, it would provide $1000 of insurance *plus* payments of $25 a month. The policy includes $1000 on each of the children.

Together with Social Security and VA payments, the family would have $450 a month if Wayne died. Later, if finances permit, the coverage on Wayne can be raised to provide another $50 a month at an additional cost of $27 a year. But for now, the family has eight times as much protection at a cost 28 per cent less than before.

Wayne's agent said he would not drop Wayne's old policy until he passed the physical for the new one. Wayne and the agent also will consider whether it would be worth it to keep any of the old insurance on an "extended" basis.

Next, we tackled household operating expenses. We estimated a potential savings of $60 a year on fuel by weather-stripping, buying a storm door for the rear entrance, and replacing the old hot-water tank with a new insulated one. We estimated an additional saving of $36 a year to buy a water softener instead of continuing to rent one and pay for monthly service.

There was only one possible saving in Marie's already modest and knowledgeable food spending—bulk buying provided by the cash operating fund. Marie had never been able to take advantage of weekend supermarket specials. She had to do most of her marketing early in the week when Wayne got paid.

Moreover, a huge food freezer reposes in silent, empty grandeur in their garage. The Sages had bought it on one of the short-lived, food-freezer promotions that erupted several years ago. It cost $900 with the finance charges; the plan folded even before the installments were paid.

Marie plans to put the freezer back to work. She can buy flash-frozen meats at the local consumer co-op store at reductions. Other savings now that she has cash to buy in large quantities: peas at 99 cents a gallon can and fruits at $1.19 a gallon. This kind of buying will save about $1.50 a week, or $78 a year. Marie anticipates small additional savings by buying clothing at sales and clearances, which she has never been able to do before.

The $60 a year for a cemetery plot will be eliminated. Wayne's and Marie's parents now feel they can complete the payments. In any case, it would have been sounder financially to have deposited the $60 a year in a savings account where it would have earned interest.

Their car expenses will be sliced an estimated $72 a year by conservative use. The Sages trace the beginning of their money dilemma to the purchase of the second car. A smaller, less thirsty one would have held down the expense. Now, there is *not* much value in unloading the second car since the initial—and largest—part of the depreciation cost has been paid.

The final economy is a small reduction in Wayne's road money until the debt payments are completed and the full plan is operating.

Here's how the new plan adds up to savings of over $600 a year:

Eliminating finance charges on debts	$126.00
Saving on new insurance program	67.00
Saving on utility bills	28.00
Saving on heat, hot water, softener	96.00
Eliminating cemetery payments	60.00
Saving through bulk buying, sales shopping	96.00
Reducing use of cars	72.00
Reducing road-money allowance	60.00
TOTAL	$605.00

Neither the *Journal* nor Mr. Margolius is in a position to engage in correspondence with readers about their family budgeting problems. If you wish to know where to get help, write for our List of Family Dollar Guidance Sources, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



There hasn't been a longer lasting sleeper since Rip Van Winkle.

Your children's pet Nitey Nites may not last as long as Rip's famous nap, but in twenty years, your kids would outgrow them anyway. Meanwhile, smart mothers will be charmed with the modest prices and with this new, heavier, warmer, 100% cotton knit fabric. It has more body, is more durable than ever, and is exclusive with Nitey Nite. Illustrated are just three of an enchanting collection of Nitey Nite originals. Of course, like *all* Nitey Nite sleepers and underwear, these are Perryized® for shrink-resistance.

Left: Boys' "Medals" print top, interlock ski pajamas. Solid color, fly front pants. Sizes 4-12, $4.00. Center: Girls' or boys' "Bunny Foot" Switchabout® bunny print top, gripper-grow feature. Plastic sole bootees. Sizes 0-4, $3.50. Right: Girls' "Puppy Toe Tights"—puppy print flannel top, solid interlock tights, removable "puppies" with animated eyes. Sizes 4-14, $5.00. Sizes 2-3x, $4.00.

NITEY NITE®

NTINUED FROM PAGE 116

at I can't cut too low," she said. "If I have 00 calories a day, I stay just where I am."

Marie has literally recorded every cent the ven Sages have spent since the day Wayne ked amiably, "Where does all the money ?" With her neat, proud figures, she can swer him with entries ranging from a four- nt treat for Jeff (who is 4) to an I.O.U. from lie, 11, for $2.50 to Christmas costs of 48.79 for gifts to two sets of grandparents, ayne, five children, Marie, six exchange mes, three teachers, two nieces, one Christ- as guest, and a puppy of indefinite origin.

"We know where our money goes, but we n't know what to do about it," Marie said. They were as much as $600 behind on pay- ents this year, but always confident they uld catch up. "We pay as we can," Marie d, "then write letters and call to explain. ually, even in slow periods, we are up to te on debts."

The normal slump in the trucking business ring the cold months had been more severe n ever. Wayne was idle as much as 80 urs between jobs. Usually he is off 24 to hours between runs in the winter and some- es only 8 hours every two or three days in summer.

The Sages didn't attribute their financial ubles entirely to the business lag. They nowledged rising living costs and admitted certain inefficiencies. During the months

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANGE

Tie a knot in garments with stub- born stains before tossing into the hamper. This serves as a reminder to pretreat the spots before starting the wash.

Mrs. N. F., Noel, Missouri.

their income is almost $1000, they re- they should be preparing for those when ess than $500.

When we did get ahead," Marie said, yne bought me a car, a '58 Plymouth on wagon. With Wayne gone most of the I had been confined too long without portation."

ey borrowed $1596, which includes in- , from the bank to pay for the car. They out a second bank loan of $240.70 to pay e's father, who supplied the down pay- on the car. The car cost $1925. They been paying $66.50 a month on the first and $20.06 on the second. Wayne him- drives a 1951 Ford the fourteen miles Wadsworth to Akron, where he picks s semitruck and trailer when he is called job.

ayne's road money has to come first, before food," Marie insisted. "After all, didn't have his job we wouldn't *have* od. Then the grocery money. We may et anything else out of this world, but going to try to eat well."

pull them through the slump, Wayne cut ad expenses from $120 a month to $100. already had food costs down to the ("ham for pea soup")—about $140 a for seven people. Marie's hamburger h altogether replaced steak—but the loves Marie's goulash (hamburger, oni, kidney beans, green pepper, tomato tomato juice, chili pepper spooned over d potatoes). "Fortunately," Marie said, like the kind of food where they never what went wrong."

Sages met in Norwalk, Ohio, where s parents still live. Both of them first d their sight-unseen date, but mutual prevailed, insisting they were meant h other.

as down on men," Marie said. "I just to sit home." And Wayne had about never to look at another woman Of course they had never seen each efore, and both had determined they never see each other again—until they h other.

"I took one look at him—and that was it! He was my man," said Marie. "He was so neat and attractive—and so relaxed, even though he knew neither of us wanted to go out."

Wayne was less impressed, but enough to propose a second date two nights later. After their third date, he told his sister he was going to marry Marie. "And I had decided I wasn't going to let him get away if I could help it," Marie added.

Three months later, on May 30, 1948, they were married. "We had $36 between us," said Wayne. "We got married on my income-tax refund."

If their reluctant first meeting was memorable, it pales like a winter noon compared with their wedding. A service was still under way in the church when the wedding party arrived. The congregation, enchanted by the prospect of a wedding, didn't budge. Finally the first rows were asked to move, if only to accommodate the bride's and groom's families. Time was tight on top of it—a funeral was lined up promptly behind the wedding.

When, finally, the ceremony began, Marie's father, after agreeing to give his daughter away in marriage, misunderstood the minister's nod indicating he could sit down, and thought it meant that the minister hadn't heard him. So he repeated that he was still willing to give Marie up. "I do," he said for a second time. The perplexed pastor smiled and nodded him cautiously on again. Mr. Mackin, still not understanding, was mildly annoyed now and reinforced his reply: "Her mother and I do!"

The best the minister could come up with was a more urgent ushering nod of his head. At this, Mr. Mackin underlined his response with exasperation: "*I said her mother and I do!*" Finally Marie's sister, her maid of honor, turned to her father and ordered, "Dad, will you *please* sit down!"

From this ominous opening, the ceremony only got worse. Wayne had become ill the day before, and by now had developed a severe case of laryngitis. He was totally inaudible by the time it was his turn to say "I do." He wanted nothing better than to use one of several "I do's" left over from Marie's father.

The minister, having just had too many, was not about to content himself with too few. Wayne's second try, Marie said, amounted to less than a squeak. Finally he managed two brief, consecutive and agreeable sounds that the distraught reverend accepted.

At this point the service was such a perfection of chaos that fate would have cheated itself had it allowed the ring ceremony to succeed. Fate fully appreciated the scene. Neither could get the other's ring on, and neither had the stamina for another crisis. They just stood there holding the rings.

As they escaped in Wayne's car for a brief honeymoon (it was Sunday; Wayne had to be back Thursday) Wayne was, by now, solidly incommunicado. His body was seized alternately by fever and chills. They drove as far as his brother's house, where Wayne collapsed incoherently into bed.

Though it took some doing getting it done, Wayne has concluded that marrying Marie "was about the smartest move I ever made in my life."

She endorses the same union enthusiastically: "Wayne is one of those rare men who understand women. He'd have to, to live with me. I'm spoiled. I'm hurt if he doesn't pay *too much* attention to me."

They both testified that they rarely quarrel about anything, never about money. "I have the responsibility of handling the money," Marie said, "and sometimes I worry that Wayne may feel I'm *too* capable. But if I didn't keep the books, there wouldn't be any."

Marie has even "recorded" their quarrels. "We have had only four big quarrels in thirteen years. If I'm 'ouchy,' Wayne's in a good mood—and no matter how mad I am, if he makes me laugh, he wins."

Wayne, she made clear, is inevitably in a good mood and always makes her laugh. The only real source of friction, Marie felt, was in rare instances when she has been away from home when Wayne has returned from a trip.

"He hates coming home to an empty house," she said. "I've developed a sixth sense about Wayne coming in off the road. Once I was visiting a friend, perfectly relaxed, when suddenly I just knew Wayne was on his way home. I was actually shaking. I said I had to go and jumped up and left. It was quarter to four. Wayne got in right after me. When I asked him, he said he thought he hit the city limits about three-forty-five."

Though money has never been a source of controversy in their lives, it has been a source of difficulty. Money problems were not unknown to either of them as children. Marie said ironically, "We never had any money problems; we simply never had any money." Wayne, too, knew poverty as a child growing up on a small farm in Ohio where he lived with his parents, three brothers and two sisters. He worked full days in the fields when he was only five years old. He did farm chores in the morning before going to school all day, then, from the time he was fourteen, worked full time in a shop until midnight. Still, he loved the farm and the country—and hopes to return to both someday.

Marie agrees. They have been living in the small pastoral community of Wadsworth even though Wayne works out of Akron. They have been renting a five-bedroom house with two baths and a two-car garage for $100 a month.



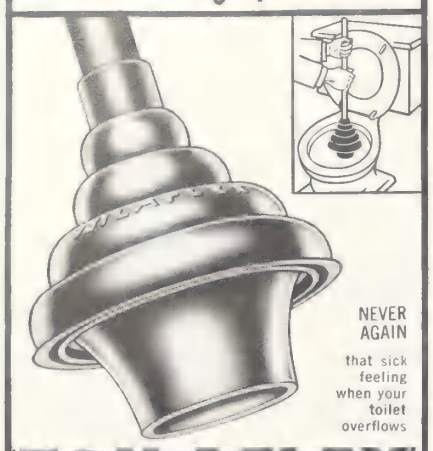
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The Sages may buy a house soon, since their landlord plans to sell the one they've been living in. They would like to find a fairly new house to minimize the need for upkeep and repairs.

"With an older house," Marie said, "Wayne would have to spend the little time he has at home keeping it up. And with him gone most of the time, the responsibility would be mine. With five children, it would be difficult. But whatever Wayne wants, I want too."

The Sages owned a house in Norwalk before moving to Wadsworth. They paid $8900 for it in 1954, put another $3000 into it in improvements, and sold it in 1960 for only $7400.

"It was a mistake," Wayne said. "We goofed. We tried to sell it for $11,500, but real estate in Norwalk was down, business was leaving town, and the house was old and poorly located. Besides, we had to get it sold; we were already paying rent in Wadsworth. At least, it taught us to look and learn before buying again."

Own or rent, Marie can't bear to leave a house alone. Once she finished painting the last room in a rented house four days before they moved out. When Wayne is gone she erupts with activity, assaulting projects with as much fervor as any Irish tackle has ever shown toppling a Hawkeye.

She actually did cut down seven trees and plunked them across the driveway for Wayne to clear when he got home. When the pump broke down, she dug a ditch six feet deep, two feet wide and thirty feet long for a new pipeline to the house. So proud of the hole, she wouldn't let it be covered until Wayne saw it.

She is always rearranging furniture. Wayne returned home about midnight one night, surprised to find the lights out and Marie already in bed. He roared up the stairs and dived toward the bed—that Marie had moved earlier.

He is accustomed to Marie's doing things. "She knows if she doesn't start them, I never would," he said. "With my job, I'd just get going on a project, and I'd have to leave it to go out on a trip."

A man who drives a truck can't live a routine life, even if he wants to. Wayne and Marie Sage don't want to.

"I wouldn't trade jobs for anything. I like the way we have to live," Wayne said. "Most of our friends are other truckers and their wives. Who else would understand our schedule?"

In any difficulty on the road, one driver unfailingly comes to another's aid. There are surprisingly few difficulties. Including the most insignificant scrapes, Roadway truckers nationwide drive an average of 211,576 miles for every accident. At this writing, Wayne's branch has gone almost 2,000,000 miles without any kind of accident.

"The average trucker drives as much in four years as the average motorist drives in a lifetime," said Wayne. "And how many motorists have never had an accident in a lifetime of driving?" (Wayne himself drives 80,000 to 100,000 miles a year.)

That many people still regard truck drivers as reckless and irresponsible, Wayne feels, is unfair.

"People sometimes sneer when I say, 'My husband is a truck driver,'" Marie said. "But everyone has his own background and is impressed by different things. The way Wayne drives a truck impresses me. He looks like a king sitting up there. He moves so gracefully pulling all that steel. It fascinates me."

The first trip Wayne made as a trucker was almost the last. The truck had run out of gas, and he was priming it when his partner stepped on the starter. Sparks fed on Wayne's clothes that were damp with gas. He fell and rolled in cinders. When the fire seemed to be out, he got up, and instantly it was set off again. He ran in panic. He suffered burns over 11 per cent of his body. The tendons behind his right knee were so badly burned that it was thought he might never walk again; even amputation was discussed. He was in a hospital away from home for 31 days.

The Sages lived with Marie's parents until Wayne recovered. He was off work nine weeks and was told his right leg would be two inches shorter than the left, resulting in a permanent limp. He worked his leg so vigorously that it is now only five eighths of an inch shorter with no limp.

The Sages found little to laugh at during those months, although they are fully capable of being amused at their own misfortune. Once, when Wayne was out of work, he was driving a broken-down jalopy filled to overflowing with three of his own children and three more of the neighbors' when the car began to gasp for gas. It stalled just before reaching a service station's pumps. Wayne and the children pushed it the final few feet. By now Marie, who was pregnant, the children and Wayne were almost collapsed with merriment.

"We couldn't have looked shabbier," Marie said. "Wayne was in oil-soaked work clothes, and I was wearing a dusty old house dress."

The attendant examined them suspiciously, and Wayne decided to make the most of it. In the best back-country drawl and manner he could muster, he ordered a quarter's worth of gas.

Both Marie and Wayne said that, if they had to, they could cope with a first-class financial crisis. "We could sell one car, move to a smaller house—and just do with fewer things," said Wayne.

They know how to economize, and Marie's precise accounting shows *where* to economize. During the slump, for example, they switched sources for milk and now get 13 gallons a month for $9.14; before it would have cost $10.92. They occasionally buy canned goods in commercial (gallon) sizes, which Marie freezes in quart containers.

Marie keeps $15 in their checking account that is not shown. "It's there for an emergency," she said, then added plaintively, "And there's always an emergency around here. I may use it for food if I run out of actual cash. Right now I have $6.50 for everything until next Monday when Wayne gets paid." (It was a Wednesday then.)

She added, "It frightens me not having cash savings. We try to save money, but slow periods take it all."

The Sages have never been able to budget for a vacation. They sponsored their second one in 13 years last year by cashing in two paid-up insurance policies for $350. The trip, including everything from car oil to sun-tan oil, cost $231.76.

"We work and play on the theory that the children share our treats as well as our troubles," said Marie. "When we're broke, they're broke. We don't want the kids to do without things other kids have, but we wouldn't want them to have everything either."

When the money's there, Julie, 11, and Lane, 10, each receives $1 a week; Randi, 8, gets 35 cents. They accept uncomplainingly that their allowances give them a responsibility to the family.

Julie, who looks like her father, has an unruffled competence about her that is so adult you suspect she's only pretending to be a little girl. She is already becoming a built-in baby sitter for her brother, Jeffrey, 4, and sister, Gillette, 3. On her own initiative, Julie enrolled in an after-school Spanish class.

Lane and Julie walked Randi home from school, with no instructions from Marie, after they learned an older boy had been picking on her every day. Not that Randi can't handle herself; she is a surprise package of mixed pleasures, and there's no telling what you'll unleash when you break the ribbon on the box—the lady or the tiger.

Lane is a handsome boy, tall and dark, with eager, shining brown eyes and a patch of white hair on a dark brown head. Jeff is so delightfully involved with the world around him that he makes everybody feel a little better than he really does. And Gill, with her rolling, round face, has a way of winding up a smile as if she's going to throw it at you.

Julie, Lane and Randi all are excellent students. (One got less than a grade of B only once—a C+—and made up for it promptly.) They love books, encouraged by Marie, who has taken them to the library since they were toddlers. Comic books, discouraged but not forbidden, are seldom seen in the house.

"I want the children to want education desperately," Marie said, "even if they find no practical use for it."

Wayne added that he would like to send all of them to college, but he is not certain the girls need it. "They're homebodies anyway," he said. "But I'm going to see that the boys go one way or another."

Marie insists that she herself is going to college as soon as the children are older. She plans to take night courses in bookkeeping at the University of Akron.

"The older I get," she said, "the stronger the urge for education. I know it's tied up to this feeling I have that there is something I have to do. I don't know what it is, but every day I live is preparation for it."

Marie often writes fifteen letters a week, most of them ten pages long. She also records ideas and notes in what she calls "my journal." "It's not a diary," she added. "I use it as a pressure valve when I get mad."

For years she has wanted a typewriter—and got one for Christmas last year from Wayne. It was a particularly thoughtful gift, she felt, since it had been a difficult time for them financially, and Wayne had to save out of his limited road money for the down payment.

They both insist they will give gifts to each other even if they go bankrupt doing it. Marie shops for Christmas the year round "for things that really count." Last year she gave Wayne cowboy boots, fishing gear, and several small items ("He likes a lot of packages to open").

Marie's journal has been useful beyond its designed purpose. Shortly after Gill was born in 1958, Marie became ill. One afternoon she began to shake. "I was so weak and dizzy I couldn't even pick up the baby," she said.

Her journal provided the doctor with a complete background on the development of her illness. Wayne had been on and off work for six months. ("One week he cleared on $25—grocery money and that was it," Marie said.) He was laid off three weeks before Gill was born, and when a friend offered to let him take a truck run to Florida for him, Wayne had to go. So Marie had Gill alone.

"I was trying to have her on Wayne's birthday—and missed by two hours," she said.

Soon after, Gill developed a severe allergy condition. Julie, Lane and Randi were in bed with the mumps, after having just recovered from chicken pox.

"On top of that, we were moving to Wadsworth, and I had to house-hunt on my own," said Marie. "I stayed in a hotel for the first time in my life, and I was so lonely I was frantic. My blood count was so low after Gill was born that I had to have a transfusion. Then I did all the packing and moved with the help of some friends."

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEXT MONTH

What is it like to wake up rich? Music starts the day in their $157,000 house. A flip of a switch uncurtains the glass wall looking out on their pool. They swim before dressing. They weekend in Europe or their Palm Springs villa. It's a romantic life for Bill and Clara Burgess, but no more so than it was when they married, and he was $1000 in debt. Bill still says, "I'm just beginning."

FROM $90 A WEEK TO PRESIDENT OF A $25-MILLION BUSINESS IN 15 YEARS

By CONRAD BROWN

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY

in the October Journal

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Only Lane was born without complications. I had to drive myself to the hospital to have ulie," Marie said. "One severe pain caught e under a stop light, and I tied up traffic four ays until it went away." She was not fully onscious for a week after Julie, and Julie was ve months old before she was able to take care f her. Then Julie came down with a rare skin sorder, which required special baths and sun eatments twice a day. Randi was allergic to airy products and grains as a baby. She cried nd coughed all night. To give her any relief, larie had to hold her sitting straight up in a air.

She had carried Jeff for ten months, and e doctor finally had to operate to deliver m. "Wayne wasn't expected home that ght, and I had a premonition of disaster," e said. "I was desperate and afraid and one. I needed him, I prayed, and he came. still thank God for that."

Do they want more children? "We can't," arie said. "We've used up all the names we d in mind for children."

For almost the first time in their thirteen years together, Marie does not have an infant on the way or in the way. Recently she took up sewing. Typically, once started, she can't stop—even, she added, if the dishes pile up.

"I tackle projects like this when I have free time—usually between three and four A.M.," she said. "I need solitude—and staying up all night is the only way I can get it. Children all day are enough of a good thing. After all, I'm an adult, and I have to think like an adult and act like an adult, even if I'm all alone doing it. I drink a lot of coffee and smoke a lot of cigarettes—but if I didn't have my vices and my nights, I'd go stir-crazy."

Occasionally, even if Wayne has left only a few hours before, when he returns, he and Marie will sit and talk "about nothing and everything" until 6 A.M.

"We're separated so often that when we're together it's a treat," she said. "I don't keep our love a secret. I couldn't. I love Wayne, and he loves me—but he *likes* me, too, and respects me. If I had to, I'd rather lose the love and keep the liking and respect."

The Sages want their children to find the same sort of relationship someday, and both overwhelmingly value emotional security over financial security.

"Wayne and I had to find our security in each other," Marie said. "This is a nervous generation of thoughtful youngsters. The kids worry about war. Julie has urged us to build a bomb shelter, and the other day she asked, 'Do you think I'll live to grow up?'"

Marie said that money would never be the most important thing in the children's lives. "I don't want them to have a lot of money," she said. "I just want them to have a good life, and I want them to be good people. The only dream we ever have about money is someday to go into a store and pay cash for something—*anything*. I've never had the cash kicking around to take advantage of a sale yet."

Wayne added quickly, "We'd have a hell of a time buying *anything* if we couldn't buy on credit."

No matter, the Sages would say, "You can lose much more in the gaining of money." And Wayne has six rooters who cry in chorus that extra time at home is vividly more important than overtime.

"Not having things doesn't bother us," Marie added. "I don't buy clothes until I absolutely need them. I'm not really interested. We never want the best, the nicest, the shiniest just because it is the best, the nicest, the shiniest."

Wayne dropped an arm easily around her shoulder. Jeff offered his most disarming grin, looking as if he had just drawn a mustache on your picture. Randi swirled into the room like Loretta Young, modeling a new dress her mother had made, inordinately proud of the pockets decorated with appliqué. Lane was lining up his collection of miniature soldiers. Julie swept Gill up in her arms to boost her into the action.

Marie had no make-up on, and for a moment she looked tired enough to be older than she really was, but as she examined the scene her eyes were moist enough to glow. It was clear she would have you believe that she already had the best, the nicest, the shiniest.

On page 117 the Journal's financial counselor shows the Sages how to save over $600 a year.

OVE AND HICKEN SOUP

NTINUED FROM PAGE 52

n over the mailbox saying Mr. and Mrs. lam Knight.

So I laid in a supply of soup from the iciest delicatessen in the neighborhood—icken Soup with Wild Rice; Chicken Soup th Mushrooms; Old-Fashioned Chicken up Like Escoffier Used to Make—and I ited. And I waited. And I waited. After I'd en Patient Griselda through the sleet, slush d howling winds of November, December d January, I began to feel a little desperate. d on the day I saw my first bunch of ffodils on a pushcart I panicked. I knew it uldn't be long before someone reported the t robin—horrid harbinger of spring, balmy ezes, and a lot of disgusting sunshine which uld simply pour vitamin D into Adam.

And then I got home from work one night found a post card from Nancy Walsh, irl who used to live across the hall in my rtment building. I knew that Nancy was ng to make me jealous with that out-eously colorful picture of St. Croix, but e I was not the least envious of anyone thousand miles from Adam, all it did was ind me that Nancy's cousin, who lived flights up, was an intern at the hospital n the street. And if a doctor can make ple well, doesn't it follow that he'd know to make them sick?

When Nancy lived in the building I used to quite a bit of her Cousin Joe and Pete kett, his roommate. Nancy and I both ted them to all our parties because two tached men, even if mere cousinly types, always an asset. And they were always gry enough to be glad to come.

nce Nancy had moved away I had almost otten them. Well, to tell the truth, since m's advent, I didn't have much time for body else. Even though I was only his rday-night girl (with occasional Sundays holidays) it took me all Friday evening to ny hair so it would look as if I had just e in out of a high wind. And then there my nails to fix and the ironing of bouffant skirts he liked me to wear and hone to listen for. With Adam, that took of time.

was not Joe Walsh who answered my k, but his roommate, Pete. "Well, hi, da baby," he greeted me. "Hey, Joe, look dropped in to borrow a cup of sugar. ittle neighbor and onetime friend. Is the Wonder of videoland still keeping you d up, Belinda? What's that splendid se- of his—*The Bobbsey Twins at Alcatraz*?" e designed industrial machinery and lt appreciate the finer things. "It's nice e you haven't changed, Pete," I said. the same uncombed red hair, roguish eyes and devastating wit as always. I came to see Joe, though, on a kind of ssional matter, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all," he said. "Especially if he's going to listen to your heart. If there's one thing I enjoy, it's the sight of a shapely collarbone."

"Down, boy," Joe said, coming into the room. "What's the matter, Belinda? You look hale enough."

"Oh, I am. In fact, good health has become practically an epidemic in my circle of friends. That's the trouble. What I want to know is how can I fix it so a friend will get sick?"

"A c.c. or two of prussic acid ought to be effective."

"Oh, come on, Joe; be serious. I don't want to kill him. I just want him sick enough so I can nurse him back to health."

"A plot," Pete said with wicked delight. "Would you think a girl with such a dewy forehead could harbor such evil thoughts?"

"Shut up, Pete," Joe said. "This I've got to hear. We were just going around to Niccolo's for pizza, Belinda. If you haven't eaten, why don't you come along?"

Sitting in Niccolo's munching on a bread stick, I told them my plan. Pete looked at me admiringly. "And they say the younger generation is getting soft," he said. "Why, this girl's as hard as nails. I like a girl who goes after what she wants. Couldn't you give her a hypodermic full of viruses, Joe?"

"You're both out of your minds," Joe said. "I believe there's a little something in my Hippocratic oath to discourage me from taking any part in this whole bit."

"What a rotten sport," Pete commented.

Disheartened as I was, I couldn't help noticing what he was doing to his salad. "Aren't you going to eat your anchovy?"

"Ugh." He forked it over.

"I'll trade you something," I offered. "How about my *pepperoncini*?"

"That's the best part," he said, spearing it. "Hey, why didn't I know this about you before? We ought to eat salad together more often." He leered at me pleasantly. He was one of the few men I knew who could manage that particular combination.

"To get back to the business at hand."

"Ah, yes, business. Well, if our ethical friend here won't help, we'll have to figure something out on our own. The last time you were sick what caused it?"

"My appendix," I said gloomily. "That's no help."

"How about the subway at rush hour?" he said, his face brightening. "People sneezing, breathing at you?"

"Adam doesn't take the subway," I said doubtfully, "but maybe I could figure out some way to lure him underground."

"I ought to report you both to the Bureau of Health," Joe said.

Fortunately, just before our food arrived, Joe got a phone call that he was wanted at the hospital, so not only could Pete and I scheme in peace, but we got to divide his pizza.

"Ice skating," Pete suggested. "Long walks in wet socks. Or you could just push him in front of a taxi."

I shook my head. "It might spoil his profile."

"Or here's a thought. Why don't you forget Knight and concentrate on me?" he said. "I'm crazy about chicken soup and I have a very weak constitution. And ever since I saw the way you ate my anchovy and gave me your *pepperoncini* I've realized we're perfectly matched. Great love affairs have been based on less."

AFTERNOON OF THE SUIT SHOPPER, MALE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

He tries on a jacket of tartan plaid
And poses himself in a flossy ad,
A Man of Distinction every inch.
Next, a pin-striped number; and he's a cinch
To fly to Rome on a dark intrigue.
Then, joining the ranks of the Ivy League,
He wonders if he could wear a crew cut.
But slipping into a dashing new cut,
Lo, he's the answer to David Niven.
And now that his male morale's been given
A shot in the arm, and his ego boosted,
What'll he buy? A dark gray worsted.

I shook my head again. "Outside of being nice to eat salad with, you just don't have what Adam has," I told him.

"One thing I don't have that he has is a phony name," Pete said. "I'll bet he was born Clyde Guggins."

My mouth was too full to answer him. He was so busy being smart he hadn't noticed that I had taken the last piece of Joe's pizza.

Actually some of Pete's ideas about the effects of prolonged exposure weren't bad at all, and the next weekend I convinced Adam that we should go skating at Rockefeller Center. I bought a skating costume that was so chic the salesgirl couldn't bring herself to mention the price aloud.

Adam was divine on ice, which, I thought, possibly helped to explain why he had agreed so readily to take me skating. I let him teach me several steps with which I had some years earlier won the figure-skating championship of Waukashaw County. Superbly oblivious of the applause we received as we finished a rather dashing tango, he pushed me backward in a swooping waltz step and said, "You make a very fetching Snow Queen."

His voice was as deep and rich as brown velvet and I felt a little chill go up my spine, which was no mean measure of the effect he had on me, because any man who could make me feel an additional chill, as cold as I already was, would have to be good.

The way he was subtly admiring my legs made me feel that my costume had proved very nearly worth its price, but unfortunately while it was long on chic it was short on warmth. However, it was all in a good cause and when he tried to order hot chocolate I gamely suggested ice cream.

Later that night I dragged myself up the stairs to my apartment on twin lumps of ice that had once been living flesh.

Having seen that Joe's light was still on, I pounded on the door and almost fell into the room. "Joe," I gasped. "Quick. What do you do for frostbite?"

The next day I happily settled down to wait for the phone call that would summon me to Adam's sickbed. I worked four Double Crostics, ironed three blouses and wrote a long letter to my Aunt Gertrude before I finally decided I'd better call Adam. After all, he might be too sick to dial.

"Belinda pet," he said, "hang on a minute while I quiet some of these mad characters." There were sounds of music and shouts of laughter in the background. "It started out as a story conference and ended up a small orgy," he explained.

Adam was famous in the industry for his impromptu parties. And why not? He planned them far enough in advance so that nothing could ever go wrong.

"I just wanted to be sure you weren't suffering any ill effects from last night," I said.

"Never felt better in my life." His voice held such overtones of buoyant good health that I gnashed my teeth as I hung up.

About ten minutes later Pete knocked at my door. "Any good news from the emergency ward?" he asked.

"No such luck," I told him glumly. "I just talked to him on the phone. He sounds as if he's just ready to pose for a 'Look what wheat germ did for me!' ad."

Pete clucked sympathetically. "I guess we all have our troubles," he said. "My date for the evening stood me up. I was just going to drown my sorrows in *minestrone* at Niccolo's. Want to come along?"

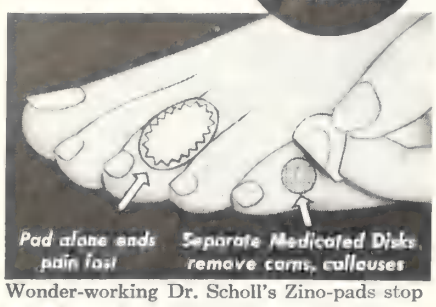
"I might as well," I said. "My day's ruined anyway, and this white shirtwaist that was going to make me look like an angel of mercy is too badly crumpled to hold over till next week."

"That's what I like," Pete said. "A girl who knows how to accept an invitation graciously."

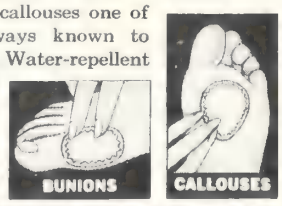
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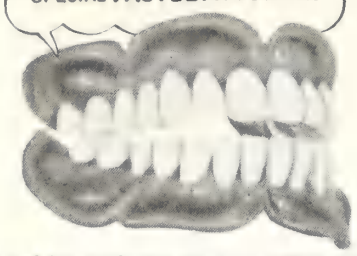
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The next weekend, with my white shirtwaist hanging once more in crisp readiness, I broke it gently to Adam after dinner that I absolutely had to visit my Uncle Howard on Staten Island, as it was his seventieth birthday. Would Adam be a dear and take me? I pleaded.

Adam was a wonderful sport about the whole thing. We danced one more dance before we left for embarkation and throughout it he murmured resonant nothings in my ear exactly as if I had not betrayed him.

Fortunately, Uncle Howard was too hard of hearing to understand Adam's messages of felicitation, which would have surprised him mightily, as his birthday is August twelfth. It was a dismal visit as Uncle Howard's one passion is tropical fish and we spent two hours drinking home-brewed root beer and watching a tankful of scaly monsters saying *glub-glub*. However, I made Adam ride all the way back to Manhattan on the open deck of the ferry with the good salt spray drenching us to the skin. I told him the root beer had made me too queasy to ride inside. I arrived home soggy but satisfied. Who else has ever thought of using the Staten Island ferry as an instrument of mayhem?

On Sunday afternoon Pete appeared at my door with a stack of records. "Something to keep you amused while you wait for the phone. Bunch of new disks. *Music to Sort Socks By. Music to Get a Hangnail To.*"

At 5:30 he announced, "Here's my favorite. *Music to Scramble Eggs By.*" I took the hint.

Miraculously Adam survived again and I wondered if he'd been cheating by taking vitamin shots.

However, the next Saturday I was really in luck. A cold, sleety rain had been falling all day and the wind was as raw as an exposed nerve. Looking up at Adam wistfully after dinner, I confided that I had a secret desire which only he could fulfill. Since childhood, I said, I'd loved to walk in the rain, but since coming to New York I'd never met the kind of man with whom I felt I could really enjoy such an excursion—the shared silences, the sense of making our way alone together, cut off from the world by a curtain of silver, the feeling of a protective arm to guide me.

I think it was the protective arm that got him. "My dear girl," he said, kissing my forehead and extending his protective arm so forcefully that he tipped me several degrees to starboard.

We hiked from 58th Street to Times Square. My shoes were made more for picking their way across deep-pile carpets than wet pavements and my raincoat was somewhat less waterproof than the manufacturer's label had hinted, but I felt triumphant. At 45th and Fifth Adam sneezed twice!

The next afternoon when I awoke I told myself firmly that it was a beautiful day to care for a sick friend. As soon as the call came from Adam, I'd jump right out of bed and rush over; I really would. The sun was shining brightly, but for some reason it seemed to hurt my eyes. I pulled on my old wool bathrobe and made some coffee, but I must have measured wrong, I decided, because it didn't taste very good.

I read the funnies and tried to do the Crostic, but the letters jumped annoyingly around the page. It was the tension, the suspense of waiting, listening for the phone.

About three o'clock there was a knock on the door. I wondered if it would be a message from Adam, but when I opened it there stood Pete. "Just dropped by to see how Typhoid Mary is doing," he said.

"Great," I told him. "If Adam doesn't succumb to last night's treatment I'll know it's only because he's made of h gh-grade plastics instead of flesh and blood."

"How about if I bring a pizza around and we play a little gin while you wait for the fatal phone call?"

"Pizza?" I said stupidly.

"With mushrooms. And sausage, maybe."

Suddenly I knew that if there was one thing in the whole world I didn't want it was pizza with mushrooms and sausage. And the second thing I didn't want was to stand up a minute longer.

"Pete," I said, "I—I ——" And then I just sort of ran down.

For a second I thought he'd gone mad. He took my face in both his hands and then he lifted me in his arms. "Belinda baby," he said, "you're burning up with fever. You just be still while I go get Joe."

The next thing I remember was a needle and some pills and a tall drink of cool water which I drank while Pete held my head.

I came out of the darkness to see Pete sprawled across the room in my easy chair, which was never meant for legs as long as his. I tried to lift my head and he sprang to the bed. "Hi, Typhoid Mary." He grinned at me. "It's time for two red pills and a blue one."

"When is this?" I asked feebly.

"Monday afternoon. Joe looked in a while ago. He says you'll be licking your weight in wildcats any time now."

I tried to sit up. "Small cowardly wildcats, I hope. Why aren't you at work?"

"I said I had to take my dog to the vet."

"Thanks a lot," I said.

"If you want to try to get up and comb your hair, I'll fix you something to eat," he said.

It was the best bowl of soup I ever ate. When I had finished he asked, "How would you like me to call the iron man and get him over here to hold your hand?"

"Heavens!" I shuddered. "It would scare him right out beyond the three-mile limit. I look like a discarded dish mop."

"You look great," he said. "Pale but beautiful. He'd be beside himself trying to put the roses back in your cheeks."

> I asked a Burmese why women, after centuries of following their men, now walk ahead. He said there were many unexploded land mines since the war.
>
> ROBERT MUELLER

"Thanks, Pete," I said shakily, "but let's leave it till tomorrow. Maybe you could just sit and make soothing sounds about your boyhood in Yankton, South Dakota—unless you have plans for the evening," I added as a small, unwelcome afterthought.

"Sure, I've got plans," he said. "I was going to hunt up somebody who wanted to hear about how I had the biggest collection of cigar bands of any kid in the sixth grade."

The next day I called Adam. Unfortunately he had an important conference scheduled that evening with a writer and a director. He promised to try to get away early and come to see me. He was terribly sympathetic and said he was going to send me a gift to cheer me up. It came by special messenger and turned out to be a modernistic painting which had been used as a prop in his last TV show. The studio had had it commissioned and it was probably quite valuable. I felt awfully cheered.

Pete had sent the landlady around to fix my lunch and he and Joe both came in at dinnertime. Joe brought me a bunch of carnations and Pete brought a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle depicting Anne Hathaway's cottage.

"What in the name of heaven is *that?*" he asked, tripping over Adam's gift. "*Hippopotamus at Twilight?*"

"You just don't appreciate art," I said as crossly as I could manage, considering how glad I was to hear the sound of a human voice again.

"But I do," he said. "Look; it's reversible. You turn it upside down and it's *Dish of Stewed Prunes.*"

Joe had to go back to the hospital but Pete fixed my supper. "I suppose the Boy Wonder is expected this evening, since I see you have a ribbon in your hair," Pete commented as he took my tray away.

Unreasonably I blushed. "He's going to try to make it."

Pete straightened up the room, fixed Joe's carnations beside my bed and even put some romantic music on the phonograph. "I'm setting the mood for you," he explained, spraying several dollars' worth of my best cologne into the air. "And now I'll tiptoe quietly out so you can practice smiling wistfully."

Due, no doubt, to those darn sentimental records, I was so lonesome by 8 o'clock I could have cried. I started the jigsaw puzzle while I waited for Adam. By 9:30 I had Anne Hathaway's roof almost thatched. Of course, Adam hadn't said definitely that he was coming. After all, if he cut short this conference tonight the posse might not make it to the pass on time in next week's show.

At 9:45 Pete stuck his head in the door. "I happened to be passing a drugstore that was having a special on chocolate-mint ice cream," he said. "I thought I'd just leave it and tact fully withdraw."

"Not a chance," I said. "You dish some up and then sit down. You're not getting out of here till you find a blue piece with a scalloped edge that fits here next to the chimney. I think you deliberately brought me a puzzle with some of the pieces missing."

The next day I could get up, but my knees felt like wet sponges. I was determined to fix my own dinner that night. I'd been taking up entirely too much of Pete's time. I'd eat early and when he came around I'd tell him I was quite well and let him go back to whatever pursuits he'd have been pursuing if he hadn't had a sick neighbor. I knew he probably felt responsible because walking in the rain had been his idea. Not that it was his fault.

It was a very long day. I revised my next year's Christmas-card list, gave myself a pedicure, and embroidered daisies all over a cotton petticoat.

At five o'clock I went into the kitchenett and scrambled some eggs. "Thanks for look ing in, Pete," I'd say breezily when he came, "but the patient has recovered." Then he'd go.

I looked out the window and then at the clock and then at the eggs. And then I dumped them into the garbage and went and lay down on the couch with the blue satin comforter tucked around me.

When Pete came I managed a wan smile. "Do you think you could eat a little something?" he asked.

"I'll try," I said bravely.

There was a gift-wrapped package of anchovies on my tray when he brought it. I'm sure it was only because I was still so weak, but I felt like crying. "It's just what I've always wanted," I said, and meant it.

"You could have an extra one every night if you'd agree to share your salads with me on a permanent basis," he said.

I tried to stop feeling weepy long enough to think of a bright reply and then I looked up at him and my heart turned the wildest cart wheel because I saw in his face that he wasn't looking for a bright reply.

"Why, Pete," I said inanely.

The ring of the phone was rudely shattering, but I answered it, listened, and then sat straight up on the couch. "How did it happen?" I asked. "I see." And then firmly, "I'm terribly sorry to hear about it, but I'm very, very sick and I can't possibly come."

I was trying so hard not to laugh that I could hardly hang up. I turned to Pete. "That was Adam. He's sprained his ankle—twisted it climbing down from a bar stool. He wanted me to come and take care of him."

I gave in to it then, a great whoop of laughter at my own absurdity and relief at my narrow escape, and lay back shaking among the pillows.

"Are you sure?" Pete said very low. "Are you sure you don't want to go?"

I sat up and looked at him. "I don't want to be nurse or anything else to a man who has a Monday-night girl and a Friday-night girl and a lunch-on-Thursdays girl—like a blue-plate special! I want to be an all-the-time girl to somebody who's always around when I need him, even if it isn't scheduled on his calendar."

Pete sat there grinning happily like a big redheaded idiot. "Eat your soup," he said finally. "It's getting cold."

I tasted it. "Isn't this chicken and wild rice?" I asked suspiciously.

"That's what it said on the label. I found it on your pantry shelf."

I lay back and looked at him accusingly. "O all the unscrupulous things. I've been courted with my own chicken soup!"

"You've been hoist by your own petard," he said, and the next thing I knew I was giving him several million flu germs. It seemed to be just what he'd always wanted. END



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THE MAN WITH THE SHINE ON HIS SHOES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

Goudy, Wedding Text and Caslon. Against the other wall were the two job presses. In back were the old flat-bed and the folder. The Linotype was facing the front window. He sat down at the Linotype and eased his feet.

"I'm Robert Bruce Macleod," he said. "The Macleod is spelled with a lower-case *l*. Not many spell it like that."

"I'm Jimmy McKittrick." The boy's eyes were still on those shoes. "My grandfather started this paper. My dad took it over when he died. My dad wants me to take it over when he dies."

Robert Bruce Macleod nodded. He liked the idea. At times like this he was very conscious of being childless.

"Good," he said. "But shouldn't you be in school?"

The boy's face clouded. "I hated school, so my dad took me out to help him here until I got to liking it again. I hate this shop worse than school, but I can't go back until the new term."

"A boy could do a lot worse than learn to be a journeyman printer." The old man stood up and took off his coat. "These forms dead?" he asked, standing at a stone. When the boy nodded he picked up a stick and loaded it with heads. Unerringly, he went to the type cases, opened them and began throwing the heads in. His hands moved so fast that a sound of amazement escaped the boy.

"I can hand-set type as fast as most men can set it on a Linotype," Robert Bruce Macleod said comfortably. He was bragging. The boy could see that, but as he watched that darting right hand moving over the case he knew he wasn't bragging much.

"I hope my dad hires you." Jimmy McKittrick said and instantly his chin line hardened. It was a kid thing to say, but it was true. The old man looked at him and saw all that.

"I'm already working," he said.

The door slammed in the office next door.

"There's my dad now," Jimmy said. "Good luck, Mr. Macleod."

"I like to be called by my whole name," the old man said. "Too many misters around. Robert Bruce Macleod, lower-case *l*. Not many spell it that way."

He stopped before he went through the door in the partition that separated the shop from the office. He drew the tips of his shoes across the backs of his pant legs.

Mr. McKittrick knew he was one of the last of the old tramp printers the instant he saw him, and the sweet taste of nostalgia filled his throat. They used to be a tribe when he had been a kid, walking into a shop with that quiet kind of arrogance they took on from the knowledge that they were as good at their craft as a man could be. Hard drinkers, most of them, easy to offend, proud as hawks. This one was in bad shape. The years of drink had opened wide the petals of the grog blossom on his face, and the purple veins ran wildly over his cheeks and nose. His clothes were second-hand and looked slept in. But he saw the old look of pride in those eyes and noticed the gleaming shoes. He thought of how much he had learned from such men, good and bad, and thought of his son out there and suddenly wanted this one, the proud and shabby remnant of a dead era, to stay and to teach his son. He waited for the old man to speak.

"You need a journeyman," Robert Bruce Macleod said. He was telling him, not asking him.

"Are you one?" Mr. McKittrick asked. "Do you have a card?"

"Am I a journeyman?" the old man asked. "They made one like me and then melted the slug, and I don't need a card or a dues receipt to prove it."

"Are you a drinker?"

Robert Bruce Macleod looked at him and didn't try to fool him.

"Sure," he said. "I drink. My feet hurt and I keep a hide-out bottle against the hurting. I drink, but I always do the job I'm told to do. If you find the bottle you can throw it out. You're the boss. You tell me what to do, I'll do a journeyman job. I drink. I work."

"Let's see what you can do."

They went out into the shop and Robert Bruce Macleod sat down at the Linotype. He took a piece of copy from the hook and slapped it under the holder. His fingers flowed over the keyboard and a flashing shower of brass matrices fell in an even flow. He kicked the line up and hung the machine on the next line. He hung it again and sat there and hummed a careless little three-note hum of pride while he waited for the machine to catch up.

"We can't pay much," Mr. McKittrick said. "I'd like to have you stay. You can sleep in the back room."

"You pay me what I'm worth," Robert Bruce Macleod said. "What day does she come out?"

"Thursday," Mr. McKittrick said. "The paper comes out on Thursday. Do a journeyman job and I won't look for your bottle."

He got that hard, old-man grin. "You wouldn't find it anyway," the old man said.

"You'll be the foreman," Mr. McKittrick said and the grin went out.

"No, I won't." His voice was very firm. "I've never been a foreman in my life and I'm not going to start now. There's just Jimmy and I. We'll get along."

That had been the way with a lot of them, Mr. McKittrick remembered. Men who were good and better than good, as long as somebody told them what to do. Shop foremen were enemies.

"Make a journeyman out of the boy," he said.

> A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away. CHARLES SCHWAB

"Nobody ever *made* a journeyman out of anybody." Robert Bruce Macleod tapped his bony chest. "In here is where it happens. I'll show him how to be a printer. Lots of difference between the two."

McKittrick's respect for Robert Bruce Macleod went up. "All right," he said. "You show him and we'll hope and wait."

Robert Bruce Macleod got an advance on his wages and went out for a while. The casting room had a high little window in its wall and a half-inch accumulation of dead bugs, spider webs and soot on the sill. He hid his bottle there, and went to work. He was a talker and the boy was a listener. The work got done better than it ever had been done before, but there was not an atmosphere of work about the shop. Jimmy McKittrick listened to the stories the old man told and laughed and the old man told another and all the time his hands were busy.

The second morning Jimmy came into the shop his shoes were shined. It was a sincere compliment to Robert Bruce Macleod, and the most meaningful acknowledgment of the compliment was not to mention it. The old man and the boy were friends.

At one o'clock in the morning one Wednesday night Jimmy McKittrick heard the first slap, slap, slap of the parting belt against the pulley. Above the click of the grippers and over the roar of the old flat-bed's chunking he heard the breaking belt. The cylinder stopped and the unburdened motor rose to a high whine. He got off the high box beside the press and shut off the motor.

Robert Bruce Macleod looked up from where he was locking up the second run.

"Belt broke?" he asked mildly.

"Will you help me?" Jimmy asked him.

"I saw you splicing that belt and I knew it wasn't going to hold. Sure, I'll help you. I've spliced a million."

"The Yellow Springs Courier," Robert Bruce Macleod said as he sat down to make the splice. "Right in the middle of an election issue and the belt broke. 'What are we going to do?' It was a crooked-nosed foreman name of Hocking. There was no belt splicing in the shop. 'Stop crying,' I told him, 'you've got a journeyman here.' I just took out my s laces and spliced it like we used to do in old days."

"How many papers have you worked o There was real respect in Jimmy's questio

"You name the place, I've worked shop."

Mr. McKittrick came out of the office saw them.

"I thought you spliced that belt last w Jimmy." His voice was impatient. "A g job in the first place would have held. things right!"

"Now," Robert Bruce Macleod said, all right. It takes time. It's not easy to d good splicing job. He's bone-tired. Why d we send him on home? I'll finish the run."

A father, seeing part of himself in his must always be testing that part of hims setting standards and being disappointed.

"Do you want to go home and let someb else do your work?" Mr. McKittrick kept voice without feeling. He wanted to kn Robert Bruce Macleod, childless and old, the thing between them vaguely and was comfortable in its presence.

"It's not like that. He's done a good He's coming right along, but he's tired."

It wasn't true and they all knew it. Ev thing that the boy did had to be checked. was at that terrible age when nothing t out right and so he was reluctant to try a thing.

"Well?" Mr. McKittrick asked, as if old man had not spoken.

Jimmy sat there and the desire for sleep like a warm blanket that he had to keep p ing off.

"Why can't we all knock off?" he asked edge of whine in his voice.

"Because tomorrow is Thursday," his ther said

"What difference does it make? What i do miss the mail? Why does the paper *hav* get out on Thursday?"

He had never seen his father so mad. grabbed him and shook him and then marc him the length of the shop, pushing roughly. He opened the door and shoved out onto the cold and night-empty street. there he wheeled him and took his chin in hand and tilted his face up.

"Read that," he said harshly. "Out lou

It was so dark that Jimmy couldn't see sign above the door. But the sign had alw been there and he read it from the image in head.

"The McKittrick Record," he read, his stiff in his father's grip, "Founded 1882, nis McKittrick, Editor and Publisher."

"Read it again." His father's voice brass. "Louder."

His humiliation was a sour ball in his th and he howled out the words, crying. Whe finished his father pushed him back in.

"Never ask that question again," he "Never."

Robert Bruce Macleod looked at the who had become his friend over the we crying in humiliation and hurt dignity confusion.

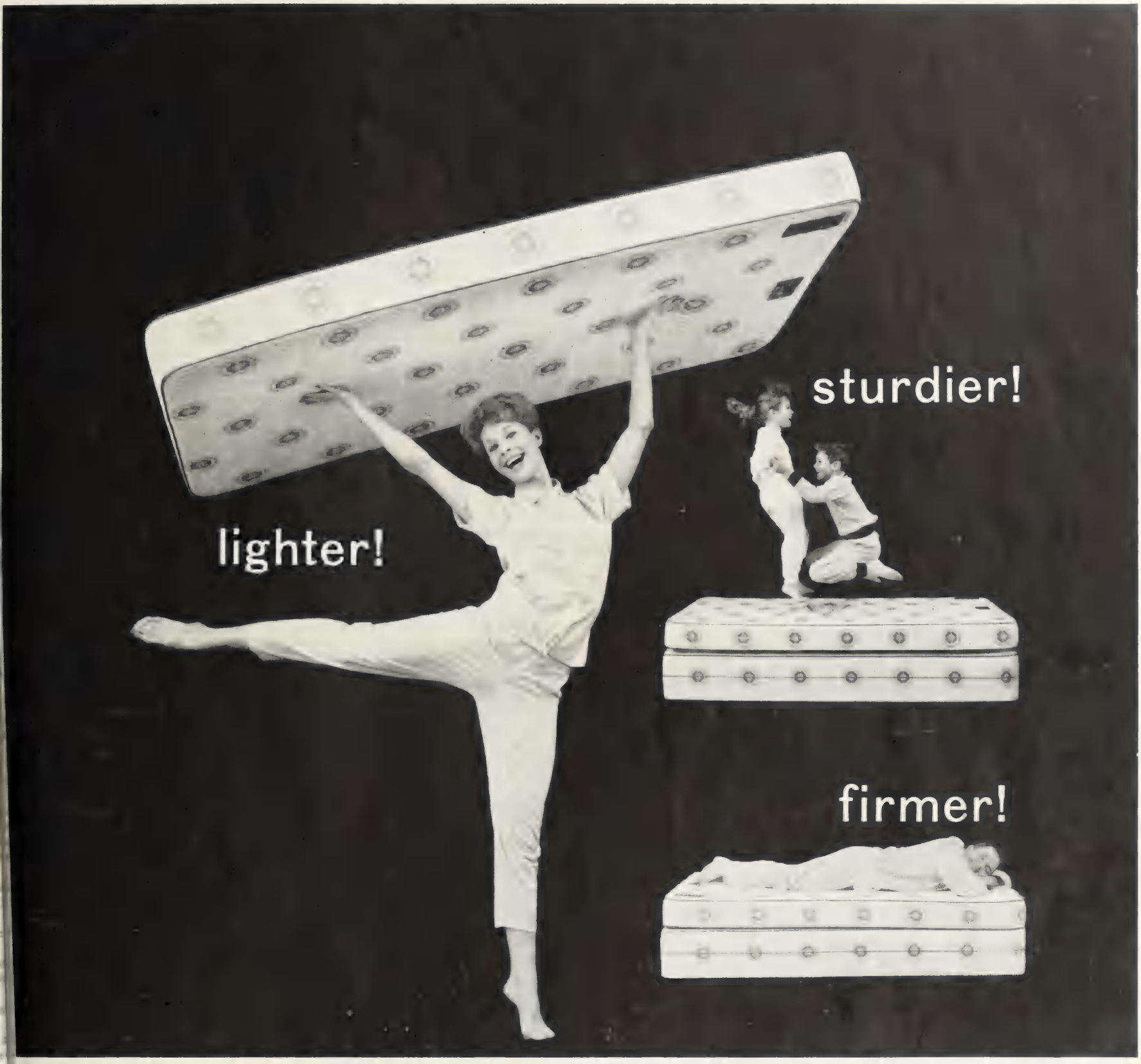
"It takes time," he said to Mr. McKit and saw that the man was already sorry a what he had done in his anger. "He'll be f

Mr. McKittrick began to talk. "One ti he said, "my father stood four days and nights at those type cases over there. The l type broke and he stood four days and n setting a whole issue by hand. No rest or for that long. He got it out in time fo Thursday mailing. He was sick from it the next week my mother got in a tran help her and she put out the paper. She the mail on Thursday.

"One time, when you were a baby," he on, looking at Jimmy, "the plunger o press went out and your mother and I whole issue off on the proof press. Da night, all week, I set galleys in a proof inked them and she made the print. We the mail on Thursday."

He stopped talking then, rememberin it had been while she was alive, anc changed things were now that she was He looked at his son and knew that his a

CONTINUED ON PA



Mr. Pink's amazing mattress

Mr. Pink is the president of Englander. And this wonderful new mattress is his pride and joy. It's so light, a housewife can lift it over her head with ease. So sturdy, children can jump on it to their hearts' content. So firm, doctors can recommend it for patients with back trouble.

What else? Englander's new Tension-Ease mattress is also sag-proof, non-allergenic, long-lasting, economical! (And it has a quilted, smooth top.)

How can Mr. Pink's mattress be all these things? The answer is Airlon—man's greatest development in cushioning. Airlon is a man-made foam—but nothing like the foam you have seen. It is the result of *Inter-Molecular Progression* (millions of tiny foam "springs," all linked to each other).

The remarkable Airlon mattress is matched with Englander's famous Tension-Ease foundation (identified by the red line around the border). Englander's Tension-Ease is the *only* foundation made with two levels of coils.

Mattress and foundation, each **$59.75** twin size; $64.75 full size

TENSION EASE
AIRLON* by **Englander**

SEPTEMBER IS BETTER SLEEP MONTH

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

and worry about the boy sprang too much from the knowledge that this was his only son and that he would never have another.

"You lay in your crib there where we could watch you," he said.

Robert Bruce Macleod was hammering the iron knuckles of the splice. The silence that followed Mr. McKittrick's last remark grew long and he couldn't stand it. The father trying to communicate, and the boy refusing to hear all that he was saying.

"The Pixley Independent," Macleod said loudly, "about nineteen and nineteen. The power went off in a big flood. We worked by candle and lantern, rolling out an issue by hand on an old flat-bed just like this one. The editor's wife came down and stood up there and fed the press while the editor and I took turns at the wheel back there, rolling her out by hand. All day and all night and then most of the next day. My back has hurt me ever since."

He drove the pin through the splice.

"Got it out, though," he said.

"Why?" Jimmy McKittrick asked.

"What do you mean, why?"

"Why did you break your back to get a paper out?"

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Fleischmann's CORN OIL MARGARINE

Robert Bruce Macleod looked at him and then down at his shoes. He wiped them on the backs of his pant legs.

"I was *working* for the Pixley Independent at that time," he said with great dignity. He went back and threaded the belt.

"You want me to finish the run?" he asked when he came back around. But Jimmy was rubbing glycerin on his hands. He got up and threw the clutch and began to feed. Mr. McKittrick went back into the office and Robert Bruce Macleod went into the casting room. He came out in a minute, wiping his mouth, and thinking how long Wednesday nights were becoming. He climbed up stiffly to stand beside the boy.

"You shouldn't have asked him that, Jimmy boy," he said. "He thought you knew."

Jimmy missed the grippers with a sheet and didn't care that the next three or four impressions were ruined by the offset impression on the tympan.

"He never answered me," he said. "Just made me go out there and read that old sign. That's no answer."

"It was the only answer he could think of, I guess," Robert Bruce Macleod said. "That, and the stories."

"I've heard all of them a million times. Why *does* the paper have to get out on Thursday?"

"I don't know," Robert Bruce Macleod said after some thought. "I'm a printer. I'm not the boss. But you ask your father. He knows. He'll tell you."

"I don't want to ask him anything." He was learning what weapons he had against the adult army and he had found that sullen silence was the worst. But Robert Bruce Macleod was his friend. He could ask him. "But you know. You put out the Pixley Independent that night. Why did you do it?"

"I told you. The boss said to get it out. But I don't know why he thought he had to get it out."

He left it at that and got down and went back to his stone. But the thing wouldn't leave him alone and he threw down his make-up rule and made his stiff climb again to stand beside the boy.

"What time does the noon whistle blow?" he asked.

"At twelve o'clock sharp," Jimmy said, wondering what the joke was.

"Will it blow tomorrow at noon?"

"Sure," Jimmy said with conviction.

"Why do you think so? What makes you so sure?"

"Because it always has."

"Correct," Robert Bruce Macleod said. "Right. People trust that whistle. They go to work by it, they go home by it, they set their watches by it. They trust it because it has proved that it blows at twelve sharp. Not five of or five after. At twelve sharp!"

"What's that got to do with the Pixley Independent or why this paper has to get out on Thursday?" the boy asked angrily. "What are you talking about?"

The old man's feet were burning and his left arm hurt and he didn't know what he was talking about. He eased himself down.

"You ask your father," he said wearily. "He knows."

He went back into the casting room, violating his timetable by a full hour. He'd never stayed longer than six months on any job. Not in sixty years, and now he felt like moving on. He liked the boy, but his feet were hurting badly and he had to flex his left hand to get the feeling back into it, and the tension between the boss and his son was bothersome.

He stood in the dark casting room, sneaking his drink, his feet burning, and he knew he would never move on. The passing minutes seemed suddenly to be dipped and flung by thimblefuls from a barrel that could not be refilled. He was old, and his age was the taste of dust in the very tissues of his tongue. His memory of all his past triumphs and pleasures was as the memory of an ancient love, all young yearning now no more than a faint sweetness on the dusty tongue of age. A thousand issues got out, a million clean galleys set and all the issues yellowing in forgotten bundles and the type long ago thrown back into the casting box. He came quickly out of the casting room.

"Jimmy McKittrick." His voice was urgent above the chunk and roar of the press. "You ask your father. Ask him." The boy glanced down at him and shook his head. "He wants you to know!" the old man shouted up at him. "He wants to *tell* you." Jimmy wondered at the strange quality of panic in the old man's voice. He shook his head and continued to feed mechanically and sloppily.

Robert Bruce Macleod changed from that night. He felt an urgency within him and he began to teach Jimmy to become a printer. There were a thousand tricks and near cuts that a good printer knows and he began to teach him with a vast patience, feeling the importance of what he was doing. The boy learned fast, but the old man could feel that it was all a mechanical learning and his errors didn't *hurt*. He didn't care. The old man wondered what happened to a man to make him a journeyman instead of a printer. How could you ever set that fire in a boy's head that would give him the extra space inside him to feel the strange ecstasy which falls on a man when he looks on a job done perfectly?

He tried to tell him a few times and knew that it was not a thing that could be communicated in words. It was an inward experience, a conversion. So he quit trying to tell him and watched time go by and waited and was patience itself in his teaching.

One Monday morning Jimmy was tearing out old forms and running off pigs for the Linotype. His father found him there.

"It's your Uncle Matt," he said, his face white. "They just called me. I've got to go."

"Clear out to Arizona?" Jimmy asked.

"He's my brother," Mr. McKittrick said impatiently. He took out his watch. "I've got an

Luck is nothing but a tricky name for hard work.

hour to catch the train. I've written the editorial. You can get the social notes and the stuff on the Boy Scout drive and the Rotary meeting. Check the ad proofs and fill up what you need with boiler plate."

He stopped and looked at his son.

"Can you get it out?" he asked.

Jimmy nodded numbly, not really thinking about it. "Sure," he said.

"Sure you can," his father said. "I'll try to be back Sunday or Monday. But this issue is yours. I'm depending on you."

That was all he said. He hurried out to pack and Jimmy went to the Linotype where Robert Bruce Macleod was setting ad copy.

"He's going to be gone all week," he said.

Robert Bruce Macleod massaged his left arm. "You're the boss now," he said.

Jimmy laughed and went back to tearing down the forms. After a while Robert Bruce Macleod shut off the Linotype and came back and sat down on a stone, dangling his legs.

He sat there all afternoon and Jimmy quit tearing down forms and listened to the old man talk on and on. Robert Bruce Macleod from time to time, went back into the casting room. He talked to Jimmy McKittrick as if he were another man, not just a kid. Jimmy sat there enjoying the stories and realized that Robert Bruce Macleod never teased him. At suppertime they were still there, laughing.

Mrs. Johnson, the housekeeper, gave him his supper and sat down with him.

"Mighty big responsibility for a kid like you," she said.

"Robert Bruce Macleod has put out a thousand papers," he said.

"Don't depend on him," she said. "I know that breed of cat. He's a boomer."

"He's the best printer I ever saw," Jimmy said, annoyed.

"Sure," she said. "A printer. You know. I knew your grandfather," she went on, her voice softening in respect. "This town would be nothing if he hadn't started that paper and used it. The park, the new high school, the cafeteria at the grammar school, and the library, he fought for them all and got them. When he wrote something in that paper, people believed it."

he heaved her bulk up and brought him a
e of apple pie.
You've got a lot of responsibility."
t's only one issue," he said impatiently.
d Robert Bruce Macleod knows what he's
g."
e slept late the next morning and got to
hop long after all the other places in town
e open. Robert Bruce Macleod was shin-
his shoes.
Fellow in the office there waiting to see the
or," he said and grinned.
was Mr. Shelley, who ran the general store.
gave your dad my ad copy yesterday," he
"I want to make a change. I've got in
cases of ripe strawberries I have to sell
ay and Saturday. Strawberries won't
. I've got to move them out."
ney changed the copy and Jimmy took it
o the Linotype hook. The phone rang and
ept pretty busy in the office all that morn-
taking down announcements for meetings
he various ladies' societies, the church
ion texts for Sunday and a couple of classi-
. He began to feel pretty important. The
n whistle blew.
Lunchtime," he hollered in to Robert
ee Macleod.
You sure?"
There was the whistle," Jimmy said.
dn't you hear it?"
Sure," the old man said and came into the
e. "I heard it. Set my watch by it. I just
dered if you heard it."
mmy frowned. "What are you talking
it, Robert Bruce Macleod?" he asked,
remembered that night when the old man
climbed up beside him and talked to him
t the noon whistle.
Nothing," he said. "I just wanted to be
you heard the whistle."
ey went out to lunch together and then
the office.
eminds me of a time on the Sentinel when
ditor had to leave. Left a foreman name
mmons to put out the paper. We all got
c. At midnight on Wednesday night we
back to the shop and took every bit of
plate in the shop, every old mat there
nd filled up the space between the stand-
ds. Eight pages of pictures of pigs and
from last year's county fair and whole
of fillers like giant whales eat algae, and
s."
y laughed.
hat did the editor do when he came
"
don't know," Robert Bruce Macleod
"I was long gone by then. I never got
ff a job in my life. Sometimes I had to
wfully fast to beat the boss to it, but I
got fired."

sat there all afternoon and Robert
Macleod would go back to the casting
between the stories he told. The chases
stones were gaping and Robert Bruce
od sat there in the office and told story
ory about those wonderful times when
ring printers were the most elite and in-
lent people in the world. Jimmy no-
hat he hadn't shaved for a couple of
nd that blinding shine on his shoes was
over.
phone rang while they were talking
mmy took a pad and pencil and wrote a
about a special meeting of the P.T.A.
to be held on Saturday. Mrs. Ashley
alker. She wanted it in the Record she
cause everybody read the Record and
d save her calling on the phone. She
king peach ice cream for the board.
llons of it. He finally hung up.
op," he said, and handed over the
. She's making up two gallons of peach
m."
rt Bruce Macleod took the copy and
at it. "Saturday afternoon?" he
"Is that when the meeting is?"
t's right," Jimmy said. "Saturday
on, the twenty-second."
've got the twenty-second down here
opy, but Saturday is the twenty-first."
anged it.
funny about the printed word," he
People believe it. You can tell them
ng and they don't believe it. But write
, nd they believe it. It's a big responsi-
bility to edit a paper. A big responsibility." He looked at the boy. "I'm just a printer," he told him. "If it's copy, I set it. Most printers wouldn't have caught that date, because if it's copy, it's copy. It was none of my business if it was wrong. I had the copy to prove I set it right."

Jimmy frowned at him. He had to say it and he didn't know how.

"Listen," he said, "I'm not . . . well, what I mean is, that about me being the boss. That was just a joke."

"If you're not the boss," the old man said, "then I don't know who is. I've never been boss in my life. I'm not going to start now."

Jimmy started to laugh and then saw the old man's expression. He meant it.

"The copy hook is empty," Robert Bruce Macleod said. "I can't set type without copy. Can't make it up out of my head, you know."

Jimmy felt the first little cold jolt of fear then. It was late Tuesday afternoon and the heads weren't set or the corrections made in the galleys. They were away behind.

"There are the heads to set," he said.

"Sure. Give me the copy." Robert Bruce Macleod's voice was uncaring.

"I can't write heads," Jimmy said.

"Neither can I," Robert Bruce Macleod said and went back to the casting room.

Jimmy sat there awhile and then got the galley proofs and began to labor over heads. After he'd done a couple, he began to find that he could write heads. He finished them by suppertime and put the copy on the hook and went home to supper. Mrs. Johnson began to dish up his supper.

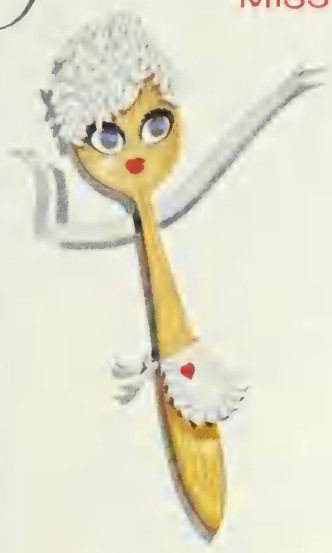
"You making it all right?" she asked.

"We'll make it," he said and wanted to tell her to mind her own business.

"You'd better make it," she said. "That paper hasn't been late since it began in eighteen hundred and eighty-two."

His fork stopped on its way to his mouth and he remembered standing out on the cold,

MISS FLUFFY RICE SAYS—



For thrifty eating that's tasty... try my Spicy Rice Casserole!

Make it with meat balls—or wieners or tuna. Or use leftover cooked beef, lamb or pork. This Spicy Rice is a perfect base for most any casserole dish and a flavory, thrifty example of what a helper rice can be.

To serve five: Lightly brown 1½ cups rice in 2 tbsp. oil. Combine 1 envelope dry onion soup mix, 1 tsp. garlic salt, 2 beef bouillon cubes, 3½ cups boiling water. Add to rice and heat to boiling, stirring. Pour into 2-qt. casserole; cover; bake in 350° oven until rice is tender (about 30 min.). Mix in freshly cooked meat balls (using 1 lb. meat) and ¾ cup chili sauce. Cover; bake 10 min. longer. *You can freeze this dish, too! When reheating, add ⅓ cup bouillon.*



Money-saving meals get a head start when you find out what a helper rice can be. It costs so little and can be served so *many* ways—all of them delicious. Rice with gravy is hard to beat, but don't stop there. Cook your rice in consommé and stir in chopped celery and green pepper. Cook it in sweetened milk and mix with chocolate sauce for the children's dessert. Serve it for breakfast with nutmeg and cream. The more you experiment, the surer you'll be—America's good rice is your most *useful* food.

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the fragrance men love

dark street and reading that sign. For the first time it sounded like an awfully long time. He felt again the cold run of fear, more insistent this time. He left half the pie and went back to the shop.

The copy hook was empty and Robert Bruce Macleod wasn't in the shop. He found him in the back room on his cot. He was lying there with both hands behind his head, looking up at the ceiling.

"Get out of here," he said without turning his head. His voice was flat and level. "Get out of here. I'm drunk."

It was true, Jimmy could feel. The old man was a complete stranger and he was suddenly scared of him.

"What about the paper?" he asked weakly.

"I knew a fellow once clipped four five-by-eight cards together and called it an eight-page paper. Do that. Now leave me alone."

"Do you mean it?" Jimmy asked. "You're ——" Whatever he was going to ask, he knew the answer to it. "Robert Bruce Macleod," he said, "you're a man and I'm just a kid. It's not fair."

"I was a kid once," the old man said. "Your grandfather was a kid once. Your father was a kid once. Everybody grows up."

Jimmy was mad then. "My father will fire you when he gets back," he said.

"You're the boss," Robert Bruce Macleod said, his voice biting. "Why don't you fire me? Anyway, I was looking for a job when I found this one. Go ahead, fire me."

Jimmy McKittrick got out of there. He couldn't stand to stay in the shop with all there was still to be done to get out a paper. He went home and lay in bed for a long time before he went to sleep. But he was up early in the morning and it was Wednesday morning. The first run had to be made that night sometime. He went into the back room and shook Robert Bruce Macleod awake.

"Can you work?" he asked roughly.

The old man lay there and licked dry lips. His eyes were very sick and his white whiskers very noticeable on his gray face.

"Is it a workday?" he asked, his voice thin.

"It's Wednesday," Jimmy said.

"Did you fire me?" he asked, and Jimmy McKittrick shook his head.

"What are we going to do, Robert Bruce Macleod? I don't think we can make it. I don't think we can get it out."

The old man was putting on his shoes with shaking hands.

"Drunk printers, broken belts, Linotypes that won't work," he said thickly. "All part of being the boss. All part of getting the paper out. Those were good heads you wrote yesterday, Jimmy boy."

He went back to the casting room even before he washed his face. He sat down at the Linotype.

"But what does it matter, Jimmy boy? You're only a kid. Your father's out of town. It doesn't make any difference."

But it did. It was nothing that the boy could think clearly about, but it did make a lot of difference whether the paper got out or not. He didn't think about it, but he went to work. He raced up and down the block with the ad proofs, he hastily made corrections in the galleys and searched frantically for boiler plate and mats that he could use in good conscience.

By noon Robert Bruce Macleod was swaying at the Linotype, still setting type, but with a very gray face and half-closed eyes. He was drunk. He was drunk, but he kept on working, not well, not with his clean competence, but as if it were some kind of habit.

By suppertime Jimmy had the ads corrected and set in the chases. He had pulled the dead classifieds and put in the new ones. He'd forgotten about the Rotary meeting and the Boy Scout drive. He thought about them while he was gulping his supper and knew it was too late. He went back to the shop after supper, running back across lots.

He went into the shop and saw Robert Bruce Macleod sitting in there with all the lights on. He was sitting in front of an open case of type, an empty stick in one hand and a bottle in the other. He had brought the bottle out of the casting room and was drinking it openly in the shop. Jimmy saw him and thought he was going to cry.

"Listen," he said, his voice thick, "you're sitting here drunk and everybody is expecting us to get this paper out. My father, Mr. Shelley, Mrs. Ashley." He said it and thought of the strawberries that would rot in the store and wondered how he could face Mr. Shelley. He saw Mrs. Ashley sitting there waiting for the meeting of the board with two gallons of peach ice cream melting. He thought of all the subscribers who would open their mailboxes and not find the paper there and he saw that in exchange for their two-dollar subscription his father had given his promise. "They're expecting us to do it," he said.

Robert Bruce Macleod tilted the bottle and drank. "In the newspaper game we try for the right word, Jimmy boy." His voice was loose. "Do they expect, Jimmy? Do they expect, or do they *believe?*"

Jimmy heard the old man and knew what he'd been trying to say when he talked about people trusting the noon whistle because it always blew on time.

"Oh," he said, "they *believe!*"

And still the old man sat there with the bottle in his hand, looking up with his faded old eyes at the boy as if he were waiting for something. Jimmy looked at him and knew he had to do it. He reached over and got the bottle, ran to the back door and poured it out.

"Macleod," he said harshly, for the first time calling him just Macleod, "we've got a paper to get out."

He tilted the casting box forward and put a pot of coffee on the flame. When it was done he took a cup to the old man who was looking very old and thin and small and sick.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry, Robert Bruce Macleod."

"Don't ever get humble with the help," Robert Bruce Macleod said. He grinned and rubbed his left hand and eased an aching left shoulder.

All night long they worked and Jimmy McKittrick knew nothing was going to go wrong. No slugs jumped and no belts broke. Robert Bruce Macleod, his face gray and his eyes sick, worked himself out of his drunk and became a journeyman.

People were going to work on the street when Robert Bruce Macleod shut off the folder and came to slump in the office where Jimmy was bundling the papers for mailing. The phone rang and Jimmy answered. His father's voice was high-pitched and anxious, his long-distance voice.

"Yes," Jimmy said. "It's all right. I'm mailing it now."

Robert Bruce Macleod heard the quiet sureness in the boy's voice. When Jimmy had hung up the old man smiled at him.

"You know now, don't you?" he said. "You know why the paper has to get out on Thursday."

"Yes. Yes, I do" Jimmy McKittrick said wonderingly.

"I'm proud," Robert Bruce Macleod sa and leaned back in his chair. There was son thing in his voice, a deep ringing of pride, th made the boy look at him quickly.

"It was all pretend, wasn't it?" he ask feeling like a fool. "All that drinking and ma ing me the boss—it was all pretend."

But what meager gifts Robert Bruce Ma leod had to give then could become rare a shining things.

"No, Jimmy," he said gently. "It was you. You got the paper out. If you had taken the bottle away I swear upon my hon I would have kept on drinking."

"You go to bed," Jimmy said and pick up the bundles. "We got the paper out a you're tired. You sleep now."

His voice was tender, as if he were talki to a tired child. But the old man leaned f ward in his chair.

"You know now, Jimmy," he said in a vo made thin with urgency. "Ah, Jimmy, tell m Why does it have to get out on Thursda Why? Why?"

It seemed such a simple thing and Jim McKittrick opened his mouth to frame it a found, in his first adult pain, that it was thing so great that no frame of words cou ever hold it.

"You have to do it to know why," he sa at last.

The old man nodded and his voice w faintly bitter. "I thought it was something l that," he said.

Jimmy opened the office door and the so of those shoes faced him and seemed to fill whole world. He saw the great holes in t soles and the tattered cardboard that p truded from the holes. He began to cry a man cries, fighting it, and knelt and held t old frail body in his arms. Afterward, he f the void of his great loss and knew his terri aloneness, and the picture in his mind of t shoes that had lost their gloss during drunk and the long night of work would n fade.

The man at the funeral parlor couldn't derstand at first. He told Jimmy that the bo would be draped, that the shoes didn't n ter.

"Well," Jimmy said awkwardly, "he . . . ways liked shined shoes."

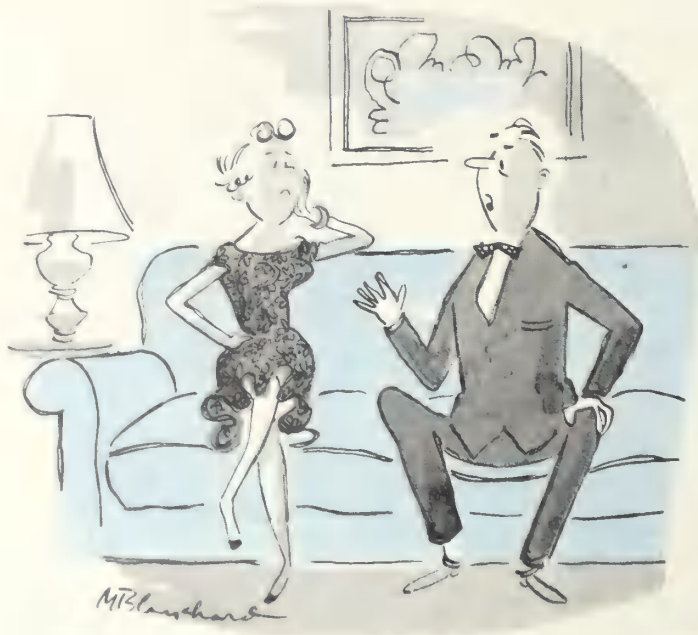
When he had them finally he spent a l time in the shop, alone, putting a shine those shoes, regretting that there was no t to put on new soles. He took them back to funeral parlor.

"About the stone ——" the man said.

"Yes," Jimmy said. "I want a plain w one. I'll pay for it myself. I work for the Kittrick Record. Here's what I want ca on the stone."

He wrote quickly and surely:

Robert Bruce Macleod (lower-case l
Journeyman



"I'm not quitting my job when we get married—why should you?"

It's balanced to help you

look and feel great



© 1961, THE BORDEN CO.

Borden's **ready diet**™ ...
happiest tasting diet drink

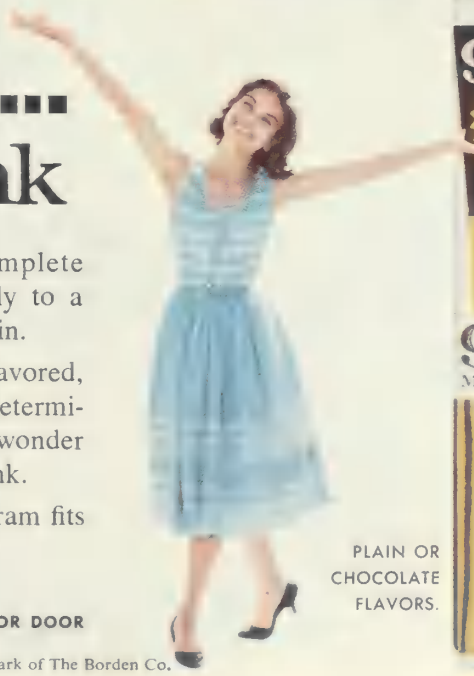
What do you want in a calorie-cutting drink? Vitality protected . . . taste rewarded. You want Borden's **ready diet**, 900 calories of balanced protein, carbohydrate, fat.

In proportion, in quality, this balance offers a plus to dieters. It insures proper metabolism of excess body fat. At the same time it promotes a regulated rate of absorption to help you feel satisfied.

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Taste the difference! So rich flavored, creamy smooth. It refreshes your determination to stick to your diet. No wonder thousands favor this dairy fresh drink.

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OLD-FASHIONED MORALS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

continuing struggle. The very fact that there *is* so much discussion these days of our moral progress—so much thoughtful concern about quickening its pace—all this seems to me evidence of a lively and healthy national conscience.

DR. HAROLD W. DODDS: University students today, as I know them, certainly are concerned about moral and intellectual integrity—and in ways that never occurred to me as an undergraduate. They seem to me to have a high sensitivity for moral values, although they are not so sure as I was in my student days regarding the source and authority of these values.

The sophomore who once told me seriously that before he adopted a moral code as his own he intended to try several and then decide which he would accept probably spoke for a number of his young intellectual contemporaries. But I am sure he came out all right. I don't think he did much experimentation as it turned out, and I am sure his values today are stronger because in the process of thinking them through he made them his own. Nor do the coeds who are reported to feel that one's sexual behavior is something for one to decide according to one's personal values throw me into panic. Moreover, much of this sort of talk must be discounted as a form of youthful reaction against the admonition of oldsters. When youth starts to think for itself it always causes pain to its elders.

DR. FITCH: I think there is, or has been, a lull in ethical vigor in this country. I am disposed to think we are now at a turning point, and that people are ready once again to affirm certain social and moral standards.

I visit nine or ten colleges every year, and I try to listen as much as I speak. That's difficult for a professor, but I try. I get the feeling that most students are beginning to turn from a concern with personal problems to an interest in public affairs. They smile with indifference when you speak of the beatniks. Their attitude is more robust and extroverted. They are no longer wondering about their feelings; they are thinking about what can be done about a situation.

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: Aren't they also anxious, for perhaps the first time?

DR. FITCH: You mean frightened by life outside of college?

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: By the insecurity of the times, the threat of annihilation, uncertainties as to where our world and society are going. Campaigning a few years ago, it was hard to arouse much concern about the great revolutions sweeping the world. Now it is different.

DR. DODDS: I wonder about that, Adlai; I really do. I think think we can overplay this tension of youth today, especially against our own times, certainly my time when we knew that progress was automatic and we had the world by the tail. What impresses me is the relative stability of these kids amidst the threat of world chaos, for they surely know that they will be right in the middle of it if it breaks out.

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: You don't agree that there is a measure of moral anxiety today—a nervous restlessness, a hunger, a thirst, a yearning for something?

DR. DODDS: Of course there is, and it's healthy, for without it morals have no significance. It is dangerous to generalize, but I don't agree that this moral anxiety is essentially a consequence of the H-bomb, threats of nuclear war, that kind of insecurity. I find students making their plans to go into professions and other occupations quite normally. I believe they do show increased attention to morals, and perhaps less of faith in science. This is borne out by their interest in religion, which is greater today than I have ever noticed before.

THE NEED FOR COURAGE

MRS. GOULD: Let us take a specific example of the need for courage. Many public-school teachers today are extremely unhappy about the circumstances in which they must teach, but they feel they cannot speak out against the system until they have resigned from teaching. We have had any number of letters from teachers who say that. The teacher cannot speak out and hold her job, in most places.

MR. TAFT: I can add a footnote. In the thirty-six years I have been interested in local politics, teachers in the community comprise the group that has given us the least support—although I suspect many are sympathetic. They do not speak out, and never have, for local political reforms.

MRS. GOULD: The school is the one central expression of our society, and many teachers tell me they are forced to tolerate absolutely abominable behavior in their classrooms. They receive no support from administrative officials if they take a stand. A few incorrig or emotionally disturbed children are o allowed to establish the character of an tire school, and of course other children s get the notion that such bad behavio characterless behavior—is acceptable beca it is tolerated.

DR. FITCH: The public school should be a public reformatory. When pupils can get along in some pattern of reasonable havior, they ought to be sent to special in tutions. We have been too "democra in this area—"compassionate" in the wr sense.

DR. DODDS: Yes, but there are at least aspects of this educational complex that c not be treated adequately under the head "Courage of the Teacher." One is the acc ance by the schools of a lot of responsibili that used to be borne by the home.

A professor of one of our leading teach colleges once announced that children sho be registered with the public-school syste birth, so the school could follow and di their development from then on. I think was mistaken, to put it mildly.

DR. FITCH: The public-school teache peculiarly on the spot. She has to repres in part, the general will of the community that will is shady or corrupt, the teacher be courageous, but it won't help much. will of a community is corrupt when it t sentimental and materialistic instead austere and idealistic—when people want rewards of life without having to pay the p in sacrifice and effort, when it is expected students ought to be promoted from one to the next regardless of whether or not measure up to the required standards, w all normal disciplines are suspended in be of a too sensitive concern for the whim private personality, when the classical trai in spelling, grammar, rhetoric and arithm gives way to an emphasis on social adjustm But the will of a community is totally cor when it insists that it is still maintaining old standards when in fact it is betraying t altogether. However, the two places whe

MUM'S THE WORD

By JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

It goes without saying my husband admires
My silken hair with its auburn fires,
My flair for fashions, now home-sewn,
My strawberry pie from fruit wife-grown.
That as a good mother I'm more than a myth
It goes without saying, but I wish it were *with!*

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ns to me lack of courage is inex-
able are the home and the church.
ink moral leadership, if not intel-
ual, must come from parents and
n religious institutions.

MBASSADOR STEVENSON: The prac-
answer, as far as education is
cerned, is better teachers and bet-
schools. This will mean an ex-
diture of public funds for that
pose that has been too long de-
ed, in my judgment. The schools,
ever good the buildings or well
the teachers, cannot be better
the teachers and principals, and
probably cannot be very much
er than the school boards. The
ol boards reflect the attitudes of
communities in which they exist.
ess principals have principles,
hers are not going to be very
rageous. Unless school boards are
to discern between a good super-
ndent and a poor superintendent,
will not select good ones. The
rdination of excellence to ex-
ency or public opinion is a symp-
of the decline in respect for moral
llence. Excellence is not the same
g as social acceptability and what
ic opinion, the majority, wants is
always good just because it
ts it.

R. DODDS: Are school boards any
rent from city councils, county
missions, borough councils, and
n? They are all a reflection of the
of the locality, whatever it may
en to be.

R. TAFT: Yes, but there is more
rtunity to organize a good
ol board without getting into a
with local political organizations.
rents live on every street in any
ol district and they will work and
doorbells without much regard
conomic status or political loyal-
Communities can have a good
ol board if they have any leader-
among the parents to get them
way. This is something any
unity can do, with a little lead-
).

A POLITICIAN BE HONEST?

. DODDS: The most embarrass-
uestion I have ever had to an-
n the field of morals is: Can you
r public office, become a public
l, and still maintain your intel-
l and moral integrity? It is a
lt question to answer, but I
the answer is yes.

BASSADOR STEVENSON: The an-
as to be yes, or there would be
pe for self-government, for de-
cy. It seems to me a great pity
e words "politics" and "politi-
are often used as words of con-
Public officeholders some-
abuse the public confidence;
a self-governing society where
hest calling should be that of
ing, this is a failure of the pub-
vell as the politician. The level
tics can be little higher than the
f the morality and sense of re-
ility of the people. The politi-
np will pump up what's in the
. he dilemma of the politician is
e as that of every responsible
Objective standards of con-
immutable standards upon
all great societies have been
re jeopardized by the present
y to allow even right and
o depend upon majority rule.
while I acknowledge the tend-
ward conformity to public
rather than compliance with
ess moral standards, my an-
the question is still yes. It is
to succeed in public life and
n the most scrupulous of
ds. If it were not, we should
reat deal of trouble maintain-
present political system, let
reading its blessings, and any

thought of improving it would have to be abandoned.

MRS. GOULD: Ambassador Stevenson, doesn't the present organization of our nation into large pressure groups make it more difficult for the honest politician nowadays?

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: Yes; the more he becomes dependent upon the support of a limited group, the more inclined he is to lose his objectivity and to identify the public interest with the interests of that particular group.

I deplore nothing more than this fragmentation of our democratic society into special interest groups—labor, farmers, business. They are so likely to forget the public responsibility of private power.

MR. TAFT: I can't quite agree with Adlai that the morals of the politician reflect those of the general public. Perhaps they do reflect those of the particular social stratum in which he happens to live and do business. Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of England, once wrote that the politician has two major motives: patriotism and power. He has to win, or he has no opportunity to do anything, but the guiding question for him is, or should be, "What is the best interest of my country?"

Any executive or person in a position of importance or influence has to make terrible choices. They are not limited to politics. Any executive has the problem of whether to tell all the truth on every occasion; certainly he isn't going around telling everything that is on his mind or he could

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not function as an executive. He does not tell all of the truth all of the time; he simply cannot do so.

But a person in an important political position may have to decide whether he is going to tell an outright lie. That is his first alternative. Another, which takes a lot of skill, is to open his mouth and say a lot of words that mean nothing. The third, which also takes skill, is to tell part of the truth. It may be quite confusing and produce the same results as a lie; but if he gets caught, at least as much as he said was the truth.

MISS HICKEY: This brings us back to the need for speaking out, and speaking out for what one feels is right and decent.

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: Yes. The politician should never say, "Who am I to judge what is right or wrong?" He ought to say what he thinks is right. My greatest satisfactions in political life came from saying or doing what I thought right even if it was unpopular at the time. I suspect everybody has that experience.

In the political sphere it troubles me that as our society grows more complex, people seem to want to think less, that they want to be told what to think. It is, of course, one of the greatest menaces of Communism, or any other authoritarian government, that they relieve people of the necessity of thinking independently and only demand obedience to the directions of the leader.

DR. DODDS: All these virtues we've been talking about have no real significance until they are applied, and to apply them one must do some thinking.

MISS HICKEY: What can be done, more than is now being done, to reinvigorate the moral strength of our society? That is perhaps the basic question with which this forum is concerned.

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: Morals are individual. We cannot wholly shift to some institution—the school, the church, even the home—that which can be done only by individuals. We have to do the job of reinvigoration ourselves, not through collectives, but individually by our own efforts, and by precept, example, respect and public recognition of virtue.

MRS. ROCKEFELLER: In all these areas where right and wrong must be distinguished, the influence of the home is basic. I think all young people want to live honorably and to a great extent they will follow the example of their parents. If parents are dishonest, if they cheat, children are likely to do the same. The home is the hub; churches, schools and other community agencies help and should work together in moving forward.

I would also say that it is very important for young people to take more active roles, rather than the passive roles of spectators, to get involved with the democratic process and speak out on convictions so they will grow up as individuals but in relation to other people.

CAN MORAL VALUES BE TAUGHT?

MISS HICKEY: What are some of the things that you did to convey to your own children some of these ideas, Mrs. Rockefeller? You have four children, I believe, and they are grown up now.

MRS. ROCKEFELLER: Yes, they are. The ideas we had as parents were greatly influenced by our parents. We gained confidence and courage from their beliefs in the spiritual nature of mankind. We tried to set a good example so that our children would have a sense of responsibility and respect and honor and pass on these principles and know the difference between right and wrong. It was not so much a matter of telling them what not to do as it was pointing out reasons why certain situations develop, so they were able to judge for themselves.

MR. TAFT: We have seven children. My youngest is twenty-four now. In our household we always encouraged the notion, certainly as the children grew older, that they were making the choices. It wasn't a matter of turning them loose, for there certainly were standards involved—obedience, telling the truth, not taking somebody else's property. In general, the standards were those my wife and I tried to live by. I don't think we did much oral teaching. Perhaps we should have done more.

DR. DODDS: My observation as a nonparent is that the good parent goes over the issues with a child, and may influence his choices, but leaves the youngster with the honest impression that he has made his own decisions. I remember my own parents most affectionately for influencing my opinions but allowing me to accept the responsibility for them.

DR. FITCH: Well, I think the challenge to the American home right now is for parents to become less permissive, and to make plain their loyalty to basic principles of morality. No one wants to bring up children that are puppets. We want them to learn the lessons of freedom and responsibility. But there is no freedom except in the framework of respect for moral law and of faithfulness to ideals rather than conformity to the crowd.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS
ON PAGES 62 AND 63

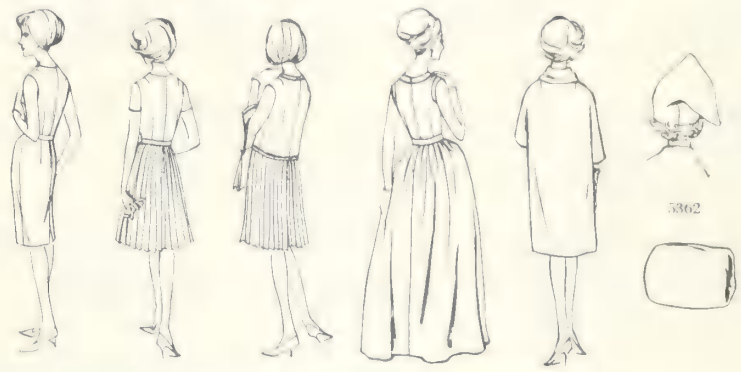
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The first time a child gets a glimpse of t
meaning of this is when he comes home a
tells his parents he wants to do a certain thi
because "everybody else is doing it." If the
casion requires it, the parents should have
courage to say, "Everybody else may be doi
it, but you are not."

MR. GOULD: By the time a person is, s
twenty-one, he has little trouble knowi
what's good or bad. The conflict lies in livi
up to one's real moral convictions. If one
make a fast buck by yielding just a little,
temptation sometimes proves irresistible. M
or women are seldom villainous; usually j
weak—or, as one says, "human." What we
have to learn is where the true dividing line
for the good of society, the family and, no l
importantly, for ourselves.

THE NEED FOR LEADERSHIP

MRS. GOULD: The good is there, and
good leader can rally the good. We do lo
for leadership. I am sure the average citiz
my husband speaks of does have integrity,
there are times when he doesn't always kn
quite how to implement it. What power h
he, for example, to improve bad television
cept to turn off his set? What power has he
improve education? It is a single, often voi
less, limited power

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: But he is
sovereign, isn't he—he and his fellows? H
indignation become unfashionable?

MR. TAFT: Yes—and he may not be amo
the minority. This is the point always. If
doesn't speak up, he will never find out.

DR. DODDS: The citizen needs the capac
to select the best leaders. I have a hunch
mocracy will be tested more by its capacity
select leaders than by anything else.

MRS. ROCKEFELLER: Each individual h
potentiality for leadership and for taking
sponsibility. A girl may come to the Y.W.C.
to take a swimming course, to learn to ma
hats, or some such thing. She comes to g
but she stays to give. She gets interested in
meetings, and she grows as an individual
her own right, in relation to government a
in relation to the world. The Y.W.C.A. is
work in seventy countries. This sense of wo
fellowship is very important at this time, wh
women in the less developed nations of A
and Africa are just beginning to emerge fr
very simple living conditions.

MRS. GOULD: When Margaret and I wer
Africa, we attended a meeting of a wome
club sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. and the n
entered first and took the prominent se
When the women entered the room, t
bowed to the men.

AMBASSADOR STEVENSON: Obviously an
vanced civilization!

MRS. ROCKEFELLER: We co-operate
the men, I assure you.

MRS. GOULD: Yes, even in remote co
tries. . . . Dr. Fitch, in many periods in
society the church has taken moral leaders
Would you say it is failing to do so today

DR. FITCH: Courageous and prop
leadership is always in the minority in
organized group. The country is blessed w
one of these brave persons comes to the
and proves to be a great national leader.
are fortunate when this happens. The cler
in some instances ahead of the laity—in r
relations in the South, for example—and
sometimes behind. In any church there i
ways tension between the gospel it prea
and the world it would reach. It is the e
ence of this tension between the real and
ideal that makes us human beings, an
such, saints and sinners and hypocrites.
significant human beings are a mixture
three. Only an animal that obeys its inst
absolutely is incapable of hypocrisy. We
therefore, dare to be idealistic, knowing
in our frailty we shall sometimes be h
crites. The important thing is that we
hypocrites in the right direction—in an e
to raise our vision rather than to lowe
aspirations.

MISS HICKEY: This has been a lively
provocative discussion. Shall we suspe
now with Dr. Fitch's most thought-provo
words? I say "suspend" for I know th
cussion will continue in many millio
American homes. Thank you all for beir
Journal's guests on this occasion.

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WHERE THERE'S A CHILD THERE'S A PUDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

LIGHTER-THAN-AIR PRUNE WHIP

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
¾–1 cup prune pulp (use baby food or cooked, puréed, dried prunes)
4 egg whites

Soften gelatin a few minutes in cold water. Add boiling water and mix until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in sugar, lemon juice, lemon rind, prune pulp. Chill until syrupy. Beat frothy. Fold in egg whites, beaten until stiff. Chill until set. Spoon into pretty glasses. Makes 6–8 servings.

SNOWCAPPED RICE PUDDING

2 cups freshly cooked rice
2 eggs plus 1 egg yolk, beaten
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup dates, chopped
¼ cup pecans, chopped
2½ cups milk
Pinch salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
3 tablespoons sugar

Turn warm rice into a bowl. Mix in the remaining ingredients. Stir gently. Spoon into 8 custard cups. Place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., for about 25 minutes, or until the center of pudding is almost firm. It will firm up on cooling. Serve warm with meringue topping made this way: Beat 1 egg white with a pinch of salt until frothy. Gradually add 2 tablespoons sugar and continue beating until stiff, glossy peaks form. Drop meringue in fluffs on top of puddings and broil just until light brown. Makes 8 servings.

JOLLY JELLY PUDDING

2 cups small bread cubes, trimmed of crusts
1 quart milk
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup flaked coconut
6 teaspoons currant jelly

Place bread cubes in a 6-cup shallow baking dish, 10″x 6″x2.″ Turn the milk, butter and sugar into a saucepan. Bring to a simmering point and add slowly to the eggs, stirring constantly. Pour this over the bread cubes. Cover baking dish and let stand 10 minutes. Remove cover and stir in vanilla. Bake in a hot-water bath in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes. Sprinkle with coconut. Cool. Return to oven and bake 30 minutes longer, or until custard is firm. Decorate with spoonfuls of jelly just before serving. Makes 6 servings.

BLUEBERRY COTTAGE PUDDING

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg plus 1 egg white
2 cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3½ cups canned blueberries, well drained, or 2 (9-oz.) packages unsweetened frozen berries

Cream the butter or margarine with the sugar. Add the egg and egg white and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk and vanilla. Fold in the blueberries very gently. Turn into a greased 2-quart baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes to 1 hour, depending on the depth of the dish. Cut into squares and serve while still warm with Lemon Sauce. Makes 6–8 servings.

Lemon Sauce

1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water
1 egg yolk
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 2 lemons
Dash nutmeg

Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt together. Then slowly stir in the boiling water. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the hot mixture to the egg yolk, a little at a time, stirring quickly. Return to the heat for 1 minute. Add butter, lemon juice, grated rind and nutmeg. Serve warm or cold. Makes about 3 cups sauce.



STUART FOWLER

With tender, golden pecan waffles hot from the iron, try homemade butterscotch sauce.

Family Favorites

ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

PECAN WAFFLES WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE—96c

Waffles

2 cups sifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ cup melted margarine
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups skim milk
½ cup coarsely chopped pecans

Sift together twice the flour, salt and baking powder. Add sugar, margarine, and egg yolks beaten with the milk. Mix until smooth. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into batter. Mix in chopped pecans. Bake in a hot waffle iron until golden. Makes about 3¾ cups batter or four 7″ round 4-section waffles. Serve with hot butterscotch sauce and margarine.

Butterscotch Sauce

1½ cups firmly packed dark brown sugar
⅔ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup margarine
⅔ cup evaporated milk

Measure all ingredients except evaporated milk into a heavy 2-quart saucepan. Heat until a soft ball forms when you drop a little of the mixture into a cup of cold water, or use a candy thermometer (soft ball is 234°–238° F.). Remove from heat, mix in evaporated milk a little at a time. Keep warm over low heat. Stir before using. Makes about 2½ cups sauce.

ORANGE-FILLED CUPCAKES—65c

Filling:

½ cup skim milk
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon unflavored gelatin
½ teaspoon grated orange peel
⅛ teaspoon orange flavoring
Few drops yellow food coloring
8 cupcakes, homemade or bakery

Heat together, stirring, the milk, sugar and gelatin until gelatin dissolves. Cool 10 minutes and mix in remaining ingredients. Chill until mixture is thick and syrupy. Beat until fluffy. Chill again until firm, remove and whip once more. Chill. Meanwhile, cut round wedges from the top of each of 8 cupcakes. Fill each cake with about 1 teaspoon of the thickened orange mixture. Replace top and sugar lightly.

CHOCOLATE RIBBON CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE-PEPPERMINT FROSTING—$1.09

Cake

2½ cups sifted flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup margarine
1⅔ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
3 eggs
1¼ cups skim milk
3 tablespoons cocoa
⅛ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon water
¼–⅓ cup crushed peppermint candy

Line the bottom of two 9″ layer-cake pans with waxed paper. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice. Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add almond flavoring and eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add flour mixture a little at a time, alternately with milk, beating after each addition, ending with flour. Spoon exactly half the cake batter into one cake pan. Add cocoa and soda mixed with water to remaining batter. Spoon into second cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30–35 minutes or until top spring back when touched. Cool 5 minutes, then turn out on wire cake racks. Remove waxed paper. Cover with towel and cool thoroughly. Using a thin, sharp knife, split layers in half and, alternating the colors, put together with some of the Chocolate Frosting. Frost the top and sides of the cake with the remaining frosting. Sprinkle top with crushed peppermint candy.

Chocolate Frosting

2 egg whites
1½ cups sugar
Pinch salt
½ cup water
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 squares unsweetened chocolate

Put egg whites, sugar, salt, water and syrup in a double boiler over simmering water. Stir until sugar dissolves. Then beat constantly with a rotary or electric beater until mixture forms peaks. This takes about 7 minutes. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Continue beating until frosting is of spreading consistency. Melt chocolate in double boiler, then cool until just beginning to solidify. Carefully fold chocolate into frosting, a little at a time, to create a marbled effect. Do not overmix.

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Quick Trick Idea

Mocha Pudding or Pie—Add 3 teaspoons of Instant Chase & Sanborn Coffee to Royal Dark 'n' Sweet Pudding mix. Mix and cook according to directions on package.



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DEAR MR. G:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

rally in Indianapolis. Governor Henry F. Schricker had introduced Carole as "The Little Hoosier Girl who'd made good in Hollywood," and Carole had made her speech. "Heads up, hands up, America!" she cried. Then, moving to a table in the crowded rotunda of the State House, she started the bond sale, by late afternoon had sold over $2,000,000 in bonds and stamps.

When it was all over late that night, Carole had been exhausted. She had but one thought: to get back to Clark and the ranch. Otto suggested that they take the train, get a good night's sleep in Pullman berths, but Carole had wanted to fly home. "I'm so tired I could sleep anywhere," she said, "and I want to get back to Pa."

That was at four o'clock in the morning of the sixteenth. There were of course no jets in those days, and it was late afternoon before their plane reached Albuquerque, New Mexico. There, four passengers gave up their seats to make room for Air Corps officers and men waiting for transportation. Three of these were women; the fourth, violinist Joseph Szigeti.

At dusk the plane reached Las Vegas and made a brief stop. Thirty minutes later it crashed and burned.

Telegrams, telephone calls and letters began pouring in at the ranch. President Roosevelt sent Clark a telegram reading:

MRS. ROOSEVELT AND I ARE DEEPLY DISTRESSED. CAROLE WAS OUR FRIEND. OUR GUEST IN HAPPIER DAYS. SHE BROUGHT GREAT JOY TO ALL WHO KNEW HER AND TO THE MILLIONS WHO KNEW HER ONLY AS A GREAT ARTIST. SHE GAVE UNSELFISHLY OF HER TIME AND TALENT TO SERVE HER GOVERNMENT IN PEACE AND IN WAR. SHE LOVED HER COUNTRY. SHE IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE A STAR, ONE WE SHALL NEVER FORGET NOR CEASE TO BE GRATEFUL TO. DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

The United States Senate stopped in midmorning to hear a brief tribute paid by Senator Willis, of Indiana, who praised her as "a great actress and a loyal citizen."

In Las Vegas the bodies from the plane wreck were slowly brought down and taken to a barn where an inquest was held. Howard and Eddie Mannix refused to let Clark attend. Ralph, after making official identification of Carole, Bessie and Otto, cut a lock of Carole's long blond hair. He later gave this to me to keep for Clark.

Clark and his party started home by train, with their dead aboard. En route that night, Clark stopped in Ralph's Pullman compartment. "I understand you have something of Carole's," he said.

"I had cleaned up the clip as best I could," Ralph says. "I handed it to him. Clark took it in his hand, stood looking down at it for a moment, then without saying a word he went back to his own compartment."

Clark had called me from Las Vegas, asking me to meet him at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, to make funeral arrangements. That morning was one of the saddest of my life. I was shocked to see the change in him. He seemed to have aged years, was hollow-eyed with grief and loss of sleep. My own feeling of loss over Carole and Bessie, who had been like a mother to me, was deep.

Funeral services were held on January 22, 1942. Only members of the immediate family and a few close friends were in attendance, and the service was as simple as Carole had directed in her will. No ritual prayers, no songs or hymns, no music other than the organ.

Afterward we all went back to the ranch with Clark. Howard Strickling, Eddie Mannix and a few other intimate friends spent the evening there. Harry Fleischmann planned to stay with Clark several days.

During the evening, I went into my office to attend to several details, and Clark followed me, closing the door behind him. I had a note from Carole, which she'd asked me to give him if she did not arrive on schedule. I felt he should have it now.

Up until this time, Clark had borne himself with fortitude and courage, had been stronger than any of us throughout the entire ordeal. When he read her note, he broke down completely. My own heart was so full that I turned to leave, feeling that it would be cruel to witness his agony. But he caught my hand and held it. All I could do was stand by his side, lending what strength and comfort I could muster until he was calm again.

Before we rejoined the others, Clark asked me if I would continue as before, as his secretary/business manager. There was no thought in my mind other than to remain and help him in the days ahead. My warm and wonderful friendship with Carole was ended; now began a close and rewarding association with Clark that was to last for eighteen years.

At first Clark thought he should get rid of the ranch. But we never found a house that seemed suitable, and I know that in his heart Clark could not have left the ranch, even if he had found another place. It has been reported many times that Clark made a shrine of Carole's room after her death. This is absolutely untrue. Clark loved and grieved deeply, but there was nothing morbid in his grief.

Those were dark days for all of us. I think the thing that brought Clark through this unhappy period was his consideration for others. He tried not to let his grief be a burden on us. We had many serious talks about the deeper, spiritual side of life. I endeavored to help him as much as possible, and in turn he comforted me, for Carole had become such a part of my life that to go on without her was not easy.

A little over a month after Carole's death, Clark went back to Metro to finish *Somewhere I'll Find You.* Wesley Ruggles, who directed the picture, gave strict instructions: "Let's not baby Clark—he's not that kind of man."

"Clark worked hard and asked no favors," Ruggles says. "Often out of consideration for him, I'd want to quit shooting at five o'clock, but he'd say, 'Don't lay off so early, I want to work.'"

As the months passed, the change in Clark became obvious to us all. He seemed to tap deep reservoirs of strength within himself. There was a new maturity about him, often an almost spiritual quality in his face, and we all felt that a stronger man was emerging from the tragic experience.

For some time Clark had wanted to get into the war, and when he enlisted in the Air Corps the papers played up the story. The fact that a $7500-a-week movie idol was going into the service as a $66-a-month private received much favorable comment; Army spokesmen said its effect on the morale of servicemen was tremendous.

"I don't want to sell bonds, I don't want to make speeches, and I don't want to entertain. I just want to be sent where the going is tough," he said.

After receiving his commission as first lieutenant and advanced training in gunnery school, Clark was sent to England on a special photographic assignment by General "Hap" Arnold. He flew several missions and was awarded the Air Medal for "exceptionally meritorious achievement," and when he returned to California with the completed films in the fall of 1943, a crowd of people gathered to welcome him.

Clark looked very fit and handsome in his uniform with the campaign ribbons on his chest, and was wildly cheered as he stepped off the train. I thought he seemed thinner, but very poised, and the touches of gray at his temples gave him a new air of maturity.

But at the ranch, thrilled to be home again, he was like a small boy—dashing around trying to see everything at once, returning now and again to a huge pitcher of fresh orange juice we had waiting for him. "I saw so much death and destruction," he told me, "that I realized I hadn't been singled out for grief—that others were losing their loved ones just as I lost Ma.

"I love the quiet here," he added. "The only thing I really want now, Jeanie, is peace—peace, and a quiet life in my own home with those I trust and love around me."

But adjustment to private life, after the hectic activity of the Air Corps, was somewhat difficult for Clark. Al Menasco and many of his old friends were away in the service. The studio had no story ready for him. Suddenly he had nothing to do and was bored and lonely.

We were all delighted when he began going out socially. Although he hated night clubs, he was seen at Ciro's and Mocambo and other night spots with a series of lovely ladies. Clark was single, attractive, a war hero and a big star. Women swarmed after him. His mail reached staggering proportions and so much of it was from lovelorn ladies that we started a "Frenzied Female" file.

Clark's first postwar picture, *Adventure* (which was heavily promoted with a slogan Clark disliked: "Gable's back and Garson's got him!"), proved that his two years' absence from the screen had not dimmed his popularity. But Clark was beginning to talk about retiring. "I just want to hunt and fish," he said.

Privately, I thought the business about retirement was all talk on Clark's part. So did Wayne Griffin, an independent producer who continued to discuss story possibilities with Clark. "You'll never do it, you'd get too bored," Wayne said. "You've got to keep working. You can't just sit down and count your money."

During the summer of 1949 Clark met Lady Sylvia Ashley, whom he'd known when she was married to Douglas Fairbanks. Sylvia was ten years Clark's junior, English, blond and beautiful. She had been married three times, divorced twice, and was an important figure in international café society. She was noted for her wit and gaiety, her clothes, jewels and *savoir-faire*. Clark found her interesting and amusing.

Clark saw Sylvia many times that fall, but I had no idea he was deeply interested in her. Monday morning, December 19, he telephoned me before I left my house. "Are you sitting down, Jeanie?" he said. "I have something to tell you—I'm going to marry Syl."

I gasped in surprise, for I'd thought another beauty was ahead in the running. "I'm happy for you, Mr. G.," I said. "Sylvia will make you a wonderful wife." I knew he was lonely, that he loved his home and wanted to share it with someone. I felt Sylvia would bring charm and color into his life.

Their social-engagement book was crowded after their marriage, for everyone entertained for them. Many of Sylvia's friends were from Hollywood's "European" set and included Sir Charles Mendl, the Ronald Colmans, the David Nivens, Charles Boyer, Louis Jourdan, the Fred Astaires, the Douglas Fairbanks Jrs.

Although they did little home entertaining, the Gables were often with the Tyrone Powers, the Gary Coopers, Gloria Swanson, Clifton Webb and his mother, Sonja Henie and her husband, Charles Feldman, Cole Porter, Joan Fontaine, the Adrians, the Ray Millands and Pat Kennedy.

That summer we began making plans for a location trip to Durango, Colorado, where *Across the Wide Missouri* was to be filmed. Clark asked me to take Sylvia to a Western-apparel shop where she selected some trim Western outfits, in which she looked very smart. Late in July Clark drove across the desert to Durango, while Sylvia went by train with the luggage and her dog Minnie, who was always with her.

Wayne Griffin went up to visit Clark and sensed that all was not well in the Gable ménage, although things seemed calm on the surface. Sylvia always brought Minnie to the ranch-style table where the entire company ate, and Clark was embarrassed when the crew ribbed him about the dog. Clark did a great deal of fishing, while Sylvia, after several attempts, confessed she was no Izaak Walton and gave it up. She had brought her easel along and did a bit of painting, as well as needlepoint.

When Clark and Sylvia returned to the ranch in mid-September, there was the usual round of social activities. But Clark frequently drove up to Wayne Griffin's ranch alone, to ride and practice lassoing. On these occasions he loved to travel light, usually carrying a small bag containing toothbrush and razor.

That fall Wayne and his wife Elinor invited the Gables to have dinner with them and attend the opening night of the San Francisco opera season. Sylvia was delighted, but Clark was no opera buff, although he liked being with the Griffins.

The opera was long and dull. Clark promptly went to sleep. He had on an alarm watch, and during a lull in the music the alarm went off and Clark awoke with a tremendous start. Sylvia was amused, Clark embarrassed.

When Sylvia told me about it, I said I knew how Clark felt, for Russ is an opera devotee while I have slept through more of them than any wife I know.

"Perhaps I should take Russ to the opera next time," Sylvia laughed, "while you and Clark go to a music hall."

Al Menasco invited Clark and Sylvia to come up to his ranch in the Napa Valley for Thanksgiving. Sylvia, not the outdoor type, was not anxious to go, but Clark thought it would be fun. "Your chariot will await you at five A.M., my lady," he said.

Sylvia said nothing, but when Clark came down with his bags next morning, he found her packed and waiting in the car.

Clark fell in love with Al's ranch and when he found that the property next to it was for sale, he wanted to buy it.

"Do you think Sylvia will like this quiet country life?" Al asked.

"That won't make any difference," Clark replied.

This was the first indication Al had that things were not going well in the Gable household.

On Clark's first birthday after their marriage, Sylvia had had a formal dinner party for him, the guest list made up of her Continental and café-society friends. For h

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

birthday in 1951, she told me she wanted to give him a party with *his* friends and *his* kind of food. She asked me what I thought he'd like most of all.

"Stewed chicken and dumplings are not exactly party fare," I said, "but that's Clark's favorite dish."

"Then that's what we'll have," Sylvia replied.

We were breaking in a new cook and when Sylvia mentioned the party to Clark he said, "Syl, I think you ought to wait until we see how this cook works out."

Sylvia thought the cook could handle chicken and dumplings, however, and invited the Menascos, the Stricklings, the Adrians, the Griffins and Merle Oberon.

That evening the house looked beautiful with fires burning in all the fireplaces and fresh flowers everywhere. Dinner was announced and the meal began.

The cook had prepared the chicken the day before, had not refrigerated it properly, and it had spoiled. She did not discover it until it was ready to serve, then panicked, and sent it in anyway. As Martin entered the dining room with the platter, he became aware that something was wrong; but the guests were at the table, so he could do nothing but serve the slightly odoriferous mixture.

Soon several of the ladies brought out perfumed handkerchiefs to dab at their noses. Nothing daunted, the men began to eat the chicken, all except Clark, who rose from the table and went to his room. By the time he returned the humor of the situation was paramount and guests were slightly hysterical with laughter as they recounted similar contretemps in an effort to put Sylvia at ease.

Sylvia knew that their marriage was failing and told Wayne Griffin that she would do anything in the world to save it. Naturally I knew that this was going on, but it was quite a shock to have Clark tell me that he had asked Sylvia for a divorce. I was much disturbed, because I had so hoped for happiness for both of them. Yet they were as far apart as the poles. Their concept and approach to life, people and the business of living, their likes and dislikes were so radically different that the breakup of their marriage was inevitable, although both tried hard to make a go of it.

On April 21, 1952, his sixteen-month marriage at an end, Clark was once more a free man—restless, bored, at loose ends.

Wayne Griffin and I both were concerned about Clark's recent pictures, and felt that in the future we must insist on better stories and direction. Finally M-G-M gave him the script of *Mogambo*. He flew out to East Africa where John Ford, the director, had been supervising production arrangements. Clark was crazy about this hunters' paradise, and wired for his hunting clothes, his guns and his movie camera.

During *Mogambo*, Clark had the time of his life. This was his kind of country, and the ten white hunters attached to the production spoke his kind of language. Whenever he could get away, he went on hunting safaris. Grace Kelly, with whom Clark became great friends, frequently got up at dawn to go on safari with him. Clark won the respect of the natives by shooting a crocodile beside the Kagera River.

Mogambo was previewed in Hollywood in midsummer, and the consensus was that the film would be a smash hit. Clark's future plans were now uppermost in his thinking. He was receiving advice from all sides. Many thought he should form his own company, others suggested he direct, others that he should retire.

I reminded him that his popularity was never higher and that he was on the distributors' "top ten" list, despite the fact that he was fifty-three and graying at the temples.

"I don't understand it, Jeanie," Clark said humbly. "How did I arrive at all this? I'm really not a great actor and by rights I should be playing character roles at my age, or thinking of retirement."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Your fans won't *let* you retire!"

Kay (Kathleen) Williams, whom Clark had seen a great deal just after his return from the service, now came into his life again. In that interim, she had married and divorced Adolph Spreckels II. Kathleen was a beautiful blonde with a sparkling wit. She lived in Beverly Hills with her two children: Bunker, who was six, and Joanie, four. They were both darlings and Clark became very fond of them.

This time it was no surprise when Clark came into my office and said, "Jean, I'm going to marry Kathleen. I think we can be happy together."

"Wonderful!" I said. "Now you'll have a family."

"Yes," he replied, "I really love those kids of hers. It will be great having them around."

The ranch was an ideal place for children. Clark got another burro to match the one Grace Kelly had given him after *Mogambo*, so both children could ride. Every evening at five-thirty Bunker and Joan had their dinner on trays in the den with Kathleen and Clark. After dinner there was a "parent-children hour" with games or perhaps television; then the children retired to their cottage with the nurse, Dody, and Kathleen and Clark settled down to the evening meal.

At Christmastime, the ranch was gay and lively because of the children. Clark and Kathleen gave Joan a black poodle named Missy, and Joanie was beside herself with joy. Bunker got the usual boy stuff, a football and some games.

Clark regaled the children with stories of his boyhood Christmases in Ohio. "We never brought the tree into the house until Christmas Eve," he said. "We put a white sheet around the base and decorated it with popcorn and real candles—none of that phony tinsel stuff for us. I always had an orange in the toe of my sock and a handful of hard candies."

"Pa, what was your best present?" Bunker asked.

"A pair of skates and a Horatio Alger book," Clark replied.

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One day Clark said to me, "I'd like to find a good story right away."

"What's the rush?" I inquired. "You don't really *have* to work, Mr. G."

"Perhaps not. But I've got a family now, and a big responsibility. Perhaps I'll just give acting up and start directing."

It was characteristic of Clark to make such statements in order to get a reaction. I knew what he really wanted was for me to reassure him. "Why quit when you're ahead?" I said. "You can choose your own stories now and can afford to wait for the good ones."

He switched his strategy then, and came up with what Kathleen called his "annual plan" to sell the ranch. "This place is too much of an expense," he said.

I began to laugh. "You're not going to sell it and you know it."

He grinned like a small boy caught out. "You're right. I love it. My roots are here. Besides, it's such a good place to raise children."

In the summer of 1959, Clark and Kathleen fell in love with a low, rambling house in Bermuda Dunes, Palm Springs, and decided to buy it for a "between pictures" winter-vacation residence. The house adjoined a golf course and both began to take the game seriously. When Howard and Gail Strickling visited them early the next year, they found Clark shooting in the high seventies.

"I've got to get in shape," Clark said. "If I'm to play a lean, tough horse wrangler in *The Misfits* this summer, I need to drop about thirty pounds."

Most of the spring Clark continued to golf and diet, and by the time he and Kathleen celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary he had lost thirty-five pounds and looked very fit.

The Misfits started shooting on July 18 and

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper. ENGLISH PROVERB

Kathleen and the children spent the summer with Clark "on location" at Reno. Harry Mines, public-relations man for the picture, said that Clark's impact was tremendous. "All the local people wanted to have their picture taken with him," he said. One day Harry found Clark in town, flat on his back under his stalled Mercedes. "All the fans had gathered around to tell him what to do and how to do it. Clark was really sweating."

Harry set up many interviews for Clark, but the writers and newsmen found that he would rarely talk about himself. "We sure got a good story from Gable," they would report to Harry. "All about motors in foreign cars and what that Mercedes can do on a desert road."

Clark had a chauffeur-driven car at his disposal, but drove himself to and from the location site a great deal of the time, which meant after the site had been moved from Reno to a dry lake near Dayton, Nevada) a fifty- or sixty-minute drive twice a day. Wrangling of wild mustangs on the ranges was an integral part of the film's action, and the searing heat in the Nevada desert was hard on everyone. Marilyn Monroe collapsed from heat exhaustion. Dust storms, a forest fire and other delays held up the shooting for days.

In August, Clark announced to the company that he was going to be a father. "Imagine a wonderful thing like this happening to an old guy like me," he remarked. "It's an extra dividend from life and I want to make the most of it." It was unthinkable to him that the baby could be anything but a boy, and he constantly referred to the "little fellow" who was on his way. His concern for Kay was touching.

On the last day of shooting, Friday, November 4, there was a studio party to celebrate the end of the picture. The next day Clark had a date to look at a horse with Howard Strickling, but called in the morning to say that he didn't feel too well and would like to postpone the appointment until Sunday.

Early Sunday morning, Kathleen called the Stricklings. Clark was in the hospital with a heart attack. She meant to stay right with him. No visitors were allowed to see Clark, but flowers, telegrams, letters and cards from friends and fans poured in, expressing love and concern. President Eisenhower wired him "not to worry, not to get angry, and follow your doctor's advice."

The next week, Clark was much better and the doctor felt that if he continued to improve, by the twelfth day he would be out of danger. We were greatly relieved at this news, happy that the King was going to be all right.

Early Thursday morning, November 17, I had a call from Howard. "Jeanie," he said, "we've lost Clark."

"Oh, no!" I cried, shocked and incredulous.

Clark had had a visit from his doctor, who talked of permitting him to go home in a few weeks, provided he took care of himself.

"Don't worry," Clark said. "I don't intend to do a lick of work until after my son is born. I want to be right there when he arrives, to look after him and watch him grow. You couldn't tear me away."

About eleven that night Kathleen, who had been with Clark all evening, retired to an adjoining room. The nurse was settling Clark for the night when he leaned against his pillows, sighed gently and was gone.

Funeral services with full military honors by the United States Air Force were held for Clark at the Church of the Recessional at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. They were conducted by Chaplain Johnson E. West, USAF, with the dignity, simplicity and privacy Clark would have liked and approved.

Russ took my hand as the sound of Taps floated out in the bright autumn morning. Memories of Clark's generosity, his kindness and his courage flooded my thoughts. Then the realization came to me that life is eternal and that all the qualities we admired and loved in Clark were indestructible and would live on. With this came a deep sense of peace.

John Clark Gable was born at 7:48 on the morning of March 20, 1961. He weighed eight pounds, had a shock of black hair. He looks very like his father. END

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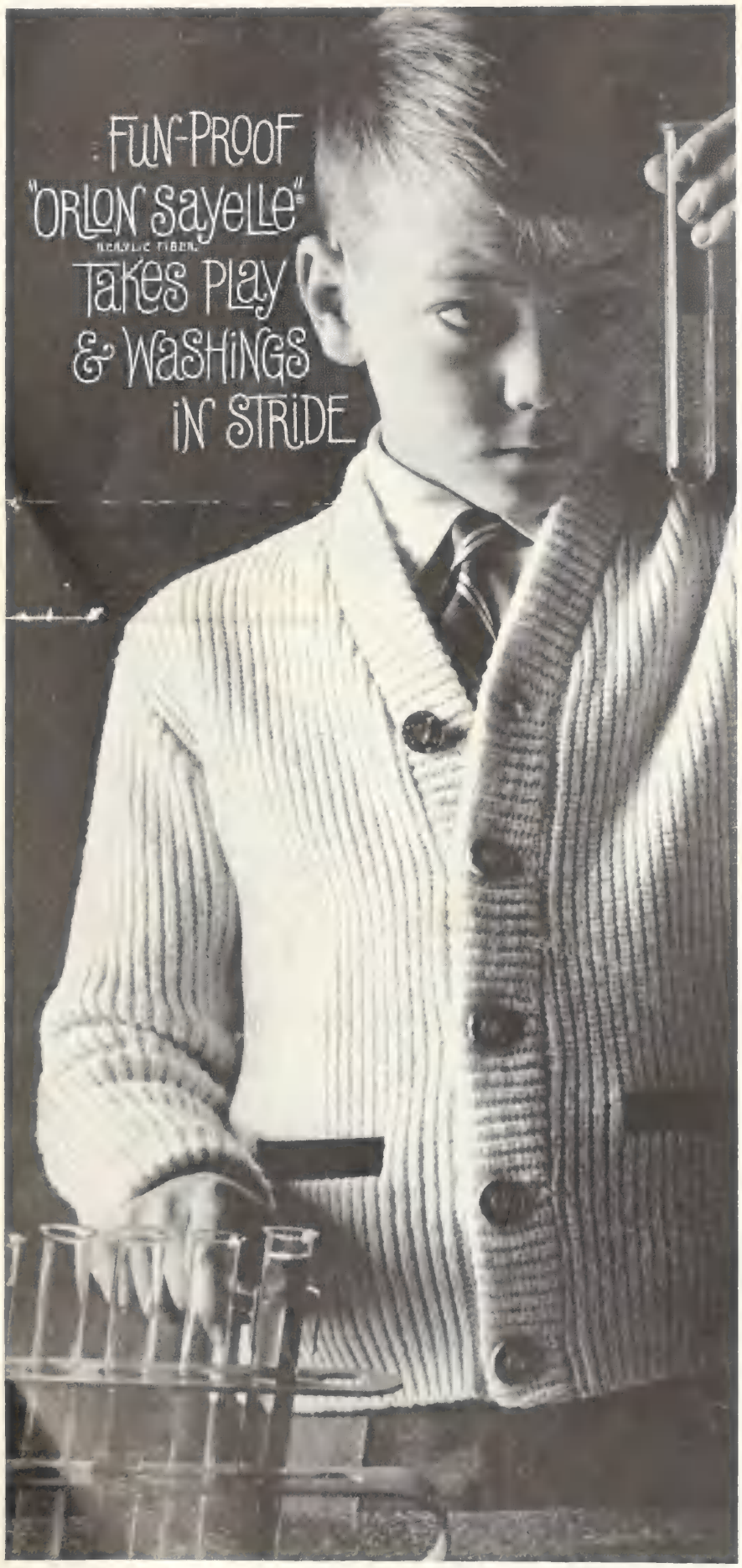
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THE HAZARDS OF BEING BORN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

would have appealed to me. But from what I've seen, I don't believe that this course is fair to the parents or the child, and I think that most of the doctors I've known feel somewhat the same way. I agree that if a baby's condition is not good, the doctor should tell the parents that he is concerned and that he is watching carefully. But since a great majority of the babies with most of these conditions recover and develop well, he is being not only kind but correct in being as optimistic as is warranted. If the diagnosis is definite, the parents should know it too. But if, as is true in so many cases of poor color or unsatisfactory breathing or serious jaundice, the cause is not yet clear, I think it is unwise for the doctor to run through a list of all the possibilities. At best this will be only partially understandable to the distraught parents. And experience shows that such a wide-ranging discussion will raise dozens of mistaken and morbid ideas in the parents' minds, which are worse than any reality. After all, the baby has only one disease, not a dozen, even though it's not yet diagnosed. When tests are to be performed it usually does not prove helpful for the doctor to try to explain the complexities of their purpose; but it is wise for him to mention them in advance so that the parents will not be surprised when they find out by chance that some procedure is being done. Everyone would agree that when the parents ask explicit questions the doctor should answer them honestly.

For the past three years a dozen of us in the departments of Pediatrics and Psychiatry at Western Reserve University have been engaged, with a small group of co-operating families, in studying closely how professional people such as pediatricians and general practitioners and public-health nurses can be most helpful to parents in the rearing of their children. (The study has been made possible by generous financial support from the Grant Foundation, established by William T. Grant.) Several of the babies had temporary medical difficulties in the first few days after birth. A year later, we asked the mothers and fathers how they thought such crises should be handled by doctors, and the gist of their remarks was: "Of course we wouldn't want to be deceived. But don't tell us anything more complicated or threatening than we need to know." They agreed, too, that it's a great help when the parents have had an opportunity to become acquainted with the doctor who will be caring for the baby, before the latter is born. In ordinary practice this opportunity is not taken very often, but we all agreed that it ought to be—in all cases.

I'll broaden the topic a bit and offer these suggestions to parents who have a child of *any* age who develops a serious illness in which the diagnosis or the future course remains in doubt. Ask the doctor anything you really want to know. In fact, you'd better make a list, because the anxiety aroused by discussing the disease usually drives half the questions out of your mind while you are with him. But if you see that he can't be definite beyond a point, it will probably work out better for you in the long run if you don't ask him to speculate—unless there's a specific worry behind your question. If you can't feel satisfied with his explanation or management, it's your privilege to ask, as a matter of course, for a consultation with a doctor of your choice or his. This usually eases the tensions all around.

A mother has written me that the style for long, pointed shoes for women has invaded the children's shoe market, and that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find sensibly shaped shoes for girls. There's no great harm in adding a point beyond where the toes lie, except that shoes which are longer than necessary are clumsy and the tips tend to turn up. But it certainly deforms the feet and leads to trouble later when a taper on the inner side of the shoe has any tendency to push the big toe over toward the second toe. In other words, the big toe should be able to point straight ahead, in the direction that the whole foot points, not only when the shoe is flat on the floor but when the toes are pushed forward into the shoe during a step. The surest way to persuade manufacturers to stop making unhealthful shoes is not to buy them.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

September, 1911, was the heyday of the phonograph. A common complaint was, "How can a man who doesn't like phonograph music visit his friends in comfort?" *That Ragtime Suffragette* was one of the newer tunes. The English Channel was conquered by a swimmer for the second time, and a household maid earned about $11 a month.

"A crisp dollar bill" was paid to each contributor of the JOURNAL *column, "What Other Women Have Found Out" in the September, 1911, issue. Sample idea: "If black silk stockings seem too thin, they may be worn over black cotton ones, giving the appearance of heavy silk."*

Another suggestion: "Make Tuesday your washday and Sunday evening will not be spoiled by worrying about putting the clothes to soak."

The Country Girl Who Comes to the City: "A steamheated room in a big fireproof hotel and three meals a day cost $5 a week; but as many factory girls start at $4 a week, this amount is, of course, prohibitive."

"The supply of servants is totally inadequate to the demand. Housewives have no choice but to return to the kitchen. New mechanical aids will help. The new electric washing machines require only two cents' worth of power to do the laundry for a family of ten."

"A woodbox for the kitchen should be raised so that a woman does not have to stoop when the supply runs low."

"Dainty and modest" describes a violet-sprigged dress of sheer lawn with puff sleeves, worn with a huge frilled cap decked with violets for garden parties.

Printed in U.S

LADIES' HOME

OCTOBER 1961 35¢

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

PRINCESS GRACE

Tells Her Story To The Journal

MAN'S FIRST GREAT LOVE

CONDENSED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Promise At Dawn by Romain Gary

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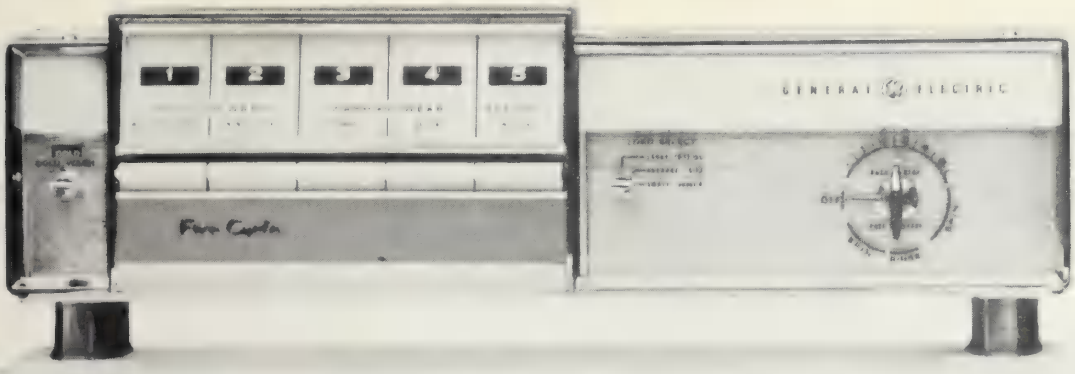
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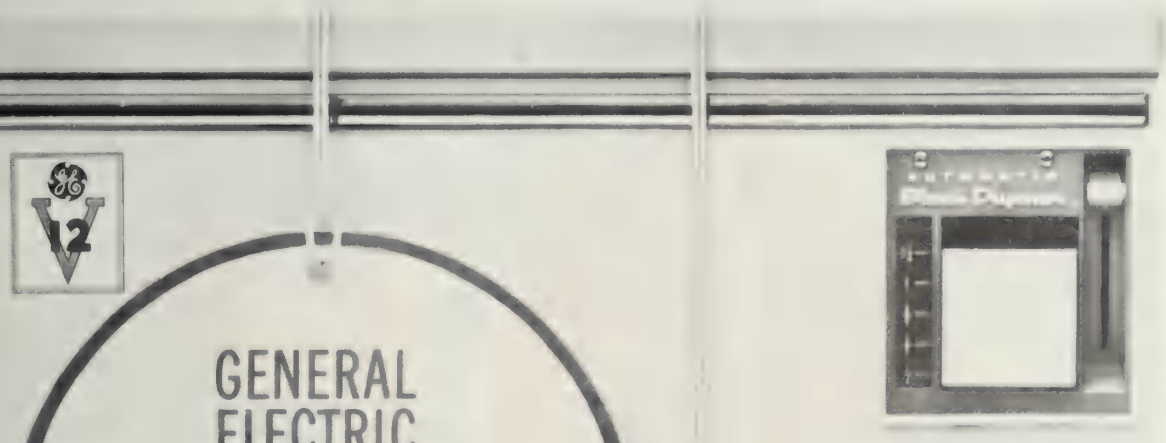


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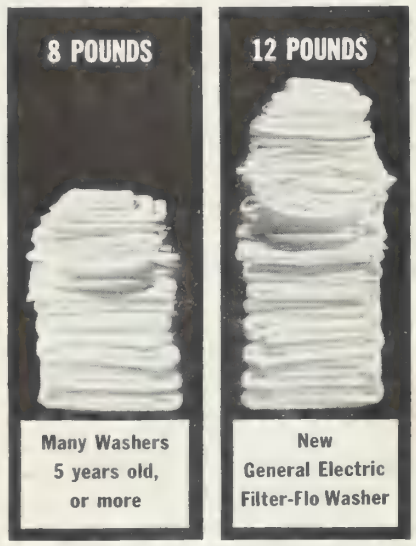
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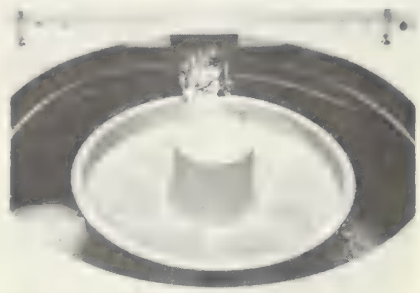


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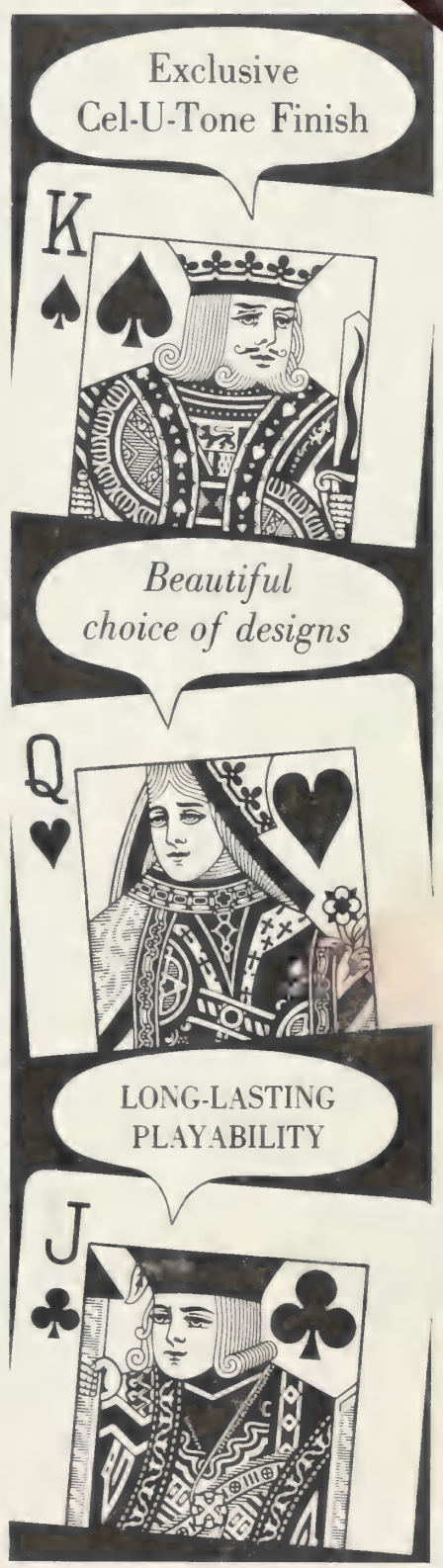
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*One cut-up fryer or your favorite chicken parts may be substituted.

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OUR READERS



IF YOU DON'T LIKE TV, COMPLAIN

Dear Editors: What can we do? Tell us. Some say don't watch TV; others say don't buy the sponsors' products, write to the sponsors and ask for better, less lurid, shows. Do you *honestly* believe that those worldly wise big boys would care one iota whether a few people complained when they have 500,000 other viewers who don't take the time to look up the sponsor's name and address, much less voice their opinions? I don't.

You should publish an article in *Ladies' Home Journal* asking your readers if they would be willing to forsake TV (in mass) for one particular week this fall when all the new shows are coming back. Naturally, all ratings will hit bottom, sponsors will squawk, the few good shows may bring pressure to bear and, bingo!—we've got our foot in the door and then we can press for better, cleaner entertainment. Threaten that viewers will continue to "sit out."

You should ask parents who are dissatisfied with TV programs to write their complaints to you. This country hasn't had a good fight in so long our morals have slipped.

With deepest sincerity,
MRS. RAY W. CULTER
Kansas City, Mo

▶ *We're quite certain that TV will be improved when viewers and listeners vigorously complain to the TV networks and to sponsors when they don't like the programs. They will not improve their programs until the dissatisfied say they are dissatisfied with what they see. If you don't want to write to the networks, your local station, or sponsors of programs you dislike, write to Mr. Newton M. Minow, Chairman, Federal Communications Commission, Washington 25, D.C. Tell him you are backing his effort to make the "vast wasteland" of TV a more cultivated area of culture, entertainment and education. ED.*

NO LONGER MAMMA'S GIRL

Dear Editors: When I married, I was a spoiled, indulged, immature nineteen-year-old. However, my parents said one thing to me which was worth more than all my wedding gifts. "Once you are married, you won't be our child any more," they told me. "Come home to visit often, but *never* come without your husband, after an argument."

This seemingly tough attitude saved my marriage on more than one occasion, for I had to learn to rely solely on my husband and myself.

Very truly yours,
Westfield, N. J. BEATRICE F. KEEBER

ADOPTION LAWS OLD-FASHIONED?

Dear Journal: Because I am a "young" over-forty mother of two wonderful adopted children under the age of ten, I would like to speak up for the many older couples who are denied.

Today with the lengthened life span and modern advances in health, some agencies have relaxed their "40" age limit, but too many have not. Couples who have the characteristics to be good parents in their twenties may have many added advantages in their forties—and there are certainly many natural mothers who continue to bear children after passing the forty mark.

Let's get rid of some of the old-fashioned rules.
Pittsburgh, Pa. *Name Withheld*

WITH OUR EDITORS IN JUGOSLAVIA

To: Mary Bass, Executive Editor

Dear Mary: This would be a great country for Grandma Moses. It's going wild over primitives. Every farmer and cobbler is seizing a paintbrush. I bought a couple of paintings at Kovacaci, a hamlet outside Beograd, where a group of farmer artists do amusing and touching things. Wonderful fellows. There



Two primitives by farmer Jonas.



are a few primitive painters like Generalic and Hegedusic, who do might good things, and maybe you'll be impressed by the two by Martin Jonas I bought, if I manage to lug them home.

Best wishes from Beatrice and me
Dubrovnik, Jugoslavia BRUCE

"GO WEST," AS THE MAN SAID

Gentlemen: You have a most interesting article in your August issue, *From Gorger to Gorgeous* by Bonnie Griffith. Clearly she was tremendously helped by Ruth West's book, *Stop Dieting! Start Losing!* published by E. P. Dutton. The recipes that she used are taken straight from that book.

Miss West is flattered that she used them and liked them. But she does wish that the book, the author and the publisher had been given proper credit.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH R. OTT
Literary Representative
New York City

Look what you can do with peach gelatin, cling peaches and cranberries!

Now you can blend tradition with excitement to create the most colorful holiday salad of the year.



ROYAL PEACH-CRANBERRY SALAD

Peach Layer—Prepare *1 pkg.* (*3 oz.*) *Royal Peach Gelatin* as directed on package. When slightly thickened, add *1 can* (*1 lb., 1 oz.*) *well-drained cling peach slices* and pour into 1½ qt. mold or 9″ x 9″ x 2″ pan. Chill until set.

Cranberry Layer—Prepare *1 pkg.* (*3 oz.*) *Royal Peach Gelatin* using only *1½ cups water.* As gelatin thickens, coarsely grind *1 cup cranberries* and *½ orange.* Stir in *½ cup sugar;* let stand 15 minutes. Add to thickened gelatin; pour over peach layer. Chill until firm. Serves 8 to 10.

For a light dessert, prepare only the Peach Layer as above. Serve in dessert glasses.

Royal Gelatin Tastes Like Fresh Ripe Fruit*
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BRING US YOUR PROBLEMS

Our readers are our friends and we are theirs. For years they have brought their *Journal* many questions. Some of them, and our answers, we feel might interest many. Our editors' close touch with human life is revealed in the *Journal*'s power to reach so many millions of women so deeply, month after month, year after year. Let us help you with your problems. When writing, address Problem Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Dear Journal: How do you persuade a father to act like a father? My husband sits at the table and never notices our children's terrible table manners. They stay up as late as they like unless I nag them to bed in desperation. I am being forced into the nagging corner, and I don't want to add that to my shortcomings. Our children won't confide in him or even ask his permission, because they say "He never listens." He's really a fine man, and I love him dearly. He is active in the community, and used to take an interest in his family. I feel like a traitor putting this on paper. But I need his help.

DESPERATE WIFE

It sounds as though your husband decided long ago that you really did not want his advice. Perhaps when the children were small you managed so capably that you brushed off his sometimes clumsy efforts to help.

He evidently has the respect of the community. The chances are that he would like to have it at home—from you as well as the children. Encourage him now, in the spirit of the love you speak of, to take real command. Ask him to help set new directions for the entire family. The biggest change must be in yourself, for you must be prepared to follow. And there's a bonus ahead: as your respect for him grows, so will your love.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: Why don't my mother and mother-in-law offer to baby-sit once in a while? I've heard them complain about being lonesome, but when my last child was born neither of them showed up until the baby and I had been home for a week. My husband had all the burden of caring for us and my older children. How can these women be so cold and selfish?

MRS. G.

Perhaps they are bending over backward trying not to be "interfering mothers-in-law." If you need them, tell them so. But expect them to give their help out of kindness, not duty. Many families hire a housekeeper or practical nurse to help out while a new mother is regaining her strength. Dependable teenagers usually can be found to baby-sit. Mothers-in-law make good friends, but poor servants.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: My husband is in business with his family and we all live in the same small town. My in-laws are kind people, but they don't seem to realize that their son is a grown man with a family of his own. They visit us every night or expect us to visit them. If we don't show up, they call and want to know why. Our outside social life is disappearing. As a young wife still in love, I would like some time alone with my husband. He seems satisfied with the situation. How can I tactfully get us out of our rut?

TOO MUCH FAMILY

Here's one suggestion: begin making plans with other couples for evenings or weekends. Then say to your husband, "It would be nice to spend the day with your family, but the Browns have invited us for dinner." That should be easier for him to take than, "I don't know what we should do today, but let's not go to your family's again."

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: I am a thirteen-year-old girl and I have a problem with my parents. At rare times they are understanding. Most of the time they blow up at me for everything I do, right or wrong. Should I retort or keep my mouth shut?

INDIGNANT DAUGHTER

You have a valid grievance if your parents criticize you unjustly. Are you sure some of their criticism isn't reasonable? The next time your parents are in an understanding mood, calmly try to tell them how frustrated you feel when you "can't do anything right." Try harder to please them. Maybe they will praise you when you succeed. Home should be a happy place for all, and can be.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: This year my eleven-year-old has come home from school almost every day in tears. Betsy is bright and diligent, so her classmates put pressure on her to let them copy her homework and test papers. She refuses to do this, and as a result she has been made the object of ridicule and contempt. When she confided in the teacher, the teacher bluntly scolded the class and now Betsy is taunted all the more for being a "tattletale." Must my daughter suffer because other parents set no standards for their children?

SADDENED MOTHER

Your child was right in refusing to allow copying, possibly wrong in telling the teacher. Perhaps Betsy unwittingly antagonizes her classmates by a "holier than thou" attitude. Tell her not to cooperate with cheaters, but neither to make a point of shielding her test papers. She should try to ignore the taunting, and work at being friendly and natural. If she is not self-righteous, eventually her tormentors will lose interest.

THE EDITORS



Reynolds Wrap makes this unusual company dish possit
... and keeps the cook with her company! It's GAI-TAO (In ca
you don't speak Cantonese, that means "Peachy Chicken").

1½ tbsp. soy sauce	⅓ c. butter
2 beef bouillon cubes	1 (1 lb. 13 oz.) can cling peach hal
2 c. packaged pre-cooked rice	3 tbsp. flaked coconut
6 chicken breasts	Powdered ginger

Add enough boiling water to soy sauce to make 2 cups liqu
add bouillon cubes, dissolve. Pour over rice, cover, let stand wh
browning chicken. Season chicken with salt and pepper. Bro
in butter. Save drippings.

Spoon rice onto centers of 6 (12-inch) squares of Reynolds Wr
(double thickness). Top with chicken, spoon drippings over
Close foil tightly. Bake in 400° F. oven for 45 minutes.

Drain peaches. Uncover chicken, place peach half on each, spr
kle with coconut. Dust peaches and chicken with ginger. Br
until coconut and chicken are golden brown. Makes 6 servin



Look what you can do with hot cling peaches & chicken!

Try one, try them all: cradled in a casserole... barbecued, baked, fried or broiled, there is simply nothing like the perfect partnership of hot cling peaches and chicken! No matter how you heat them... in a saucepan with butter or their own syrup, in the roaster with your chicken, or toasted under the broiler ... golden cling peaches, served hot and fragrant make the very most of delicate chicken flavor!

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD

Carnation Evaporated Milk gets it ready for the oven in 7 work-saving minutes . . . there's no cream sauce to make, no flour or butter to blend in this QUICK AND EASY CHICKEN-PEACH BAKE!

- 3 c. potato chips, slightly crushed
- 1 (10 oz.) pkg. frozen green beans, asparagus or broccoli, cooked
- 1-2 c. cooked chicken
- ½ c. sliced almonds
- 1 c. shredded process American cheese
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 1½ c. drained canned cling peach slices

Place 2½ cups potato chips in 8-inch square baking dish. Arrange vegetable, chicken, almonds and ¾ cup of the cheese in layers. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice.

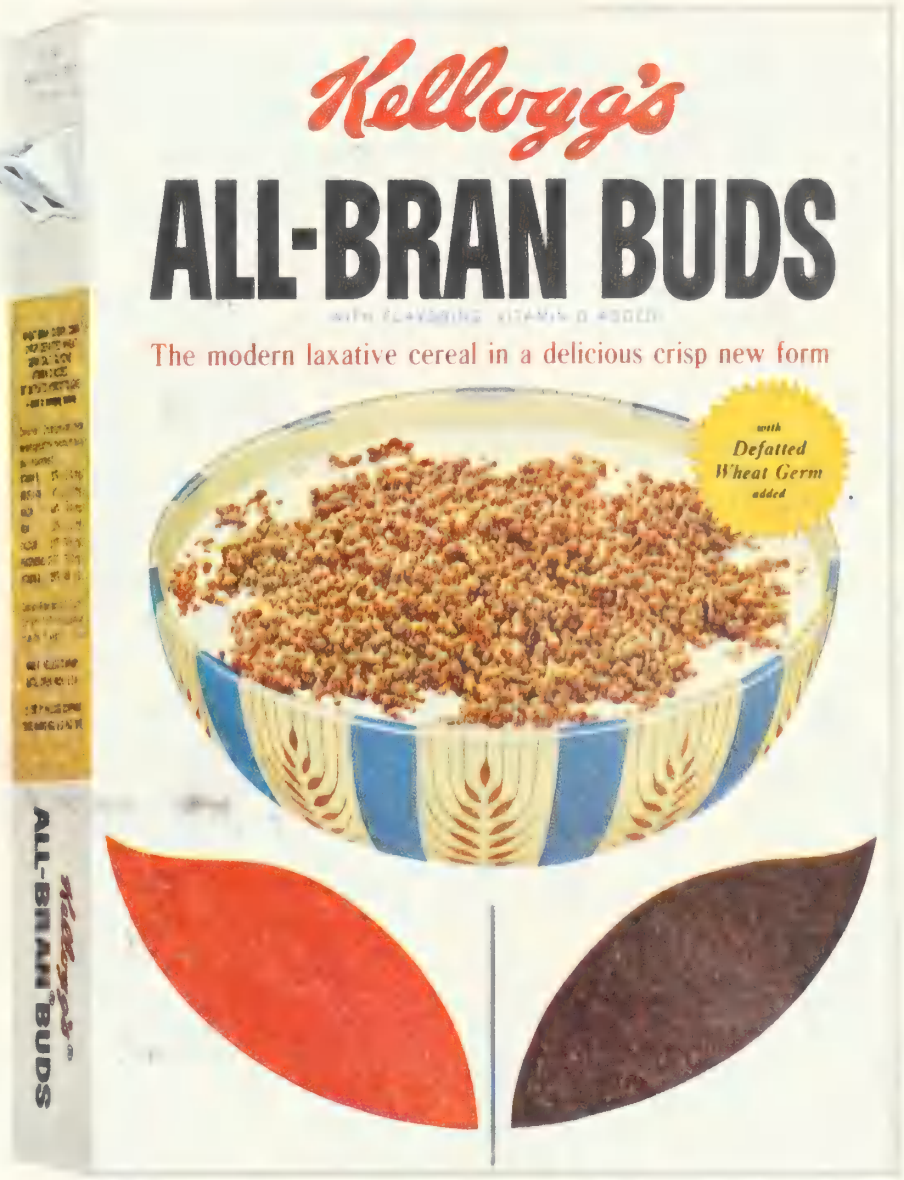
Pour milk over casserole. Place remaining potato chips around sides and edge of dish. Bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes. Arrange well-drained cling peach slices over casserole. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese. Bake 5 to 10 minutes longer. Makes 4-6 servings.

Fried chicken's everybody's favorite ... but to make it taste (and look) even better ... serve it with golden cling peaches, hot! The half-sweet, half-tangy peach flavor does the MOST for crispy old-fashioned chicken. Here's how to have a real PEACH-OF-A-CHICKEN FRY!

Use your favorite frying method. 5-10 minutes before done, drain the excess fat from pan, add well-drained cling peach halves. Heat 5-10 minutes longer, then sprinkle peaches with thyme or rosemary, or serve plain.

Remember: Cling peaches always hold their flavor, their plump shape and sunny color during heating!

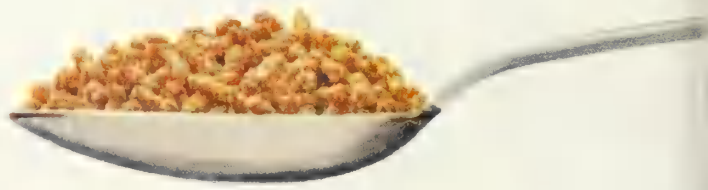
New kind of bran from Kellogg's



© 1961 by Kellogg Company

Crisp new form

with defatted wheat germ added



Tasty and tender

Everything about Kellogg's All-Bran Buds is new—the flavor, the crispness, the form, the formula.

For the first time, defatted wheat germ has been added to the natural laxative properties of bran.

Just half a cup of Kellogg's All-Bran Buds each day is effective in correcting the stubborn kind of constipation that is caused by a lack of bulk in the diet.

All-Bran Buds are crisp and tender, and have a sweetness all their own. If you need bran, you've never had it so good. Try Kellogg's All-Bran Buds soon.

Now you can get the benefits of bran either way you like

This is the Original Kellogg's All-Bran

Favorite of millions—proved reliability

Kellogg's All-Bran is the real Battle Creek formula originated by Mr. W. K. Kellogg more than 40 years ago.

Ever since, it has been America's favorite whole bran cereal. Kellogg's All-Bran gives folks the effectiveness they want because it supplies the bulk so often missing in modern diets. And it has a flavor that reminds many people of old-fashioned bran muffins.



TELL ME DOCTOR

ABBOT MILLS



I've been going to a doctor ho insists that nausea of regnancy is all in a woman's ind. But I'm sick! Can you o something to help me?"

, GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

he doctor was concerned by the ext patient's appearance the mo- ent she entered his consulting oom. Virginia Owens was four onths pregnant, according to the p his secretary gave him. Yet she as thin to the point of emaciation. here were deep, dark circles under r eyes. Her mouth, beneath the stick, was dry and cracked. She nk into the nearest chair as though e lacked the energy to go a step rther.

"I'm sorry to be late," she said arily. "I had an attack of nausea the bus—it was crowded and affy—and had to get off to keep m upchucking then and there. octor, do you believe that morning kness is all in a pregnant woman's nd?"

"What makes you ask, Mrs. vens?"

"It's what the doctor I've been ng to tells me. Psychosomatic, calls it, the result of nerves, rry, fatigue, things like that. Is really true?"

The doctor replied cautiously, here is a good deal of evidence to t effect. But some of us believe it mistake to take it too much for nted. We might overlook some- ng important. Has your doctor en you any medication for the sea?"

"He gave me some tranquilizer s. But I couldn't keep them down, they didn't help much. I've kept rcely anything down, morning, n or night, for weeks. Fluids, ecially, come right up again. It n't like this at all when I had first two babies—by my first mar- ge, that is. I've a pain here"—in- ating her upper abdomen—"and a constant ache here"—pointing to the stomach region. "I didn't get to see my doctor on my last office visit; he was called away. So I phoned him, told him how miserable I felt. He gave me the same story about its being psychosomatic, that I must get hold of myself. But Doctor, I'm *sick!*"

"I would certainly say that when nausea of pregnancy goes on and on this way, an attempt should be made to find out why."

Virginia leaned forward, said eagerly, "That's all I ask! Somebody to pay some *attention*. Will you take my case?"

The doctor consented, after he had satisfied himself that Virginia was determined to change doctors in any event. She poured out her story, obviously relieved to have found an interested listener. The doctor learned that there had been marked differences between the circumstances attending her present pregnancy and her first two, when morning queasiness had been easily controlled by frequent, small meals high in carbohydrate. The doctor she had had for the first two babies had taken great pains to make his patients comfortable. Virginia's first husband, too, had been kind and solicitous, assuming household chores so that she could get more rest during the first three months, when her stomach was easily upset.

Her second husband, Eric Owens, was a fine man, too, she assured the doctor hastily, wonderfully generous toward her children and herself. It was just that he was a different type—extremely dynamic, hard-working, anxious to get ahead. "He doesn't have time for home problems. And it has been worse since I told him about the new baby. He is scarcely at home now except to sleep! I thought he would like to have children of his own, but maybe I was mistaken. Maybe that is part of the trouble." Virginia stopped short, then said with a wry little laugh. "I guess I have been making out a pretty good case for psychosomatics after all, haven't I?"

"It's true that strain and worry can accentuate physical discomfort, whatever its cause. But tell me, Virginia; have you ever had any digestive ailments aside from nausea of pregnancy?"

"Why, yes, not long after my first husband's death. I was dreadfully upset from grief and worry. My doctor—the one who delivered my children—X-rayed me and put me through tests, said it was incipient ulcer. He started me on a bland diet, and the pain went away—I had forgotten all about it! Actually, it was very like the pain I'm having now."

The doctor laid down his pen. "We mustn't drag this interview out too long; you really ought to be home in bed. I would like to give

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



This is the way to get delicious, full-of-flavor, fluffy grains of rice!

Here's the kind of rice you get *every* time with River Brand or Carolina Brand *natural** white rice. Ready fast and easy—just follow simple quick-cooking directions on the back of every box. You're *sure* of fluffy, separate grains and fresh *natural* flavor—never any flat pre-cooked or cooked-out taste. And you get up to *3 times as much rice and energy-value for your money!*

To make heavenly taste treats like the recipe pictured here, send coupon below now for a wonderful special offer of 3 new, exclusive House of Herbs spice blends—Rice-Dish Herb Blend, Saffron Seasoning Blend, and luscious new Spanish Rice Seasoning—plus 2 "Rice & Spice" recipe leaflets. (No box top needed—get River Brand or Carolina Rice while spices are on the way to you.)

*White rice which has not been processed or pre-cooked.

RIVER BRAND RICE MILLS, INC.



RIVER BRAND
Regular Grain White Rice

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Only through this offer, get 3 generous ounce vials of superior quality House of Herbs, Inc. exclusive Rice-Dish Herb Blend, costly Saffron Seasoning Blend, and luscious new Spanish Rice Seasoning—all 3 for 50¢, **worth much more!** 2 "Rice & Spice" recipe leaflets included. Send 50¢ now to: Rice & Spice, Box 366, N. Y. 10, N. Y., Dept. L

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Waistline pantie or girdle. $7.50. In white, black, beige, blue. (In Canada, too.) Other Double Play™ slimwear briefs, panties, corselettes from $5.95. Better washed in Warner Wash, 10 oz. $1.50.

Now there's a girdle with crisscross bands that gives you back the flat tummy of your teens! The Double Play girdle by Warner's

My face never felt so clean
...my skin never looked so clear!



Revlon

'clean and clear'

The scientific, gentle way to wash your face

© Revlon, Inc., 1961

"Every night I remove the day with 'Clean and Clear'. This simple cleansing does wonderful things for my skin. It penetrates the pores to clean so thoroughly my night cream has a chance to be more effective. As far as I'm concerned, soap-and-water is for the shower! My complexion is too important for anything but 'Clean and Clear'. Isn't yours?" And Revlon scientists created this light and creamy cleanser in 2 special formulas. Pink for normal or oily skin. White for extra dry skin. Either way, it's *everything* a cleanser should be . . . thorough but gentle . . . your most luxurious necessity! Try it. You'll see.





What's causing those terrible headaches?

It's one of the most frequent complaints a doctor hears. Headache. In fact, about *half* the patients of a doctor in general practice suffer from headache.

Sure, you've had them, too; and if they become chronic, you wonder what's behind them. That's for your doctor to tell you. It could be your eyes, ears, sinuses, nose or teeth. Or is it constipation, menstruation, pregnancy, the menopause, vitamin deficiency, or an allergy?

Actually, the most *frequent* cause of headache is *tension*. The kind of tension you experience on a hectic day when things go wrong. There's a good chance tension is behind *your* headaches.

What to do about them? For years, people depended mostly on plain aspirin for relief of many kinds of pain. But today, we have Bufferin®. Doctors recommend Bufferin *by name* more often than any other leading pain remedy.

Why Bufferin? Because only Bufferin adds to aspirin the exclusive combination of ingredients called Di-Alminate.* As a result, Bufferin goes to work *twice as fast* as aspirin for millions.

And you can take Bufferin as many as four, five, six times a day—without stomach discomfort.

If you've been bothered by chronic headaches, don't hesitate to see your doctor. Plenty of people share the same problem.

And remember, Bufferin brings fast, gentle relief from headache pain. It's no wonder doctors recommend Bufferin by name more often than any other leading brand of pain reliever.



*Bristol-Myers registered trademark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

IED FROM PAGE 9

brief examination, covering essentials

doctor found that the pregnancy, most tely, was proceeding normally. The canty urine specimen, however, indi- ehydration, the degree of which would rmined by laboratory examination. as also definite tenderness in Virginia's domen, where she had said the pain ut the most urgent thing was to get uid into her parched tissues.

have a little infirmary right here in the ," the doctor told her. "I'm going to ary Ann take you up there. We will some glucose solution by vein. That the dehydration temporarily. Mean- he receptionist will phone your hus- sk him to pick you up, take you home you to bed. No more buses for you, ady, while you are in this state!"

our later Virginia, feeling considerably s the result of a copious glucose injec- as ready to go home—by taxi. Mr. s office had reported that he was in an nt meeting and could not be disturbed. ginia's mother, Mrs. Pierson, had d to stay at the Owens home as long nia needed her.

ve called your druggist, Virginia," the aid, "and ordered some pills for your ed stomach condition, and some rec- ositories which contain a combined and tranquilizer. You can't throw ! As soon as you get home, insert one uppositories. Immerse yourself in a arm water for twenty minutes to half —you'll find this very relaxing—then bed and stay there. Don't take any- mouth, not even the stomach pills, are free from nausea. We'll hope that y tomorrow morning. The fluid you had by vein will carry you over."

rs. Pierson told the doctor over the xt day that though Virginia had had leep, she had been unable to keep er the anti-irritant pills for her stom- e thin cereal she had had for break- laboratory meanwhile had reported mal concentration of acetone and cid in the urine, characteristic of dehydration. It might be difficult to

speak to Mr. Owens?" the doctor

t at six, Doctor." There was a faintly note in Mrs. Pierson's voice. "He out of town on business."

tor suppressed an irritated exclama- en I guess it is up to you and me, son. Virginia must go to the hospi- be alarmed," as he heard Mrs. Pier- "Her condition isn't desperate. But neglected far too long, and we will ork fast. Since Mr. Owens is not she can go in a taxi, or I will send an if she prefers. I will meet her at the

ad you are going to help Virginia, Mrs. Pierson said. "But what can a hospital that we couldn't do right me?"

a may simply have an aggravated usea and vomiting of pregnancy— is, we doctors call it. Even so, when s allowed to get into as bad a state is in, it may be as difficult to pull it as if there were an organic cause uble. As it happens, I suspect that s a recurrence of the ulcer symp- isplayed after her first husband's rimposed upon the common tend- d nausea of pregnancy. Combina- is kind can make matters much

ential to get food and nourishment mmediately, Mrs. Pierson," the t on. "In the hospital, we will it intravenously, in the form of a ution, fortified with essential vita- inerals. Some of these newer solu- most the equivalent of food con- that doesn't do the trick, we can high-caloric feedings, through a But that can be pretty unpleasant; e does well on it."

"And if those expedients don't work with Virginia, Doctor?" Mrs. Pierson's voice now came calm and strong.

"In such a case, it might be necessary to terminate the pregnancy, though that is a pretty risky thing at four months, and very seldom required nowadays. We'll try our best to avoid it. Incidentally, Virginia must have absolute quiet, with no visitors, not even you or Mr. Owens, until we get the best of this nausea situation."

The "easy" tests of blood and urine made as soon as Virginia reached the hospital confirmed, as far as they went, the doctor's estimate of a combination of difficulties. He did not wish to subject her to X ray or the more harrowing diagnostic procedures for ulcer until her condition had greatly improved. But two days of rest, with fortified fluids trickling into her veins, carried Virginia past the immediate danger point. The third morning she asked for breakfast and complained, when the doctor came in, because the nurse wouldn't give her any!

He smiled down at her, noting that already her eyes were brighter, her cheeks were plumping out. "By tomorrow or the next day, at the latest, I think I can promise that you will be taking your nourishment by mouth—and what is more, holding it down. We'll keep you here, with complete quiet and rest, for a few days after that. Then you can go home, though I shall ask you to be very careful about your diet. If it were just a question of morning sickness, I wouldn't object to your eating almost anything you like, so long as it goes down and stays down. But I am pretty sure there has been a reactivation of the former potential ulcer, probably aggravated by the pregnancy. We'll check on that more carefully in due time. Meanwhile, it would be wise for you to go back on the ulcer-type diet that pulled you through the digestive trouble the other time. Besides, milk and other bland fluids and soups will help keep your tissues supplied with moisture."

"I feel so much better already, Doctor, I know I'll get well quickly once I'm rid of the seasickness. If only Eric ——"

"The way you look now, Virginia, you are going to get well quickly, Eric or no Eric!"

The doctor had just closed the door of Virginia's room, with its "No Visitors" sign, when a tall, well-dressed man came striding down the hall, followed by an agitated nurse. "Doctor," the nurse said breathlessly, "this is Mrs. Owens's husband. He insists on seeing his wife, though I've told him you have forbidden any visitors at all."

"So you're Ginny's new doctor," Eric Owens said challengingly. "I want to know what's going on here. I get home to find my wife in the hospital. Her mother says you talked about maybe taking the baby. Well, nobody is going to take that baby! And nobody is going to keep me from seeing my wife!"

"I would like nothing better than to tell you what has been going on," the doctor replied equably. And steering Mr. Owens into an unoccupied room, he proceeded to do so. By the time he had finished, Mr. Owens's belligerence had vanished.

"I thought Ginny was looking pretty peaked. But her doctor said it was all in her head. He told me that himself."

"When a pregnant woman gets as sick as your wife was, she needs sympathy and help. I don't believe Virginia's condition would have become half as serious if she had had more understanding and support. Frankly, Mr. Owens, she thinks you didn't want the baby."

Eric Owens appeared thunderstruck. "I guess this goes to show how things can get balled up! When Virginia told me about the baby, I wanted to give her everything, be able to give the youngster all the advantages I never had. And Ginny thought —— Oh, the poor kid! Doctor, I've got to see Virginia! I've *got* to let her know how I really feel."

"I had planned to keep everyone out for several days more," the doctor said with a smile. "But if that's what you want to tell her, I think it will be the best medicine she can have." And it was.

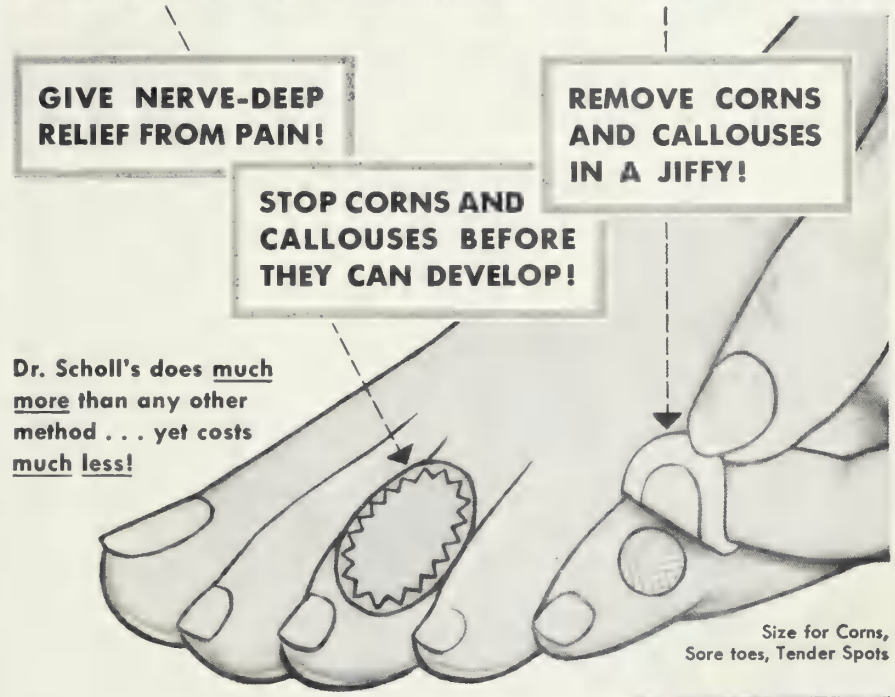
Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses causes of and treatment for menstrual irregularity.

KILLS PAIN FAST!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—Quickest Multiple-Acting Relief Known To Medical Science For

CORNS

CALLOUSES · BUNIONS · SORE TOES



Size for Corns, Sore toes, Tender Spots

No waiting for action when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You get relief almost the instant you apply these fleecy soft, cushioning, protective pads to aching corns, painful callouses, throbbing bunions or sensitive spots on your feet caused by shoe friction and pressure. The thin scalloped edge permits smooth fit, without unsightly bulkiness.

REMOVE Corns, Callouses

The separate medications, included in each box quickly and gently loosen corns and callouses for easy removal . . . while Zino-pads cushion and protect the sensitive area.

PREVENT Corns, Callouses, Tender Spots

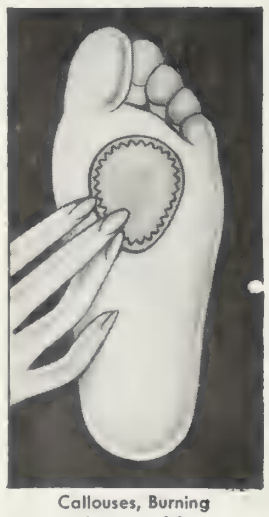
With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads always handy, you can apply them at the first sign of irritation caused by new or tight shoes, and prevent Corns, Callouses, Tender Spots, Instep Ridges, Blisters, Chafed Heels.



Water-repellent—do not come off in the bath.

Sold at drug, shoe, dept., 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



Callouses, Burning on bottom of foot



Bunions and Enlarged Joints



Corns between toes


Gold
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ENRICHED
FLOUR
Mazola
PURE
CORN OIL
Not Hydrogenated . . . Rich in Poly unsaturates
Of all leading
Betty Crocker's new
"1-2-3" Pie Crust with
WHICH
ARE
?



Me... change my way



making pie crust?

Take sides ladies, the big pie crust controversy is *on!* Before introducing her new "1-2-3" Pie Crust method, (see left-hand flap, opposite page), Betty Crocker asked hundreds of women whether they *wanted* an easier, quicker absolutely sure-fire way to make pastry. After trying it, one woman said, "I'll never go back to the old method again!"—and most of the younger women went along with her. But to be perfectly honest about it, we feel we should present the other side of the story. Dozens of women, most of them expert pie-bakers, were dubious about *trying* the new method. Here's what they said:

> *"I bake a lot . . . sift flour all day. Don't mind sifting at all. 'Course I have to tidy up, because I'm a careful housewife."*
>
> *"I have a pastry blender and I'm used to cutting in solid shortening. If there's a better way—show me!"*
>
> *"Me, make mistakes in a pie? I've been baking at least 3 pies a week for nearly thirty years. That's 4,500 pie crusts . . . most of 'em double. I could do it in my sleep."*
>
> *"Rolling the dough's just a trick of the wrist, if you can judge the feel rightly . . . but I'd sure be interested in an easier way!"*

To these women . . . and others like them all over the country . . . we say: "Take a sporting chance! Pick your favorite pie. Try it both ways. Your old method . . . and this new "1-2-3" way . . . and we're positive you'll never go back to your old way again.

"And be sure, in both crusts, to use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour for best results. More than half of the women in America are devoted to Gold Medal. It gives you **a feeling of confidence . . . right down to your fingertips...we call it YOUR WHITE THUMB!** So whether your pie crust recipe is one that you know by heart—or the new "1-2-3" Pie Crust with Mazola Corn Oil—you can be confident of baking success from the moment your hands touch Gold Medal Flour.

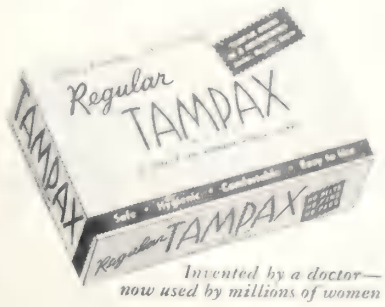
"And when you've done both pie crust recipes, write Betty Crocker, Box 79, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and give your frank opinion. Go ahead . . . take sides . . . be honest! We'd be delighted to hear from you."



"I want my daughter to know the freedom and security from the embarrassing moments that I have always known"

Naturally, this mother is talking about Tampax. Worn internally, Tampax® does away with odor problems, disposal problems, chafing and irritation. It's invisible in place, unfelt in place—completely comfortable to insert and wear. Tampax is definitely the better, more modern way. Your choice of three absorbencies (Regular, Super, and Junior) wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

Our town's stingiest millionaire commanded his wife all summer never to heat the swimming pool above 68°. "This'll keep 'em from lolling about," he explained.

A Spaniard at Toledo told us proudly that Toledo, Spain, has better comfort stations than Toledo, Ohio. "You try both towns and see!" he urged. He had.

At last my Dream Princess adopted one of my muttered suggestions and served "poor boy" sandwiches at our late-summer patio party (the last of the season). They were sensational, and now she's weighing my hors-d'oeuvre idea: peanut butter on crackers.

In my more doleful moments at my desk, when I'm relying on music from the air waves to bolster my spirits, I fear that American popular music is a greater menace than Khrushchev.

At this autumn's glorious football games, here's a sight I long to see: all six stalwart varsity-football coaches carrying a few of the star players off the field on their shoulders.

I'm a lion for character when I go on a diet: I lost seven pounds on a liquid intake in one week. Then I dined out and lunched out ten or eleven times the next week and gained five pounds.

Another way to slim our countrymen down and make 'em fitter is to invite all cops, firemen, city employees and schoolteachers to cycle to work. It'd also help solve the traffic problem.

I contend it's a brave citizen's duty to complain when he's overcharged for bad food. One of our town's most timid men piped up, and they actually scratched 95 cents off his lunch check.

Our town's most tactful host who loves sociability until midnight or one A.M. finally hit on the right razzle-dazzle: "What can I say to you adorable people to induce you to go home?"

Our town's most-extravagant matron is adamant against one extravagance: she declines to install a separate phone for her teenage daughters. "I must keep tab on their phone calls somehow!" she explains.

My Dream Girl tries to wheedle me into submitting to her tedious bends and twists at her morning midriff tortures. But I invite her to try my bends and squats with a rifle. (Still, her figure's superb and mine isn't.)

. . . When my flier son gives me for Father's Day one of the costly navigator's watches he brought home from Japan,

. . . Or our daughter telephones us from her hospital bed only 40 minutes after her fourth child is born,

. . . And our daughter-in-law furnishes a new nursery for her third with furniture inherited from its great-grandmother,

. . . Or Harlan the third sleeps all night in a pup tent exactly like one I slept under, more or less, in a slit trench overseas,

. . . And my Dream Girl puts a surprise gift on my desk, a bowl of tame sea horses rampant and trenchant.

Then I give my wife a look which says married life isn't so tedious, is it, and she understands, wordlessly.



"At what stage in the child's development does the mother begin to assert herself?"

She said she never would...but look...she did!



©1961 REVLON, INC. 'TINT PERM' SALON WAVE BY REALISTIC

She...and over a million women who said they'd never use hair color...now use 'Color Up'...because it's easy to use, natural looking, and camouflages grey!

It's the first cream tinting rinse! Buries grey in a shimmer of color-highlights you can keep, or lose if you choose. Not a bleach or drastic dye, so your hair can't look artificial. 'Color Up' can't drip; it's a stay-put cream. Color-brightens hair in just 10 minutes, yet lasts through several shampoos.

Eighteen subtle shades from Light Gold to Black. At leading cosmetic counters and beauty salons.

Revlon 'COLOR UP'
The first cream tinting rinse





Blushing pinks, see how they glow in this charming Early American bathroom! And just think, you've 26 other ways to combine these ensembles! Each Fashion-Mate ensemble (whether prettily flowered, smartly striped or in a marvelous solid color) costs only $1 bath size, 69¢ hand size, 29¢ wash cloth. Approximate prices.

Every Cannon towel stays soft and thirsty, wears for years.
Cannon's Beauti-Fluff process makes all the difference.

CANNON Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, New York · Towels · Sheets · Bedspreads · Draperies · Stockings · Terry Cloth

less
than
$6



Blue accents—French decor. Very beautiful, these Cannon marvels-for-the-money.

buys three complete towel ensembles...

CANNON FASHION-MATES

Only Cannon lets you mix-match these color-coordinated prints, stripes and solid towels for many lovely effects.

Sunny contemporary idea with yellow ensembles. All-cotton Cannon Fashion-Mates stay soft, thirsty, wear for years. Their Carefree Colors keep on sparkling.





For cuts as well as burns! Unguentine® boosts nature's healing power

as no plain antiseptic can!



Nature sends healing serum droplets to wound surface. But tension often keeps droplets apart; germs may get through—cause infection, slow healing.



But Unguentine instantly spreads nature's healing serum, creates a protective blanket to lock out germs and heal faster than nature alone.





Unguentine First-Aid Spray

puts out pain—promotes healing as you spray it on!

Pf-f-f-t! That's how fast new Unguentine First-Aid Spray goes to work to stop pain of cuts, scrapes scratches, burns. Promotes healing. Cools and soothes painful sunburn on contact! Kind to youngsters—doesn't sting; kind to clothes—doesn't stain! Cleanses wound area—kills germs—helps prevent infection!

Looks like a fire extinguisher—really is a "PAIN EXTINGUISHER!"

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS



"We'll probably all stop expecti house calls for children's ordinary fections eventually, but it will ta some of us years to outgrow the habi

SHOULD YOU ASK YOUR DOCTOR TO MAKE A HOUSE CALL?

Every once in a while there comes a letter from a mother who's unhappy and indignant because her doctor—whether he's a pediatrician or a general practitioner—will not make house visits for ordinary illnesses in children. He asks her to wrap the child in a blanket and bring him to the office. This seems unkind and risky to the mother.

When I was a child in New Haven, Connecticut, our pediatrician, Dr. Harry Steele, was always ready to make a house visit whenever any one of the six of us was sick enough so that my mother worried. I was impressed with his kindliness and the fact that his clothes smelled of cigarette smoke, an aroma I was not used to. In those days there were no specific drugs that cured infections such as tonsillitis and pneumonia, so throat cultures were not often important. The doctor had only general measures to recommend, like bed rest and fluids. If you had a sore throat, you gargled with hot salt water. If you had a bad cough there was only codeine, to make it less frequent. Most doctors then felt that a sick person couldn't begin to get well until his bowels were cleaned out. Dr. Steele would prescribe castor oil and I, no matter how hard I tried to keep it down, would vomit it promptly. If he had asked my mother to bring me to the office when I was very young she would have had to order a horse-drawn cab from the livery stable. If I had been a farmer's son, my father would have had to drive me in an open carriage. When family automobiles became more common they were mostly open touring cars until about 1930.

When I began to practice pediatrics in New York City in 1933 (with an old open car inherited from my mother-in-law) I assumed, like every other pediatrician I knew, that any parent was entitled to ask for a house visit—and to get it—whether I thought it was necessary from a strictly medical point of view or not. Partly this was because none of us had ever questioned the tradition of house visits. Partly it was a matter of economics and of the doctors' having the time. Up until the past ten or fifteen years there was a much smaller proportion of the population who felt they could afford to pay for private care, especially house visits, unless the patient was seriously ill. (There were few private rooms in the average hospital because most people went into wards: now in some university hospitals it is hard to teach physical diagnosis to medical students because so many of the patients are private.) In the depression years even the most distinguished doctors had time on their hands.

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

A beginner like myself was willing not only to range th length of Manhattan but even to cross the bridges in Queens, the Bronx and Brooklyn to make a call.

With so many doctors in the armed services duri the war, house visits became an obvious impossibility many parts of the country, except in real emergencie And after the war the rapid increase in prosperity a the continuing high birth rate meant that young docto sometimes became too busy within a year of starti practice.

So it was pressure of work that broke the traditio But what was only half the CONTINUED ON PAGE

JEAN BURNS



Is a doctor "heartless" if he suggests an office visit for a child instead of making a house call? There may be g reasons for his making this suggestion—even advanta

He's hoping for lean red meat today.
What are you going to give him? Dry food? It's nourishing—but no amount of water can bring to life what isn't there—meat! The real meat, the juicy meat he craves. The kind that comes in a can of Ken-L-Ration. (Steaks, roasts, and chops of government inspected horsemeat*) And Ken-L-Ration has other food elements a dog is known to need. Isn't he worth it?

Packed Under Continuous Inspection of U.S. Dept. of Agr.



There's no other dog in the world like yours

Bring home Ken-L-Ration in 16-oz. cans (in 6-Pak) or thrifty 26-oz. cans



There's no substitute for the Lean Red Meat in Ken-L-Ration*

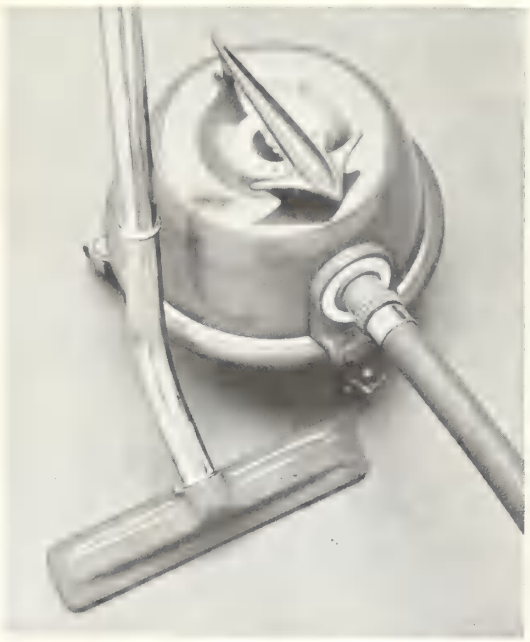
Vacuums and polishers that run like sewing machines

(FROM SINGER, OF COURSE)











New SINGER* Dual-Capacity canister cleaner (top) has disposable bag that holds twice as much as most tank cleaners. Carries own attachments. Glides on tucked-in, ball-bearing wheels. Cleans rugs, draperies, furniture, shelves. . . on-off toe pedal spares your back. Comes with full set of attachments. **$69.95**

"Roll-A-Magic" canister (bottom) has full power equal to many twice the price. Extra-capacity disposable dust bag. Ball-bearing wheels. For rugs, draperies, furniture. Complete with attachments. **$49.50**

SINGER* deluxe model polisher (left) prides itself on built-in liquid dispenser and spreader, plus floating scrubbing and polishing brushes, buffing pads and gentle steel-wool pads. **$59.95**

Economy model polisher (center) has finger-control dispenser, all-purpose floating brushes, firm felt buffing pads. It waxes, scrubs, polishes floors—and even shampoos rugs. **$29.95**

"Magic Carpet" upright (right) is a gem for rugs and wall-to-wall carpeting. Brush adjusts automatically to any nap, or bare floor. Large two-section bag filters dust from air. Sneaks low under f niture, lights the way. Hangs flat. **$89.**

Magic Mite (top) packs power into its co pact 5½ pounds; is the handiest clear of all for car interiors, workshed, gara stairs, shelves. **$29.95**

GOLDEN GLIDE* canister cleaner (b tom) has three times as much capacity most tank cleaners. Never tips; stan on end for easy stair cleaning, stora Complete attachments include king-s floor and wall brush. **$89.95**

SINGER SEWING CENTERS
Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
*A Trademark of the SINGER MFG. CO.

You are looking at the most popular pattern ever created in American dinnerware.

IT IS: *(check the five correct answers)*

1 ☐ Painted by hand, over an embossed design

2 ☐ *Desert Rose*, in Franciscan Earthenware

3 ☐ Shaped into more varied pieces than any other pattern you could buy — 57 different dishes and accessories

4 ☐ Priced the same as the other Franciscan Earthenware patterns shown (*Starburst* and *Spice*): 45-piece service for eight, $59.95 The 16-piece set for four, $17.95

5 ☐ Oven-safe (you can even bake in it) and undaunted by automatic dishwashers

6 ☐ On display wherever dinnerware is sold



Franciscan earthenware

GLADDING, McBEAN ■ CO., LOS ANGELES 39

ANSWERS: 1-5. CORRECT 6. SHOULD SAY "WHEREVER FINE DINNERWARE IS SOLD"



fenced out!

(there's no trace of harsh irritation in gentle Fresh Cream Deodorant)

Fresh Cream Deodorant is a perfect balance of gentleness and effectiveness. It gives you long lasting protection. Without irritation to normal skin. Be nice to yourself. Try Fresh Cream Deodorant. Gently priced 29c, 49c and 69c plus tax.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

story. Conscientious and well-trained doctors who found themselves simply unable to make house calls also came to realize that this caused no harm to the sick child, and often enabled their medical care to be more thorough. The child could be wrapped in a blanket and transported to the doctor's office in a closed car, with heat if necessary, in a relatively few minutes in most cases. There was no problem of chilling or exhaustion.

On the positive side, an office visit for illness often has very real advantages. An important question nowadays, when a child has a sore or red throat, is to determine whether it is due to the streptococcus that sometimes causes ear and gland infections, nephritis and rheumatic fever. It's usually *much* simpler to get a throat culture started in a doctor's office than to do the swabbing in the home and bring it back to the laboratory some time later. Likewise the securing and testing of a urine specimen, the performing of a blood count when called for, are quite easy in the office. It takes longer to secure such specimens at home, and then the doctor has to return to his office later to examine them or to bring them to a laboratory. The same applies to other laboratory procedures that are occasionally required. Consultants are nearer at hand. What this all means is that in those border-line cases in which further investigation would be helpful, though not absolutely necessary, it is more likely to be carried out during an office visit. When, once in a great while, examination reveals a situation which needs prompt treatment, in office or hospital, it obviously is achieved earlier through an office visit than if the condition had to wait to be discovered until the doctor could make a house visit.

I am not trying to say that office visits are better than house visits for most illnesses, or to persuade parents to ask for them. I'm only pointing out that they involve no extra nowadays, and sometimes have advantag think there are two things that can be against them. One is the real inconveni when a mother has other children to care She has no idea, when she is trying to someone to take care of them, how long will be gone, and they will be no help a office or laboratory or hospital. The trouble—and I think this is what bothers mother who feels indignant—is that if she grown up assuming that any sick perso

In September, Houghton Mifflin Company published *Dr. Spock Talks With Mothers* ($5.00). Basing his book on some of the articles he has written over the past seven years for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Spock has expanded and rewritten the original material and arranged it according to specific areas relating to the growth and guidance of children.

entitled to be in bed at home, and fully serves the attention of a doctor there, it rally makes her feel, way down inside, tha and her child are being neglected when doctor declines to come. I confess that I self, even though I know all the reason favor of office care for illness, would slightly hurt if I had a sick child and the pe trician declined to visit. So it's mostly an e tional problem. Perhaps we'll all stop pecting house calls for children's ordi infections eventually, but it will take som us another ten or twenty years to outg the habit.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to a letters personally. However, he is delighted to re suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED

NEXT MONTH

Another unforgettable romance by the author of "Rebecca"

"Have you ever thought that you and I have lived before—perhaps many times, to be born again, to kiss, to drain each other's heart out through the lips?" It was the immortal question and he answered it with a sigh. "You are with me no matter where I am or what I am doing. There is no one but you." "Castle Dor," Daphne du Maurier's condensed new novel, is complete in this issue.

Hurry hurry hurry—get your Christmas-bazaar ideas here!

Read all about it: how to make money for your church, your club, your favorite charity. All you need is a little of this and a lot of that *Journa* know-how. We've got cake plans, ever-welcome novelty projects, dec orated candles, house gifts to create for under $5, hats, patterns, fash ions, tricks—everything you need in one big 17-page Christmas Bazaa portfolio.

Cook your turkey and carve it the day before the feast

Here's reason enough for Thanksgiving: now you can serve a family reunion-size bird and still have time to enjoy your kinfolk. Georgia born Bettie Sellers, who serves seventeen relatives sumptuously and *smile* about it, tells how. The Sellers family, incidentally, is featured in "Th Rich Life on $8000 a Year," part of our "How America Spends it Money" series.

Have we been too "understanding" about destructive children

Psychiatrists once taught that it *helped* a child to act out his feelings o hostility. Breaking playthings and roughing up the furniture were thoug to be good for him. Now the *Journal*'s world-famous Dr. Benjamin Spoc tells why this approach won't work—and what method *will*.

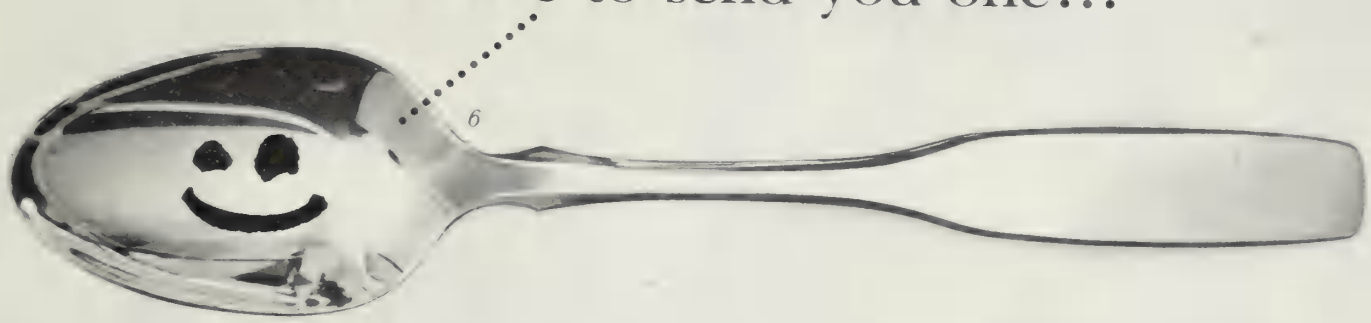
Early menstrual irregularities

By what age should a girl have begun to menstruate? What are some of th conditions that can delay her? How early is normal? What possibiliti should a mother know about? "Tell Me, Doctor."

Also, "Making Marriage Work"; "How to Eat Well on Practically Nothing "Bring Us Your Problems"; "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; beauty new fashion news; stories; and much, much more in the November Journ



We'd like to send you one...



We'll send you the teaspoon of your choice because we honestly think words and pictures aren't enough to describe Solid Stainless by Oneida Silversmiths.

We could talk about the *graceful lines* of the patterns—but it would hardly compare with actually seeing the details of the design. We could describe the *perfect weight and balance*—but this wouldn't give you the experience of holding a teaspoon in your hand. Saying that the *finish is rich and lustrous* doesn't *show* you how tasteful this stainless looks on your table. That's why we'd like to send you a teaspoon to see, feel, use in your home.

Here's all you do. Select your favorite pattern. *1.* Chateau. *2.* Shasta in Oneidacraft* DeLuxe Stainless, 6-piece place setting for $5.40. *3.* Celebrity in Community* Stainless, 6-piece place setting for $8.90. *4.* Shoreline. *5.* White Lily. *6.* Paul Revere in Oneidacraft* Premier Stainless, 6-piece place setting for $7.95. Fill in the coupon and enclose 25 cents in coin to cover packaging and mailing. You'll soon receive the teaspoon of your choice in the stainless that nature makes carefree, Oneida makes beautiful.

Solid Stainless by Oneida Silversmiths

Castle Services, Dept. L1, Box 111, Verona, New York.

Thank you, I'd love one. Please send me a teaspoon in_____ pattern. I enclose 25 cents in coin to cover mailing.

My name_____

Address_____

_____

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, NEW YORK



Traditional Christmas Call

GIFTS by AVON

For women . . . glamorous, beauty-laden gifts. Handsome gifts for men that make them even handsomer. Gifts for teens and children that will bring stars to their eyes. Expect a Christmas call from your Avon Representative soon. At home, at ease you make your selections from hundreds of original, charming, beguilingly packaged gifts. You'll enjoy seeing them in Avon's new Gift Catalog! *75 years of Christmas gift service to the home*

©AVON COSMETICS · RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Ideas for women investors

How smart women buy stocks & bonds

f you're thinking of investing in stocks and onds you may find, as so many women ave, that it can be a stimulating experience.

There's the satisfaction of putting some f your money to work, the hope of extra ioney for the extras you dream about, and ie interest it can add to your life as you llow the developments of the company in hich you have invested.

Because women are naturally good shop-ers—looking to the years ahead, getting ie facts, using good judgment—they often ake good investors. And who said invest-g is a man's world? Studies have shown iat more women than men own stocks.

Money-wise women know the secret of uying stock—like buying almost anything se—is to start right—and avoid starting rong. There are plenty of tipsters, stran-ers or friends, who would rush you into a sure thing"—a highly speculative stock, aybe, in a company you or they know othing about. Hardly the way you'd buy ıything worthwhile, is it?

Take a good hard look at your finances. hat do you need for living expenses and emergencies? Some of the money that re-mains—even as little as a few hundred dol-lars—may be used for investing.

Now decide what you want your invested money to do for you. Extra income during the year? You might consider stocks which have had a good record of paying dividends every three months. Maybe you prefer stocks that appear to have a good chance to grow in value over the years. Or bonds which might offer greater safety of income and principal.

Now you are ready for the next step. Look in the Stock Broker section of the Yellow Pages under "New York Stock Ex-change." Select a Member Firm and visit a broker there. Remember, he's used to help-ing women investing for the first time.

Discuss your goals. Ask him for facts about a company's stock, its profit record, and what he thinks of the company's pros-pects. It's part of his job to get such facts for his customers. And ask about the Monthly Investment Plan that allows you to invest with as little as $40 every three months.

Then it's your decision.

There are no fortune tellers in the mar-ket. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up. The important thing is to start right, with practical long-range goals and the help of a Member Firm broker.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of the "Yellow Pages."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 1-LH, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

DON ORNITZ



"He is never satisfied with life as it is. I love him, but his demands on me—and on himself—are excessive."

She: "Tim can't have everything he wants because he complains, and throws a tantrum."

He: "Beth's career is everything. She's afraid if she had more children, I'd let them starve."

Beth Tells Her Side:

"Last Friday Tim spent the evening pestering me to quit work and start another baby," said thirty-four-year-old Beth, pretty, dark-haired mother of an eight-year-old son. "I'm a part-time accountant, specializing on income-tax returns, and Tim is an electronics engineer. On Saturday he scared me out of my appetite at the dinner table by suggesting—and he was quite serious—that it might be wise for him to resign his job in industry and take a whirl as a lone wolf in basic research.

"Tim has been employed by the same firm since his college graduation; he has climbed to the top of his section in the organization with sweat, grit and brains. He makes approximately eleven thousand dollars a year and is worth twice that. But it would be impossible for him to earn anything near his present income at independent research.

"At the same time that Tim is pulling for both of us to quit lucrative jobs and presumably live on our savings, he has been urging that we invest a sizable part of those savings in a custom-built house. Last year he made the down payment on a building lot much too expensive for our purse, without my knowledge. He then got together with an architect and the two produced the rough plans of a house designed around a swimming pool; it would bankrupt us for sure. Our present home is old-fashioned and a little inconvenient, but it suits our present needs, and our location is ideal.

"Tim seems deliberately to hunt out things in our marriage to criticize. He has the memory of an elephant for every little thing I do or don't do that gets on his nerves. He reads deep, dark meanings into ridiculously small matters. A few weeks ago he declared I'd proved I didn't love him simply because I forgot an old prejudice of his and wore pin curlers to bed. He denounced my sloppiness in bitter terms at the very moment he was bringing me a cup of wake-up morning coffee.

"In some ways my husband is quite a bit like his father, although Tim is a successful scientist and his father was an erratic, unsuccessful business promoter. Tim and I have been married fourteen years. I fell in love with him back in high school when he was a big-shot top-ranking student and I was lucky to be on the honor roll at all.

"Soon we were doing all our studying together. He encouraged my interest in math just as I encouraged him to dedicate himself to science and stand out against his father's determination to push him into business. Tim was drafted before he had a crack at college. Shortly before he was shipped overseas, he proposed to me and we talked all night about our future. I had always wanted a career and I honestly believed Tim wanted a career for me. At any rate, he advised me to cram in all the college math possible while he was gone and to locate a job with an established accountant.

"Back in those days, there was no thought in either of our minds that we wouldn't both work. In our circumstances it was essential. We both came from large, impecunious families. My only relative with two nickels to rub together was Aunt Alice, who operated a real-estate agency in Chicago; she spent her vacations with us during my childhood. She brought everybody lavish gifts; she blew us to dinners and shows. Until my eye lighted on Tim I intended to be a spinster like Aunt Alice, a glamorous career woman, free and unencumbered.

"Although Tim's people were as poor as mine, for years they lived it up in high style and almost entirely on credit. Tim's CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



Differences of opinion arise in every marriage. Husband and wife must talk out these differences and reach reasonable decisions. Teaching the methods of doing this takes much of the time of 70 counselors at the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, a nonprofit organization which gives more than a thousand individual consultations each month. In addition, it carries on a nationwide educational program and also provides special training in marriage counseling to hundreds of persons, largely clergymen, who are called on to deal with such problems and who want to learn the practical and successful techniques which the institute has developed during its 32 years of activity. . . . The counselor in this case was Wilbur W. Clark.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *President*

NUED FROM PAGE 32

r died bankrupt while Tim was overseas, hen the roof fell in. When Tim came out : service, his mother and the five younger en had been evicted from their swank and were living in one rented room. We oned our marriage and pitched in to hten out their affairs. Tim had a Govern- scientific scholarship to help him through e and postgraduate work in electronics insisted he enroll at once. Naturally I on to my job, and when I received a big, ise we decided it was safe to marry.

or the first five years of our marriage, Tim worked inhumanly hard to support our- and to help clothe and feed the hungry sters in his family. We paid the rent on ll house for them. We ate canned beans, ore our clothes shiny; if we attended a udent dance once a month, it was a big

hen Tim completed his education and l an excellent job, the rugged financial in his mother's home had eased con- bly. Although there were still plenty of onal pressures on him as the eldest son, ght he and I were now entitled to a little nd I thought he agreed with me.

e had three wonderful months that er, the best months of our marriage. weekend we did something special. We o theaters, art galleries, concerts. We icnicking, we went dancing. A friend his boat and we learned to sail. That ber I talked up a Mediterranean cruise ristmas. Tim said no.

tead he suggested that I quit work, turn ck on everything I'd accomplished, as my job which had been all-important eant nothing. He said it was time for us t a family. I wanted a child myself, but . I begged for a year of freedom before uldered new responsibilities. Our son, was born eleven months later.

glad now, of course, that Tim stood Bobby won my heart in the delivery The greatest thrill I've ever experienced aring my son's first cry. I can't imagine hout our boy. I nursed Bobby three and then hired a housekeeper and ack to work on a part-time basis. It's a trained accountant to pick up well- mporary assignments. I can more or ose my own hours and I earn twenty- lars a day.

r Bobby joined the family circle I felt erything was all set. Before our son's thday, Tim began to clamor for more children. Despite our continuing financial obligations to his kinfolk and mine too—I help out two married sisters—he announced he wanted a family of five or six. So many burdens were imposed on us because of *our* large families that I didn't—and don't—want a large family. Bobby, with his charm and intelligence, is family enough for me.

"But if I truly believed another child would make my husband happy I would go along with him and try for a second baby. A new baby would be a lot of fun, I admit. However, I don't think another child—or four children—would solve Tim's problems and make him a happy man. It isn't in his nature to be satisfied and content.

"Tim is critical, argumentative, and often in the humor to stir up trouble. The other evening Bobby was sprawled on the living-room floor busily putting together his exhibit for the Cub Scout fair. Tim complained of the muss on the carpet until the child hauled off and kicked his exhibit, a miniature Indian village, all apart. Then, of course, Tim was conscience-stricken. He squatted down and went to work putting the encampment back together, and finally he coaxed Bobby into helping and into smiling again. Tim adores our son, but I wouldn't give him high marks as a father.

"I have yet to hire a cook or cleaning woman who approaches Tim's exacting standards. I tremble to think what the comments on *my* cooking and cleaning would be if I undertook to turn myself into a full-time *Hausfrau*. My cooking stops at the tin can and the frozen-food-package stage. I can hardly sew on a button without pricking my finger. My housekeeping is terrible.

"Most of our friends have been exposed to Tim in one of his critical moods, and few have escaped an unpleasant argument with him. Long ago I decided it would be bright of me to stay out of arguments. I taught myself not to answer back and to just sit tight and let him blow off steam. After all, it takes two to quarrel.

"But sometimes it is awfully hard for me to keep still and preserve the peace. Last night Jane and John Brown, our oldest friends, drove over for a game of bridge. I invited them for Tim's sake. All three are demon bridge players and I'm dumb at cards. Six months ago the Browns moved out of our block to a nicer house in the neighborhood where Tim is dying to build, and Jane's raving about their place can get a little tedious.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

Every American woman wanted waist-long hair in October, 1911. Young girls waited until sixteen to put up their crowning glory in puffs, coils, braids and pompadours. Flowered chintz was replacing wine-red velvet curtains, both Ethel and John Barrymore were stars on Broadway, and airmail began.

"Any group of Americans trying to sing The Star-Spangled Banner *sound both ludicrous and pathetic," observes editor Bok in the October, 1911,* Journal. *"Our schools should teach the song so that our children, at least, will become familiar with it."*

"Do you believe in whipping girls of eight with a strap when they deserve it? Nothing works as well as this," believes a reader. Comments the *Journal*, "A cruel form of punishment. . . . Why not put the girl in a room entirely by herself for a day?"

"First comes shellfish and then the soup," Mrs. Rorer describes "a complete dinner," which also includes a broiled-fish course, a sweetbreads entrée, roast beef, wild game, then a sweet hot pudding followed by ice cream. She adds, "For twenty-five guests, twenty-five partridges will do, since no one will ask for a second helping."

New Medicated "Ice"

Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly facials or complicated treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems —*oil-choked pores*—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm,® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare ups" and embarrassing pimples.



Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm's *invisible* medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural *moisture in*. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.



FOLLOW NEW 15-DAY COMPLEXION TIMETABLE
To Fresher, Clearer Skin Beauty!



1ST FIVE DAYS
"ICE" starts to rid pores of clogged oil, clear blackheads—medication helps keep skin from breaking out—special astringent tightens enlarged pores. *Result: Clearer, smoother skin.*



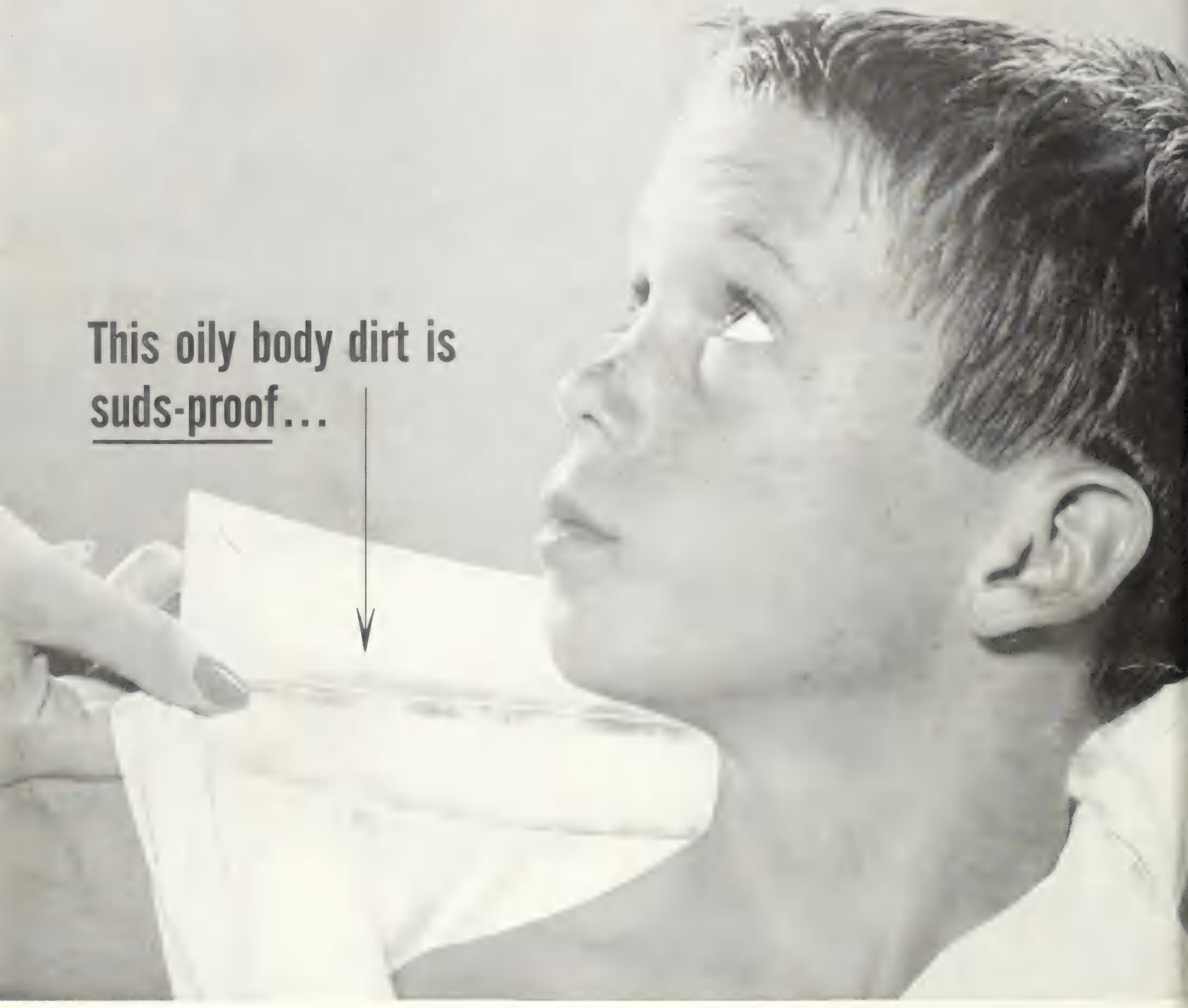
2ND FIVE DAYS
Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds, steam heat. *Result: Softer, moister skin.*



3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous "ICE" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin's improving. *Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.*



$1.00



Clorox gives you the only kind of cleaning power that gets out suds-proof body dirt...right in your washer!



You'll never have really clean washes till you realize this: Oily body dirt takes a special kind of cleaning power. The Clorox kind. Weaker bleaches just won't do. Detergents can't get rid of it without tiresome hand-treating. Suds-proof body dirt is too stubborn to be floated away or covered up. It must be dissolved. Adding Clorox to your suds dissolves it...right in your washer.

Clorox gets out suds-proof dirt that weak bleaches leave in! © 1961, The Clorox Company

INUED FROM PAGE 37

s usual, we played families. Tim kept up ady rat-tat-tat of criticism of the bids I —criticism I probably deserved and t especially mind. But his endless post- ems annoyed the Browns and I began to he would simmer down. Instead, his erature kept on rising. Finally he jumped he middle of a husband-and-wife dispute een Jane and John as to why they had d a small slam. It was a strictly off- , family dust-up and none of Tim's ess. Yet he told John exactly how he had nered in playing the hand and then told that her bidding was inexcusable. John ane put on their hats and coats, walked f our house, and quite likely they will not ck again.

t this point I believe Tim needs the as- ce of a professional psychologist. He somebody to advise him how to control arrelsomeness and his outbursts and to to count his blessings. I love him and I to help any way I can. But there are to what I can do."

Tells His Side:

r five years Beth was an ideal wife, a t wife," said thirty-five-year-old Tim, at tensely forward in his chair at the can Institute of Family Relations. "In years I knew she loved me. She proved very conceivable way.

hen I was overseas, before our marriage, luckier than most of the guys. I could on my girl writing a daily letter despite ind of her job and her college classes. Beth and I were separated by the Army ousands of miles of distance, I believe ieved a closeness and communion that erage person never knows. She was my d greatest source of strength during all ubles with my father and in the rugged hat followed his death.

father, a brilliant but infuriating man, boyhood hero. I yearned for his ap- but he scoffed at my aptitude for , which bored him, and insisted I go siness and make a million. When I l the teens he was still deriding me as a headed dreamer and he had begun to ny self-confidence badly. It was Beth vised me to stand up and fight.

ard the end of his life, I now believe as a change in father's thinking and won his approval and possibly his n—too late. Shortly before my Army ge I received a ten-page letter from He wrote that he was dying of an inoperable cancer and was deeply in debt; he asked me to guide, protect and provide for my mother and the younger children. Not very old myself at the time and engaged to be married, I was fearful of the responsibility. Beth's courage and generosity made all the difference.

"John and Stephen, my youngest brothers, had run wild while I was gone and father was slowly dying. I did everything in my power to pry the two kids loose from a tough gang of teenage cronies who went in for switchblade knives and smoked marijuana for kicks. At one point I even hired a psychologist to talk sense into my brothers. The baby of the family, Stephen, brushed off all attempts to assist him. Stephen was barely seventeen when he and three other boys were killed in the smashup of a stolen car while being chased by police.

"I took it hard. Beth blamed the psychologist for the tragedy, but I blamed myself. I thought she and I had somehow failed Stephen, who could have grown into a fine, useful man just as John and my other brothers have done. I sometimes think the personal difficulties between Beth and me may have started in our difference of opinion about Stephen.

"For a long while I believed Beth's hard work and many sacrifices for my family—for which I am still profoundly grateful—were motivated by her love for me. I regarded her job as a necessary and temporary evil and supposed she was of the same mind. I could hardly wait for the day to come when I could repay her in tangible ways for everything she had done for me.

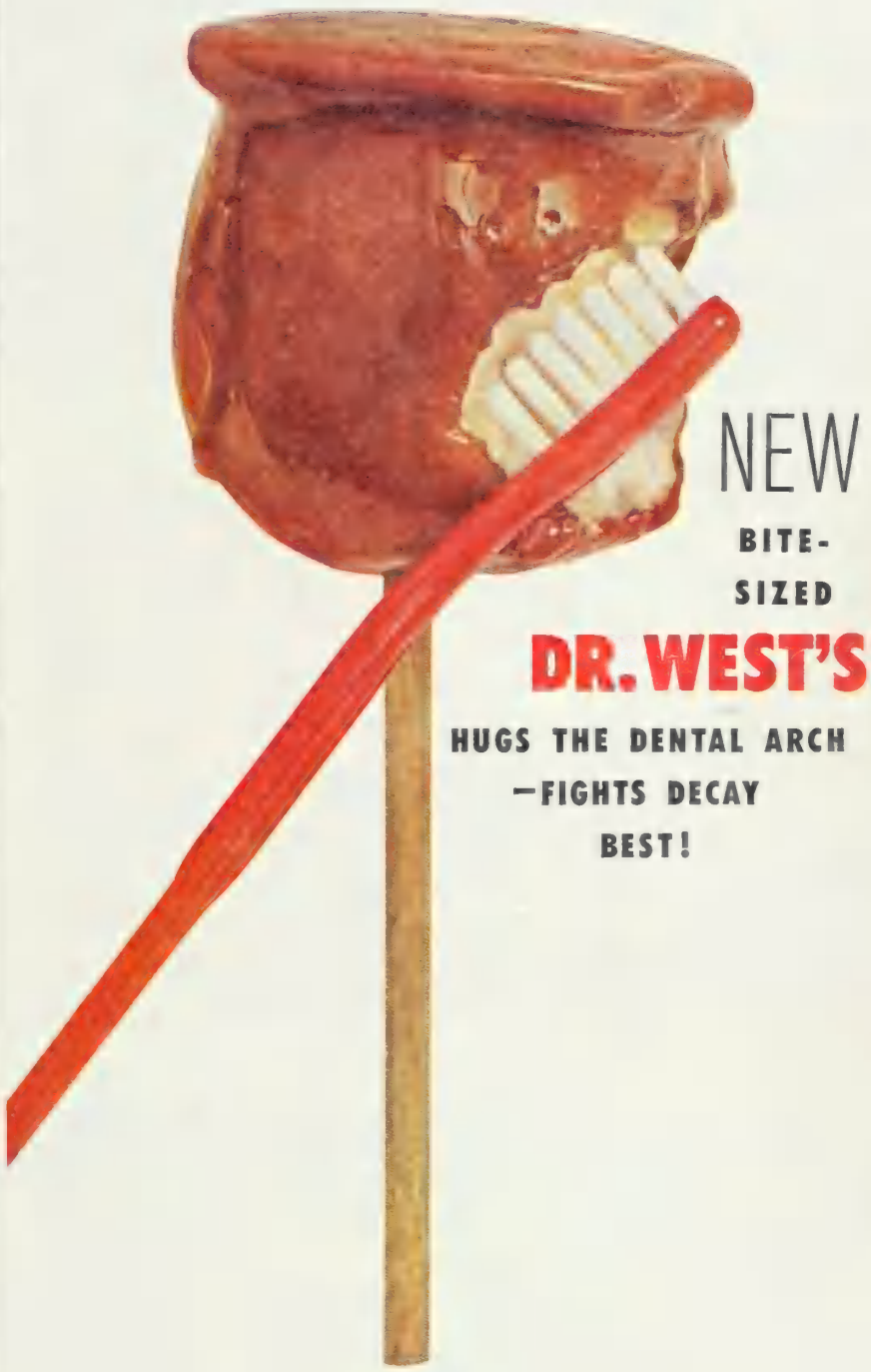
"When I finished my education I snapped up the first job offered so that Beth at last could enjoy the leisure she richly deserved. I then found out that her job meant more to her than being a wife and mother. She flatly refused to quit. She made it painfully clear that her work, routine accountancy which she thinks of as a career, was more important to her than anything else on earth. When she reminded me she earned a handsome salary, I could tell she had no more faith than my father in my earning ability and scientific talents.

"Except for my determination, I very much doubt Beth would ever have borne a child for me. She says she works part time because she can set her own hours. But she seldom exercises that privilege in favor of Bobby and me. This past week she worked overtime six days preparing income-tax returns for other people and came home so exhausted she could hardly stay awake through dinner with us.

"Last night I made a spectacle of myself at the bridge table and outraged old friends. But



"What do you mean, you do and you don't?"



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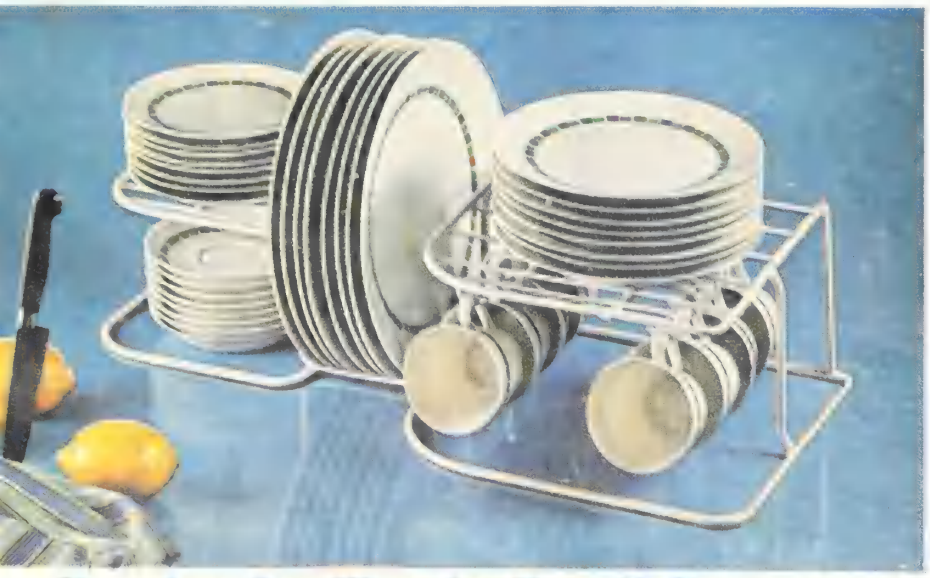




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MEANS BETTER MADE

Beth and the Browns, all three of them, provoked me to the cracking point. Beth yawned in everybody's face and played and bid as though she'd never seen a deck of cards before; whenever I lost patience and called her on an atrocious blunder, she smilingly agreed she was mistaken. If she had lashed out and defended one single bid or play, she might have kidded me and our guests, the Browns, into imagining she had some slight interest in us and in the game.

"Beth won't argue with me about anything—and I mean *anything*. To me, this indicates she is indifferent to anything and everything I think and believe in. I consider her tactics dishonest and hypocritical, insulting to my intelligence. Beth wants peace at any price. I don't.

"When Jane Brown kept talking about their beautiful new home while she took little sidewise glances at our shabby living room, I nearly blew my stack and later on I did disgrace myself with an explosion. Beth smilingly agreed that the Browns' place was marvelous and even remarked that she and I might think about building next spring. She didn't mean a word of it. Beth is perfectly satisfied for us to live indefinitely in a run-down house in a deteriorating neighborhood. Our street is just a five-minute drive from the business section where she works, so she thinks the location is dandy.

"Last spring a top architect drew up for me plans of the house I've longed for since our wedding day; the house includes one of those 'dream kitchens' for Beth. When I showed her the kitchen layout she smiled vaguely.

"Beth talks of Bobby's future, and wants to keep our savings stuck in the bank to see him through college and every other contingency. Bobby is at an age when he needs advantages *right now*. Bobby is the smartest kid in his overcrowded school; he needs the competition of youngsters just as bright as he is in a school that isn't crowded. I know what can happen to a bright boy who gets in with a bad crowd in a neighborhood on the way down; I haven't forgotten Stephen. Bobby needs the companionship of good boys from good environments with full-time mothers to look after them. He needs a younger brother or sister, maybe two or three.

"Beth opposes a larger family. She says she and I are too old, she says it wouldn't be fair to Bobby, and so on and so on. But I believe her true reason is she's afraid if she quit her job permanently and had more children I might cave in at some point and let her and the youngsters starve.

"I'm sure my present income and prospects would seem O.K. to the average wife. Beth doesn't complain outwardly, but I know she worries inwardly, and continually, about finances. She has changed entirely from the generous-hearted girl I married who used to believe I could accomplish miracles. Her financial worries are especially hard to take since I'm very keenly aware that I've fallen far short of fulfilling my youthful ambitions and potential. Half a dozen of my classmates are top-flight scientists today, respected figures in research, whereas I'm still an ordinary organization-type guy. In my student days I was fascinated with astronomy and its application to rocketry. Beth and I courted ea other studying the stars—once we took a b trip to the Mount Palomar Observatory—b perhaps we didn't study each other enoug

"Beth tells me I should be happy, that she happy with our marriage. She says she devoted to Bobby and me. Yet she subjects to a changing parade of female strangers w reluctantly scrub and clean our home for sk high wages, wash and mend the boy's cloth prepare and serve us poorly cooked food. Be won't even get up to eat breakfast with m too sleepy.

"On the mornings she has a date with a of double-entry ledger books she springs c of bed in a flash, bright-eyed and full of pe She seldom puts on a fresh, pretty dress f Bobby and me and we get the pin-curler de unless something special is on. It doesn't ne to be very special. Just the other day I watch her primp at the mirror fifteen minutes befo she was ready to step to the corner groce store. I drew the obvious conclusion. Ever body's opinion—the opinion of the groc the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker is more important to Beth than any opinion mine."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Beth and Tim were an unusually intellige couple who weren't very smart about ea other. Their marriage was in serious troub although Beth was trying hard to hide fr the fact. Eventually she acknowledged tha takes two people to make a happy marria Just as it takes two to quarrel.

"Beth paid too high a price for her perso peace of mind. In order to avoid unpleas arguments and quarrels with Tim, she stif her true beliefs and feelings. A sensitive ma he was aware of this. He decided—correctly that this withdrawal of hers meant she w closing her heart and mind against him.

"What Tim didn't realize was that he hi self was largely responsible for the situatio In the first place, he was *too* sensitive. In t second place, he was too critical and too co tentious. His memory of every trifling inco sistency and contradictory statement of Bet stretched back for years. In the days when s had ventured some mild objection to his li of reasoning, he promptly overwhelmed h with a seemingly logical, so-called 'scientif presentation of old grievances and injuries his. When she changed tactics and began smile and 'just keep still,' she was in a ser slamming the door on him, his ambitio hopes, dreams, his arguments.

"After Tim and I talked at length of his bo hood life, he hit upon the explanation for tiresome argumentativeness as an adult. T had by no means thrown off the influence his father, a man he had simultaneously lov and hated and closely resembled in personal and behavior. Tim's fierce defense of any a every position he chose to take concealed int fears, hurts and self-doubts—the unhappy sults of his father's barbs. While criticiz Beth, while commenting rudely on a frien bridge game, Tim was still emotionally reb ling against parental authority, parental rision. His unsound belief that he was son how guilty for Stephen's tragic death, wh

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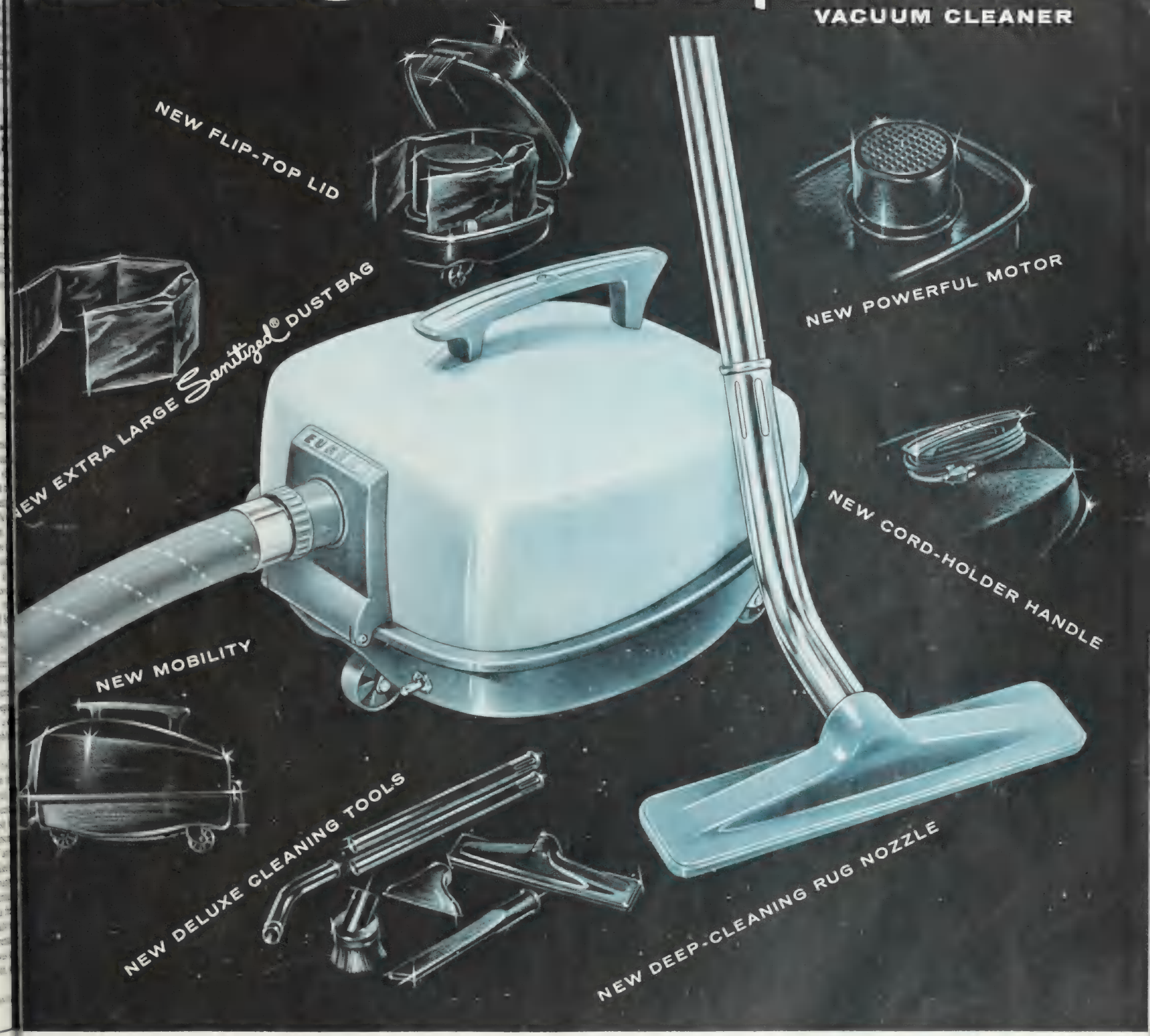
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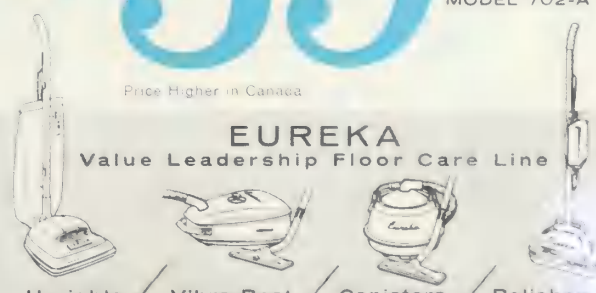
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

colored his thinking years after the event, was very probably based on the uneasy feeling that his long-dead father would have expected better of the eldest son.

"Whenever Tim suspected Beth was downgrading him and his talents, deep feelings of sensitivity were stirred up and he struck out blindly with angry, unfair criticisms. As soon as he perceived the origin of this emotional pattern, perceived that many of his arguments as a man were shadowy echoes of arguments he had been too timid as a boy to voice, he slowly became able to engage in calm discussions with Beth and, incidentally, with others. His belligerence had been no asset to him in working in co-operation with a team of electronics engineers.

"Beth grew up in a repressed, conservative household where criticisms and arguments were infrequent. Consequently, as an adult she declined to argue and quickly learned to shut her ears to criticisms. In her home, hard-earned pennies were thriftily put in bank, while in Tim's home borrowed dollars were squandered on luxuries. It is hardly surprising that she and Tim differed sharply on the question of whether to spend or to save money.

"Tim was more in need of psychological assistance than Beth. My major task was to help him realize that Beth's and his own feelings, convictions and actions were the end products of the lessons of their childhood. Gradually he taught himself to stop misinterpreting every inconsequential act of hers as a subtle slam at him. Her untidy attire at home wasn't purposely designed to show contempt for him, as he mistakenly imagined. Although pin curlers aren't recommended as a husband-pleaser, Beth's casualness about her appearance at home actually indicated that she felt secure enough in Tim's company to relax and feel at ease with him. On the contrary, she felt ill at ease with the grocer and among watchful neighbors and felt obliged to dress up for them. For Tim to expect a woman of Beth's temperament to be always exquisitely groomed—she had never been a fashion devotee—was juvenile and artificial. Eventually he recognized this.

"There was no reality in his belief that Beth worked outside the home because, like his father, she mistrusted him as a breadwinner. Beth preferred a job to housework because she was made that way. Aunt Alice, with the 'glamorous' career, had been the guiding star of her girlhood.

"When Beth and Tim understood themselves and the origin of their differences, he became able to master his sensitive feelings and curb his contentiousness, and she learned to abandon her silent hostility. Together they devised methods to bring out in the open and talk about the differences that divided them. They began to enlighten each other on the private, emotional reasons behind their thinking and to put in words their intimate ideas and wishes. Previously they had begun every discussion on the defensive, with Beth braced to ignore scalding criticism, Tim prepared to fight chilly withdrawal. Slowly they learned to express themselves frankly and decide on a course of action in partnership.

"Their first test came with a long talk on the subject of Beth's work. When Beth finally realized how much it would mean to Tim to have a stay-at-home wife, she cut her outside assignments to the bone and eliminated the time-consuming preparation of income-tax returns. Tim then agreed to forget the blueprints of the expensive house for the time being. Also he quit complaining about the tedium of his job. He admitted that the field of applied electronics held challenges he had been overlooking while he bewailed the lost hopes and ambitions of his youth. He saw how unjust it was for him to blame Beth and the whole world, as he had been privately doing, for the fact that he himself had turned down a career in basic research to go into industry.

"Soon after our counseling sessions ended Beth and Tim moved to a more desirable but modest neighborhood where there was a better school for Bobby. Beth found plenty of stimulating activities to ward off the boredom she had feared would accompany diminished office hours. When she necessarily dispensed with high-priced domestic service, she discovered with surprise that cooking could be fun and she quickly became expert in culinary arts.

"Her housekeeping still is no great shakes but Tim tries hard to hold his complaints to a minimum, and he picks up after himself when he remembers. When Beth remembers—and she usually does—she spares him the sight of pin curlers and faded dresses. This is not to say she has turned herself into a fashion model.

"Beth joined the P.T.A., which offered scope for her executive talents. She served two terms as corresponding secretary and then was thrilled when civic leaders requested her to organize the Community Fund drive. Her management of the campaign was both a charitable and a personal triumph. Tim was very proud of her hard work and her success. On the lighter side, she took bridge lessons and her game improved to such an extent that he now delights in her prowess. Not long ago she caught him in an error. She immediately called him to task and he was amused and vastly pleased.

"I haven't seen Beth and Tim for some time. But Tim, still the scientist and still with his old firm, now at a top income on the management side, telephones progress reports occasionally. The couple's progress toward a marriage satisfactory to them both has been sturdy and steady. Recently they built and now occupy the house of Tim's dreams. Beth's savings account helped to launch the project. Nowadays she works as an accountant very rarely, perhaps a couple of days a month. Her earnings are spent on her wardrobe and pleasant extras for Bobby.

"There is one disappointment. Even before I last saw Beth and Tim, they decided to enlarge their family, but the second baby has not yet arrived. At this date it seems unlikely that Bobby, now hurrying toward the teens, will be presented with a small brother or sister. However, Tim tells me that he and Beth are still hoping."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Little girl lovingly displaying a fuzzy worm in the palm of her hand: "Oh, no, I wouldn't hurt it. I never kill *little* things."

Curious visitor: "What *do* you kill?"

Little girl, thinking it over a minute: "Just bears."

Mother: "When your sister does that she is only trying to get your attention."

Four-year-old, emphatically: "Well, she can't have it."

Small boy about the hair style of a certain glamorous TV-panel member: "It looks as if she's wearing Davy Crockett's coonskin cap."

Parking lot: a place used by a woman to explain scratches and dents on her car.

CHARTING THE SITTERS' COURSE

Dear Mrs. Welder: Be careful not to tell the children to eat their vegetables as they may push their plates away.

If you say, "Boys, go to bed!" they won't go for an hour. I generally ask, "Who would like to get ready for a big, walloping leap into a nice soft bed?"

In case of an emergency of any kind, call the fire department. They've been very helpful before.

We will see you Friday. Good luck!

Mrs. G —

P. S. If the baby shakes her finger at you, she didn't get it from us but from our last sitter.

Lie detector: birth certificate.

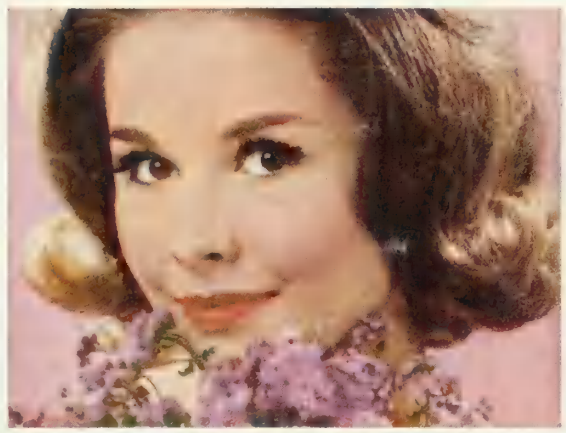
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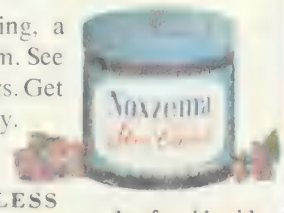


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*surface blemishes

How To Entertain Well on Practically Nothing

By Elaine Hanna

Never let a tight budget stand in the way of enjoying a wonderful evening with friends! Here are four party menus-on-a-shoestring that are festive, but so inexpensive! For an evening of bridge, golden *gnocchi* crusty with Parmesan, served with a spicy shrimp-marinara sauce, is perfect party fare—and costs only 36 cents a serving. "Something old, something *new*" for an anniversary when you really feel like celebrating: crispy roast loin of pork boned and then stuffed with chopped Brussels sprouts, walnuts, sage and thyme. East meets West when hearty beef simmers in an intriguing Oriental sauce, fragrant with ginger and cinnamon—a welcome dish when October winds begin to crackle and friends gather round the fire. Friends coming over for an evening of good talk? Menu IV offers a subtly seasoned casserole of creamy chicken-and-tongue Tetrazzini, and it's one of those magic medleys that take care of themselves!

MENU I

GNOCCHI WITH SHRIMP-MARINARA SAUCE*
TOSSED GREEN SALAD
OIL-AND-VINEGAR DRESSING
ITALIAN BREAD STICKS
INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY PASTRIES
COFFEE OR TEA

6 SERVINGS — COST $4.68

GNOCCHI WITH SHRIMP-MARINARA SAUCE—$2.14

Gnocchi

- 3 cups milk
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Dash nutmeg
- 1 cup quick-cooking farina
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 3 tablespoons melted margarine

Cook milk, salt, nutmeg and farina in a double boiler over just-boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and very thick. Cool a little. Stir in egg yolks. Spread in a shallow dish and cool. Refrigerate 1 hour. Cut *gnocchi* mixture into strips ¾" wide and roll each gently under the palm into a rope. Cut into 1"-long pieces, using a thin-bladed knife. Grease a shallow oven-to-table baking dish and arrange *gnocchi* neatly, one layer deep only. Sprinkle with Parmesan and melted margarine. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 10 minutes, then broil until golden.

Sauce

- 1 tablespoon cooking oil
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 1 can (1-lb.-3-oz.) tomatoes
- ⅓ cup (½ of a 6-oz. can) tomato paste
- ½ cup water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon chili powder
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika
- Dash cayenne
- 1 package (10-oz.) thawed frozen raw shrimp, cleaned

Sauté onion and garlic in oil until golden. Add remaining ingredients except shrimp. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Cook shrimp in boiling salted water. Drain and cut each into 4–5 pieces. Add to sauce just before serving, also a little hot water if sauce is too thick. Pass separately. Makes 6 servings.

Note: Toss salad with chopped hard-cooked egg.

MENU II

STUFFED ROAST LOIN OF PORK*
CANDIED YAMS
FRENCH GREEN BEANS
SESAME WAFERS, BUTTERED AND TOASTED
FRESH RIPE PEARS WITH WEDGES OF CHEDDAR CHEESE
COFFEE OR TEA

8 SERVINGS — COST $7.06

STUFFED ROAST LOIN OF PORK—$4.18

- 1 (5-lb.) piece loin of pork, boned
- 4 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen Brussels sprouts, or 2 pints fresh Brussels sprouts, washed and trimmed
- 2 cups white bread crumbs
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- ¼ teaspoon powdered sage
- ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

Weigh the piece of pork loin after boning. Pound cavity side of loin with a heavy mallet to flatten slightly. Mix 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Rub inside pork cavity with half this mixture and outside with the remainder. *Stuffing:* Sauté onion in margarine until golden. Reserve. Cook frozen or fresh sprouts in boiling salted water until crisp-tender. Drain very thoroughly and reserve sprout liquid. Chop sprouts medium coarse; you should have about 2⅔ cups. Soak bread crumbs in sprout liquid, then squeeze dry. Mix chopped sprouts, bread crumbs, walnuts, seasonings, egg and remaining salt and pepper. Fill cavity of loin with about half the stuffing. Reserve remaining stuffing. Roll up meat and tie with string at intervals of 1½" to 2". Place seam side up on a rack in a roasting pan. Cover and roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., allowing 45 minutes to the pound. Uncover after the first 1¼ hours of roasting and turn loin over. Continue roasting, uncovered, until meat is tender. Bake remaining stuffing in a greased casserole for the last 20–30 minutes in the same oven. Transfer meat to a platter and remove strings. Remove rack from pan and drain off fat, but save brown drippings. Make gravy by adding a little flour to drippings and water to make about 2 cups. Heat, stirring, until smooth and thickened. Season to taste. Makes 8 servings.

MENU III

BEEF CONSOMMÉ
SPICED BEEF-AND-RICE ORIENTAL*
ROMAINE, CHICORY, CELERY AND SLICED RADISH SALAD
FRENCH DRESSING
FRESH FRUIT COMPOTE
COFFEE OR TEA

6 SERVINGS — COST $5.61

BEEF-AND-RICE ORIENTAL—$3.36

2 pounds lean beef chuck or 2 pounds beef round cut into ¾"–1" cubes and trimmed of all fat.

Marinade

- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon cooking oil
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 1 teaspoon celery salt
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- ⅛ teaspoon powdered cinnamon

The day before you plan to serve this, mix ingredients for marinade in a bowl. Add beef cubes and stir so that each piece of beef comes in contact with the marinade. Cover tightly with saran or aluminum foil to keep in odors and refrigerate overnight.

On the day of your dinner gather these ingredients:

- 1 teaspoon instant meat tenderizer
- 1½ cups water
- 4 teaspoons soy sauce
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2½-3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 (1-lb.) cans bean sprouts, drained
- 2 (9-oz.) packages frozen Italian green beans
- 1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, drained ar sliced thin
- 1 ripe tomato, peeled and chopped coarse
- 4–4½ cups hot cooked rice

Stir meat in marinade and sprinkle meat tenderiz over beef. Pierce each piece of meat deeply and ge erously with a fork. Transfer meat and marina to a 3-quart kettle. Add water and seasonings. Simm until *just* fork-tender, about 1½ to 2 hours. Thicke slightly with a thin paste of cornstarch and co water. Allow contents of kettle to boil 1–2 minute Add bean sprouts, green beans and water chestnut Simmer 10–15 minutes. Green beans should be *cris* tender; take care not to overcook. Taste for salt a pepper. Just before serving, sprinkle surface wi chopped tomato. Serve over rice and pass extra so sauce. Makes 6 generous servings.

Note: For fresh fruit compote use orange and grap fruit sections, diced apple, sliced banana and seed Tokay or green grapes.

MENU IV

TOMATO AND CLAM JUICE WITH LEMON WEDGES
CHICKEN-AND-TONGUE TETRAZZINI*
AVOCADO-AND-FRESH-SPINACH SALAD
ITALIAN DRESSING
LEMON ICE AND FROZEN BLUEBERRIES
COFFEE OR TEA

8 SERVINGS — COST $7

CHICKEN-AND-TONGUE TETRAZZINI—$3.61

- 1 (4-lb.) stewing chicken
- 4 cups water
- 3½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ cup margarine
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- ½ cup finely chopped celery leaves
- ¼ cup flour
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 cup heavy cream
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 6 stuffed green olives coarsely chopped
- ¼ cup finely chopped parsley
- ¾ pound thin spaghe
- 1 jar (6-oz.) sliced tong
- 1⅓ cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1½ cups white bread crumbs

Cook the chicken the day before, if you like. Simm covered, in the water with 1½ teaspoons salt until fo tender, about 3–4 hours. Cool in broth. Remove m from bones, discard skin. Wrap meat in aluminum f or saran and refrigerate. Reserve broth, cover tigh and refrigerate. Next day, skim hardened fat fr broth. Heat margarine in a 1½-quart saucepan. A onion and celery leaves and cook, stirring, until onio tender and transparent. Stir in flour, add milk, cre and 2 cups reserved chicken broth to make a thin cre sauce. Season with remaining 2 teaspoons salt and teaspoon pepper. Cook and stir until smooth. Add oli and parsley to sauce. Cook spaghetti according to pa age directions. Drain. Cut tongue into small pieces a chicken meat into bite-size pieces. In a large bowl r sauce, tongue, chicken and spaghetti. Taste for salt a pepper. Transfer to a shallow 3-quart casserole. (Y may prepare the casserole up to this point early in day, cover, refrigerate and bake just before serving you do this, add ⅛ cup extra milk or chicken broth cream sauce.) Toss cheese and bread crumbs toget and sprinkle over casserole. Bake in a moderate ov 350° F., for 30 minutes or until mixture is hot bubbly. Broil until surface is golden. Makes 8 servi

Note: Thaw frozen berries partially, add sugar to ta

HEADLINE NEWS!

KRAFT'S *DELICIOUS* DRESSINGS *GET SMART NEW BOTTLES... LABELS, TOO!*

oth-pouring bottles so elegant you could put them right on the table. Smart new labels with good food ideas
ne back. Inside, America's favorite Frenches, and a classic— Kraft Oil and Vinegar Dressing.

Kraft's delightful version of a classic dressing —Oil and Vinegar, gently seasoned with herbs.

Here's the real man-type dressing that has so many fans. Robust, sparkling Miracle French!



..., yes, but
reat dress-
ory Kraft
that the
nily loves.

Vegetable Hat by Lilly Dache

Hawaiian Pineapple

Your Pillsbury Loaf Cake Mix is the perfect one-layer size... Dole Hawaiian Pineapple adds the perfect fresh-fruit taste



You may have made it this good, but never this easy!

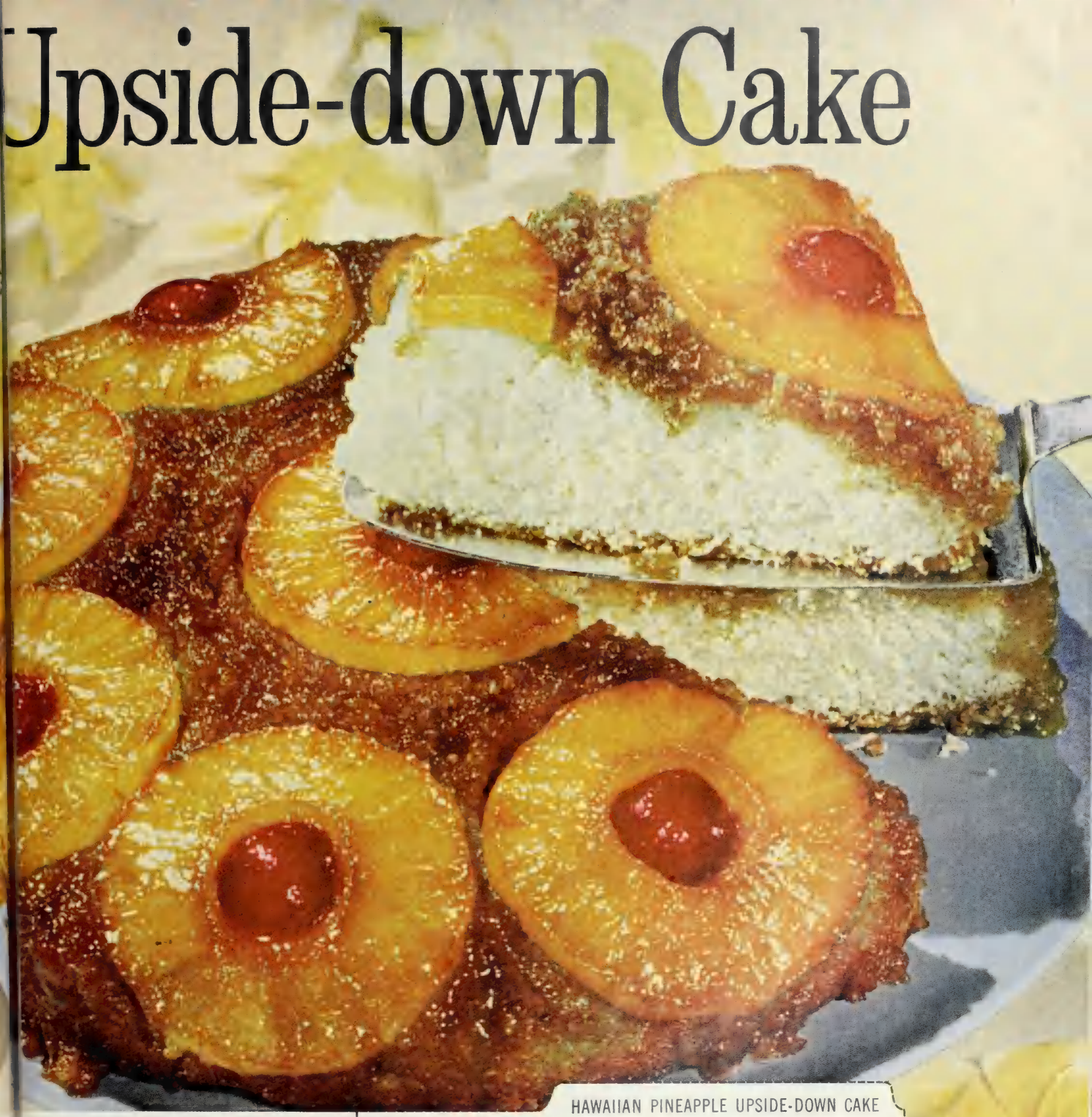


For a flavor surprise, make this cake with Pillsbury Banana or Applesauce Loaf Cake Mix. Use either Crushed or Sliced Dole Pineapple. You can vary the shape, too—bake a square as shown at left, or try the ring mold below for a change.

Time was when an upside-down cake was a chore—but worth it. Now, forget the fuss and enjoy the same wonderful results. Pillsbury Loaf Cake Mix is just the right amount to make a marvelously moist upside-down cake (and Pillsbury cakes stay moist because they contain 20% more shortening in the mix). The No. 2 Dole can has just the right amount of pineapple slices to make this cake the gold-crowned beauty it should be. When you taste it you'll know there's a difference in pineapple . . . and cake mixes. Fresh-fruit taste is the difference in Dole of Hawaii. And nothing says lovin' like something from the oven . . . Pillsbury says it best!



Upside-down Cake



...e are 10 tips
...r dessert variety!

... PILLSBURY ... CAKE MIXES
White
Yellow
...colate Fudge
Banana
...pplesauce

... 5 DOLE ...NAPPLE STYLES
Sliced
Chunks
Crushed
Tidbits
Spears



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE



- 1 can (1 lb., 4½ oz.) sliced or crushed DOLE PINEAPPLE
- maraschino cherries
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 package white or yellow PILLSBURY LOAF-SIZE* CAKE MIX

Drain Dole Pineapple well. Melt butter or margarine in pan (9-inch round, 8 or 9-inch square, or 6 to 6½ cup ring mold). Remove from heat and stir in brown sugar. Arrange pineapple and cherries in sugar mixture—if using pineapple slices, bend slightly to come up sides of pan.

Prepare Pillsbury Loaf-Size* Cake Mix batter as directed on package and pour over all in pan. Bake at 350° for 40 to 50 minutes until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean. Loosen edges of cake, cover with serving plate, turn over and lift off pan. Makes 8 or 9 servings.

*Or use ½ batter from regular size package and bake remainder as cupcakes.



now!
from
California
comes THE
SUNLIT LOOK
CREME PUFF
by
MAX FACTOR

You get a wonderfully warm new sunlit look with Creme Puff, the compact make-up from California. For Max Factor makes it with millions of tiny light-diffusers that soften the light. Also, millions of tiny light reflectors that give off a special glow. The result...a warm radiance... a soft beauty...the Sunlit Look!

And Creme Puff is complexion-balanced; it actually flatters complexions from pale to ruddy. In 12 lovely shades–each with the Sunlit Look. Creme Puff now comes in refillable Case-Mate compacts in a wide choice of designer colors, from $1.35 to $5.50. Refills $1.00.

"CORAL SUN" LIPSTICK BY MAX FACTOR • DRESS BY JAX • ©1961, MAX FACTOR & CO.



PRETTY BUT FAT . . . UNTIL SHE LOST 90 POUNDS

Joanna Pollard, of Richmond, Virginia, had been fat from the time she could remember. And then she married a man who loves to cook! Here is a picture-story of her ups and (finally) downs.

By DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR



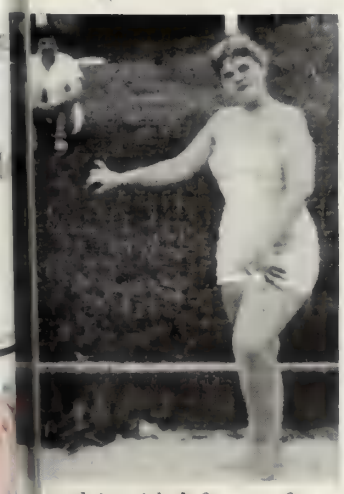
I weighed 125 pounds when I was eleven years old and wore size 14½ chubby dresses. There weren't many styles to choose from, so mamma would find the most becoming one and buy it in a variety of colors. That was a kind thought, but I always suffered the distinction of being the girl in "that dress." For my confirmation the next year I had nothing suitable to wear. Mother's clothes were too small for me. searched and searched through all the stores for some- ıg pretty, but the only thing that came close to my size my grandmother's tailored gray flannel suit. I certainly ed different!

ourteen I looked old enough to be my own mother! My measured forty inches; waist, thirty-six inches; hips, y-six inches. My parents were heartbroken for me and l so hard to get me to diet.

Whenever daddy, photographed with me here saw me over- ıg he'd plead, "Now don't do that, honey." But I'd resent nterference, blow up, leave the table and sulk. Discour- , mamma and daddy gave up trying to help. How ashamed s of being so fat, and hurt when others teased "Come on," a girl in a d once coaxed, "I'll give a *dollar* if you weigh in of us."



school the slim, active *did* everything, had the fun. I tried to compete studying seriously (I t piano when I was en), and by working at extracurricular ac- es. These things helped never kept me from looking longingly at a life that passing me by.



You would think this snapshot, all by itself, would have started me on a diet. Despite 175 pounds and the bulges that went with them, I continued to begin each day with a breakfast consisting of foods such as cake, milk, hashed-brown potatoes, roast beef with gravy, heated vegetables. Mamma hopefully packed a simple school lunch, but I sup- nted it with leftovers from classmates' lunches—tuna iches, cookies, cake, and so on. I ate peanut-butter iches after school, and for dinner packed away such ern specialties as fried pork chops, black-eyed peas, n fried in bacon grease, creamed potatoes, buttered ie à la mode or chocolate pudding with whipped cream.

After high-school graduation I *did* diet, and weighed a comparatively tidy 140 pounds when I met and later married Jack. But wouldn't you know I'd settle down with a man who loves to cook! Jack had been an Army cook in Korea and continued to exploit his talents at home. Within a few months after our daughter, Robin, was born I weighed 221 pounds. My abnormal size was grieving mamma to death. She would burst into tears at the sight of me. When I realized my ugly fat was a burden to others as well as myself I determined *to stick to a diet*. This passage from the Bible helped me: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." When you make a promise to your mother and the Lord, that promise is not easily broken. Further armed with expert advice and encouragement from my physician, I dieted and lost 90 pounds in ten months.



Here I am at my reduced weight of 131 pounds. At twenty-four years I have a more youthful and energetic approach to life than I had when I was twelve.

In addition to cutting down on portions, I broiled and baked instead of pan-frying in grease. I steamed vegetables and served them plain. We began enjoying large helpings of mixed green salads (seasoned with lemon juice, vinegar or a commercially prepared diet dressing), and ate fresh or canned dietetic fruits for desserts. Starches and sweets were cut to a minimum. Jack lost weight, too, going from 200 pounds to 171, more appropriate for his height of six feet. We've never been happier!

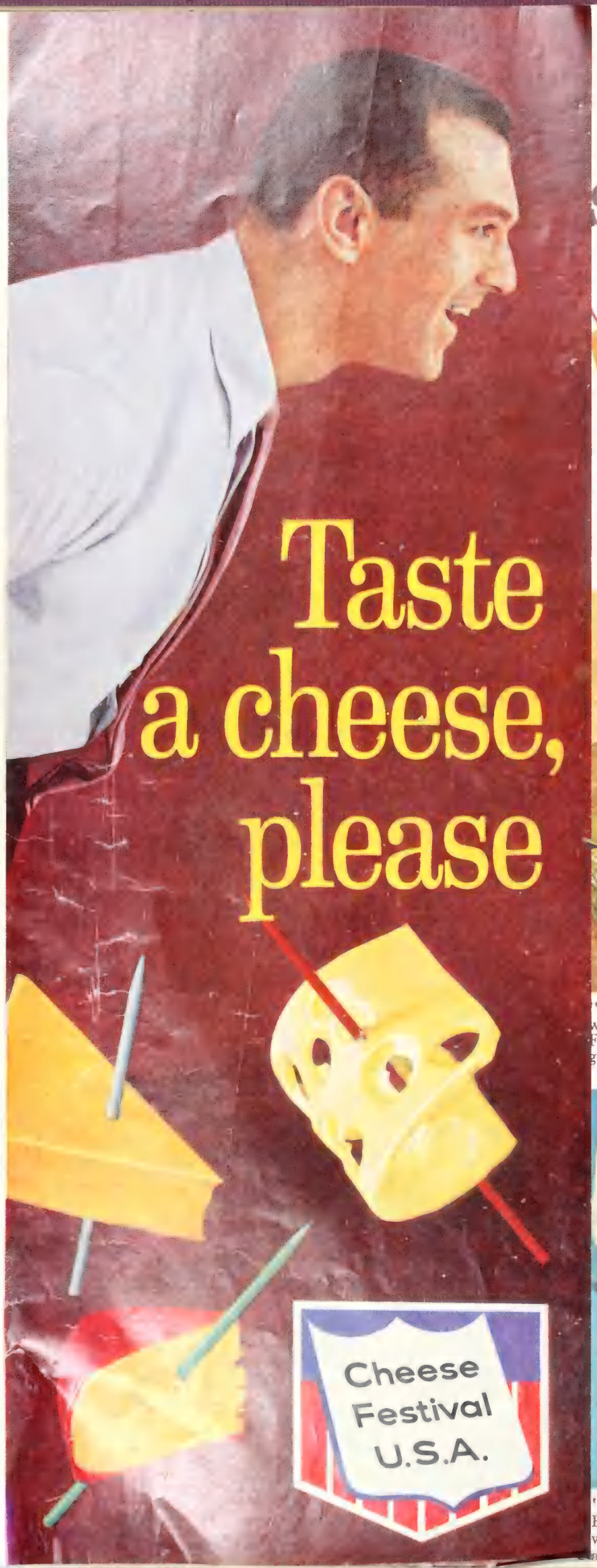


ROGER PRIGENT

JOANNA POLLARD'S MEASUREMENTS

BEFORE		AFTER
5′2½″	Height	5′2½″
221	Weight	131
50″	Bust	35½″
43″	Waist	26″
55″	Hips	38½″
20½	Dress size	11

Joanna's typical diet day (approximately 1000 calories) appears on page 130



Taste a cheese, please

Cheese Festival U.S.A.



Superb!

"Taste mild, sweet Brick . . . in a Cheesewich, please." Cheesewich, Deutsch-style! Thick slices of Brick on pumpernickel or rye. Famous flavored Brick is an original American cheese. You'd never guess that mild Brick is a kissin' cousin of mighty Limburger.



"Taste rich and robust Blue . . . with fruit, please." Dessert a la Francaise—American Blue Cheese and fruit. Blue Cheese is delicious with grapes and pears—super spread on crackers. To taste *any* cheese at its best, bring to room temperature before serving.

y CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D. *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

"HOW CAN I FORGIVE MYSELF FOR BEING UNFAITHFUL?"

an you help me? Ten years ago I committed adultery, l I still can't forget it, or forgive myself. I was nty and Tommy twenty-four when we married, and months later he was shipped out. (He was in itary service.) My employer was a very nice man, enough to be my father. But he was unhappy in marriage, I was lonely, and we drifted into an ir, though we weren't in love. We soon broke off, ve both realized we were doing wrong.

But I loved Tommy—I still do—and it preyed on mind. In desperation, I confessed to my minister. He kind and talked and prayed with me, but my fear guilt didn't stop. At his suggestion, I consulted doctor. He gave me medicine to quiet my nerves help me sleep, but my conscience gave me no e. A social worker told me to go to a psychiatrist. psychiatrist said it was unhealthy to keep on ing myself, and told me to forget it, but I couldn't. 've talked to other counselors, and they all say by now I should have stopped feeling guilty and d, but I *can't* stop. I haven't told Tommy—partly of cowardice, I suppose, but the counselors all it would only hurt him—and ours is a happy iage, except that I'm desperately unhappy about one thing. If I can't get relief, I'm afraid I'll lose ind."

tters burdened with guilt and anxiety about s long past are familiar to the marriage coun- Feelings of guilt are a normal reaction to doing thing considered wrong or sinful. The respon- individual cannot violate his own or society's without suffering pangs of conscience. (The are likely to be aggravated by the fear of dis- y; the memory of wrongdoing becomes a shameful .) But severe and persistent guilt feelings are observed in the emotionally healthy woman an), because she comes to terms with her sins. sincerely repents, accepts punishment if it is oming, makes amends as far as possible, and sses, if, *but only if* she can do so without hurting ming others. Then she can face the future with e and the confidence that she has learned from ence.

intense guilt feelings which persist over months rs are neither normal nor healthy. Guilt is a ctive emotion when it prevents constructive t and action. It inhibits personality, interferes tonement and undermines human relationships. two cases of anxiety and guilt are exactly alike, me broad principles apply to all. The tormented ho wrote to us can benefit from them.

ble catharsis may be sufficient. Telling a trusted nte (preferably a professional person) what you one and how you feel about it usually relieves and enhances insight. If the misdeed was discuss it in person or by letter with a trained lor *before* revealing it to a sweetheart or spouse. unselor can consider your behavior objectively, ed one probably cannot. The confession may ur partner more than it helps you.

tructive activity is good therapy, particularly if s others. Keeping busy prevents morbid pre- tion with the problem.

al treatment should be sought for severe or ous insomnia, disturbing dreams, loss of appe- other psychosomatic discomfort.

ological help should be enlisted if the feelings orthiness, guilt and anxiety are not quickly . The psychiatrist or clinical psychologist is skilled in handling this type of problem, but the patient should not expect an overnight cure.

Devastating guilt or anxiety usually means that feelings of being unworthy, inferior and disapproved were present long before the immediate disturbance took place. In such cases, deep psychotherapy may be required.

A final word of caution applies to all of us. Before engaging in any behavior that is generally considered unacceptable, evaluate its possible consequences. If you do this realistically, you may decide that the price is too high.

"I MARRIED OUTSIDE MY OWN FAITH"

"My parents were divorced when I was twenty, and I wish it had happened sooner. They quarreled bitterly all through my childhood, largely because of differences in religious faith. My mother deeply resented having to pay lip service to my father's faith when they married, and I grew up sharing her beliefs more than his. This led to more bitterness on both sides.

"Then I made the same mistake and married a man of my father's faith. We soon realized the marriage would never work out, so we were divorced. Two years ago I remarried; we are very happy, and now we have a darling baby girl. My husband and I have found a faith we can both accept.

"Perhaps I am worrying too much too soon, but having been part of two interfaith marriages that ended in divorce, I want my daughter to marry in her own faith. What can I do to influence her?"

Research shows that deep-seated religious differences may create trouble in themselves, and also may lead to other difficulties—such as in-law conflict. And it is a known fact that the divorce rate is two or three times higher in mixed religious marriages than in marriages where the couple share the same faith.

But this does not mean that interfaith marriages are doomed to unhappiness. Their success depends on the couple's ability to face and resolve their differences, preferably before marriage. It should be noted that the divorce rate is higher among couples of no religious faith.

A recent study of women students at Pennsylvania State sheds some light on their own feelings and experiences in interfaith dating. Nearly all the Protestant and Catholic girls and the majority of the Jewish girls had at some time dated outside their own faith, at least casually. But very few Jewish girls reported "going steady" with a man outside their faith. And so long as the dating remained casual, only a very few encountered any difficulty arising out of religious differences.

But as the relationship between the dating couple became closer, problems of four types began to appear, with increasing frequency.

Opposition of parents, as might be expected, strengthened as the parents began to fear that the courtship might lead to marriage.

Problems with the church. A significant minority (about 11 per cent) of engaged Protestant and Catholic girls reported that they had not yet resolved difficulties with the fiancé about his church's regulations and attitudes toward interfaith marriages.

Attitude of friends. Though almost no Catholic girls reported opposition of friends as a problem in interfaith dating, about a fifth of Jewish and Protestant girls reported friends' opposition, especially as dating became more frequent.

Personal conflicts. About a fifth of Protestant and a tenth of Catholic girls reported that they were disturbed by inner conflicts, such as secret mental reservations about the wedding contract, or deceiving their parents about agreements with the fiancé.

Perhaps the most illuminating aspect of the study to parents is the difference in the background of the girls who are and are not now dating outside their own faith. The girls not dating outside their own faith were most likely to have attended public school; not to come from a broken home; to have parents of the same religion, and to share their parents' religious views; and to get along well with their parents. These findings can be restated as suggestions to parents who want their children to marry in their own faith.

Parents should agree on their own religious beliefs and observance. Failure to do so breeds dissension in the home, and tends to undermine respect for all religion.

A confidential relationship should be cultivated. Children should be encouraged to discuss all personal matters, including religion, freely and without embarrassment. The practice of frank personal discussion should begin long before adolescence.

Interfaith dating should be discouraged, and the reasons for this attitude should be carefully explained. At the same time, association with members of the same faith should be encouraged and made easy.

Church attendance should be a family custom, shared by parents and children. This practice at once strengthens the sense of family unity, and also emphasizes the value the parents place on their beliefs.

Just as children learn and tend to share their parents' political and economic beliefs, so they can be taught to respect parents' religious beliefs. But they should be taught not by arbitrary edict but by discussion and example, in an atmosphere of mutual affection and trust.

ASK YOURSELF:

What Do I Want in My Husband?

Since happiness is the primary goal in modern marriage, it is not surprising that both single and married women emphasize the personal qualities they desire in a mate. Check the qualities below that you want your husband to have.

I Expect Him To Be:

1. *Affectionate, loving and devoted.*
2. *Faithful and trustworthy.*
3. *Able to earn a decent living.*
4. *Honest and truthful with me.*
5. *Careful but not stingy about money.*
6. *Thoughtful and considerate of my wishes.*
7. *Pleasant and fair to my relatives.*
8. *Willing to confide fully in me.*
9. *Eager to work hard and get ahead.*
10. *Able to get along well with others.*
11. *A companion and a partner.*
12. *Courteous and kind to me in public.*
13. *Willing to compromise when we disagree.*
14. *A good father to our children.*

Since people aren't perfect, few men possess all these traits. But most happy wives say that their husbands possess at least nine. If your husband falls short, perhaps you expect too much. If you are among the wives (one in four) who are seriously disappointed in their mates, make sure your behavior and attitude provide the example and the motive he needs to become a good husband. Or if you are single but dating some man frequently, make sure the courtship is long enough to allow a realistic appraisal.

Toss-up!

It's fun to juggle your colors with **CUTEX**

Have a mad fashion fling with the new Cutex Color Collection...seven little lipsticks all in a row to wear as the mood strikes you. All in the famous Delicate formula that goes on as lightly and smoothly as a kiss! There's sunny "Coral Ice," electrifying "Bright Orange,"



subtle "Pink Cameo," vibrant "Flaming," so phisticated "Clear Red," radiant "Bright Ce rise" and devastating "Strike Me Pink." Th whole collection nestled in a plastic dressin table holder...with an extra cap so you ca tuck one in your handbag. Only $1.50 plus tax

Northam Warren Division, New York, Paris, London



Into the fresh air of Paris after "the heat, the smoke, the hum" of the collections, Journal "flesh-and-blood" panelists get together to exchange their "I adore this" and "I don't like that" impressions. Left to right—Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont flew in from U.S.A.; Princess Lee Radziwill from London; with hostess Comtesse de Mohl on the balcony of her Paris apartment. Turn to page 64 for story.

JOURNAL ABOUT PARIS

Bedlam. Topsy-turvy. Screwballsville. I think everyone "doing" the Paris Collections goes utterly zany.

I always imagined a setting of cool luxury, of ultra glamour. Not a bit of it. Getting into a packed football stadium is far easier, far less painful than climbing the stairs of a Paris fashion house on Collection Day. The gushing "aaaah-h-h-h's" droning round the room. The heat. The smoke. The hum of the wholly ineffective air conditioners. The uncomfortable, fragile chairs (a leg snapped off mine within ten minutes—and it wasn't the only thing cracking under the strain). The audience—you'd expect a good-looking lot in the heart of the fashion world, wouldn't you?—*this* audience was made up of buyers (expressionless, hard-faced males) and the press (expressionless, hard-faced females).

And the models. In and out they pranced and pirouetted, like a troupe of half-wound clockwork ballet dancers. Admittedly some of them tried a smile now and then—but it was more a mechanical movement of powder and cream than a natural reaction.

Someone asked me what I thought of the clothes. Like most of my sex, I can never judge women by their clothes, only clothes by their women. A woman with a comely face and a sparkling personality can be the most alluring in the room to me.

Judging a collection is the antithesis of this reaction. The models are hardly flesh and blood; they are impersonal shadowy shapes of skin and bone—mostly bone. *They* don't wear the clothes—the clothes wear *them*. Hence the clothes to me become merely the unreal trappings of an unreal shadow.

But you put the clothes on a real 100-kilowatt woman whom I can know and react to and like—*then* I'll begin to take feminine sartorialities seriously.

By Robin Douglas-Home



Fashion Editor Wilhela Cushman (center), who arranged it all, enjoys discussion about clothes with Princess Radziwill and Monsieur Antonio Castillo after the Lanvin-Castillo opening.

KUBLIN



After the wild applause at Chanel's hit opening the Journal crowd has a *what-did-YOU-think* session. Left to right: writer Robin Douglas-Home, Princess Radziwill, Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing, Mrs. du Pont, Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft Jr.

"THE PRINCE AND I"

After five years, does the marriage of Monaco's Prince Rainier III and his American-born princess seem to be the forever-after kind?

"The prince and I——" she said. She said it not once, but many times. *The prince and I do this*, or *The prince and I do that*—emphasizing that, just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to make a happy and successful marriage.

There is no country in the world where women enjoy such equality as they do in America. To Americans, marriage is a partnership. Grace Kelly, before her marriage, could have been considered as all-American as the red brick house where she was born inconspicuously in the East Falls section of Philadelphia—a simple, middle-class house built by her late millionaire father, once a bricklayer. Rainier III, descended from a princely line stretching back to Europe's twelfth century, epitomizes the Old World's patriarchal system. How is the combination working out?

Princess Grace gave a clear-cut answer. "In the palace," she said, "it is mainly the prince who makes the decisions regarding any changes."

Does she miss the old independence? "Occasionally I do." She was thoughtful for a moment and then added, "But for the most part, no."

Five years of marriage, motherhood and Monaco (say Mon'ako) have undoubtedly matured Princess Grace, just as this small Mediterranean principality agrees that five years of marriage have made a different man of Prince Rainier. The carefree bachelor, they say, has given way to a devoted husband and father.

"I have become a real family man," the prince acknowledges. Anyone seeing him romping with his children in their private apartment in the palace on the Rock will readily concur.

Princess Grace today is the most titled woman in the world—Princesse de Monaco, Princesse de Château-Porcien, a duchess twice over, nine times a countess, three times a marquise, six times a baroness.

At 31, her complexion is apple-blossom, her smile instantaneous, and she still appears to have been dipped in pearl right down to her pink finger tips. Her blond hair is cut short at the neck and bouffant on top in the "artichoke" style created by Alexandre of Paris. ("I'd always worn my hair long before. Now that I've had it cut, I don't know whether I like it or not.") Even thus, shorn of her serene chignon, Princess Grace remains swanlike and beautiful. She still has that rose-embowered air of a princess in a play, able through her art to make us believe again in swan lakes, castles and happily-forever-after romance.

Caroline—four years old, blue-eyed and brown-haired—has inherited something of her mother's acting ability, combined with her father's talent for mimicry. Prince Rainier, when he is in the mood, can turn his tongue to Irish, American and French accents or give a Cockney impersonation which might deceive even a Londoner. Similarly little Caroline CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

By GRAHAM and HEATHER FISHER

UPI



Grace at six months looks like Caroline.

UPI



The princess at 18 months smiling regally.

UPI



The Philadelphia Kellys: Grace, Margaret, Mrs. Kelly, Mr. Kelly, John and Lizanne.

UPI



Modeling days (1950): here Grace types for an ad.

UPI



After Grace's send-off, brother Jack won single sculls.

PICTORIAL PARADE



With couturier Oleg Cassini.

EUROPEAN



Ray Milland, Bob Cummings and

PARIS MATCH



Luminous but trembling, Grace barely whispered "Oui."

GEORGE LUKOMSKI



The carabinieri, toy soldiers who come to life at noon.

PARIS MATCH



Princess Grace opens the gala Red Cross benefit ball in Monaco.

HOWELL CONANT



...cesses ascend through birth, but one American girl's loveliness broke all the rules—Princess Grace of Monaco.

PARIS MATCH



At the funeral of John B. Kelly, Grace's charmer of a father.

DALMAS-PIX



The prince and princess happily Christmas-shopping in London



...take a break during "Dial M for Murder."

HOWELL CONANT



"We swim mornings before the Monte Carlo pool is crowded."



By HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

YOUNG MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

He wasn't good enough for their Nettie—but how could they persuade her to forget a man like Peter?

Statistics show that, by and large, women live longer than men—five years longer on the average if one accepts the straight-line measure of the calendar, but who knows how much longer by the winding, twilight path of the heart?

There were three women who had outlived their men by years or by aeons, whichever way it may be considered, and had withdrawn from the world, which no longer mattered, to the seclusion of the seacoast village of East Baddow, quite removed from all urgency of time.

Occasionally to begin with, and then once a week, they would gather in the evening at the home of one of them, and they would all wear formal and lovely gowns from long ago, and there would be flowers, and ceremony, and all the circumstances of a party except the party itself. But for memory's sake and for quiet, rueful gaiety in this necessary present, each occasion would be an approximation of evenings long gone, incomplete only because of the absence of men and of any attachment to time. Men were gone, and these evenings floated loosely as clouds do in the sky.

Mrs. Troy Livermore lived in a white house in front of which hollyhocks grew all summer high as the eaves.

Mrs. Sylvester Lansdale lived in a square, hip-roofed house on the peak of which was a widow's walk, but she was not the kind of widow who cared for high places; and besides, she had nothing to look for in the direction of the sea.

Mrs. Dustin Manchester lived in what once had been styled a great house. It was much too big for her, and she had to fill out the vacant spaces by force of habit and aloofness, though she would sometimes assume that fancied visitors had just left or were about to arrive.

All three houses faced on Sea Street, which was the longest, sunniest and shadiest street in East Baddow and extended not only from the red brick bank building at the Four Corners to the cow pasture at Baddow Neck, but also from the year 1642 to 1960. Traffic in the first sense could move freely in two directions, but in the second sense was inexorably one-way.

On a certain cool, starlit night these three friends were gathered at Mrs. Manchester's house, because it was her turn, and they sat in the old-fashioned parlor, a graciously proportioned room with wallpaper depicting scenes from the Crimean War. Presently the three would go in to dinner, but not quite yet. They sipped sherry and chatted, and ignored the nonsense of the grandfather's clock in the corner.

Mrs. Manchester wore a crinkly lavender dress that had come a good while ago from an extremely expensive Fifth Avenue shop. Although she was quite an elderly lady, her arms were still lovely. Under wavy gray hair her long, reflective face was set off by amethyst earrings and by a necklace containing stones of the same kind.

Mrs. Livermore had always been plump, but even now no one could call her dumpy. Her evening gown was of midnight blue, trimmed with velvety yellow; it had been on the daring side when she had danced in it with Admiral Livermore at official balls on the other slope of the long hill. She had been so gay a person that she couldn't fade into plain quietude, though by shyness she indicated her awareness that decorum would have preferred her to do so.

Mrs. Lansdale's hair had become perfectly and beautifully white, and her spine was straight as a piece of two-by-four studding. She wore a light, silky scarf around her throat to hide its skinniness. She didn't realize how little such a thing detracted from the portrait she made in dark, soft red, with her erect figure and authority. She was the oldest of the three and would have been the leader if there had been any direction in which to lead.

At length a dark-haired girl wearing a green uniform and white apron came into the room with a tray to take away the empty glasses. The three women contemplated her fresh youthfulness as one looks from a summit into a green valley.

When she had gone out, Mrs. Livermore said, "She's new, isn't she?"

"She's like a picture in a magazine," said Mrs. Lansdale. "Did we have figures like that? The boys must yearn and pant after her."

"Yes, she's new," said Mrs. Manchester. "I'm having her come in three days a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

ink Nettie could do worse than marry me," said Peter, "Who doesn't take chances?"



Maybe he couldn't do much talking or thinking for himself; but as far as dames were concerned, VOOM!

By JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

three for the show

If you spent any time at all in New York during the la theatrical season, I know you must have seen countle references in the local newspapers to "the Dumart touch." You may have smiled at them or chuckled, even laughed aloud, but I know one thing for absolu sure: you don't have the slightest idea of the cockeye story that lay behind them. This is that story.

I'm a Broadway press agent, and I work for a produc known affectionately to the trade as the Ogre. His nan is Edgar Bastion, he is both smart and ruthless, and h hustles much harder than any other producer in tow Mr. Bastion makes frequent trips to Europe, and abo



The three Lebretts appeared in the doorway. "Who are *they?*" the Ogre asked angrily. "Nobody invited *them!*"

r ago he picked up the American rights to *Il Fait Dormir*, a fluffy farce by a brand-new playwright l Raoul Dumartin. It was full of bedrooms and count- and wicked boulevardiers, and written with such d blend of exuberance and knowing cynicism and mouthed wonder at the sheer fun of being alive t was as simple and delightful as a *cordon bleu* soufflé. the valid theory that there's nothing like a bright playwright to stir up a storm of publicity (look at pace Behan snatched for *The Hostage*), the Ogre ar- d to pay Dumartin's way over here on the *Liberté*, ly before the Broadway production of *Dormir* went into rehearsal. I went down to meet the boat with my assistant, Millie Burke. Millie is tall, slender, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and is illegally delectable.

It took us a half hour to fight through the crowds to the "D" baggage. In the first-class section, an extraordinarily handsome young man was perched on a glossy black steamer trunk. He was smoking a cigar.

"Monsieur Dumartin?" I said.

He nodded at me, smiling.

"I'm the press agent for your play," I said. "James Martin. And this is Millie Burke. We wired that we'd be meeting you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

IT IS WRONG TO HAVE LOVED SO MUCH, SO YOUNG, SO EARLY. AT THE DAWN OF LIFE YOU ACQUIRE A BAD HABIT: THE HABIT OF BEING LOVED. IT IS RATHER FOOLISH TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOUR MOTHER HAS TOLD AND FORETOLD YOU. I WAS TO BE A SHINING HERO, A CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, AND WHAT IS LEFT OF ME TODAY STILL KEEPS TRYING, LONGING, REMEMBERING. SOMETHING OF HER COURAGE AND HER WILL CONTINUES TO BURN IN ME EVEN NOW AND MAKES LIFE VERY DIFFICULT WHEN IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO GIVE UP, TO GIVE IN: I WAS HER HAPPY ENDING; SHE CONDEMNED ME TO A LIFE OF GAIETY AND HOPE.

PROMISE AT DAWN



BY ROMAIN GARY

It is over. The beach of Big Sur is empty and cool and the gentle sand is kind to the fallen. The sea mist blurs all things except memories; between ocean and sky, not a mast to be seen; on a rock before me, thousands of birds; on another, a family of seals—the father keeps emerging from the waves with an offering of fish in his mouth, a shiny and devoted parent. Sea gulls land, often so near that I hold my breath. . . . At the age of forty-five, I still catch myself dreaming of some universal and total tenderness. So long have I been lying motionless where I fell that cormorants and pelicans have formed a circle around me, and, just after sunrise, a seal let himself be carried by the surf close to my feet. He stayed there quite a while, raised on his flippers, staring at me, before returning once more into the sea. I smiled, but he kept staring at me seriously and a little sadly, as though he knew.

The day war was declared my mother drove five hours in a taxi to say good-by and to wish me, in her own words, "A hundred victories in the sky"—I was at that time gunnery instructor at the Air Force Academy in Salon-de-Provence.

The taxi was an ancient, flat-nosed Renault, ready to breathe its last. At one time my mother had owned a 25 per cent share in the vehicle, but for many years now the taxi had been the exclusive property of her former partner, a chauffeur named Rinaldi. Long after the war, dear old Rinaldi—he still runs a taxi in Nice—told me with grudging admiration how my mother had "requisitioned" him.

"She flung open the door of the cab and, with a commanding sweep of her cane, told me, 'Take me to Salon-de-Provence. I wish to say good-by to my heroic son.' I tried to argue—a ten-hour drive it was, there and back, and I knew that she wasn't going to pay me. I refused to budge, and so we both sat there for I don't know how long. Then she began to cry, looking suddenly like a dumb, hurt and lost animal—you know the way she looked sometimes—and still blubbering something about her 'heroic son.' 'All right,' I told her, adding, just to save face, 'but you'll pay for the gas.' I knew she wouldn't. Yes, Monsieur Romain, you can say you've been loved in your life; there is nothing she wouldn't have done for you."

I saw her step down from the taxi in front of the canteen, leaning on her cane, under the interested eyes of the assembled soldiery. It was too late for me to hide; I rose from my table, buckling my belt, and smiling bravely while, with a fine theatrical gesture, she threw her arms wide and stood there, her face radiant. I walked over to her slowly, rolling my shoulders, with my cap tilted cockily over one eye and my hands stuffed into the pockets of those almost legendary, and dashing, *(Continued on Page 92)*

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MARKHAM BEACH FROM THE FRENCH "LA PROMESSE DE L'AUBE." PROMISE AT DAWN IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY HARPER & BROS.

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BOOK

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BY ROMAIN



From the age of eight, whenever we had difficult times, mother would state with calm assurance: "You are going to be an Ambassador of France, and you will have your suits made in London."



WOMEN WHO MAKE WORLD FASHION

Six women with youth, position, beauty, chic, taste and wealth, whose choice of clothes and dress sense today set the world of fashions of tomorrow. From America—Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing, Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft Jr.; from England—Princess Lee Radziwill; from France—Comtesse de Mohl, Vicomtesse d'Harcourt.

Wilhela Cushman, Fashion Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, invited these six women to form a fashion panel and to record their personal reactions to the fall Paris Collections they would like to see—Givenchy, Chanel, Lanvin-Castillo and Dior.

Mrs. Cushman: What do you feel about the Lanvin-Castillo collection?

Mrs. du Pont: I like simplicity in all my dresses, so I like the beautiful cut of this collection. What I don't like are the cowls around the neck. Colors? Blue, turquoise for me. The necklines—I think it's chicquer and snappier to have a high neckline all around.

Princess Radziwill: It was certainly a lovely, elegant collection. Especially the evening dresses.

Mrs. Bancroft: This collection is really striking: wearable, pretty dresses, good lines, no gimmicks. I like shorter knee lengths than these. I think good fashion should be wearable for twenty years. It's very important CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

By Wilhela Cushman
FASHION EDITOR
and Robin Douglas-Home
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY KUBLIN

They flew from New York: Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. du Pont (left to right, rear) and Mrs. Bancroft (front). Opposite: they talk it over during luncheon. Proceeding counterclockwise around the table from the hostess, Comtesse de Mohl: Mr. Douglas-Home, Mrs. du Pont, Vicomtesse d'Harcourt, Princess Radziwill, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Cushing.



INCESS LEE RADZIWILL



S. NICHOLAS R. du PONT



S. FREDERICK A. CUSHING



THOMAS M. BANCROFT JR.



ESSE DE MOHL



ITESSE D'HARCOURT





CHANEL Mrs. Cushing (left) is photographed at Chanel ("chicquest line of all") in black-and-white tweed suit whose jacket is lined and collared with lamb's wool, the blouse is satin. Mannequin wears beige-and-white tweed with creamy nutria and a cream-white satin blouse.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

that a pretty woman should not look like a joke—which she would do with Dior-type gimmicks. The hats are horrible, but I never wear a hat, so who cares?

Mrs. Cushing: Castillo's knee lines are a bit low for me. I like showing about half a knee. And there's too much bulky stuff around the neck on suits and coats. It itches you. I don't like the shiny suits—I'm too much a conservative type. I go for these low backs a high fronts. Only trouble is the ghastly underwe problem. But then you can't get into a Dior dress at if you have a bosom.

Comtesse de Mohl: The dresses at Lanvin are like nowhere else—beautifully. Nothing ever exc

JBERT de GIVENCHY Representing the Journal at this top opening were, in the front row, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. du Pont and, second from right, Comtesse de Mohl. Mannequin in No. 3461—black-and-white tweed suit, showing the Givenchy shape of fashion—a fitted front and free back.

ed. But I prefer a cleaner neckline than some of ts have. His kneeline is lower, which is good, a g of the bend of the knee is bad—it's not a nice f the body. I love these tiny small hats which the head and neck small, never looking heavy.

omtesse d'Harcourt: I have rarely seen a collec- ith such a large majority of things I like. The simplicity of them. I never choose things with too much fashion: I like getting two years' wear out of my clothes. You know, by shortening the hem and things like that.

Mrs. du Pont: Lee, what did you think of Chanel?

Princess Radziwill: I loved the woolen suits. So easy to wear in the evening when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

MARC BOHAN of Christian Dior

At th
ope
ing Mrs. du Pont, Princess Radziwill, Mrs. Cushing (fro
Mrs. Bancroft, Comtesse de Mohl (second row) watch t
glitter: "extravagant ... exotic ... depends on your shap
Below: Mrs. Bancroft tries a pink silk evening coat, wit
lining and collar of Bohan's favorite black mink. Comte
de Mohl chooses a hat; Vicomtesse d'Harcourt looks







Mrs. du Pont "loved Dior's dresses and jackets"; is snapped here in a pale pink wool coat called "San Francisco," trimmed with black mink, a black mink hat in hand. (Paris loves fur this year.) Note the narrow shoulders, long slim sleeves, the silhouette flaring out from a high shaped bosom. Very young and charming.



Dress-and-jacket idea Mrs. du Pont likes in black-and-white tweed, good example of "world fashion" in the making. Again, the new long, tight sleeve.

Mrs. Cushing (right) preferred Dior's evening dresses—"fabrics fabulous." Photographed in pink silk moire.



CASTILLO of Lanvin

Journal panel liked the "simplicity," "beautiful cut," "elegance," "wearability" and "no gimmicks" of this collection; disagreed about below-knee lengths—some liked them, others would shorten. At the left: Mrs. Cushing in a feminine white wool dress with lynx wrapped around the neckline. (Fur a point of debate too—some for it, some against it.) A black wool coat was designed for this dress.

Below: one of Castillo's black dresses with the beautifully simple cut, photographed on Mrs. Cushing. The neckline high, the hemline the drama part with rows and rows of looped wool. This designer likes to flatter the figure, uses black wool for every hour, shows a lot of brown tones, white and off-white; coral, apricot and pink for evening.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Princess Radziwill: Some of the dresses were a bit busy, but some of the things I loved. A bit overdone perhaps. I adore Chanel, but ——

Mrs. Bancroft: I'm mad about it all. It's the same old Chanel line; but if you've got a good line stick with it. And those colors!

Mrs. Cushing: Not for me, but the chicquest line of all.

Comtesse de Mohl: I'd say Chanel doesn't want things to be well made so much as relaxed and comfortable. But for the day, I prefer Chanel definitely. She copies no one. I always feel everything is fine when I wear a Chanel.

Mrs. du Pont: And Dior?

Mrs. Cushing: It seems to me Dior constructs clothes for people with no chest.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



CASTILLO of Lanvin "I love a plunging back and high front," Mrs. Cushing says. Exotic example: Castillo's black wool dress with the curved, body-conscious silhouette. You can see the front with the high round neckline in the looking glass. The V-back calls for a jeweled pin. There is a matching black jersey jacket that goes with this dress, a clever disguise to make it wearable for many occasions earlier in the day.

MARC BOHAN of Christian Dior likes leather, mink, sophisticated combinations of colors; puts them together in this brown suède suit with mink revers and a pale suède blouse, photographed on Mrs. Cushing. Note the wide, wide belt, waistline returning.



BALENCIAGA Comtesse de Mohl at home in Paris, photographed in a Balenciaga which she chose last season for the Versailles Ball. Along with this creator of fashion, she foresaw the lifted waistline of the present and future. An evening dress timeless in its beauty and grace of line.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

It entirely depends on your shape whether you go there or not.

Princess Radziwill: Extravagant, exotic—but not for me.

Mrs. du Pont: I loved his dresses and jackets and adored the beige coat particularly.

Vicomtesse d'Harcourt: What is your verdict on Givenchy?

Mrs. Cushing: I loved his evening dresses. Those with the two-piece look and with last year's silhouette especially. My favorite in the collection was the yellow satin evening dress with beaded top.

Comtesse de Mohl: I'd say the nobility of Balenciaga is coming more and more into Givenchy. But Givenchy is still younger. His fabrics are wonderful. His new color seems to be this gold and yellow at night, pink and black by day.

Mrs. du Pont: I could commit murder for two of his dresses—especially the one with the beaded pansy jacket. I craved one of his coats too.

Comtesse de Mohl: How do you feel about expensive clothes generally, Natalie?

Mrs. Cushing: I used to buy really cheap dresses. But they fell apart. Now I buy fewer clothes, better clothes and wear them for ten years. In America it doesn't matter how little money you have, you can still be well dressed.

Mrs. Bancroft: I must say that I like American-type clothes that are just as pretty and more wearable.

Vicomtesse d'Harcourt: There are no clothes made any more for the personal taste of one individual. Perhaps that's why, if I see someone wearing the same dress I do, I don't mind at all.

Mrs. du Pont: I'd never buy a dress if someone I knew had it too. I certainly wouldn't want a dress one of my friends had.

Vicomtesse d'Harcourt: It never occurs to me whether a dress is young or old. I've never seen the same dress look the same on two different women.

Princess Radziwill: You know, if you have money in America, you can buy just as good clothes there as in Paris. I'd always rather come to Paris. It's not a snob thing. But if you get used to it, you become spoiled.

END



SUBTLE SHAPING

NORELL AND

The coat of the moment and of the future by Norman Norell has the delicately shaped high bustline, slender sleeves and shoulders, and a perceptible flare. Sophisticated, feminine, and a coat of tremendous fashion influence. In black French velours, worn with gold doeskin gloves and a turned-back black felt cloche.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN Fashion Editor

SPLENDID CONTRAST

GALANOS

The double-cape silhouette designed by James Galanos in emerald-green tweed with the important heavy texture of fashion. This cloak is matched by a perfectly simple little dress, deftly shaped, in the same fabric to make a beautifully turned-out costume. Worn with the palest green beaver-felt hat with a turndown brim.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KUBLIN



ONE FASHION...

Four delightful career women interpret one wonderfully basic Vogue pattern



1 SEÑORA DE OYARZABAL



2 DINA MERRILL

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN GILL



3 MARCHESA DI MONTEZEMOLO



4 GLORIA SCHAFFER



THE HOUS AMEF NEED

FOUR ALITIES

things we do toge

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Dina Merrill, a familiar face on

and in the movies (in private life

mbough and mother of three de-

), chose the dressiest version of

ar for personal appearances. The

e is the essence of simplicity, and

use she wears Harry Winston's magnificent emerald pin. She was photographed at the new Lutece restaurant with leading man Cliff Robertson.

ng red jersey blouse. Her hat is blue crocheted mohair. Her extra box-pleated skirt (Vogue Design No. 9903) doubles the life of the suit.

3 Marchesa Alessandro di Montezemolo, a vibrant fashion editor on Vogue magazine, has a flair for the unusual. Her choice of an off-white tweed for her suit (a near match for her prematurely gray hair) shows her willingness to be individual. The trim, a combination of red and black wool braid that accents the cardigan neckline and sleeves, is very Chanel. The skirt has just enough ease for comfort. Underneath, she wears an off-white wool blouse or a black cashmere sweater.

4 Vivacious Gloria Schaffer, the youngest state senator in the United States, was photographed in front of the statehouse in Hartford, Connecticut, where she serves when the legislature is in session. Her blue tweed suit (comfortable for commuting to nearby Woodbridge) is accented with a gray opossum circlet and Sally Victor's matching blue stitched-velvet hat. Under the cardigan jacket, Mrs. Schaffer wears a silk-crepe blouse in a matching color.

For other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 120.

EASY FOR DAYTIME

• • •

nen interpret one wonderfully basic Vogue pattern







Becoming, natural, keeping its shape and neatness through a busy day—this is the kind of hair every young woman wants. Our two daytime hairdos have this easy manageability, need only a periodic comb-out or brushing to look their best. Though one or two strands of hair may be misplaced by wind or motion, the over-all "look" will remain intact.

The key to this ideal hairdo is simplicity. The first and most important step is the cutting. Step number two, for many women, is a soft permanent to add body and staying power. Finally, the hair is set (as often as its texture requires) on large rollers.

These carefree hairdos for daytime are flattering as well as easy. The short style is swept smoothly across the forehead from a low side part ending in a soft curve over the cheek. The classic longer style is combed into waves falling gracefully from a bouffant top.

For the casual look for every day, make-up is used to achieve the same fresh, natural appearance. For this: a foundation and powder to match the skin tones, lipstick in a beautifully clear color, and mascara and a touch of eye shadow; but for daytime, never overplayed. (For setting and combing directions for both day and evening hair styles, see page 143.)



THE HOUSI AMER NEED

things we do togeth

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ELEGANT FOR EVENING

Special evenings merit special attention to dress, make-up and hair style to achieve extra enchantment and allure. A lovely shoulder-baring gown, sparkling jewelry, a little bright eye shadow blended gently across the lids and a glamorous, beautifully arranged coiffure contribute to the look of elegance for evening.

The hair styles on this page utilize the same basic cut and setting as their daytime counterparts. Additional fullness in the top style comes from "teasing" or back-combing hair from the ends down to the roots, then smoothing over it lightly with a brush. It stays neatly in place with the assistance of hair spray. A jeweled butterfly clip adds the final pretty, glittering touch.

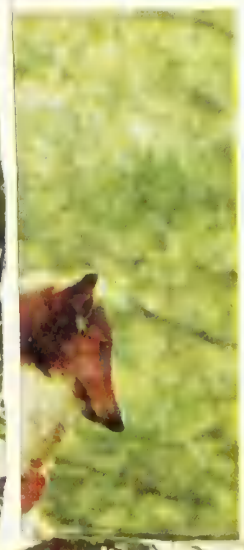
Long hair, usually more difficult to care for, reaps its reward in the beauty of an upsweep. The front is coaxed into deep waves dipping gently down over the ears. The hair is brushed up high on the back of the head into a neat twist topped with a cascade of curls.

Along with more elegance in hair styling, make-up is more daringly used—eye shadow to match the eyes or costume, eye liner as a further accent. From daytime to evening, an enchanting change.

The hair designs on these pages are by Mr. Kenneth.

• • •

men interpret one wonderfully basic Vogue pattern







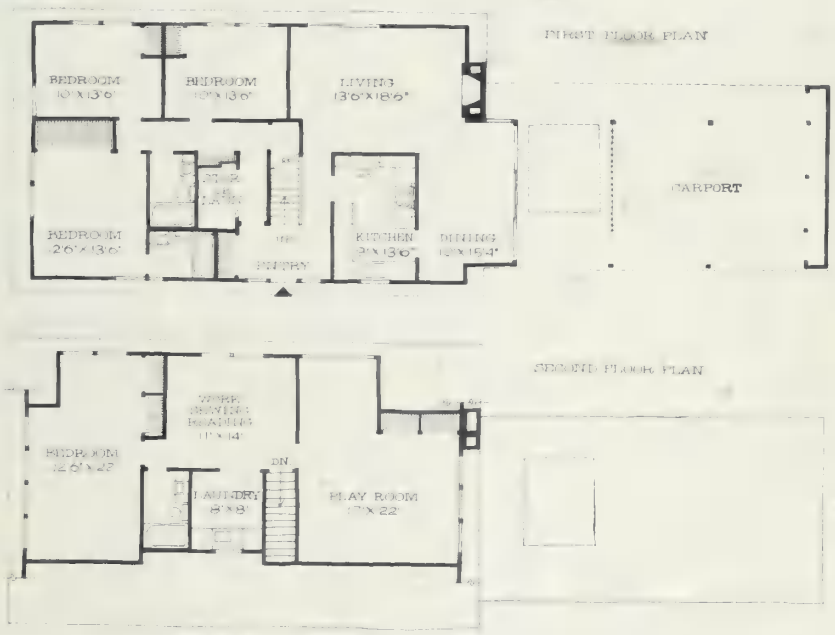
THE HOUSE AMERICA NEEDS

is a family house with *space*—space for all the things we do together as a family.

Somewhere in our past is such a house, the family home that we recall now with special tenderness. That spacious house was one of the roots of family life that helped to nourish our national character. We miss it, and we need it again today.

On these pages is a modern counterpart of that traditional family house, factory-built to be available at prices more people can afford. With three bedrooms and two baths downstairs, it offers the convenience of one-level living. The separate dining room and optional downstairs laundry make it an especially livable one-story basic house.

But there is more: a capacious upstairs with big, light, airy rooms that nearly double the size of the house without doubling its cost. This is the space-of-many-uses that provides a guest bedroom with its own bath, a sewing room, a children's playroom, as we built it—or just one huge activity center.



NEW ENGLAND HOUSE, WESTON, CONNECTICUT

We built three variations of the house in New England, the South and the Far West, costing $20,000 to $30,000 plus land. This $30,000 New England nine-room model has a basement, finished upstairs, breezeway and double carport, but we omitted the family room included in the two other houses shown on the following pages. Note how the entry hall gives access to all rooms, also separates the bedrooms from the living areas.

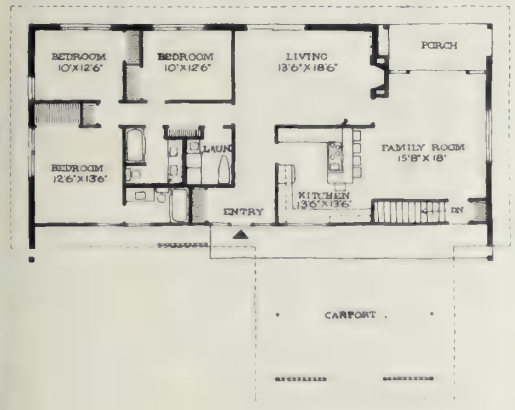
JOHN BRENNEMAN, ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR
RICHARD PRATT, GARDEN EDITOR
MARGARET DAVIDSON, HOMEMAKING EDITOR
CYNTHIA KELLOGG, INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR
H. T. WILLIAMS, INTERIOR DESIGNER

PHOTOGRAPH BY EZRA STOLLER



Our Western version of the house is as openhearted and informal as the West itself. Rough brick and stained, rough-sawn fir boards make it at home with the craggy Wasatch Mountains just outside the back door, while its gently sloping split-shake roof and carport-sheltered entrance enhance the over-all rustic charm.

The breakfast bar along one side of the open kitchen gives the family room still more usefulness.

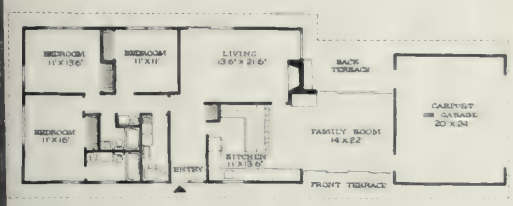




FAR WEST: OGDEN, UTAH

In the South most manufactured houses, like ours, are built on concrete-slab floors without basements. The low-pitched, sheltering roof and brick-veneer walls are also typical.

The open kitchen faces a spacious family room which is wide open to terraces, both back and front. With its shady, latticed verandas, this house is beautifully adapted to the cordial, cool informality of the South.





SOUTH: BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

This house's New England heritage shows to best advantage here. The long, ceiling-high dormer along the back of the second story gives the upstairs room a wealth of living space and lends the Cape Cod house a modern distinction.

Inside living space flows through sliding aluminum-framed doors to the broad stone terraces around three sides of the house, while rhododendron, blueberry and clump birches transform the open terraces into cool, sheltered retreats. Outside the dining room, the breezeway presents a well-groomed, pretty view in summer or winter. This area can become a screened porch, too, for outdoor summer living.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

THE HOUSES AMERICA NEEDS – COAST TO COAST

Last February the *Ladies' Home Journal* published a comprehensive report on manufactured houses. Now we give you a *Journal*-designed manufactured house, The House America Needs. Working with five manufacturers (see page 152 for more information) we have developed variations of this house tailored to regional needs. Ten houses have been built in various cities; two are illustrated on this page.

All start with our original basic one-story plan—like a standard-model automobile—and add extra parts. You may want a basement, a finished or unfinished upstairs, a family room or a dining room or both, a breezeway or screened porch, or anything from a single carport to a triple garage. All are available: the house can vary in size from 1144 square feet to nearly 3000. The price can range from $15,000 plus land up to $32,000, and the style can be anything from Williamsburg Colonial to sleekest Contemporary. Note the contrasting appearances of these two basic one-story houses, each designed in the most popular style of its distribution area.



THE HOUSE AMERICA NEEDS



Good mixers with American styles are French Provincial chairs, here a pair of them painted white, and a trim modern sofa, this one doubling as a bed. Blending harmoniously, because they are keyed to the same colors, are three patterns—a check on the maple ladderback, a floral print on the other chairs, a square of stripes on the tufted cotton rug.



An old American stand-by for hospitable dining, a drop-leaf harvest table, is just the shape for the dining area, since, on occasion, the table can be pushed against the glass wall to take advantage of the view. Mahogany Queen Anne chairs (they and the cherry-and-pecan table are copies) were painted and cushioned to blend with the living-room colors.

FURNISHINGS: COMFORTABLE, TRADITIONAL

The unadorned walls and glass expanses of the open living and dining areas welcome the ornamental grace of past American furniture styles. Easy to look at and to live with, this furniture is used in a new American way—mixed with compatible styles (a modern sofa, a pair of French Provincial chairs) and enlivened with a nontraditional color scheme of blues, greens and yellow. Another heritage preserved here is the tradition of reading, dramatized by a highly decorative treatment of bookshelves that makes them a new focal point in the living room.

Delights of reading are emphasized with decorative storage unit of shelves and cabinets built to house books, desk supplies and a record player. In keeping with American mood of the room, unit was painted a Colonial blue and its doors were pasted with "pictures," cut out of marbelized book-end papers, in style of American-primitive paintings.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO FENN

THE HOUSE AMERICA NEEDS



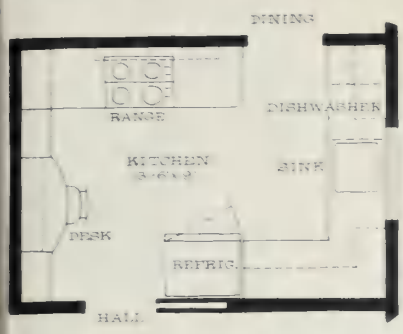
Seen from the entry hall, this corner of the rosy-hued kitchen includes a new electric range that fits as neatly as a built-in but really is a separate unit. Its two-level cooking top has front units conveniently lowered so the back ones are easy to reach. The decorative flower-splashed wallpaper is made practical, too, with a colorless custom coating, available through many wallpaper dealers.



When a kitchen is compact like this one, a continuous sweep of counter from the refrigerator at the right to the dining-room door at the left prevents bottlenecks. The stainless-steel sink set into the pink confetti-design plastic is beneath the window, so the comings and goings at the front door are supervised while preparing dinner. Smooth, serviceable vinyl floor tile is a cheery cherry red.

Mother and daughter both sew near the window. The bench and work table (including pull-out shelf, good for typists t are assembled from stock parts to fit the space. Big and little sewing machines and other supplies and gadgets import to seamstresses are stowed in one tall cupboard, and study and hobby gear tuck away with room to spare in the ot

HEART OF THE HOME IS THE KITCHEN

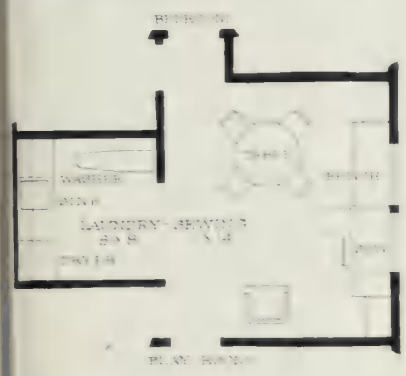


Accessibility is an asset for the kitchen, which is at the center of the house so it can be easily reached from everywhere. A door to the entry and a good ceiling fan keep cooking sounds and smells under control. A motor built into the counter between sink and refrigerator operates mixer, blender, meat grinder and such. When it is not in use the counter is clear. The pink aluminum pans hang conveniently at hand over the range. The sink, complemented by a food disposer in it and a dishwasher beside it, shortens cleanup chores. The desk for menu making has a speaker for "no hand" conversations. A new ceiling-mounted light grid gives soft, shadowless light throughout the room.



No awkward crevices break the continuous counter which extends over the matching clotheswasher and dryer. The stainless-steel sink fits neatly into the plastic countertop.

THE SECOND FLOOR IS BONUS SPACE



Treetop views and sloping ceilings give the second-floor rooms of this new house an old-fashioned charm. The two end rooms have cross ventilation and glassed gable ends for wide-angle vistas.

The room-size hall pictured is created by the dormer at the back of the house. By day, mother sews and mends and all the while enjoys the birds just outside. At night the family students gather for homework at the sturdy, white-plastic-topped table. Just opposite the sewing area and sensibly close, the washer and dryer plus sink and hamper are tucked under the slanted roof. The laundry alcove is roomy enough for the real luxury of a standing ironing board—always ready for last-minute touch-ups.

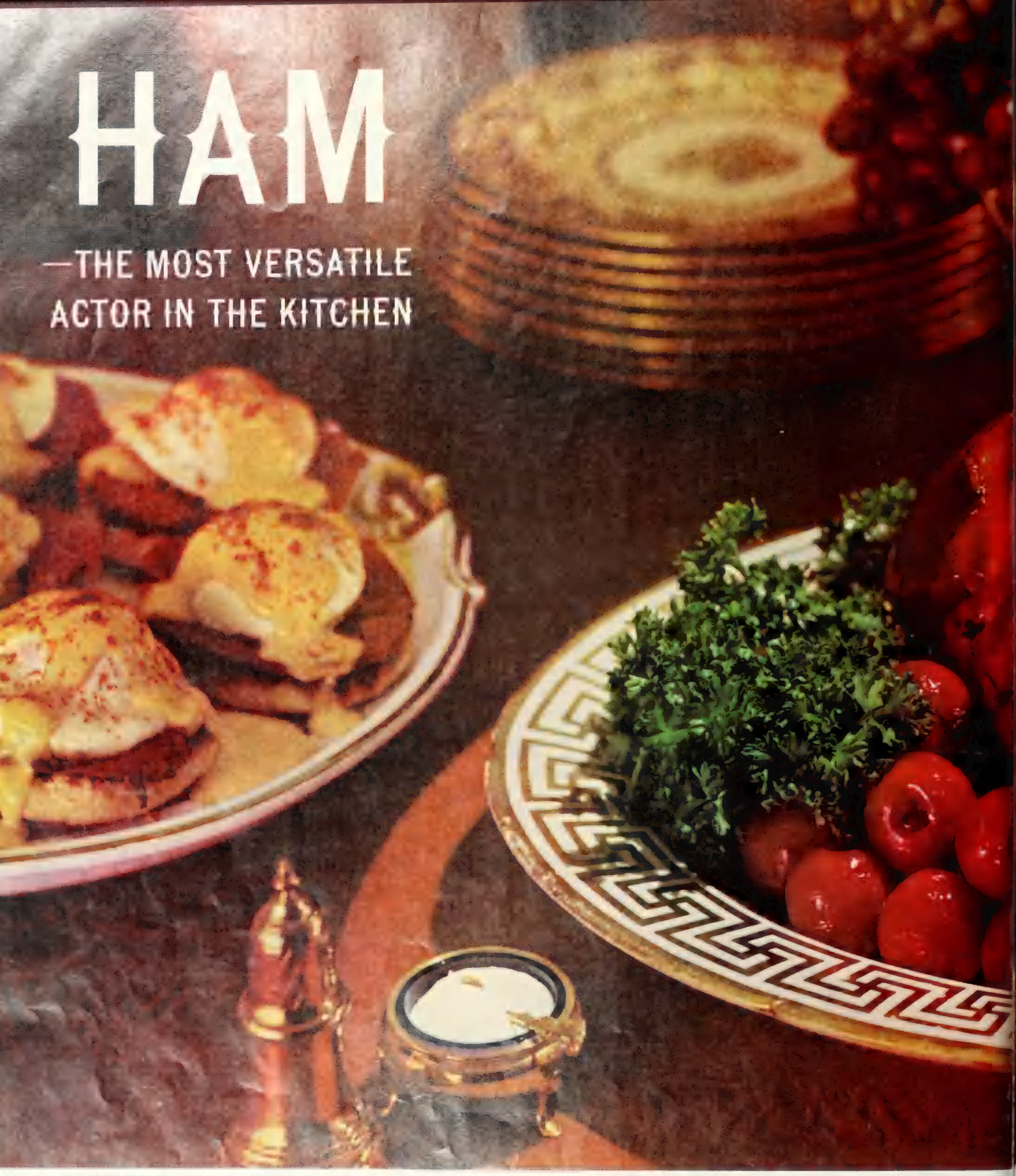
PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS MAKE WORK MORE ENJOYABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO FENN



HAM

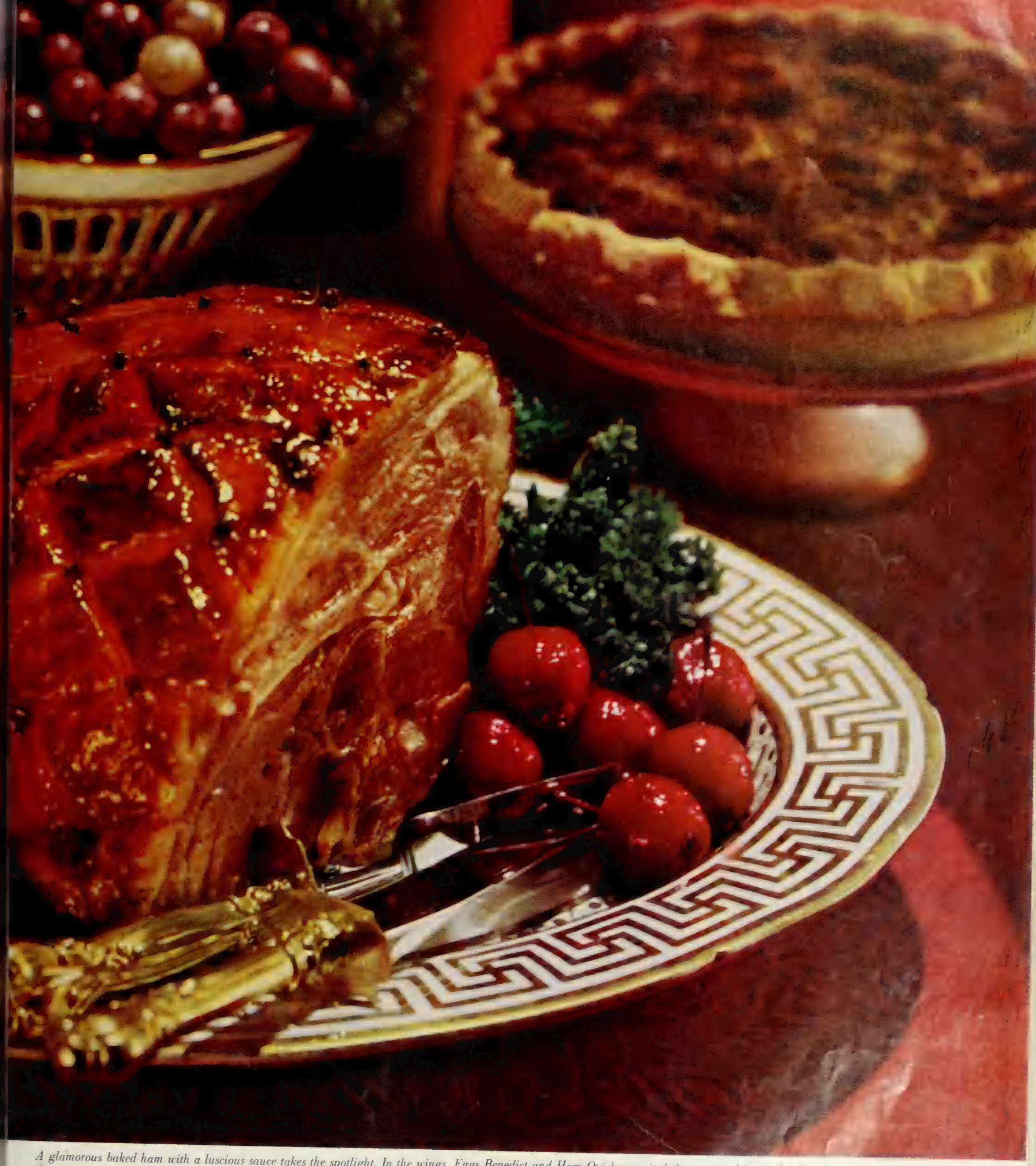
—THE MOST VERSATILE ACTOR IN THE KITCHEN



STUART-FOWLER

There is no more versatile joint of meat than a tender, flavorful smoked ham. Buy a big one. For its first appearance plan a very special dinner party. The surplus, tucked away in your refrigerator, will be as good as money in the bank.

As it dwindles down to the bare bone, you can plan a delicious variety of dishes. And when you reach the point of unsliceable fragments, chop them for a rich cheese-custard pie, or an easily expanded casserole of ham and broccoli baked with herbed bread crumbs and cream sauce—just the thing for a family dinette supper. While there is still enough left to provide shapely slices, brown them under the broiler with a spicy brown-sugar crust. Or try ham-asparagus rolls in a delicate cheese sauce. And there is no more impressive dish for Sunday brunch than eggs Benedict—crisp English muffins topped with thin slices of ham, poached eggs and hollandaise sauce. Nothing is easier if you can make the sauce by the three-minute blender method. Recipes for all these dishes are on page 125.



A glamorous baked ham with a luscious sauce takes the spotlight. In the wings, Eggs Benedict and Ham Quiche await their turns to shine at the dinner table.

BAKED HAM WITH APRICOT SAUCE

Bake 1 whole ham (about 12–14 pounds) according to the directions given for the particular type ham you buy: canned, ready to eat; cook before eating; fully cooked; country cured. There are many types available and the label is the only sure clue to proper cooking time. One hour before the ham has finished baking, take from the oven and remove the rind, or trim fat somewhat. Score surface in diagonals. Stud with cloves. Bake another half hour. Pat the top and sides with a little of the apricot sauce. Repeat several times more during the last half hour of baking. Keep sauce warm and pass any remaining at the table.

Apricot Sauce

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1½ cups apricot nectar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 beef-bouillon cube
1 teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
½ cup currant jelly
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Melt the butter over low heat. Stir in the flour and cook, stirring, until the flour has taken on a light brown cast. Mix the remaining ingredients and add. Heat, stirring, until slightly thickened. Makes about 1½ cups.

More recipes on page 125

The Apples You Couldn't Resist

Go ahead! Buy them by the basketful, any color, any size. There's a use for every kind. Discover the taste-tempting difference some special apple recipe can make in the ordinary October meal. This beautiful-to-look-at fruit is abundant now and so delicious—raw, or cooked in a multitude of ways. Since Eve ate the first apple, more than 7000 varieties have been developed; of these, about 16 are commercially important. Apples are a good food: good for dieters, good aid to digestion and to a clear complexion, good sources of minerals and vitamins, and just plain good to eat! Surprise your family with some unexpected apple dish—like an apple-onion casserole, or acorn squash with apple stuffing; jellied apples or relishes accompanying the meat course; Dutch Apple Cake for Sunday breakfast. For dessert, open apple pie is an obvious delight, but what about a strudel? That's an excitement that will astonish the whole family, and is really not difficult to make. It will shape easily beneath your hands, it will bake to a many-layered flakiness, it will slice to tempting servings. Don't be concerned by the length of the recipe: it reads like a story and you'll want to start mixing the dough at once, just to see if it's actually possible to stretch it to paper thinness over the backs of your hands. It is!

CAROL'S APFELSTRUDEL

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons cooking oil
½ cup lukewarm water
¼ cup melted butter
1½ cups white bread crumbs browned in ½ cup butter
7 cups washed, pared, quartered, thinly sliced tart cooking apples (you may use water-pack canned apples, drained—three 1-lb.-4-oz. cans)
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup currants
¼ cup sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon
Confectioners' sugar

Sift the flour with salt into a large bowl; make a well in the center and put in the egg and cooking oil. Stir while adding the water gradually to make a soft, rather sticky dough. Work the dough in the bowl until it comes away from the sides; turn out and knead for about 15 minutes with little or no additional flour. Frequently slap the dough down hard on the board and work it until it is elastic and silky-smooth. It must not stick to the hands or board. Form into a ball, set on a clean towel and let rest for 1 hour in a warm spot, covered with a bowl which has been warmed in hot water. Warm your rolling pin. (This step is one key to success.) While the dough is resting, cover the kitchen table—or a card table—with a cloth (a clean, pressed piece of sheeting will do) and rub in about 1–2 tablespoons flour, brushing off any excess. Then place the ball of dough in the center of the cloth and roll with the warm rolling pin into a sheet ⅛" thick. Lift and turn to prevent sticking to the cloth. Take off your rings! Now stretch the dough, using your floured hands palm side down under the dough. Work carefully, stretching from the center toward the outside. Don't raise your knuckles too high—make a fist and lift from the wrists only. Work gently or you'll puncture the dough (the holes aren't difficult to patch, though). Stretch as thin as possible, moving around the table, unless you can get someone to help you! Austrian cooks say the dough should be "as thin as paper"; the more dramatic Hungarians say, "thin enough to read through!" In any case, make it very thin. It should cover the table and hang slightly over the sides—an oval or rectangle about

by Carol Truax



Apples

CONTINUED

36″–40″ long and 30″ wide. Trim off the edges, which will be a little thick. If you've made a hole, moisten the area around it with a little water and patch with a thin piece of dough from the trimmings. Let the dough rest and dry for 15 minutes while you peel, core and slice the apples. Now brush entire surface with melted butter, then sprinkle with bread crumbs. Mix sliced apples, raisins, currants, sugar and cinnamon. About 3″ from one edge of the pastry and running the long way, shape fruit mixture into a bar, leaving 2″ margins each side. Fold 3″ end piece of dough over apples, then fold the 2″ margins in too. Now lift the corners of the cloth and let the pastry roll up. Stop after each turn, patting filled pastry to keep bar shape even. Roll until stretched dough is used up. Brush with melted butter and slide strudel onto a lightly buttered baking sheet, curving it into a ∪ shape. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 40 minutes or until golden brown. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and serve warm. Makes 10–12 servings.

OPEN APPLE PIE

Prepare ½ standard pastry recipe. Press dough lightly into a ball, wrap, and chill in refrigerator 10–15 minutes. Roll out on a lightly floured pastry cloth or board. Place in a 9″ pie plate. Fold overhang under and crimp the edges.

FILLING

- 7 medium-size tart apples, washed, pared, cored and sliced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter

Prepare apples and arrange them in the pastry shell in layers. Mix flour, nutmeg and brown sugar and sprinkle on each layer of apples. Add lemon juice and heavy cream. Top with the granulated sugar and dot with butter. Cover with a small circle of aluminum foil, cut just to cover the apples. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes. Then reduce the heat to hot, 400° F., and continue baking for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until the apples are tender and the filling has bubbled up around them. Makes one 9″ pie.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

- 1 ½ cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ cup butter
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 6 large tart apples, washed, pared, quartered and sliced

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together. Cut in the butter until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Add milk to the beaten egg and stir into the flour mixture. The dough will be quite stiff. Pat it evenly over the bottom of a shallow baking pan measuring 15″x10″x1″. Set the apple slices into the dough in rows. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 25 minutes.

TOPPING

- ¼ cup soft butter
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Make the topping by creaming the butter and sugar together. Stir in the spices. Remove the cake from the oven and spread mixture over the apples. Reduce oven heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake for 20 minutes more. Serve warm. Makes about 12 servings.

JELLIED APPLES

- 3 cups water
- 3 cups sugar
- 14 drops red food coloring
- 8 medium-sized cooking apples
- 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
- 2 tablespoons grated orange rind
- 2 (3″) sticks cinnamon

Mix the water and sugar together in a large shallow saucepan with a tight-fitting lid. Stir in the food coloring, cover and heat. Wash and pare the apples, but do not core or stem. As each is ready, add it to the hot syrup. When all the apples are in the pan, simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Then uncover and cook, just below the simmering point, for about 2 hours. *Never allow the syrup to come to a boil.* Turn the apples from time to time. After about 45 minutes, add the flavorings and continue cooking. Cool in the syrup and serve warm or cold, as a dessert or a relish. Makes 8 servings.

Apples go handsomely on the cheese platter. A crisp apple in one hand and a chunk of firm Cheddar in the other enhance each other, bite for bite. A soft runny cheese such as Brie, Liederkranz or Camembert may be spread to advantage on a slice of apple. Or try the tang of blue cheese. Apples and cheese appear less often with vegetables or salads, but try these:

APPLE-ONION CASSEROLE

- 6 medium-size tart apples
- 8 slices bacon
- ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 8 medium onions, peeled and thinly sliced
- 1 beef-bouillon cube
- ½ cup boiling water

Wash, pare, core and slice apples. Fry bacon until crisp. Remove from pan, drain and crumble. Set aside. Sauté the crumbs, seasoned with salt, in the butter for 2–3 minutes. In a large casserole arrange alternate layers of onion and apple slices, sprinkling each layer with a few crumbs and some bacon. End with a layer of onions. Add bouillon cube dissolved in water. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 45 minutes.

TOPPING

- 3 cups ¼″ bread cubes (about 1-pound loaf, trimmed)
- ⅓ cup butter
- 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Sauté the bread cubes in the butter until lightly golden. Sprinkle with cheese. When casserole has baked 15 minutes, remove cover, arrange the croutons on top and bake, uncovered, for 15 minutes more. Makes 8 servings.

APPLE-AND-WATER-CRESS SALAD

- 2 bunches water cress
- 4 large eating apples
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon chopped fresh tarragon or ½ teaspoon dried
- ¼ cup olive oil
- ½ cup fried croutons
- ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Wash, dry and crisp the water cress in refrigerator. Cut the stems from half and place the leaves in a salad bowl. Set the remaining water cress aside. Wash and core the apples, but do not pare. Slice thin and spread over the water cress. Now stick the remaining water cress, stems down, around the edge of the bowl. Combine the lemon juice and seasonings with oil. If you use the dried tarragon, soak for 5 minutes in 1 teaspoon boiling water, then add. Mix and pour over the salad. Top with croutons and cheese. Toss just before serving. Makes 6–8 servings.

SAVORY STUFFED APPLES

- 6 medium-size baking apples
- 3 slices bacon
- ¼ cup chopped onion or 1 tablespoon instant minced onion
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 ½ cups herb-flavored stuffing mix
- ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Wash and core the apples, but do not cut through blossom end. Remove the skin from the top of the apples about ¼ of the way down. Then with a sharp spoon scoop out the center (leaving a shell about 1″ thick). Chop and measure; there should be about 1 cup. Sauté bacon until crisp. Remove, drain on paper toweling and crumble. Measure drippings and return 2 tablespoons to the pan. Add onion and cook until tender, but not browned, and stir in the orange juice. If using instant onion, just add to the drippings along with the orange juice. Add chopped apple and remaining ingredients. Add crumbled bacon. Stuff apples, heaping generously. Place in a baking pan, add about ½″ cold water and cover pan with aluminum foil. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Uncover, sprinkle with a little more cheese and bake until cheese is melted. Makes 6 servings.

BAKED ACORN SQUASH WITH APPLES

- 6 large tart apples
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 4 medium-size acorn squash
- 8 teaspoons butter

Wash, pare, core and dice the apples. Add cheese and seasonings. Wash squash and cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out seeds and fiber. Cut a thin slice off the bottom of the squash halves so they sit firmly in the pan. Fill the centers with a mound of the apple mixture. Top with a teaspoon of butter. Pour about 1″ of water into the pan. Cover with aluminum foil and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until squash is very tender and apples are transparent. Remove foil and top each with a little additional grated cheese. Bake for 5–10 minutes more or until cheese melts. Makes 8 servings.

FOR AN AUTUMN DINNER PARTY

Set "Fruit for Dessert" in the vibrant tones of autumn colors: rich amber in wood trays and bowls, crisp yellow and deep green in linen, frost-colored leaves on cream white china.





HAMBURGERS ITALIENNE. Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper; shape into 4 burgers. Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening in skillet with 2-oz. can sliced mushrooms (drained), 1 small onion (sliced), ⅛ tsp. leaf oregano (crushed), 1 small clove garlic (minced). Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ¼ cup water. Cover; cook over low heat 15 min.; stir occasionally. 4 servings. More recipes on every can of Campbell's Soup.



ALL-AMERICAN BARBECUED CHICKEN. In skillet, brown 2 lb. cut-up frying chicken (or two 1-lb. pkgs. Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts, thawed) in ¼ cup shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup; ¼ cup sweet-pickle relish; ¼ cup chopped onion; 1 tbsp. each brown sugar, vinegar, and Worcestershire. Cover; cook over low heat about 45 min., or until chicken is tender; stir occasionally. 4 to 6 servings of barbecued chicken.

make 'em tasty... make 'em easy with *Campbell's* Tomato Soup!



OMELETTE CREOLE. In saucepan, cook 1 small green pepper (sliced) and 1 small onion (sliced) in 2 tbsp. shortening until tender. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ¼ cup water, and 1 tsp. vinegar. Cook over low heat about 5 min. Meanwhile, cook an 8-egg omelette or scrambled eggs; serve with Creole sauce. 4 servings. Perfect for lunch or supper!

SOUPER SWISS STEAK. Mix ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, dash pepper; pound into 1½ lb. round steak (¾" thick). In skillet, brown steak on both sides in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ⅓ cup water. Cover; cook over low heat 45 min., or until steak is tender, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings of tasty Swiss steak your family will love!





PROMISE AT DAWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

leather jackets which did so much for the enlistment of the French youth into the Air Force. I was thoroughly embarrassed by this intolerable intrusion of a mother into the virile world in which I enjoyed a hard-won reputation as a tough and even a slightly dangerous, devil-may-care character.

I remained a moment locked in her arms. Then she took a step back to gaze into my eyes with naïve admiration. In a voice loud enough for all to hear, and with a strong Russian accent, she announced:

NOTHING CAN COMPARE with Burnett's PURE VANILLA for true, rich flavoring

——————*

Good cooks know the delicious *difference* Burnett's Pure Vanilla gives to cakes, frostings—almost every dessert. This is because Burnett's is made from the finest, *pure* vanilla beans with no artificial or imitation ingredients added. Burnett's is *real* vanilla! Try this unusually different and delicious Halloween recipe.

VANILLA PUMPKINS



¾ cup sifted flour
¾ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs
¾ cup sugar
1½ tsps. Burnett's Vanilla
1 cup jelly

Set oven 400° F. Wax paper line 15 x 10 x 1" jelly roll pan. Sift flour, baking powder, salt together. Beat eggs foamy. Gradually beat in sugar, continuing to beat until mixture is thick and lemon colored. Fold in flour, vanilla. Spread batter in pan. Bake 13-15 mins. Turn out on towel dusted with confectioners' sugar. Peel off paper; trim edges. Roll up from narrow end. Cool; unroll; spread with jelly. Reroll. Cut in 6 pieces. Turn twirl side up. Frost with vanilla confectioners' icing tinted orange. Make the face with semi-sweet chocolate pieces. Makes 6 pumpkins.



America's First Pure Vanilla

Burnett's Is Also Available in Pure Almond, Lemon, Orange, Brandy and Rum Extracts.

"Guynemer! You will be a second Guynemer! Your mother has always been right!"

I could hear the roar of laughter behind my back and for the first time she, too, became aware of the mocking audience. She grabbed her cane and with a threatening gesture toward the soldiery she delivered, in an inspired tone, another prophecy:

"You will be a great hero, a general, Gabriele d'Annunzio, ambassador of France! This rabble doesn't know who you are!"

The "rabble" was enjoying itself thoroughly. As for myself, I don't believe there ever was a son who hated his mother as much as I did at that moment. But when I tried, in a furious whisper, to tell her that she was ruining me in the eyes of our Air Force, her lips began to tremble, a hurt, bewildered look came into her eyes and I heard once more the words that I had heard so often and dreaded so much:

"You are ashamed of your old mother!"

That did it: all the trappings of sham virility, of laboriously assumed toughness collapsed to the ground. I put an arm around her shoulders and held her tightly.

I no longer heard the laughter or saw the mocking faces of my Air Force buddies; we were back once more, the two of us, on our secret and private planet, a wonderland so much more real to us than the very earth of Provence on which we stood, a magical world, born out of a maternal murmur into a child's ear, a promise whispered at dawn of future triumphs and greatness, of justice and love. I held her shoulders tightly with my right arm, looking confidently at the sky, so empty and thus so open to my future deeds; I was thinking of the day when I should return to her victorious, having given a meaning to her life of self-denial and sacrifice.

I was thirteen years old when a clear revelation of my life's purpose dawned on me for the first time.

We were living in Nice. Each morning we left the house together and walked along the Promenade des Anglais; I was on my way to school, leaving my mother at the Hôtel Negresco, where she rented a showcase, displaying a few *articles de luxe* borrowed from the local shops. On each scarf, belt, clip or sweater sold she received a commission of 10 per cent. She usually charged more than the agreed price and pocketed the difference. She sat there all day long, except for a two-hour break at noon when I came home for lunch, keeping her eyes open for prospective clients and nervously smoking innumerable *gauloises*, since our survival depended then entirely on this humble and precarious business.

Alone, without either husband or lover, without friends, for more than ten years she had been putting up a brave fight to keep us going, to pay the rent, the school fees, to buy clothes, shoes and, above all, to achieve that daily miracle, the beefsteak which she set before me for lunch.

She never touched any of the meat herself, maintaining that she was on a diet, and that animal fats were forbidden her.

One day, leaving the table, I went into the kitchen for a glass of water. My mother was seated on a chair, holding the frying pan on her knees. She was carefully wiping up with bits of bread the fat in which my steak had been cooked, and then eating the bread with obvious relish. She saw me and hastily tried to hide the pan under a napkin, but it was too late. For a moment I remained motionless, staring at the frying pan, and at the embarrassed smile and the guilty look on my mother's face. Then I burst into tears and ran away.

At the far end of the Avenue Shakespeare, where we were then living, there was an almost vertical embankment overlooking the railway line, and it was there that I sought refuge, in the tall weeds under a mimosa tree. The idea of throwing myself under a train and thus escaping my unbearable feeling of shame and helplessness crossed my mind, but almost at once a fierce determination to set the world right started in my blood a fire that burns to this day. Pressing my face against the warm earth, I cried; but the tears brought no relief.

I don't know how my mother found out where I was, but I saw her coming down the slope toward me, her gray hair full of light and of sky. She sat down beside me.

"Now," she said, "now—please don't cry."

"Leave me alone."

"I'm sorry. I hurt you. I won't do it again."

"Leave me alone," I said.

A train roared past below us. It seemed to me that it was my grief making all that noise.

"You will soon be big enough to take care of me."

I felt a little calmer. We were sitting side by side in the tall grass. The mimosas were in full bloom, the sky was blue and the sun was doing its best. It occurred suddenly to me that the world was a good liar. As far as I can remember, this was my first adult thought.

"Have you done any writing today?"

For the last year I had been "writing," and had already blackened the pages of several exercise books with my poems.

"Yes. I began a new poem this morning."

She looked pleased. "And how are things at school?"

"I got another zero in math."

My mother thought this over for a moment. "Your teachers don't understand you," she said firmly.

I was inclined to agree. The persistence with which my teachers kept giving me a zero in science subjects seemed to show some truly crass ignorance on their part.

"They'll be sorry one day," my mother assured me. "The time will come when your

> What is home? A roof to keep out the rain. Four walls to keep out the wind. Floors to keep out the cold. Yes, but home is more than that. It is the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father. Warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship.
>
> ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

name will be inscribed in bold letters of gold on the wall of their wretched school. I'll go tomorrow and tell them so."

I shuddered. "Mother, I forbid you to do anything of the kind!"

She wasn't listening. A radiant smile, at once triumphant and naïve, was on her lips, and her eyes had that intense fixity which I knew so well.

"You must choose a *pseudonyme*," my mother said. "A great French writer who will astonish the world can't possibly have a Russian name. If you were a musical genius, it wouldn't matter; in fact, it might be a help, but it wouldn't do at all for a giant of French literature."

This time, the "giant of French literature" was in complete agreement. For the last six months I had been trying out a variety of noble-sounding pen names. That very morning I had settled on Hubert de la Vallée, only to succumb an hour later to the nostalgic charm of Romain de Roncevaux. I could not, I felt, better my first name, Romain; unfortunately there was already a Romain Rolland, and I was not in the least prepared to share my glory with anybody. It was all very difficult.

"Of course if you were a famous violinist our real name, Kacew—or even better, my stage name Borissovski—would be excellent," said my mother with a sigh.

This "famous violinist" business had been the cause of one of her greatest disappointments, and I feel guilty about it to this day. Struggling to survive, and seeking some miraculous short cut to the "fame and adulation of the crowd"—she had been an actress once, and the dream of success and applause had always remained with her—she had nourished the hope that I was going to reveal myself as a child prodigy, a combination of Jascha Heifetz and Yehudi Menuhin. I was barely seven when she presented me with a second-hand violin acquired at a pawnshop in Wilno, a town in Eastern Poland in which we found ourselves temporarily stranded on our slow trek west from Russia, and I was solemnly introduced to a tired old gentleman with l hair, an astonishingly high and stiff w collar, and always dressed in black velvet, wh my mother addressed as "maestro." Twic week I plodded through the snow to house, carrying the violin in a yellow woo case. All I remember today of the "maest is the expression of profound astonishm on his face each time I applied my bow to strings. One day, no longer able to bear it snatched the bow and the violin from hands, announced that he would speak to mother and sent me packing. What he t her I shall never know, but my mother sp several days sighing, looking at me tearf and pressing me to her bosom in tender giveness.

A great dream had left us.

In those days in Wilno my mother survi by making hats to order. She tried to resu this enterprise shortly after our arriva Nice in 1928. It didn't work out, so for a w my mother made lamp shades, costumes the little Provençal dolls then very pop with tourists, administered beauty treatm in the back room of a ladies' hairdresser s and then performed the same service for c at a kennel in the Avenue de la Victoire night she read palms in restaurants, c pensating by her acting abilities and g assurance for her total ignorance of ancient art. Later came the already menti showcase at the Negresco, the hawkin jewelry from hotel to hotel, the part int in the taxi.

I knew that my mother's own artistic bitions had never been fulfilled and that was dreaming for me of a career that she never known herself. I was determined t all I could to make her, by proxy, so to sp through my own achievements, a famous acclaimed artist: it was only a matte choosing the right field; and, having hesit for a long time between painting, ac singing and dancing, after many a he breaking failure, we were finally drive literature.

And so I sat day after day in my l room, waiting for inspiration to visit trying to invent a pseudonym that w express our dream of artistic achievemen pen name grand enough to compensate my own feeling of insecurity and helpless at the idea of everything that my mo expected from me. Now and again would pop her head discreetly through door. The idea that I could have much b employed my time by selling newspaper the street, running errands, or doing other kind of work to help my mothe make a living, never occurred to either o

"How is it going?"

I read aloud to her the immortal wor my inspired labor of the day. I must say I was never satisfied with my efforts:

"Alexandre Natal; Armand de la T Terral; Vasco de la Fernaye ——"

After each glittering parade of conqu names, we looked at each other and s our heads. No, it won't do—it won't do a

"What we really need is something 'Gabriele d'Annunzio,'" my mother said, ing, with a hint of profound admiration respect, "He made La Duse suffer terri

She had always considered it proper a great artist should make women suffer, she clearly expected that I would apply m to that task. She still belonged to the fashioned bourgeois world where "su with women" ranked with official hon medals, splendid uniforms, jewels and bassadorial receptions as an essential attri of a man of the world. She was romantic way that today can be found only in literature, and she tried desperately to m me take my place in a dream of the ninete century Russian girl, in a world of Vien waltzes and gypsy music, horsemen, came whispers at dawn and tears by candlel Perhaps deeply in the subconscious of woman who had once been so beautiful. who had loved deeply a man who had a doned her, there was a longing for an tional and physical revenge, and so expected her son to be both triumphant

CONTINUED ON PA

GREEN BEANS GYPSY





BIG ADVENTURE IN GOOD EATING, EASY TO MAKE WITH TENDER DEL MONTE GREEN BEANS!!

Flavor's your fortune every time you choose DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans! Have them in an exotic dish like this or just plain hot and buttery – the eating's great either way!

Mix 2 tsp. cornstarch and 1 tsp. sugar with 2 tsp. seasoned chicken stock base (look for this on your grocer's spice shelf).

Save liquid from 1 No. 303 can DEL MONTE® Brand Cut Green Beans (Taste a couple and notice that rich DEL MONTE garden flavor. Never "flat!").

Pour into measure ½ cup syrup from small can DEL MONTE Sliced Pears. Add enough bean liquid to make ¾ cup. Stir into cornstarch mixture. Cook and stir until sauce is thickened.

Add ⅛ lemon finely cut, 1 Tbsp. butter, sliced pears (½-⅔ cup) and beans. Cover; heat. (Don't over-cook – DEL MONTE Beans are already cooked tender yet firm.) Mix lightly; serve to 4. Delicious vegetable with pork.

(Stringless, flavorful, and so convenient – DEL MONTE means *value* in green beans. Try them!)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

invulnerable, and to inflict on others what had been inflicted on her.

None of the pseudonyms I kept inventing ever satisfied her, none of them, she seemed to think, was good enough for me—or was it, perhaps, that she was thus trying to give me confidence in my destiny and the courage to achieve it?

"Roland Campeador; Alain Brisar; Hubert de Longpre; Romain Cortès ——"

But no, I could see from the expression on her face that none of them was good enough, and I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever find a name beautiful and promising enough to fit her dream world and everything she wanted for me.

Years later, when for the first time I heard the name of General de Gaulle on the day of his famous call to arms over the London radio, on June 18, 1940, my first reaction was one of irritation and anger with myself for not having hit on this magnificent name fifteen years earlier. "Charles de Gaulle"—this was a name which would certainly have pleased my mother, especially if I had written it with only one *l*, like our old Gaul, mother of France. I can only say that life is paved with missed opportunities.

Duchess Cream...



one of the 56 easy, special desserts you can make with this box...

Ingredients: 1 egg • ⅓ cup sugar • 2⅓ cups milk • ¼ tsp. salt • 3 tbsp. Minute Tapioca • 8 chopped marshmallows • ½ cup drained canned crushed pineapple • 1 cup prepared Dream Whip or whipped cream • 2 tbsp. chopped maraschino cherries.

Beat egg until foamy. Add sugar gradually and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in milk, salt and Minute Tapioca. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to full boil—about 7 minutes. Let stand 20 minutes; fold in marshmallows and pineapple. Chill. Fold in Dream Whip or whipped cream and cherries. Makes 6 servings.

For the 56 new Minute Tapioca dessert recipes—plus main dish ideas—send for the booklet offered on every package.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

MINUTE *is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.*

I had always known that my mother was once a "dramatic artist," and how proud her voice sounded whenever she uttered those words! I still have a vision of myself, at the age of five or six, sitting beside her in a sleigh, with only the tip of my nose emerging from under the heavy blanket, listening to the melancholic tinkling of the horses' bells as we were being driven through snowbound wastes from some freezing factory where my mother had been "giving Chekhov" for an audience of workers, or from some desolate barracks where she had been entertaining the gaping audience of soldiers and sailors of the revolution with "poetry reading." I can see myself no less clearly sitting on the floor of her dressing room in a Moscow theater, playing with odds and ends of multicolored stuffs which I was trying to arrange into a harmonious pattern—my earliest attempts at artistic expression. I even remember the name of the play in which she was appearing: *Le Chien du Jardinier*. The mysterious inside world of the theater is among my earliest childhood memories: the delicious smell of wood and paint, the empty stage where I adventured cautiously in a sham forest and stopped frozen with fear at the sudden sight of the dark auditorium gaping at me. I can still see the painted faces of actors, looking strangely yellow, with black and white circles around their eyes, smiling at me, men and women in fantastic clothes and with bright red lips holding me on their knees while my mother was before the footlights.

And I remember a Soviet sailor perching me on his shoulders, so that I might see my mother playing the part of Rosa in *The Shipwreck of Hope*, and her stage name written on the door of her dressing room—the first Russian words that I learned to spell out for myself: Nina Borisovskaia. It would seem, therefore, that my mother was not exaggerating when she proudly talked of her "artistic past," and that her position in the small world of the Russian theater, round about the years 1919-20, was solidly established.

On the other hand, Ivan Mosjoukine, the great movie actor of the silent-picture era, who had known my mother in her earlier days, has always been curiously evasive on the subject of her stage career. Fixing me with his strange pale eyes under the famous Cagliostro brow, he only once referred to the subject in an elusive way: "Your mother ought to have studied more, she should have done the *conservatoire;* unfortunately, circumstances prevented her from developing her talent. Besides, after you were born, young man, nothing and no one else really mattered to her." And then he would stare at me curiously, with just a cautious trace of irony on his lips.

I also knew that my mother was born in the Russian steppe, at Koursk, to be precise, the daughter of a Jewish watchmaker, that she had been very beautiful, that she had married very young—at sixteen—then divorced, again married and again divorced. And all the rest, all that mattered was a cheek against mine, a melodious voice whispering into my ear, or speaking to me of a strange faraway land called France; murmuring mysterious tales of wonders awaiting me; singing; laughing—a completely carefree laughter, of that quality of gaiety and happiness that to this day I associate with a woman in love, even though it was only her child's head which she was pressing against her breast.

Dramatic school or no, *conservatoire* or no, she must have been very talented indeed, for her voice has left on me an indelible mark; in evoking France for me, she could summon to her aid all the magic art of Eastern storytellers, and a power of conviction from which I have never recovered. She knew our language remarkably well, though she spoke it with a strong Russian accent, a trace of which, as I am told, I retain in my own voice to this day. How, where, for whom, at what period of her life she learned to speak French, she never told me. "I have been in Nice and in Paris"—that was all she would ever admit. In her freezing little dressing room at the Moscow theater, in the flat we shared with three other families of actors my mother would kneel beside me, rubbing my numbed fingers, a talk to me about the distant land where r future lay and where all the dreams came tru

Yes, my mother had talent—and I ha never recovered from it.

I believe it is Nietzsche who said th everything that doesn't kill a man makes hi stronger, and perhaps there is some truth it, up to a point. I was, I think, eight yea old when my mother's grandiose vision of r future led to a scene the horror, comedy a shame of which will continue to haunt me long as I live.

We were stranded at that time in the th Polish, and now Lithuanian, town of Wilr "a temporary halt," as my mother never fail to point out, on our way to France, where were to make our permanent home, a where I was to "grow up, study and becor *somebody*." With the usual inventiveness a energy she showed whenever our survival w at stake, and without any previous experien in that field, she was then busily engaged designing women's hats in our flat, haught publicized as the "Grand Salon de Modes Paris." A clever use of false labels tricked o distinguished clientele into believing that t hats were the work of a then-famous Parisi king of fashion, Paul Poiret.

My mother went from house to house wi her hatboxes, a woman still young, with lar gray eyes and a face radiant with the indon table determination of maternal love, entire beyond the reach of discouragement or doul I remained at home with Aniela, my nanr who had followed us from Moscow a ye earlier.

The hats were selling badly. Often, wh my mother returned exhausted and froz from her rounds, the owner of the buildi would be waiting for her and shout, threate ing to throw us into the street if the rent was paid within twenty-four hours. It was alwa paid, though how I shall never know. Al can say is that the rent was always paid, t stove lighted, tea, bread, butter and eggs we put before me, and my mother would kiss m her cheeks still icy and smelling of snow, th look at me, her eyes aglow with that brig flame of pride and triumph which I so w remember. We were then truly down at t very bottom of things—I won't say at t bottom of the "abyss" because I have sin learned that the abyss is bottomless. Ofte after one of her expeditions through the sno blanketed town, after stacking her hatbox in a corner, my mother would sit down a look at me with a knowing smile.

"What is it, mother?"

"Nothing. Give me a kiss."

I would kiss her. She held me in her arm her eyes fixed over my shoulder on son mysterious, bright and visible-only-to-her sp of our future.

"You are going to be a French amba sador," she would say, or rather state, wi absolute conviction. I was only eight, but had already made up my mind: whatever m mother wanted, I would accomplish for h "You are going to be a French ambassador

"Good," I would say with a nonchalant a

"You will have a motorcar."

She had been walking the streets all da when the temperature was well below freezi point.

"All it will take is a little patience."

The wood was crackling in the porcela stove. Outside, the snow gave to the world strange denseness, and a dimension of silen which the bell of an occasional sleigh seem to intensify. Aniela, bent over her work, w sewing another forged "Paul Poiret, Made Paris" label into the last of the day's ha My mother's face was completely peaceft All traces of fatigue and anxiety had vanishe She spoke to me of France as other mothe speak to their children of Snow White a Puss in Boots. Try as I may, I have nev entirely succeeded in ridding myself of th image of France seen as a never-never land shining heroes and exemplary virtues. I a probably one of the few men alive who ha remained completely loyal to a nursery ta

Unfortunately my mother was not t woman to keep to herself the consoling drea of my future greatness. We had neighbo and those neighbors did not like my moth

all *bourgeoisie* of Wilno was just as and prejudiced as it is everywhere, and nings and goings of this foreigner in the eather coat, with her mysterious boxes, oon reported to the Polish police, who nen extremely suspicious of Russian s.

mother was denounced as a receiver of goods. She had no difficulty in con- g her detractors, but shame, grief and tion assumed, as always with her, an ve and aggressive character. After the had left she spent some time crying her hats—women's hats have always ed since one of my smaller phobias— e took me by the hand and, announcing la that "they don't know whom they ling with, but they'll soon find out," out of the flat onto the stairs. What d was one of the most painful ex- es of my life—and I have known quite

ent from door to door, ringing, knock- ordering the tenants to "crawl out of bles." When the first insults had been ged—and in the matter of insults my always and undeniably had the best of drew me to her side and announced de and vehemence: "Dirty little bour- dbugs, you don't seem to realize with ou have the honor of speaking! My I be an ambassador of France, a r of the Legion of Honor, a great c author, a second Ibsen, a new e d'Annunzio. He"—she was searching d for something crashingly final, for ne and unanswerable proof of worldly

at novelty is worth the sweet notony where everything is wn and loved because it is wn?
GEORGE ELIOT

and supreme achievement—"he will suits made for him in London!"

as my hand writes these words I can loud, coarse laughter of the "dirty is bedbugs."

lood still rushes to my cheeks, and I member every wounding word they is, and I see around me their stupid, faces, so superior, so full of hatred tempt. I know today that they were nary human faces. But I was only a n and they appeared horrible to me. haps I shall be allowed to say, for the f this tale, and comical as this may am today a consul general of France, of the Legion of Honor, and that if I become either an Ibsen or a d'Annun- world knows my name—and if you u can laugh at me for saying this, you me: I am long past any fear of ridi- , anyway I am writing this for those e a heart.

make no mistake about it: I have my le for me in London. I have a strong f the English "cut," but I have no

ve that nothing has played a more t part in my life than the burst of flung in my face on the staircase of lock of flats at No. 16 of the Grand a in the town of Wilno. To it I owe g I am today. For better or for worse, hter has become myself.

other stood there straight and proud, e storm, pressing me against her with ns, with her head held high. She trace of embarrassment or humili- e *knew*. My life in the weeks that was not very pleasant. Though I eight, my sense of ridicule was veloped—my mother, naturally, had g to do with that. But I have grad- e to terms with it. Slowly but surely I ned how to lose my pants in public feeling in the least embarrassed. I lost the fear of ridicule. I have at a man is something that cannot ed.

winter was beginning its slow retreat streets of Wilno and the first larks were appearing in the sky, our future suddenly began to look brighter. By April, the hats "made in Paris" were enjoying a considerable success, and soon two girls were working busily in Aniela's room to deal with the increasing demand. My mother no longer spent her time going from door to door: the "distinguished clientele" was now flooding to our showroom. A new advertisement prominently displayed in the local newspaper proclaimed that "as the result of a special arrangement with M. Paul Poiret" and "under the personal supervision of that great artist" the firm had been granted the exclusive representation not only for hats, but for dresses as well.

Within a few months "the best people"—to use Aniela's expression—were getting their clothes from us. Money poured in from all sides.

The fruits of our prosperity were showered upon me. I acquired a French governess and sported elegant velvet suits. I was given lessons in deportment, was taught to kiss ladies' hands, to bow before them when introduced, while at the same time clicking my heels, and the delicate art of choosing and offering flowers to members of the beautiful sex was revealed to me. On these two points, the kissing of ladies' hands and the homage of flowers, my mother was particularly firm.

"Without that," she told me rather mysteriously, "you will never get anywhere."

Often, before falling asleep, I saw my mother come into my room. She leaned over me with a sad smile and whispered, "Raise your eyes, Roma ——"

I sleepily raised my eyes. She remained leaning over me for a long while. Then she would throw herself suddenly forward, put her arms around me and press me against her bosom, shaking with sobs. I could feel her tears on my face and always ended by crying myself. I felt confusedly there was a mystery.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



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This famous Grandma Moses print is now a collector's item . . . can't be bought anywhere! Last limited edition sold out completely, at $10.00 each.

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**Frame not included.*



Vermont Maid pure cane and maple Syrup is the favorite in New England's famous maple sugar country!

"Oh, Mamma Mia!..
wait till you taste
Macaroni...made with
Hunt's Tomato Paste"





the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

Hunt...for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

MACARONI AND CHEESE (*Italian Style*)

"This true Italian-style macaroni is so delicious—and so easy to make—I know it will be your family's favorite. Such wonderful tomato and cheese flavors... Mamma Mia! Just be sure you use Hunt's Tomato Paste to give it that sunny Italian goodness. Hunt's is the *real* thing...so rich and smooth... I make a friend whenever I recommend it!"

- 1 tablesp. Wesson, pure vegetable oil
- ¾ cup chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- 2 6-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Paste*
- 2 cups water
- 2 teasp. salt
- ½ teasp. sugar
- ½ teasp. *each* basil and oregano
- ¼ teasp. pepper
- ⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ lb. macaroni (about 2 cups)
- 1 lb. (2 cups) ricotta or cottage cheese

Cook macaroni as label directs, and drain. Meanwhile, cook onion, garlic, and celery in Wesson until soft. Blend in Hunt's Tomato Paste, water and seasonings. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 minutes. In a 9-inch square pan, put a thin layer of sauce. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and top with half of the macaroni. Spread ricotta cheese on macaroni and cover with half the remaining sauce. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Cover with remaining macaroni and pour the last of the sauce over all—*completely* covering macaroni. Sprinkle with remaining Parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 35 to 40 minutes or until top is brown and sauce bubbles. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato, concentrated to a thick paste. Use in any recipe calling for true tomato flavor—a spoonful to a cup full, depending on the recipe. Generally, add it to the water or other liquid, then to the other ingredients.

NUED FROM PAGE 95

d those tears, that there was some- strange in my eyes, and I began to stare em in the mirror, wondering what there n their color or shape that made my er cry. One day I put the question to a, who, with our newly attained and increasing prosperity, had been pro- d to the rank of "personal assistant." niela, what is there in my eyes that makes other cry?"

iela showed some signs of embarrass- ; she had been with us since my birth and was very little she didn't know. "It's color."

ut why? Is something wrong with my "

hey make her dream," she said evasively, ook me several years to understand that r. But a day came when there was noth- ore left for me to know. My mother was t time sixty and I was twenty-four, but ill kept looking into my eyes as if she leaning over some secret source of ories, and I knew that it was not at me he was thus looking and that in her and tears I played no part. She didn't to ask me any longer: I had become a man; there were things she could no ask, and so, God forgive me I often rately raised my eyes to the sun and hem thus as long as I could, helping her ember. I always did everything I could r.

hing was omitted from the education receiving, the purpose of which was to me a thorough man of the world. She f taught me the polka and the waltz, the dances she knew, or at least cared to ber.

carpets were rolled back in the brightly showroom and the phonograph was on the table. My mother settled herself e of the recently acquired Louis XVI ; I bowed, clicked my heels, took her and, one-two-three! one-two-three! off nt on the floor under the slightly dis- ing eyes of Aniela.

ep your back straight! Mark the beat our right foot! Raise your head, look y at your partner with an enchanted

ised my head proudly, looked at my r with an enchanted air, and—*one*- ree! *one*-two-three!—we hopped along polished floor. Then I led her back to air, kissed her hand and bowed. She d me with a gracious movement of the and fanned herself. She sighed and mes said with admiration while trying over her breath, "You will win prizes *Concours Hippique*!"

ee times a week she took me to the school shooting gallery gymnasium d over by Lieutenant Sverdlovski, I was initiated into the arts of riding, and pistol shooting. The lieutenant all, elderly, dried-up man with a bony, l face and a white mustache. At the age t I was certainly the youngest of his and had great difficulty in lifting the ous pistol which he held out to me. alf an hour with the foils, half an hour e pistol and half an hour in the saddle, iven a round of gymnastics and breath- ercises. My mother sat observing my ss with a delighted smile.

or Lieutenant Sverdlovski, he stroked g, stiff mustache, kissed my mother's licked his heels and said, "We'll make ier of him."

ome I was taught French, Latin and n—English at that time did not exist eastern provinces. A Mlle. Gladys gave -trot and shimmy lessons, and I was iced to the tango. On the days when ther was giving a party, I was frequently d from my sleep, dressed, led into the om and asked to recite some of La e's fables. I was obedient, eager to completely bewildered, but instantly d whenever I saw on my mother's smile of happiness. Wilno, in my 's mind, had never been anything but orary stop, a resting place on our to the land where all the beauty lies.

One day an unexpected present reached me, apparently out of the blue: a miniature bicycle exactly appropriate to my size. The origin of the mysterious gift was not revealed to me, and all my questions on the subject were left unanswered. Aniela, after staring for a long while at the bicycle, merely said, with a strong note of animosity in her voice, "It comes from very far."

There was a long, animated discussion between her and my mother, the purpose of which was to decide if I should be allowed to keep the present or if it should be returned to the sender. Sweating with apprehension, I did some anxious eavesdropping and caught a few words of a mysterious dialogue: "We don't need him any longer." It was Aniela who was speaking and my mother was crying in the corner. Aniela pressed her point: "It's a bit late in the day for him, after all these years, to remember our existence."

Then I heard my mother's voice, strangely timid and almost beseeching: "All the same, it's nice of him."

Aniela had the last word: "He might have thought about us sooner."

The only thing that interested me just then was whether I was to be allowed to keep the bicycle. Finally my mother gave me her permission. I could soon be seen proudly pedaling my miniature machine over the cobbles of Wilno.

One fine day, on returning from a ride, I found a small crowd gathered near the entrance to our block, gaping in admiration at a huge yellow Packard convertible drawn up outside our house. A liveried chauffeur was seated at the wheel. I remained as though rooted to the ground before this marvel of all marvels. Motorcars were a rare sight in the streets of Wilno. A buddy of mine, the son of the local shoemaker, whispered respectfully, "They are in your ap rtment." Dropping my bicycle, I dashed upstairs.

The door was opened by Aniela. Without a word of explanation she grabbed me by the hand and dragged me into my bedroom. There she submitted me to a tremendous process of cleansing, the like of which I have never known before or since. At last, with my ears bright scarlet from much hair brushing, dressed in blue pants, white shirt, with an immense silk pompadour tie round my neck and blue ribbons in my shoes, I was shown into the salon.

The visitor was sitting in an armchair with his legs stretched out in front of him. There was something almost animal in the fixity of his pale eyes, staring at me from under sweeping brows. He looked me over with a sort of detached curiosity.

I had a confused feeling that something important was happening, but I was completely at sea about what it could be. I was still in the very early stages of my progress as a man of the world. And so, thrown off by the stranger's fixed stare and enigmatic smile, by the curious silence which had greeted me, as well as by my mother's stricken appearance—I had never seen her so pale and so tense—I committed a most dreadful *faux-pas*. I stepped forward, bowed, clicked my heels, kissed the hand of the lady who accompanied the stranger, and then, losing my head completely, I saluted the gentleman in the same manner, kissing his hand as well.

My blunder had the happiest results. The atmosphere of icy constraint suddenly melted. My mother took me in her arms. The beautiful lady in the apricot-colored dress kissed my cheek, and her companion took me from my mother and perched me on his knee. Only too conscious of the enormity of my slip and of the irreparable damage I had done to my reputation as a man of the world, I burst into tears, and so our visitor suggested a drive in his car, a proposal which made me forget my tears instantly.

I was destined to see a great deal of Ivan Mosjoukine in the years to come. He was a great star of the silent screen. When the "talkies" came, the strong Russian accent of his speech gradually put an end to his career, and he soon hit on difficult times. He used to get me small jobs as an extra whenever he made a picture in Nice, my last appearance on the screen dating back to 1935 or 1936, in a story in which he played the lead. The picture was called *Nitchevo*, and I was paid fifty francs a day—a real fortune for me.

Mosjoukine died shortly after the end of the war, forgotten and impoverished. Up to the very end the pale, savage and piercing light kept burning in his eyes and his air of physical dignity, discreet and yet slightly arrogant, ironical and detached, never left him. I liked him.

I was already nearly nine when I was sucked down, hook, line and sinker, by a passion so violent and so absorbing that it completely poisoned my existence, and almost cost me my life.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Romain Gary's first novel, *A European Education*, published in France in 1945, won the Prix des Critiques for that year. His fifth novel, *The Roots of Heaven*, won the Prix Goncourt, the top French literary honor, and became an outstanding success in England and America. *Promise at Dawn* is autobiography, the basis for a play, *First Love*, by Samuel Taylor, scheduled for Broadway later this fall.

Mr. Gary's military career started with his enlistment in 1937 in the French Air Force, in which he served until the fall of France. He then joined the RAF in Great Britain, and eventually fought with the Free French. He was decorated with the Croix de la Liberation, the Croix de Guerre, and was also made a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur.

His service as a career diplomat has included positions in the French embassies in England, Bulgaria and Switzerland. He served as First Secretary of the French delegation to the United Nations in New York. For over two years he was French consul general in Los Angeles, leaving that post in the summer of 1960 to return to Paris.

He was born of Russian ancestry in 1914, holds a law degree and speaks and writes French, English, Russian and Polish with equal fluency. His wife is the English author Lesley Blanch.

She was eight years old, her name was Valentine and she was lovely. Her hair was dark, her eyes light, her figure was admirable, she was wearing a white dress, and she carried a ball in her hand. She appeared before me near the woodshed, where the field nettles began, and I cannot describe the violence of the feelings that this sudden vision of beauty stirred in me. Determined to win her there and then forever, I threw in immediately my trump card and, leaning negligently against the wood stack, I raised my eyes to the light. But Valentine refused to be impressed. Completely put out by this indifference, so unexpected after everything my mother had told me, I held out to her the three green apples I had just stolen from the orchard next door. She accepted my surrender as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world, and announced:

"Janek ate the whole of his stamp collection for me."

Such was the beginning of my martyrdom. In the course of the next few days I ate for Valentine several handfuls of earthworms, the collection of rare butterflies of her father, a mouse, handfuls of decaying leaves and, as a crowning achievement, I can say that at nine years of age I took my place among the greatest lovers of all time and accomplished an amorous prowess that no man, to the best of my knowledge, has ever equaled. I ate for my lady one of my rubber galoshes.

I am well aware that men are rather too apt to boast about their amorous exploits. To hear them, one would believe that their virile accomplishments know no limits, and they are always willing to indulge in statistics, without sparing you one single detail.

I do not, therefore, expect anyone to believe me when I say that, for my well-beloved, after a few pounds of cherries—Valentine was kind enough to lighten my task by eating the flesh and handing me the stones—I also consumed a Japanese fan, ten yards of cotton thread, a whole copy of a paperback novel called *Nat Pinkerton*, and swallowed three goldfishes which we stole from the aquarium belonging to her music teacher.

God only knows what women have not made me swallow in the course of my life, but I have never known anybody so insatiable. After my experiences with her, there was nothing left for me to learn about love. My education was completed. I knew.

My adorable Messalina with the freckled nose was only eight, but her physical demands went beyond anything I have ever read about in my life. She would run ahead of me in the yard, pointing to some interesting object for me to swallow—sometimes a rotting piece of lace, sometimes a couple of old corks, or just a mere handful of earth—and I eagerly acquitted myself of my man's task—always only too willing to provide satisfaction. Once she started to gather a bouquet of daisies; I watched it grow in size in her hand with apprehension, but I ate the daisies, too, under her very watchful eyes—she knew already that men tend to cheat at games of that sort.

In those days, children were taught nothing about the mysteries of sex, and as I swallowed one thing after another I was convinced—quite rightly, as a matter of fact—that this was the way that people made love.

It was in vain that I looked for the slightest flicker of esteem in her eyes. Scarcely had I finished swallowing the daisies when she casually observed:

"Janek ate ten spiders for me, and then stopped only because mother called us in for tea."

I trembled. No sooner was my back turned than she was being unfaithful to me with my best friend. But I swallowed that too. That was what love was about, after all.

"May I kiss you?"

"Yes. But you mustn't wet my cheek. I don't like it."

I kissed her, doing my best not to wet her cheek. We were kneeling behind the nettles and I kissed her again and again, while she twiddled her hoop around her finger with an indifferent look: the story of my life.

"How many times have you kissed me?"

"Eighty-seven. May I go up to a thousand?"

"How many is a thousand?"

"I don't know. May I kiss you on the shoulder too?"

"Yes."

I kissed her shoulder. But no, that wasn't it. Something was missing. Something essential; but I didn't have the slightest idea what it could possibly be. My heart was beating very hard, and I kissed her nose, her hair, her neck—but no, I was still off the mark, something else was required, something else was expected from me. I kissed her on the ear, and on the neck, but some deep, obscure impulse was pushing me farther, much farther. Finally, crazed by love, and at the very peak of my erotic frenzy, I sat down and took off one of my rubber galoshes.

"I'll eat this for you, if you wish me to."

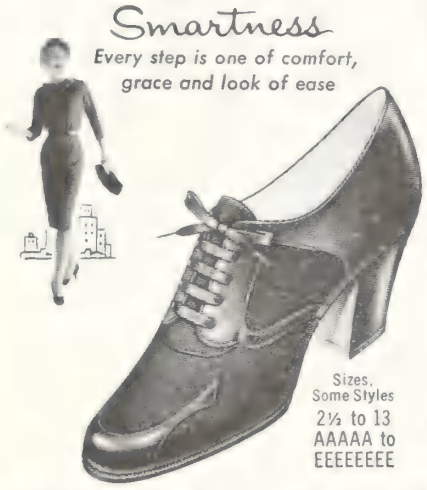
If she wished me to! Ha! Of course she wished me to. She was a true little woman. As I took out my penknife and cut into the rubber, I thought I saw at last a gleam of admiration in her eyes. She laid her hoop on the ground and watched closely.

"Are you going to eat it raw?"

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"Yes."

I gulped down one morsel, then another, under her warm and at last grateful gaze. I cut more deeply into the rubber, puffing and blowing a little with each mouthful, and continued with my labor of love even after a cold sweat began to appear on my forehead. My eyes were bulging. I was fighting against a growing sense of nausea, gathering all my strength to remain undefeated on the field, as I've had to do so often since then, with so little luck.

I was very ill. They took me to the hospital. My mother sobbed, Aniela screamed, the workgirls ran around in panic while I was carried on a stretcher to the ambulance. I was very proud of myself.

My affair with Valentine lasted for almost a year. It brought about a complete change in me. It had forced me to compete, to engage in pitched battles with my rivals: to assert and prove my virility, I had to walk on my hands, steal from shops, smash windows, and fight, always fight—defending myself on all fronts. One of my torments was a Polish boy whose name I have forgotten but who courted Valentine by juggling with five apples—and there were times when, after hours and hours of desperate attempts at juggling, the apples scattered around me, I would hang my head and feel that life was not worth living. But even today I can still keep three apples in the air at the same time, and often, on my hill at Big Sur, when the challenge of the sea and of the sky's immensity sparks in me some last trace of defiance, I grab three apples, raise my head nobly, advance one foot and perform my exploit, just to show that I am still a man to be reckoned with.

My father had left us almost immediately after I was born; whenever I mentioned his name, which was seldom, my mother and Aniela exchanged a quick glance and hurriedly changed the subject.

I knew that the man who had given me his name had a wife and children, that he traveled a great deal and had gone to America. I met him several times. He was rather stout, had beautifully kept hands and kind eyes. With me he was always slightly uneasy and a little sad, though very nice, and when he looked at me with his gentle and, it seemed to me, reproachful eyes, I would lower my own guiltily—he always gave me the impression that I had done him a bad turn.

He really entered my life only after his death, and in a way that I shall never forget. I knew that he had died during the war in a German gas chamber, disposed of as a Jew, together with his wife and two children aged, I believe, fifteen and sixteen. It was only in 1958, however, that I learned of a particularly revolting detail connected with his tragic end.

I had come from Bolivia, where I was at that time in charge of the French embassy, to Paris, where I was to receive the *Prix Goncourt* for my novel *The Roots of Heaven.* Among the many letters which I received on that occasion was one that gave me some information about the end of the man whom I had known so very slightly.

He did not die in the gas chamber, as I had been told. He died of fright on his way to execution a few yards from the entrance. My correspondent had seen it all with his own eyes; he had been acting as a doorman or as a receptionist—I don't know what to call him, what was the official title that went with this sort of job. The man wrote to me, thinking, no doubt, that it would please me to know that my father had escaped the gas chamber, that he had fallen down stone dead of a heart attack before he could enter it.

I sat for a long time with the letter in my hand. I didn't feel anything and my head was completely empty. I put the letter in my pocket, walked out to the staircase of the N.R.F. publishing house where I had come to collect my mail and I leaned against the banister for I don't know how long.

Albert Camus happened to pass by, and seeing that I was unwell took me into his office.

The man who died of fear on his way to the gas chamber was for me little more than a total stranger, but on that day he truly became my father, and I wanted him to be known as such.

What I chiefly remember of my first contact with France is the porter at Nice station, with his long blue smock, his peaked cap, his leather straps and a hale and hearty complexion which was the combined product of sun, sea air and good wine. To him we entrusted the box containing all our future—that is to say, the set of old Russian silver, the sale of which was to ensure our prosperity during the years to come.

We settled into a *pension de famille* in the Rue de la Buffa and my mother gave herself barely time enough to smoke her first French cigarette—a *Gauloise Bleue*—before opening the box, taking out a few choice pieces, putting them into a small suitcase and, with a confident air, setting off to hunt through Nice for a purchaser. I, meanwhile, burning with impatience, hurried down to the beach to renew my old acquaintance with the sea.

When I got back to the house, I found my mother waiting for me. She was sitting on the bed, smoking nervously. The expression on her face was one of complete incomprehension. In each shop she had entered with her samples of our treasure, she had met with the coldest reception. The prices she had been offered were utterly ridiculous. Naturally she had told the various dealers what she thought of them. The jewelers were nothing but professional thieves who had tried to rob her; besides, not one of them was truly French. They were, all of them, Armenians, Russians, perhaps even Germans. Tomorrow she would visit *French* shops, kept by real *Frenchmen.* There was nothing for me to worry about: the imperial silver was worth a fortune, and in any case we had enough money to see us through several weeks.

In the course of that fortnight my mother engaged in, and lost, an epic struggle in defense of the good name of old Russian silver. She had set herself the task of educating the jewelers and silversmiths of Nice. I watched her putting on a wonderful act of artistic ecstasy before a decent Armenian—who was later to become our friend—extolling the rarity and perfection of the sugar bowl in her hand, only breaking off for a moment to give vent to a dithyrambic chant in honor of the samovar, the soup tureen and the mustard pot. The Armenian assured my mother that he had the highest esteem for the articles in question but was slightly surprised by the price she was asking for them, which seemed to be ten or twelve times in excess of the current market value. Confronted by such ignorance, my mother returned her property to the suitcase and left the shop without a word of farewell. She was scarcely more successful in the next shop, kept by two well-born Frenchmen. She displayed the admirably proportional samovar and conjured up the picture of a flourishing French family gathered about it in an atmosphere of domestic coziness. To this, the charming M. Sérusier—who later was often to employ my mother and to supply her with objects for sale on commission—shook his head.

"Madame, the samovar has never become a native of these latitudes."

When received so courteously, my mother gave signs of being abashed—good manners and sweetness always disarmed her—said no more, set about wrapping each object in paper before putting it back into the suitcase—each object, that is, except the samovar, which was so cumbersome that I had to carry it in my two hands with the greatest care and walk behind her under the wondering eyes of the passers-by.

We had very little money left and the thought of what would happen to us when it should be exhausted made me sick with anxiety. At night we both pretended to sleep, but for a long time I saw the glowing point of her cigarette moving in the darkness. I watched her with a terrible feeling of despair, as powerless as a beetle which has been turned over on its back.

It was M. Sérusier who came to our rescue the very next morning. Being a shrewd man of business, he had realized my mother's great talents when it was a matter of singing the praises of her fine and rare "family pieces" to

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buyers, and it occurred to him that he worse than make use of her gifts to al advantage. He advanced us a sum , and very soon my mother was mak- ounds of all the luxury hotels along ra, offering to the clientele of the Palace, the Hermitage and the the "family treasures" which she aged to take with her when she had evolution, or which had been en- her by an old friend, a Russian ke who, "as the result of circum- eyond his control," had found him- ed to dispose of his possessions. hopkeepers followed suit, with the t my mother, tirelessly combing the purchasers, was enabled, little by rovide for our needs.

the famous silver—disgusted by the prices she was offered, my mother away in a box, pointing out that this twenty-four pieces, all engraved mperial eagle, would be very useful my diplomatic career when I would a lot of "entertaining."

dually extended the field of her ac- he had showcases for the display of icles in the hotels, acted as inter- n the selling of apartments and ites, acquired an interest in a taxi, per cent share in a lorry which de- in to the local poultry farmers, took

students realize that their ts value education, they will it more themselves. When ers realize that their com- ties value what they are do- hey will do it better. When igh-school teacher realizes his colleague in the college ds him as a partner and not inferior, he will take fresh and new pride in his work.

BARNABY KENNEY

t, two rooms of which she sublet, considerable part of her time to a ncern. In the midst of all this, she time to surround me with every Her plans for my future had long : first, the *lycée*, then naturaliza- ree in law, military service—need- as a cavalry officer—the School of cience and, finally, entry into the service. To reach that ultimate as in the third form at school— n, according to our calculation, a ing of eight or nine years, and she capable of carrying on till then. I y fourteen—almost there! She put y cloak, took her suitcase, and I er with my eyes as she strode for- rd that brilliant future, cane in now had to walk with a cane.

ver, took a more realistic view. I tention of marking time for nine thing might happen. I wanted to something formidable for her at ided to win the championship in the mming competition, a five-mile f the Baie des Anges, and trained t the *Grande Bleue*, but succeeded arly drowning during the race— sult that, like so many other fail- driven back to literature.

n with my swimming, running and ng, but it was only at table tennis d really give everything I had in me home crowned with laurel. It was ctory I could offer to my mother, er medal, engraved with my name d in a violet velvet case, stood on table until the day of her death.

ed my hand at tennis, having been cket by the parents of one of my to become a member of the *Club mpérial* meant paying, and the fee ond our means. Seeing that lack of e it impossible for me to enter the *ial*, my mother became righteously She ordered me to fetch my racket w her that very instant to the *Club mpérial*. There, the club secretary was summoned, and since my mother had a very carrying voice, the president, who rejoiced in the admirable name of Garibaldi, also answered the call at full speed.

My mother, standing in the middle of the room, with her hat slightly askew, and brandishing her cane, let them know exactly what she thought of them. What! With a little practice I might become a champion of France and defend my country's flag against foreigners, but no, because of some trivial and vulgar matter of money, I was forbidden to go onto the courts! All she was prepared to say to these gentlemen was that they had not the interests of their country at heart, and this she would proclaim at the top of her voice, as the mother of a Frenchman—I was not yet naturalized but that, obviously, was a minor matter—and she insisted on my being admitted to the club courts, there and then.

I had not held a tennis racket in my hand more than three or four times in my life, and the thought that these gentlemen might suddenly ask me to go onto the court and show what I could do made me tremble. But the two officials were far too overcome with astonishment to give a thought to my talents as a tennis player. It was, I think, M. Garibaldi who hit on that fatal idea, in the hope of calming my mother, which led to a scene, the memory of which fills me with confusion to this day.

"Madame," he said, "I must ask you to moderate your voice. His Majesty King Gustav of Sweden is sitting only a few steps from here, and I beg you not to make a scandal."

His words had on my mother an almost magical effect. A smile, at once naïve and radiant with wonder, showed on her face and she rushed forward.

An old gentleman was taking tea on the lawn under a white parasol. He was wearing white flannel trousers, a blue-and-black blazer and a straw "boater" slightly tilted over one ear. King Gustav V was a frequent visitor to the Riviera and its tennis courts. His celebrated straw hat appeared regularly on the front page of the local papers.

My mother did not hesitate for a moment. She made a deep curtsy and then, pointing her stick at the president and secretary of the club, exclaimed, "I crave justice of Your Majesty! My young son has a quite extraordinary gift for lawn tennis and these bad Frenchmen are making it impossible for him to practice here. The whole of our fortune has been seized by the Bolsheviks and we are unable to pay the subscription. I come to Your Majesty for help and protection."

This performance was conducted according to the best tradition of popular Russian legends in the time of Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great. Could I have melted into thin air or dissolved into the earth, my last conscious moment would have been one of tremendous relief. But I was not to be allowed to get off so lightly. I had to stand there under the amused gaze of beautiful women and handsome men and win the only world championship that seemed always to be open to me, that of shame and ridicule. But even there, my true laurels were yet to come—I had merely qualified for the finals.

His Majesty Gustav V was, at that time, already a very old man and this no doubt accounted for the fact that he seemed to be not in the least surprised. He took the cigar from his lips, gave my mother a solemn look and me a casual glance and, turning to his coach, "Hit a few up with him," he said, "and let's see how he does."

My mother's face brightened. The fact that I was completely inexperienced as a tennis player didn't worry her in the least. For a second I hesitated. Then, at sight of that expression of utter confidence and love, I swallowed my shame and my fear, sighed deeply and went forth to my execution.

It was a quick business. Needless to say, I did my best. I jumped, dived, bounced, pirouetted, ran, fell, bounced up again, flew through the air, clanging and spinning like a disjointed marionette, but the most I can say is that I did, just once, touch the ball, and even then only with the wood of my racket—and all this under the imperturbable gaze of the King of Sweden.

TO BRING YOUR WEIGHT UP-TO-DATE
(bring it down)

If you're still using old tables of "normal" weights, you aren't up-to-date on your weight. Look at your new "desirable" weight, shown below, which is lower than previous standards.

The importance of these tables to you lies, of course, in the fact that "the shorter the belt line, the longer the life line."

Formula for Fatness. With rare exceptions, that plump and padded look comes from too much food and too little exercise. You can lick both of these pound-producers.

Formula for Fitness. The best and surest way to slenderize is to eat less and expend more energy. Of course, you may reduce swiftly and temporarily on next-to-nothing diets, but for *permanent* weight control, some life-long changes must be made in your eating habits and activities.

Millions of men *and* women weigh more than is good for them. However, men in their 20's and 30's are especially susceptible to rapid weight gain.

If you are in this age range, don't let your weight creep up. Shedding a *few* pounds now will be safer and easier for you than trying to lose *many* pounds later on.

If the weight tables below show that your pounds are out of bounds, start now—*under a physician's supervision*—to trim down. He will prescribe a diet that's safe and pleasant, yet effective, in removing excess weight.





Weight in Pounds According to Frame (In Indoor Clothing)

	HEIGHT Feet	Inches	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN of ages 25 and over (with shoes on) 2" heels	4	10	92- 98	96-107	104-119
	4	11	94-101	98-110	106-122
	5	0	96-104	101-113	109-125
	5	1	99-107	104-116	112-128
	5	2	102-110	107-119	115-131
	5	3	105-113	110-122	118-134
	5	4	108-116	113-126	121-138
	5	5	111-119	116-130	125-142
	5	6	114-123	120-135	129-146
	5	7	118-127	124-139	133-150
	5	8	122-131	128-143	137-154
	5	9	126-135	132-147	141-158
	5	10	130-140	136-151	145-163
	5	11	134-144	140-155	149-168
	6	0	138-148	144-159	153-173

For girls between 18 and 25, subtract 1 pound for each year under 25.

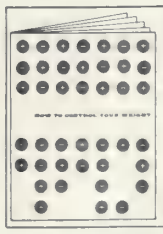
DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN of ages 25 and over (with shoes on) 1" heels	5	2	112-120	118-129	126-141
	5	3	115-123	121-133	129-144
	5	4	118-126	124-136	132-148
	5	5	121-129	127-139	135-152
	5	6	124-133	130-143	138-156
	5	7	128-137	134-147	142-161
	5	8	132-141	138-152	147-166
	5	9	136-145	142-156	151-170
	5	10	140-150	146-160	155-174
	5	11	144-154	150-165	159-179
	6	0	148-158	154-170	164-184
	6	1	152-162	158-175	168-189
	6	2	156-167	162-180	173-194
	6	3	160-171	167-185	178-199
	6	4	164-175	172-190	182-204

NOTE. Prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Derived primarily from data in the Build and Blood Pressure Study, 1959, Society of Actuaries.

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Some will no doubt ask why I let myself be led to the slaughter why I ever ventured onto the court at all. I must confess that, in spite of my fourteen years, I still believed, just a little bit, in fairy tales. I believed in the magic wand and, when I risked myself on the court, I was not absolutely sure that some just and indulgent Power might not intervene in my favor—and it was just possible that the balls themselves would suddenly come to my rescue. But it was not to be: the miracle was probably busy elsewhere.

When the coach took pity on me, and I went back to the lawn, my mother welcomed me as though I had not disgraced myself. She helped me on with my pull-over, she wiped my face and neck with her handkerchief. Then she turned to the audience. How can I describe the silence, the very attentive and reflective manner in which she stared at them with just a trace of an almost inviting smile on her tightly pressed lips? The King of Sweden saved us from a scene that would be too awful even to try to imagine. The old gentleman touched his straw hat and with infinite courtesy and kindliness said:

"I think these gentlemen will agree we have just witnessed something quite admirable. I will pay this young man's subscription; he has shown both courage and determination."

Ever since then I have loved Sweden. But I never again set foot in the *Parc Impérial*.

Our financial position was once again deteriorating. The shock waves of the economic crisis of 1929 had at last reached the Riviera and we were passing through difficult times. One evening, after my mother had spent some time in tears, she sat down at the table and wrote a long letter to somebody. Next morning I was told to go to a photographer and there a picture was taken of me wearing a blue blazer and with my eyes raised to the light. The photo was enclosed in the letter, and after hesitating for several days and keeping the envelope locked in a drawer, my mother finally put it in the mail.

She spent that evening bent over her strongbox, rereading a packet of letters tied with blue ribbon. She must at that time have been fifty-two. The letters were old and crumpled. I found them in 1947 hidden away in the cellar. I have read and reread them several times.

A week later, a money order for five hundred francs arrived from Paris. It had the most extraordinary effect upon my mother. *She looked at me with gratitude*. It was suddenly as though I had done her some tremendous service. She came close to me, took my face between her hands and studied my every feature with astonishing intensity. There were tears in her eyes and a curious feeling of embarrassment came over me. All of a sudden I had the feeling that I was someone else.

For the next eighteen months the money orders continued to reach us, though somewhat irregularly. I was allowed to have a racing bicycle, painted bright orange. I was given two francs a day pocket money and, on my way home from school, I sometimes stopped in the flower market where, for fifty centimes, I bought a sweet-smelling bouquet which I gave to my mother. In the evenings I took her to hear the gypsy orchestra at the Royal. We stood on the pavement instead of going onto the terrace where drinks were compulsory. My mother adored gypsy orchestras.

After the concert we sat on the Promenade des Anglais. The chairs there had to be paid for, but that was a luxury we could afford.

By carefully choosing one's chair, one could so arrange matters as to be within hearing distance of two orchestras—one at the Lido, the other at the Casino—and so get a double dose of music for free. As a rule, my mother took with her, discreetly concealed at the bottom of her elegant bag, some black bread and a few dill pickles wrapped in a newspaper. It was therefore possible at that time, for anyone watching the crowd of idlers on the Promenade des Anglais, to see a distinguished white-haired lady and a youth in a blue blazer, seated unostentatiously with their backs to the railing, listening to music and busily engaged in munching dill pickles *à la russe* with black bread, on a sheet of newspaper spread over their knees. It was delicious.

It was just about then that my mother brought off her most successful deal, the sale of a seven-story building on what used to be the Boulevard Carlonne, and is now the Boulevard Grosso. She had been hard at work for several months, running through the city like a busy ant, trying to find a buyer; she knew that if the sale materialized it would ensure my first year as a student at the University of Aix-en-Provence.

It was quite by accident that the eventual buyer turned up. One day a Rolls-Royce stopped before our house. A chauffeur opened the door and out stepped a short, roly-poly gentleman, followed by a young woman twice his height and half his age. She was a former patroness of my mother's fashion house in Wilno, and the plump little gentleman was her recently acquired husband who was a "millionaire," the first I had ever met of that fabulous race. It immediately became apparent to us that they had dropped straight from heaven. Not only did little M. Jedwabnikas buy the building, but, struck as so many others before him, by my mother's energy and spirit of enterprise, he decided to turn it into a hotel and restaurant, of which my mother should be manageress.

And so it was that the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts, with a freshly painted façade and under "a new management," opened its to "the international elite, in an atmo of tranquility, comfort and good ta quote the first prospectus word for wor was its author. My mother knew noth the very special art of *hôtellerie*, but s mediately rose to the occasion. I have those days, spent a great part of my hotels the world over, and, in the li the experience I have gained, I can sa with very limited material resource achieved a miracle. Thirty-six bedroon floors of "suites" and a restaurant, ru the help of only two housemaids, one a chef and a dishwasher—it was quite for a beginner.

The enterprise got off to a flying sta own contribution consisted in acting ceptionist, guide on conducted tours, d'hôtel, and, in general, making a go pression on the clientele. I was, by tha sixteen, but never before had I been e to human contacts in quite such massive Our public came from every country un sun with the English predominating. A they arrived in parties, sent by the agencies. With few exceptions, our gues gentle, submissive, unsure of themselv easily satisfied. Most of them were wo

My mother got up at six every m smoked three or four cigarettes, drank of tea, took her cane and went to th Market, of which she was the und queen. It was—and still is today—a p varied accents, smells and colors,

We ought not to look back unl it is to derive useful lessons fr past errors, and for the purpose profiting by dear-bought exp rience. **GEORGE WASHINGT**

superb curses rose into the air above th ters of veal, the cutlets, the hams, whe Latin, dramatic gestures were made un eyes of dead fish, where, by some truly terranean miracle, the sweet fragra mimosas managed always to rise triump over a thousand far less appealing sme mother would handle a slice of veal, over the heart of a melon, reject with piece of beef, then sail away to contir reign elsewhere, in some kingdom of ch fruit, pursued by a storm of laughter, s fists and tragic oaths.

She always returned home with a l fruit and flowers. Then she would go d the kitchens, draw up the menu see the people, supervise the *petit dejeuner* se the bedrooms, listen to anything the might have to say, see to the packing o baskets for those who were going on sions, inspect the cellar, do her accou attend to every detail of the business.

One day, after going up and down cursed stairs which she climbed at least times a day, she suddenly collapsed chair. Her face and lips were gray; she her head a little to one side and pres hand to her breast. Then she began to all over. We were lucky enough to doctor quickly, and his diagnosis wa and sure. She had given herself too str injection of Insulin, and was now su from a hypoglycemia reaction.

It was thus that I learned what she h concealing from me for years: she diabetic and each morning gave her injection of Insulin before starting day's work.

I was in a state of abject terror. The n of her gray face, of her head leaning sideways, of her hand clutching pain her breast, never again left me. The id she might die before I had done all t expected of me, that she might lea world without ever having known seemed to me to be a denial of the m mentary common sense, of good mann law, and to show on the part of fate a gangsterlike attitude that justified one ing the police, invoking the moral co

CONTINUED ON P



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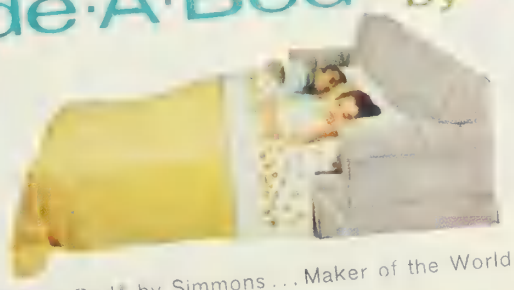
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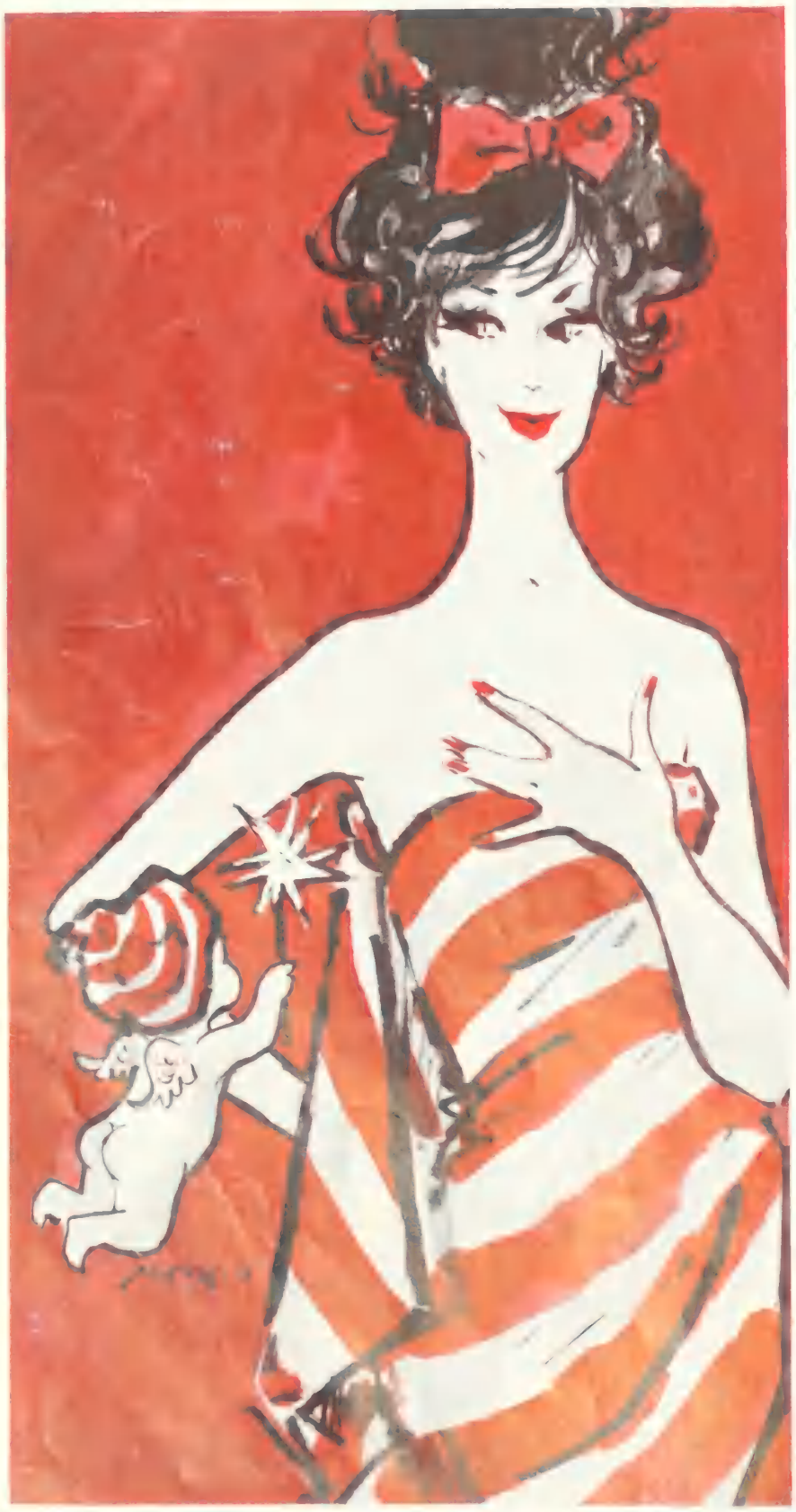
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

the intervention of some supreme legal authority. I began to wonder if life was an honorable endeavor or if one had perhaps to reject it as a matter of dignity. My answer was immediate, probably dictated by my instinct for self-preservation, and I wrote, at feverish speed, a story entitled *The Truth About the Prometheus Affair*, which remains for me to this day the truth about the Prometheus affair.

For, no doubt about it, we have been cheated. The real adventure of Prometheus—or rather, the end of it—has been kept from us. It is perfectly true that, because he stole fire from the gods, Prometheus was chained to a rock and that a vulture began to devour his liver. But what we were never told is that when the gods, some time later, took a look at the earth to see what was going on there, they saw, not only that Prometheus had freed himself from his chains but that he had seized the vulture and was devouring its liver so as to recover his strength and try to grab the sacred fire again. He was an artist.

All the same, I still suffer from my liver. You will, I think, admit that there is good reason for that. I am at my ten thousandth vulture and my digestion is not what it used to be.

Mr. Zaremba was a man in his early fifties: a tall, gaunt, gentle and somewhat withdrawn man. He appeared one day on the doorstep of the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts in white tropical clothes, with a panama hat and several expensive-looking suitcases; he asked for a room for a few days and stayed a year.

Nothing in his distinguished appearance, in his detached and beautiful manners, revealed that the elegant much-traveled man of the world was really but a little boy lost whom the passing years had merely buried deeper and deeper in their sands; and even later, when my knowing and cynical eye—I was almost eighteen—began to notice certain interesting and promising signs in our guest's behavior, I was still far from suspecting that men can become old and die or reach high positions while never outgrowing the child in them, longing for attention.

Our new guest didn't look like an artist and when he wrote down his profession in the hotel form, my mother took one look at the word *artiste-peintre* and instantly asked for one week's money in advance. He had a long, distinguished face, with sad eyes, and his whole personality, his beautiful manners struck me as being very much at odds with my mother's oft-voiced opinion that all painters were condemned to drunkenness, poverty, disease and despair. There could be but one explanation for Mr. Zaremba's gentlemanly appearance: the man had no talent whatsoever.

This statement of fact, in her eyes, was soon confirmed when it appeared that Mr. Zaremba was internationally known and successful enough to keep a house in Florida and travel extensively, and so my mother began to treat him with slightly ironic pity. I suspect that she feared he might have a bad influence on me: the sight of a prosperous painter could, God forbid, drive me to take up painting myself again.

There still was in me some confused longing for vast canvases, brushes and tubes of paint; but if I showed myself kindly disposed toward Mr. Zaremba and took to visiting often the studio he had rented, this had nothing to do with my interest in art. The Pole had aroused in me certain hopes, for it soon became clear that this rather romantic and sad-faced figure was seeking my mother's company. I felt more and more convinced that this delicate situation, if properly handled, could mean a most welcome change in our life.

Mr. Zaremba was a lonely man and, from some casual remark, I gathered the impression that his childhood had been even more lonely than his middle age. His parents had died young, of a rather romantically shared tuberculosis, and were buried in the Russian cemetery at Menton, which he visited from time to time; he had been raised by a bachelor uncle on a rich estate in Eastern Poland. We often took to discussing Mr. Zaremba's personal problems with great frankness.

"You are a very young man, Romain painter would say with a sigh, "and whole life is still ahead of you. Mine is a over. It would be very nice if I could someone who would care for me a little, a little: I would be quite content to second place in a woman's affections."

"I think you can still be a very happy I would answer prudently. "Of course it mean for you a certain amount of respo ity—financially, for instance. I don't kn painter can afford to support a family."

"I am really quite well off," Mr. Za would say rather sadly. "I even welcon idea of sharing my material success with one. It's rather disgusting to spend ever on oneself."

My heart began to beat faster. A ma improbable idea of a car—a small ca me at the wheel—suddenly crossed my A Citroën, two-seater convertible, it wo I was not prepared to settle for anything and perhaps a trip around the world.

I soon noticed that my mother was b ing aware that something was afoot, f began to treat poor Mr. Zaremba with siderable amount of suspicion and even

NEXT MONT

"I tell you this," Linnet said, "an one who tries to come between n and the man I love will suffer!"

Linnet is the heroine of Daph du Maurier's new novel, CASTL DOR—a tale of the Cornish coas of a handsome, mysterious sailor, doctor who is by avocation an an ateur detective, and two childre who love to play at adventure.

CASTLE DOR

By "Q" and DAPHNE DU MAU

complete in the November Journa condensed from the novel soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

tility. And then I became aware of son else. She was then in her fifty-third ye although under her white hair there w in her features the marks of earlier be knew that my shy and distinguished had not fallen in love with her as sim man loves a woman. There was in this ticated aristocrat a child who had n ceived enough affection and who w aroused to an almost frantic hope by t of maternal love that shone so splendi uninhibitedly before his eyes. He ha ously decided that there was room fo it, and so languidly and yet desperately to be admitted.

He had in me a solid ally, but if I e to make good in diplomacy, this was ment to show it. He never interfered my mother's display of love, he never himself to make some pointed rema "You are spoiling him." He just sto in his white silk suit, looking hurt. A one day, after my mother had trium deposited her offering of fruit before m garden table, Mr. Zaremba did allow something that, coming from him, an to almost a proclamation of his feeli suddenly sat down at my table, witho invited, and extending a shaking hand, one of my apples from the tray and b eat it, staring defiantly into my mothe

I sat there completely stunned, gapi my mother and I exchanged an i glance and she looked at poor Mr. Z with such an expression of coldness a that the painter, after one or two more ate attempts at chewing the apple, pu on the plate, got up and walked a shoulders hunched and his head low.

CONTINUED ON



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Soon afterward—in fact, I remember, exactly three days later—Mr. Zaremba made a more direct attempt at finding in his middle age something that he had clearly missed so much in his childhood. I was in my room on the ground floor in front of the open window, writing the last chapter of a novel I was working on. My mother was sitting in the garden, drinking tea, and the painter was standing next to her, one hand on an empty chair, waiting for the invitation to sit down and join her that was never forthcoming. There was only one subject of conversation that was sure to find my mother always willing and so Mr. Zaremba found it quite easy to find an opening.

"There is something I feel it my duty, as an aging man of experience, to tell you," he said. "It concerns Romain."

My mother had the strange habit of drinking her tea much too hot and then, after burning her lips, she would blow into the tea in an attempt to cool it.

"I'm listening," she said.

"Believe me, Nina," the painter said, "it is very dangerous for a boy to grow as an only son, to be the only loved one."

"I do not plan to adopt another child," my mother stated abruptly, and it seemed to me sardonically.

I could see the painter full face. I have never met a man giving a greater appearance of mature nobility and poise. And yet, it was a little boy who was knocking with both fists at a closed door.

"I didn't imply anything of the sort," Mr. Zaremba said, looking at the chair once more. "I was merely implying that it is important at his age to feel that he is not the only man in his mother's life. To learn to share, to give generously to . . . others some of the beauty and warmth that he has been given so early in life."

My mother pushed her cup of tea away and took a *gauloise*. The painter instantly produced a match and lighted it. "What is it exactly that you are trying to say?" she asked.

"I am merely trying to say that it would be excellent for Romain if he shared the treasures of your love with someone else. Please understand that I am not speaking in any way against a mother's love; on the contrary, I have never known it myself and I realize exactly what I have missed—what I am missing. It is something as necessary to make a man as yeast is to make bread. I am an orphan myself ——"

"You are certainly the oldest orphan I have ever met," my mother said.

"Age has nothing to do with it," Mr. Zaremba exclaimed almost emphatically. "The heart knows no such thing. I am not talking of

> Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power. ALCOTT

any youthful folly, of passion that in the end can only destroy the beauty of a true relationship between a man and a woman. But believe me, if you could bestow some of the affection, the attention on someone else besides your son, Romain will become a much stronger, much more self-dependent young man."

My mother inhaled deeply and noisily through her nose. She waited a moment looking at the pale, imploring face of my friend, and then she said something that even I, at first, failed to understand: "Cuckoo."

"I beg your pardon?" the poor gentleman murmured.

"Cuckoo in the nest," my mother said, then she smiled scornfully and walked away.

The painter's eyes suddenly met mine. I don't think he had been aware of my discreet presence and for some reason or other it shook him visibly. He looked suddenly as if I had caught him stealing my marbles. I, on the other hand, was a firm believer in letting bygones be bygones. I merely leaned out of the window and smiled pleasantly.

"I wonder if I could borrow fifty francs?" I asked.

The painter's hand instantly went for his pocketbook. He was a nice, kind and obliging man. I liked him.

After this little show of strength, my friend quite wisely decided that the best way to court my mother was to court me. I received a splendid wallet in crocodile skin, with fifteen American dollars in it, then a camera, then a wrist watch, all of which I accepted graciously, not in any mercenary spirit but out of the tactical consideration that it was important to get Mr. Zaremba in the proper mood and to make sure of the true quality of his nature. Thus I soon acquired a fountain pen and my little library began to prosper as never before. For those readers who tend to judge my behavior severely and term it cynical, I would remind them once more that I was then not yet eighteen years old, that I never had a father and, if Mr. Zaremba was perhaps seeing himself as a son, I was beginning to see him as a father, and was pushing him with both hands into his father's part.

I succeeded rather well and finally the long-awaited day came when Mr. Zaremba proposed to me. I was lying in my bed, with a slight cold, and the painter had come into my room, carrying on a tray some fruit, tea and honey, together with my favorite biscuits. He put the tray on the bed and sat on a chair, a tall, distinguished figure in gray tweeds, with good, brown, earnest eyes. It was obvious that he felt embarrassed. He was swallowing hard and was pressing nervously a handkerchief in his hand.

"My dear Romain," he began in a voice which shook a little. "You know, of course, how I feel about you."

I had a grape. I looked at him kindly, encouragingly. I had the feeling that at last we were getting somewhere. "All I can say, Josef, is that I like you very much. You are a great artist and a wonderful person."

Mr. Zaremba took his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow. He was a good-looking man, with a typically Polish, noble face, with an eagle's nose and firm, clean-proud features.

"I am no longer a young man," he said is perhaps better to admit that I am as more than I can offer. Art is refuge, at l You are an artist yourself, Romain. B promise that I will take care of you as well can and facilitate your artistic beginning life to the best of my ability."

I nodded in silent and grateful acknowl ment.

"Do you think your mother will marry m he asked.

It was a strange moment. I had been ang for this very thing for many months and that the man was asking me for my mot hand. I felt completely unprepared.

"I don't know," I said gravely. "We already had several offers."

I felt immediately that these last words perhaps off-key, but Mr. Zaremba was viously shaken.

"Who?" he asked feebly.

"I don't think it's proper for me to men any names." Tact, I knew, was an esse quality in a diplomat.

"Excuse me," the painter said. "I di mean to be indiscreet. But I would lik know how you feel about it."

I looked at him kindly. "I like you," I him. "I like you very much, Josef. But giv time to think it over. Marriage is a ser matter. How old are you exactly?"

The painter sighed. "Fifty-five."

"I'm only eighteen," I told him. "I just throw my life in one direction suddenly, out knowing exactly where I am going."

"I am aware of that," Mr. Zaremba sai am not a man to shirk my family responsi ties. I am also quite well off. I don't think would regret your choice."

"I'll think it over," I repeated rather ste

Mr. Zaremba rose from his chair with vious relief. "Your mother is an excepti woman," he said. "I do hope you will find proper words on my behalf."

He left the room and it was suddenly as had left me all his anxiety and doubts.



perhaps her last chance—our last chance. knew already that it wasn't going to be to convince her.

lecided to approach my mother on the ct after her return from the market—she hen usually in her best mood, as if this visit to her kingdom helped her to face st of the world with tolerance and indul-. I put my finest clothes on, borrowed the er's tie—a splendid silk affair in blue, oidered with silver horses—bought an nous bouquet of red roses of the most ex-ve kind and at about 10:30 A.M. found f pacing the lobby, my heart beating with vousness that only Mr. Zaremba, who ringing in his room, could understand. was an important moment in my life and fully aware of it.

mother buried her face in the flowers hen looked at me with apprehension, for were quite obviously beyond my means. ured to her to sit down and she settled in r with the bouquet on her knees.

hat's happened?" she said.

sten," I said.

listened. But it wasn't easy to find the

is a gentleman," I began bluntly.

t was quite enough. She knew instantly t was all about. She took the bouquet of s and threw it across the room with a t, large and final gesture. The bouquet ase and the vase smashed on the floor. the Italian maid, rushed in, took one t my mother's face and rushed out.

has a house in Florida," I said des-ly.

u want to get rid of me," my mother

began to cry. I didn't know what to say. her, I knew only too well what I wanted but those were desperate words and I not bring myself to utter them. I wanted her that this was her last chance, that would never be another man, that she company, that I couldn't be with her . And as those thoughts were filling my nd while I was fighting away the words ere ready to express themselves, it ap-to me that, in a way, I was trying to get her, after all, of her overpowering love, verwhelming emotional pressure on me. just that I don't want you to work so I said rather lamely. "I can't help you can."

n not going to adopt a middle-aged son raying mustaches," my mother said. 's something very wrong with him. His gs sell, it's unnatural. I don't think we st him."

s a very distinguished man," I pleaded. s beautiful manners. He dresses well. –" And it was then that I made the d fatal mistake. I underestimated my 's youth of heart and her womanhood. pects you, and he will always treat you entleman," I said.

nother's eyes filled with tears. She rose er chair. "Thank you," she said. "I hat I am old. I know that there are n my life that are gone forever; but I man once, very much. It was a very e ago—and I still love him. He didn't me and he wasn't a gentleman. But he man. And I am a woman—an old but I have memories. I have one son at's enough for me—I won't adopt ."

ared silently at each other for one long, eaking moment. She knew exactly what g on in my mind: she knew that I was g of escape. But there was no escape—neliness. Her loneliness—and mine

y remained for me now to break the my poor friend. It wasn't an easy task ed him enough, and loved my mother to feel sad for him, for her and for went to my room and sat gloomily on staring at the floor and smoking a cig-always had a strong reluctance to hurt-ple, which is always the best way of oneself. Finally I hit on an idea that o be both tactful and eloquent enough. my cupboard. I took the blue silk tie silver horses on it, the camera, the pen and all the other precious things that I had shared with my friend for so long. I took off the watch from my wrist. Then I marched upstairs and knocked on his door. There was a faint, rather shaky "Come in," and I went in. Mr. Zaremba was sitting in a chair, very pale and, it seemed to me suddenly, very old. He didn't ask any questions. He just looked on silently, with his hurt eyes, as I put down all my treasures gently on his bed. Then we remained silent for a moment, avoiding each other's eyes, for there was nothing more to say.

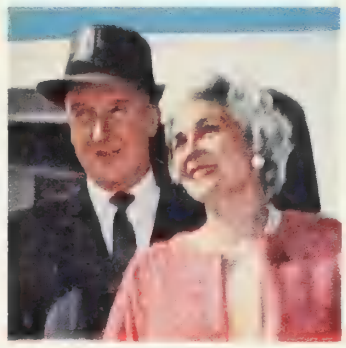
He took the train the next morning, very early, without saying good-by. He left behind, carefully wrapped in white paper, the blue tie with the silver horses, and the maid gave it to me when I returned from school. I still have it somewhere, but I seldom wear it: I feel that it makes me look older than my age. I am still quite a few years younger than he was then, twenty-eight years ago.

Toward the end of that year I enrolled as a student in the Law School of the University of Aix-en-Provence, and left Nice in October, 1933.

My room in the Rue Roux-Alphéran at Aix cost sixty francs a month. My mother, at that time, was making five hundred. Of this a hundred went for Insulin and doctors' fees, another hundred on cigarettes and sundry expenses. The rest was for me. In addition there were what my mother called "the little extras." Almost every day the Nice bus brought me some provisions abstracted from the storeroom of the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts, and gradually the sloping roof round my attic window began to resemble a stand in the Buffa Market. The wind set the strings of onions shaking, the eggs lay in a row in the gutter, much to the astonishment of the pigeons, the cheeses swelled under the rain, the hams, the legs of mutton and the joints looked like a still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107





Mrs. Ron Merritt, who recently flew by Boeing jetliner, says

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TINUED FROM PAGE 105

against the background of tiles. Nothing forgotten, neither the dill pickles, nor the tard made with tarragon vinegar, the ek *khalva*, nor the dates, figs, oranges and s. The reputation of my larder spread dly in the Cours Mirabeau, and, as a re-, I made a great many friends.

was not neglecting my literary labors—far n it. A new novel was finished and sent off he round of publishers. For the first time of them, Robert Denoël, took the trouble nswer me personally. Apparently, having ced through a few pages of the manuscript, had shown it to a well-known psycho-yst and enclosed the conclusions she had e to about the author of *Vin des Morts*. report ran to twenty pages. It was perfectly r, she said, that I was suffering from a ration complex, a fecal complex, that I had ophilic tendencies and I don't know how y other interesting aberrations.

hough my book was turned down, I felt h flattered by the psychoanalytic docu-t of which I was the object; I showed it to friends and they were duly impressed. I d out twenty copies of the report which I ibuted generously among the young nen of the university. I sent two of them to mother. She insisted on reading it to the ons of the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts, and n I returned to Nice at the end of my first as a law student, I was received with a t show of interest and spent my holidays t agreeably.

he Hôtel-Pension Mermonts was thriving. mother was now making seven hundred cs a month, and it was decided that I ld finish my studies in Paris, where I ld make a lot of useful contacts. My mother dy knew a half-pay colonel, a former nial administrator now on the retired list, a French vice consul in China who had be-e an opium addict and had come to Nice ndergo a cure. They both showed them-s well disposed toward me, and my mother with their backing we had at last a solid from which to launch into life, and that uture was assured.

n the other hand, her diabetes was getting e. Sometimes, when I saw her walking n the street, a feeling of terrible anguish hold on me, a sense of powerlessness and e, a panic so horrible that a cold sweat e out on my forehead. Once I timidly sug-d that it might be better if I discontinued tudies and found some work to do which d bring in money. She said nothing, ed at me reproachfully and began to cry. I r again returned to the subject.

Paris I shut myself away in a minuscule room and, wholly neglecting the law ol, settled down with determination to my ng. At noon I walked to the Rue Mouf-d where I bought bread, cheese and, of se, dill pickles. I never managed to get to my room with the pickles intact, but em, there and then, in the street. That, ome weeks, was the only satisfaction I Not, however, that temptations were ng. As I stood with my back against a restoring my strength, my eyes were at-ed by a young girl of quite incredible ty. She had black eyes, and brown hair of iness without precedent in the history of n hair. She did her shopping at the same as I did mine and I got into the habit of ning for her to come down the street. I ex-d absolutely nothing of her—I could not d even to take her to a cinema. All I ed was to eat my pickle while feasting my on her. I have always had a tendency to avenously hungry when looking at y—whether landscapes, colors or women. ly the girl noticed the odd way in which I at her while devouring dill pickles. She have been struck by my immoderate ng for those estimable vegetables, and, gh she never gave me a look, she did smile y when she passed me. One fine day when surpassing all my former efforts with a enormous pickle she could control herself ger and said, with sincere concern in her "One of these days you'll burst."

struck up an acquaintanceship. It was a e of luck for me that the first girl with whom I fell in love in Paris was totally disinterested. She was a student and, with the single exception of her sister, was quite the prettiest girl in the whole of the Latin Quarter at that time. Young men in cars paid assiduous court to her, and even today, twenty years later, whenever I happen to catch sight of her in Paris, my heart beats faster, my mouth waters and I dash into the first delicatessen shop on my way and buy a pound of pickles.

One morning, when I had no more than fifty francs left, I found, on opening the weekly *Gringoire*, one whole page devoted to a short story of mine called *l'Orage*, and my name in fat letters in all the appropriate places.

I slowly folded the weekly and went home. I did not feel in the least excited but, on the contrary, sad and tired. I already knew the difference between the ocean and a drop of water and it only made me once more aware of the impossible task ahead.

But no words of mine will serve to describe the sensation which the publication of my story produced in the Buffa Market. My mother put the copy of *Gringoire* in her bag and never went anywhere without it. At the slightest provocation she took it out, opened it, stuck the page adorned with my name under the nose of her adversary and said, "I think you forget to whom you have the honor of speaking!" After which, with her head held high, she stalked victoriously from the field of battle, followed by a host of astonished eyes.

I got a thousand francs for that story and, as a consequence, completely lost my head. The first thing I did was to go to the Brasserie Balzar, where I stowed two helpings of *choucroute* and a large plateful of *pot-au-feu*. I have always been a big eater. I took a room on the fifth floor of the hotel with a window looking onto the street and wrote a very calm and collected letter to my mother, explaining that I had a regular contract with *Gringoire*, as well as with several other publications, and from now on, if ever she was in want of money, she had only to let me know. I dispatched an enormous bottle of perfume and arranged by telegram for a bouquet to be delivered to her. I bought myself a box of cigars and a sport coat. The cigars made me feel sick, but I was determined to live in the grand manner and smoked the lot. Thereupon I wrote three stories in rapid succession, all of which were returned to me, not only by *Gringoire* but by every other Paris weekly. For six months not one of my works saw the light of day.

It was not long before my situation became, from the material point of view, well nigh desperate. Not only had my money melted away with incredible rapidity, but I kept on getting letters from my mother overflowing with pride and gratitude, together with a request to let her know, well in advance, the publication dates of my future masterpieces so that she might be in a position to trumpet them all over the *quartier*.

I had not the heart to tell her of my failures. I therefore had recourse to a piece of subterfuge of which I feel very proud to this day. I wrote to my mother explaining that the newspaper and magazine editors were demanding stories of so commercial a nature that I was refusing to compromise my literary reputation by signing them with my name and was, so I told her, making use of a variety of pen names. I begged her not to breathe a word of this to anyone, since I did not wish to hurt my friends, my masters at the Nice *lycée*—in short, those who believed in my genius and integrity.

Thereafter, each week I coolly cut out the work of other writers and sent them to my mother with a clear conscience and a feeling that I had done my duty.

This solution disposed of the moral problem, but left the material problem untouched. I no longer had enough money to pay my rent and spent whole days without eating.

One particularly gloomy evening comes to my mind. I had eaten nothing since the previous day. At that time I was in the habit of going frequently to see one of my friends who lived with his parents not very far from the Lecourbe Métro station and had noticed that if I calculated the time of my arrival properly, they always asked me to stay to dinner.

My stomach was empty and I thought it might be a good idea to pay a polite call on

What if for once she forgot the birthday candles? Or the diaper pins? Or the football cleats? What a silly idea! She's a realist, however romantic her soul. Because being a mom, she *has* to be!

Remembering important little things, and big things, too, is part of a woman's standard equipment.

WHAT IF MOM GOOFED?

BY JEAN KINKEAD, WOMEN'S CONSULTANT TO THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES



A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

That's why more and more young fathers want their wives to sit in when they are planning the family's life insurance program with their Travelers Insurance counselor. They want the benefit of a wife's very feminine, very practical way of looking at things.

More and more wives are eager to be a part of this life insurance planning, too. They don't want over-protective husbands to make them "insurance poor"—after all, there are playpens and home permanents and a thousand other things to buy. But being practical, they do want to know there'll be *enough* insurance if it's ever needed. Enough to take good care of the children and keep the family together and enough for a college education.

"HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?"

As a realistic wife, you have questions to ask the insurance man, too. Like "How much insurance is enough?" Or "What kind of policy will give us a retirement plan?" Or "Can we help out the budget by paying for insurance by the month, the way we do with other bills?" (With The Travelers, you can—and it's a welcome relief, like letting out a seam in a dress to allow for some breathing space.)

"GOOF? NOT MOM!"

What if you goofed—and went to the movies the night the Travelers insurance man was coming? Or stayed home and put thumbs down on protecting the dearest people in your life? But mothers aren't made that way. You're the one who comes with the extra blanket on a chilly night, who puts the hot cocoa in the lunch box on that first cold morning.

Mothers take care of people. And that, more than any other reason, must be why they just don't goof when there's something important at stake—like the future.

P.S. Why not send for my new illustrated booklet "WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW... ABOUT INSURANCE." *It tells you all about insurance and the woman's role in planning it. Write to Jean Kinkead, The Travelers Insurance Companies, Hartford 15, Connecticut. It's free.*



Why do more dishwasher owners use Cascade than any other product?

Because Cascade eliminates drops that dry into spots!



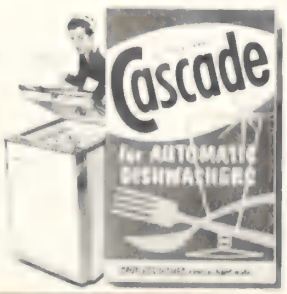
WATER DROPS See what happens when plain water is sprayed on glassware, silver. This test shows how drops form. These dry into ugly spots.



CASCADE But see *with Cascade* no drops form! Just as in your dishwasher, water slides off in clear-rinsing "sheets." Dishes, silver dry spotless, sparkling.

Cascade gives you visibly cleaner dishes, visibly brighter silver. You'll discover Cascade does a superior job of stopping spots (your toughest problem in automatic dishwashing). That's because Cascade contains Chlorosheen . . . an exclusive formula that eliminates the drops that cause spots. No drops left to hold grease and food particles or dry into cloudy streaks or messy spots. No wonder more dishwasher owners use Cascade than any other product.

No other dishwasher detergent cleans so well yet is so safe for fine china patterns! Only Cascade is rated safe for today's loveliest china patterns by the American Fine China Guild, whose members make Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syracuse china. Their *exclusive* recommendation was given Cascade after thoroughly testing every leading dishwasher detergent. Look for their seal of approval on every Cascade package.



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S CASCADE IS ENDORSED BY EVERY LEADING DISHWASHER MAKER

them. When I reached the Place de la Contrescarpe, I could already smell in my imagination the delicious brew of potatoes and leeks, though I was still forty-five minutes' walk from the Rue Lecourbe—I hadn't enough money to pay for a Métro ticket. I was also pretty certain that there would be Hungarian salami too—there always had been, on previous occasions. I don't think I ever went to a lover's tryst with so delicious a sense of anticipation.

When I finally arrived at my destination there was no answer to the bell. My friends were out. I sat down on the stairs and waited for an hour, for two hours. But toward eleven o'clock an elementary concern for my dignity—it always hangs about somewhere—kept me from staying there till midnight for the sole purpose of begging for something to eat.

So I walked all the way back down the infernal Rue de Vaugirard, the longest street in Paris. Having reached the Luxembourg, I had to walk past the Brasserie Medicis. As ill luck would have it I saw, even at that late hour, through the white net curtain, a natty bourgeois in the process of dealing with a porterhouse steak and steamed potatoes. I stopped, took one look at the steak and fainted dead away. My hunger had nothing to do with it. True, I hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours, but at that period of my life I had a vitality which could stand up to anything and I often went without eating for thirty-six hours. No; what had made me faint was sheer humiliation, indignation and rage. No human being, I thought, should be placed in such a position, and I still adhere to that belief. I was choking with rage. I clenched my fists, everything went dark and I fell full length on the pavement.

I must have lain there for quite a while because when I regained my senses I found a crowd round me. I was well dressed—I was even wearing gloves—and, fortunately, it never occurred to anyone to guess the reason for my fainting fit. An ambulance had already been sent for and I was much tempted to let myself be driven away: I was sure that I could find some means of filling my stomach at the hospital. But I refused to take that easy way out. With a few muttered words of apology, I extricated myself from the crowd and walked home. The double shock of humiliation and fainting had relegated the demands of my stomach to the background. I lighted my lamp, took out my fountain pen and started on a story which appeared in *Gringoire* a few weeks later under the title of *Une Petite Femme*.

I also did some soul searching and decided that I was taking myself too seriously and was lacking in both humility and a sense of humor. I had shown a defeatist attitude toward my fellow men, a lack of confidence in them, and had not even tried to explore the possibilities of human nature which, after all, could not be entirely devoid of generosity. Next morning I embarked on an experiment, as a result of which my optimistic views turned out to be entirely justified. I began by borrowing a hundred sous from the floor waiter, then went to the Capoulade café, where, standing at the counter, I ordered a cup of coffee and plunged my hand resolutely into a basket of *croissants*. I ate seven of them with gusto and then called for more coffee; after which I looked the waiter solemnly in the eyes—the poor devil had no idea that, in his person, the whole human race was being put to the test—and asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"How many *croissants?*"

"One."

He glanced at the basket, which was almost empty. Then he glanced at me. Then he shook his head. "*Merde*," he said. "You lay it on too thick, buddy."

"Maybe two," I said.

"All right, all right, forget it," he said. "I'm not completely dumb. Two coffees and a *croissant*—seventy-five centimes, all told."

I left the place transfigured. Something was singing in my heart—probably the *croissants*. From that day on I became the Capoulade's best customer. Occasionally the unfortunate Jules—that was the name of this great Frenchman—ventured a timid protest, though without much conviction.

"Couldn't you go stuff yourself someplace else? You're going to get me into trouble with the boss."

"I can't," said I. "You are my father and mother."

Sometimes he indulged in vague calcu tions to which I listened with only half an e

"Two *croissants?* You can look me in face and say that? Three minutes ago th were nine in the basket."

I took that remark very coldly. "There thieves everywhere," I observed.

"*Eh bien, merde!*" said Jules admirin "Some cheek you've got, friend. What are studying for, if I may ask?"

"Law. I am working for a law degree."

"Some joke," said Jules somberly.

We became friends. When my second st appeared in *Gringoire*, I gave him a sig copy.

I reckon that between 1936 and 1937 I m have got through something like 1000 or 1 *croissants* at the Capoulade, without payin regarded it as a sort of scholarship awarde me by the establishment.

I was now in my last year at law school a what was for us much more important, ab to complete my student's military train which was to open for me the doors of the Force Academy.

I had paid but little attention to what going on in Europe. Perhaps because I been brought up by a woman and surroun with a woman's love, I was incapable of ha anyone for long, and so was lacking in the sential quality which would have mad possible for me to understand Hitler and Nazis. The silence of France under the im of his hysterical threats, far from making

> **No government demands so much from the citizen as democracy, and none gives so much back.**
>
> **LORD BRYCE**

uneasy, seemed to me to be a sign of c strength and self-reliance. I believed in French army and in its revered leaders. mother had built round me, long before general staff had constructed it upon our f tiers, a Maginot Line of unshakable certai and patriotic pictures which no anxietie doubts could shake.

It was on the eve of Munich. There w great deal of talk about war, and my mothe her letters, was already sounding a clarion One of those noble outpourings, dashed o an energetic hand and large-sized charac leaning well forward as though already ch ing the enemy, declared firmly that "Fr will conquer because she is France." Loo back, it seems to me that no one could predicted more convincingly our defeat o nor better expressed our lack of prepara

I have often scratched my head, tryin understand the why and the how of an Russian woman's passionate love for country, but have never succeeded in find really satisfactory answer. No doubt mother was deeply imbued with the ideas scale of values and the opinions curre bourgeois society around about 1900 France was generally regarded as the pinn of creation. Perhaps, too, the origin of he tachment may be found in some secret n ory she had kept of the two visits to Par her youth.

But the simplest and most probable e nation is that my mother loved France fo specific reason, as is always the case wher truly loves. Be that as it may, it is eas imagine the part played in the psycholo universe in which she lived by the golden s soon to adorn my sleeve, as a second lie ant in the French Air Force.

I with great difficulty passed my degr law, but it was in top listing that I had accepted into the Air Force Academy.

My mother's patriotism, worked up to pitch by the anticipation of my military g ness, now took an unexpected turn.

It was just about this time that my u cessful attempt on Hitler's life took place mention of it has ever appeared in the pr

CONTINUED ON PAG

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did not save France and the world, thus missing an opportunity which, in all probability, will never present itself again.

It happened in 1938 after I went back to Nice to spend the last weeks before being drafted.

I took a taxi from the railway station and, as the cab turned the corner of the Boulevard Gambetta and the Rue Dante, I could see the little garden in front of the hotel which no longer exists, although the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts still stands. Every time I go back to Nice, I look at its entrance and stand there, waiting for the impossible, longing for a miracle.

My mother welcomed me very strangely. I had been expecting tears and embraces, but not these sobs. Weeping, she flung herself into my arms, now and again stepping back to get a clearer view of my face, then clasping me again in a fresh transport of feeling. I began to be uneasy, to wonder about the state of her health.

At last she managed to calm down and, assuming a mysterious air, took my hand and led me into the empty restaurant. We sat down at our usual table in the corner and there, without further delay, she told me of her plan. It was all very simple. I was to go to Berlin and assassinate Hitler, thus saving France and civilization and truly becoming the champion of the world. She had foreseen every eventuality, including my ultimate safety. Supposing I were caught—though she knew me well enough to feel certain that I was perfectly capable of killing Hitler without letting myself be caught—still, just supposing I were caught, it was crystal clear that the great powers, France, England and America, would demand my liberation under threat of war, and Germany would be in such a state of confusion and despondency that the result was a foregone conclusion. I would enter Paris on a white horse through the Arch of Triumph, greeted as a national hero by the populace.

I confess that I had a moment's hesitation. The idea of starting straightway for Berlin, traveling third class, of course, and assassinating Hitler at the hottest time of the summer, with all that that implied of nervous exhaustion, physical fatigue and preparation, did not appeal to me. I wanted to stay for a while on the shores of the Mediterranean—I have never been able to stay away from it for long without fretting. I would far rather have disposed of the *Führer* in October, the beginning of the academic year. In fact, I showed a lamentable lack of eagerness. But there was no question for me of disappointing her. I was to be a shining hero, the savior of the world, and that was all there was to it.

I made my plans. I was a very good pistol shot and, though I was a bit out of practice, the training I had received in Lieutenant Sverdlovski's gymnasium still enabled me to impress my friends on fairgrounds. I went down to the cellar, took my revolver from the famous family box and went to see about my ticket. I felt slightly better on learning from the papers that Hitler was at Berchtesgaden, since it would be pleasanter to breathe the forest air of the Bavarian Alps than that of a city in mid-July. I also put my manuscripts in order, for I was not at all sure, in spite of my mother's optimism, that I should come out of the business alive. I wrote several farewell letters to the women in my life whom I loved with a unique and undying love, oiled my pistol and borrowed a jacket from a friend who was a good deal fatter than I, so as to be able to conceal my weapon more comfortably. During all this time my mother never moved from my side. Her look of pride and admiration followed me wherever I went. I got my train ticket and was somewhat flabbergasted to find that the German railways were giving me a 30 per cent reduction—a special arrangement for holiday travelers.

On the eve of the great day, I had my last swim at the *Grande Bleue*. It was on my return from the beach that I found my great dramatic artist crumpled up in an armchair. No sooner did she see me than her eyes widened, she joined her hands as though in prayer and, before I had time to make a move, was on her knees with the tears running down her cheeks.

"I beg, I implore you not to do it! Renounce this heroic project of yours! For the sake of your poor old mother, don't, don't! They have no right to ask this of an only son! I have fought so hard to bring you up, to make a man of you, and now —— O dear God ——"

Fear had enlarged her eyes, her face wore a ravaged look, her hands were still clasped. I was not at all astonished. I knew her so well and I understood her so completely. I took her hand.

"But I've paid for my ticket," I said.

An expression of fierce resolution swept her face clear of terror and despair. "They'll have to refund the money," she announced, grasping her stick. I had no doubt about that.

Thus it is that I didn't kill Hitler. But it was a pretty near thing all the same.

Only a few months now stood between my mother and my second-lieutenant's stripe, and the reader can well imagine the impatience with which the two of us waited for the great moment. Time was running short. Her diabetes was getting worse. She had another attack of hypoglycemic coma at the market, where she was laid out on the counter of M. Pantaleoni's vegetable stall, and recovered consciousness only because of the speed with which they poured sugared water dov throat. It was obvious, however, from tain air of gaiety about her, from t umphant and grateful smile which som lit her face when she looked at me, that herself within sight of victory and th could imagine no day more wonderfu when I would return to the Hôtel-P Mermonts wearing my glorious Air Fo signia and my officer's uniform.

I was drafted at Salon-de-Prover November 4, 1938. With my certific *préparation militaire supérieure* and n degree, the door of the officers' flying was open to me and I should have rece once my marching orders to Avord. In was kept for very nearly six weeks at Sa Provence. In reply to all my inquiries, ficers and noncoms merely shrugged. Th received no instructions about me.

At long last, a particularly decent of certain Lieutenant Barbier, took an int my case and backed my protests. I was report at Avord, where I turned up o month late. I did not allow myself to couraged. I set to work with a determi of which I did not know myself capabl in spite of certain difficulties with the th the compass, managed to make up f time. My marks were average, except i and infantry leadership, in which I su found that I had all my mother's autho word and gesture. I was happy. I loved planes of that long-vanished day wit open cockpits, their primitive instru which left such a margin to individual fl

One of the hardest things in th world to do is to admit you a wrong. And nothing is more hel ful in resolving a situation th its frank admission. DISRA

initiative. I enjoyed the long hours wh spent on the airfield in our heavy on leather suits—and a hellish business it get into them—floundering in the mu cased in leather, helmeted, gloved an goggles on our noses, climbing into the c of the good old Potez-25's, which a along at about the speed of a draft hors glorious reek of oil, of which my nostr retain a nostalgic memory.

Time passed quickly, and the day passing-out parade was drawing near, we were to be told our passing-out ran allowed to choose the units to which w to be posted.

The names of the available station written on a blackboard—Paris, Marr Meknès, Maison-Blanche, Biskra. Each according to his marks could make his I earnestly hoped to get a posting in the of France, so as to be able to visit Ni quently, and show myself, with my mot my arm, at the Buffa Market, or on the P nade des Anglais. The Faïence airfield best suited for this purpose, and, as my trainees stood up and declared their ences, I kept an anxious eye on the black

I had a good chance of getting a resp rank, and listened with confidence wh captain read out the names.

Ten names, fifty names, seventy-five n it certainly looked as though Faïence w ing to slip through my fingers.

There were 290 of us, all told.

Faïence was snapped up by No. waited; 120 names, 150, 200—still not 250, 260.

An appalling hunch suddenly turn heart to ice. I can still feel the cold breaking out on my forehead—I canno even today, of that abominable momen out feeling that drop of sweat on my fo

Out of close to 300 trainees, I was t one not to receive commissioned rank

I was not even made a sergeant, not corporal. Contrary to all established c and to regulations, I just managed to through as a lance corporal!

For the next few hours I struggled i of nightmare, a hideous fog. All my s went into keeping up appearances, tr



My hair's gray— Now, I love it that way!

Second Honeymoon—and she looks as radiant as she feels! Her hair sparkles shiny-bright, so youthful and beautiful. She uses Come Alive Gray, the miracle rinse by Clairol! Nothing keeps white hair more dazzlingly white or lights up gray faster, easier. Think of it! Just 2 to 5 minutes to banish yellow, without purple or blue. And Come Alive Gray® rinses in when you want it *in*—washes out when you want it *out!* Stays color-true till your next shampoo. Leaves hair silky, manageable—*beautifully* gray! You'll *love* it that way! At cosmetic counters and beauty salons.



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unconcerned, detached, a man could take it on the chin, trying o cry, not to break down in I believe I even smiled.

nerally such a rap over the les was given only for disci- y reasons. But it didn't apply case. I had never had so much eprimand.

three o'clock that afternoon, I was lying on my cot, staring e ceiling, a corporal came to or me. He was not one of the personnel, but a pen pusher in ation headquarters. He came to in front of my cot, with his in his pockets.

you want to know why they d you?"

oked at him.

cause you are not French-born. re Russian-born and your nat- ation is too recent. Three years, el, is not enough to make one Frenchman. There is even a ying that you can't be a flying in the Air Force unless your s were French, or you yourself been naturalized for more than ars. But that rule is never ap- There was a row in the Parlia- bout it. But they're back at it "

n't remember what I said to think it was "I am French," ething like that.

u're just a stupid ass, that's ou are." He seemed to be all d up and resentful. Perhaps he e of my sort—wouldn't stand ustice of any kind. "They've making inquiries about you; why they kept you hanging at Salon for six weeks. There lot of argument about whether let you into the Air Force. The inistry said yes, they'd take t this lot here, they said no— r own dirty way, that is—by g you. They just gave you a good-looks mark, that did it!"

'good-looks," as we called it, eral-aptitude" mark was given by your instructors, a sort of nd comment on your person- nd your fitness to become an You could be the No. 1 cadet Air Force Academy, as far as udies were concerned, and still the good-looks mark went you. In the hands of reac- and politically minded officers d to eliminate Jews, left-wing- various other *meteques*—the translation would be "nat- l trash." It was a perfect and g weapon, later brought to on by the Vichy regime.

can't even holler; everything en played according to the 'hat's what the rules are for." lay on my back. He stayed at me for a moment or two. n't let it get you down," he hen he added, "*On les auraë!* et 'em!)"

as the first time I had ever that expression used by a soldier about the French army. lways thought it was reserved for the Germans.

somewhat unexpected conse- of the blow I had received t, from then on, I felt myself uly a Frenchman. It was as by this painful bang of the vand on the head, I became similated.

l dawned on me, at last, that nch were not a race apart, that re not superior beings, that o, could be stupid, ridiculous njust as anyone else—in short, were all brothers. I realized ance was compounded of d different faces, beautiful noble and hideous, inspiring and repulsive, and that it was for me to choose from among them the one which seemed most to resemble what my mother had told me. I took sides, chose my allegiances, my loyalties, refused to let myself be blinded by a flag, but I looked carefully at the faces of those who held it.

There remained my mother. I couldn't make up my mind to tell her the truth. It was all very well my arguing to myself that she was used to being kicked in the teeth; the fact remained that I had to find some way of softening the blow. We were granted a week's leave before reporting to our respective units and I climbed into the train still undecided. On arriving at Marseilles, I felt tempted to jump onto the platform, to desert, to work my passage on a cargo boat, to enlist in the Foreign Legion and so disappear forever.

The thought of that worn and wrinkled face lifted to mine, of the look of consternation, of animal incomprehension in those great eyes, was more than I could bear. A sudden spasm of nausea overcame me and I got to the lavatory only just in time. All the way from Marseilles to Cannes I was as sick as a dog. But ten minutes before drawing into Nice, I was suddenly visited by a noble inspiration. The only thing that really mattered was to save the picture of France as a land where all the beauty lies and where justice dwells, which my mother had all her life carried in her head. This I was determined to do. France must be kept out of this—she could not have borne so terrible a disappointment.



As I entered the Rue Dante, I saw a tricolor flag floating over the freshly painted façade of the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts. This was no national holiday. Then, suddenly, I realized the full meaning of the flag. My mother had raised the tricolor in honor of the home-coming of her son, recently promoted to the rank of second lieutenant in the French Air Force. I stopped the taxi. I had just time to pay the driver before being sick again. I finished the journey on foot.

My mother was waiting for me in the hotel lobby. She gave one glance at my private's uniform with the red lance-corporal's stripe on the sleeve. Her mouth fell open and into her eyes there came that dumb look of incomprehension which I have never been able to endure in men, animals or children. I had pushed my cap over one eye and assumed the hard, cynical expression of a true adventurer. I smiled mysteriously, and after the briefest of kisses said to her:

"Come in here. Something funny has happened. But you must promise me to be very discreet about it. The honor of a woman is at stake." I led her to our usual corner of the restaurant. "I've not been made an officer, as you can see. I was the only one out of three hundred who didn't get a commission. A little matter of discipline, and only temporary."

Her poor face was all expectation and confidence. She was ready to believe and approve anything I chose to tell her.

"I may have to wait six months or so. You see"—I gave a hurried look round me to make sure that nobody was within earshot—"I seduced the wife of my commanding officer. Couldn't resist. The orderly gave us away. The husband decided to make me pay for it."

My mother's face showed a moment's hesitation. Then the old romantic instinct of Anna Karenina carried the day. Her lips broke into a smile and a look of profound curiosity came into her eyes. "Was she very beautiful?"

"You have no idea," I told her, shaking my head with a sigh. "A fabulous creature! I knew the risk I was taking, but didn't hesitate an instant. It was worth it!"

My mother looked at me with extraordinary pride. "Don Juan!" she exclaimed. "Casanova! I always said so!"

I smiled modestly.

"Her husband might have killed you!"

I shrugged.

"Does she love you really and truly?"

"Really and truly."

"And you?"

"Oh well, you know how it is with me," I said with my toughest air.

"You mustn't be like that," said my mother, though without much conviction. "Promise me you'll write to her."

"Oh, I'll write to her all right!"

My mother remained deep in thought for a few moments. Then a new idea came to her: "The only one out of three hundred not to be made a second lieutenant!" she said in a tone of unstinted pride and admiration. "Now tell me all about it," she ordered

My mother loved beautiful stories. I had told her a great many.

Having thus adroitly warded off the more immediate danger—in other words, having saved France from an appalling collapse in my mother's eyes and heart—I had now to face a second test which found me much better prepared.

Four months earlier, when I was called to the colors, I was given at Salon-de-Provence a privileged standing as befits a future officer. The noncoms had no authority over me and the privates regarded me with a certain amount of awe. I was now coming back to them as a simple lance corporal.

One can well imagine what sort of life was mine, what I had to put up with in the way of insults, fatigue, practical jokes, jeers and subtle irony. My duties over the weeks that followed my return to Salon-de-Provence took the form of permanent latrine inspection, but I must confess that the sight of latrines was a pleasant change after the faces of certain sergeant majors and sergeants about the camp. Compared with what I had felt when I went back to my mother without her golden officer's stripe, the vexations to which I was exposed were minor troubles and, on the whole, my mind off my defeat.

I was not unhappy. I made a num friends among the civilian population. to Les Baux where, from the top gigantic cliff, troubadors sang in m times, where the courts of love were he I spent hours looking at the stretching olive trees at my feet.

I practiced pistol shooting and put i fifty hours' clandestine flying time as thanks to the complicity of two of my Finally, somebody awoke to the fact held a navigator's diploma, with the that I was appointed air-gunnery inst The war caught me thus occupied, machine guns pointed at the sky.

The day war was declared, my mothe to Salon-de-Provence to say good-by in the old Renault taxi already men She arrived laden with food: hams, jam and preserved fruit, cigarettes— thing, in fact, of which a heroic soldi dream in the hour of his greatest need.

It transpired, however, that these were not meant for me. There was a c look in my mother's face when she hel out, saying "For your officers."

I was left speechless. I could see the sion on the faces of Captain Long Captain Moulignat and Captain when a lance corporal would enter th quarters and present them, in the nam mother, with this tribute.

I managed, with considerable diffic shepherd my mother and her parcels range of the curious eyes of the g soldiery lounging in front of the cante to lead her to the runway, among the gr aircraft. She walked across the grass, on her stick and solemnly inspecti aviation strength.

Having thus taken stock of our might, my mother felt rather tired down on the grass at the airfield's ed was frowning and obviously preoccu waited. Without any beating around th she said straight out what she was th "We must attack at once," she declare

I must have shown some surprise, proceeded to make her words more "We must march straight on Berli said it in Russian—"*Nado iti na Bier* in a tone of profound conviction and a certainty.

I have always since regretted that, General de Gaulle, the command of the armies in 1939 was not entrusted to my I feel pretty sure that our great gener which allowed the break-through of armor at Sedan, would have found its in her. She had, to a very high deg sense of the offensive and the very ra imparting her energy and initiative those who most obviously lacked it. shall be believed when I say that she the woman to remain inactive beh Maginot Line with her left flank co uncovered.

I promised her to do my best. This to satisfy her, and she returned to her ing. "All these machines have ope pits," she remarked. "Remember tha always had a delicate throat."

I could not resist pointing out that *Luftwaffe* was going to give me wa throat, I would consider myself as ver She smiled and gave me a superior, ironical look. "Nothing is going to to you," she told me with perfect tra

Her face expressed complete confi was as though she *knew*, as though made a pact with fate, as though in e for her own botched life she had be certain guaranties, received certain p I myself shared her confidence, but th knowledge of hers, by removing all moved also for me all possibility of he turing in the midst of perils and t pressed not only the danger but, in my courage as well, making me fee hurt. "Not one pilot in ten will see th the war," I told her proudly. For a m look of blank incomprehension came face, a frightened look. Her lips trem she began to cry. I took her hand— I very rarely did.



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Nothing is going to happen to you," she again, but this time her voice sounded st imploring.

lo, nothing will happen to me, mother, mise you that."

e hesitated. Some struggle was going on e her and it was reflected in her face. she made a little concession. "You may, aps, be wounded in the leg," she said.

e was trying to make a deal with fate. yet, under that sky of cypresses and white s, it was difficult not to feel the presence e oldest of man's destinies. Somewhere our heads an honest hand must be ng the scales, and the gods must not be ed to play with loaded dice against a er's heart. The whole land of Provence to sing in my ears with its cicada voice was without so much as a hint of doubt said:

on't worry, mother, of course nothing is to happen to me."

bad luck would have it, on our way back taxi, one of my commanding officers d us. I saluted smartly and explained to other who he was. Fool that I was! In a my mother had opened the door of the shed out a ham, a bottle and two salami ges and, before I could do anything to ier, she was already bowing before the n and offering her presents, with a few priate words. I thought I would die of . The captain glanced at me with as- ment and I looked back at him with nute eloquence that, like a true gentle- ne hesitated not a moment, grabbed the ges, the ham and the bottle, thanked my r politely and, as she turned to the taxi, her in and saluted. Gravely, and with a inclination of the head, she settled her- the back seat. I was quite certain that as sniffing with satisfaction, having one more proof of her tact and *savoir-* f which I, her son, had sometimes had rontery to doubt. The taxi started and pression changed suddenly: it was as her face had suffered shipwreck; d to the window, it gazed at me with anxiety; she tried to say something to ough the glass, but I could not catch rds and, at last, unable to make me tand what it was she wanted to say, she e with her pathetic eyes and made the the cross.

training squadron to which I was d was transferred to Bordeaux- ac and there I spent five or six hours ay in the air as a bombing and naviga- structor on board a Potez-540. I was romoted to sergeant. The pay wasn't too rance stood unshaken, glaring at the and I shared the view of most of my nions that we had better enjoy life and good time since the war would not forever.

t from the time I spent in the air as ion, gunnery and bombing instructor, nds often let me take over the controls ut in, on an average, an hour a day the aircraft. Unfortunately those s hours had no official existence and ot be entered in my flying log. I there- ot a second, secret record, each page of scrupulously authenticated with the ontrol stamp, thanks to the decency clerk in charge. I was convinced that, e first war losses, the regulations be relaxed, and that my unofficial lready amounting to a good 400, would possible for me to become a combat

pril fourth, only a few weeks before man offensive, an orderly brought me am:

ER SERIOUSLY ILL, COME AT ONCE.

special train reserved for soldiers on ok forty-eight hours to get me to Nice. l very early in the morning, and went at the Mermonts. I learned that my had been taken to the Saint-Antoine jumped into a taxi.

nother's head was deeply sunk in the Her cheeks were hollow; her face bore led, worried air. I kissed her and sat the bed. On the bedside table, well in in its violet case, was the silver medal which I had won as the table-tennis champion of Nice, in 1932. I sat there; we looked at each other; neither of us said a word. Then she asked me to draw the curtains. I drew the curtains, hesitated for a split second, and then raised my eyes to the light; she didn't have to ask. I spared her that. I remained for quite a while with my eyes raised. That was about all I could do for her. We remained completely silent, all three of us, *all three of us*. I knew that she could see him clearly, that he was present, and that she was still in love with him. I didn't have to turn my head to know that she was crying. I also knew that I had nothing to do with her tears. Then I sat in the armchair beside the bed, and stayed in that chair for forty-eight hours.

We played cards. She was smoking as much as ever. The doctors, she told me, no longer forbade it. She looked at me from time to time with a cunning and calculating air, and I knew that she was scheming once more, that she was cooking up something. But I was very far from suspecting what she had in mind. I am convinced that it was then that her little scheme first got into her head. But it never occurred to me, even knowing her as I did, that she would go to such extremes, that she would play such a dirty, loving trick on me. I have never really forgiven her.

I had a few words with the doctor. He was reassuring. She might keep on going for several years. "Diabetes, you know ——" he said with a shrug.

My leave came to an end. I spent one more night in the armchair at the clinic and next morning I leaned over the bed to kiss her good-by.

I don't know how to describe that parting. There are no words. But I put on a good face. I didn't cry, or anything—I remembered what she had told me, all her advice about how to behave with women. For twenty-six years my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

other had been living without a man and
ow, when we were parting, perhaps forever,
was a great deal more anxious to leave with
r the image of a man than that of a son.
"Well, so long." I kissed her on the cheek
ith a smile. What that smile cost me only
e could know because she, too, smiled.
"Don't worry about me. I'm an old war
rse. I've kept going till now and I can carry
for a bit longer. Take off your cap."
I took it off. She made the sign of the cross
my forehead with her finger. "*Blagoslav-
you tiebia*—I give you my blessing."
My mother was a Jewess. But that didn't
atter. She had to express herself somehow.
what language was of no importance to her.
I went to the door. We looked at each other
ce more; we were both smiling. I felt quite
lm. Something of her courage had passed
o me and it has remained with me ever
ce. Her courage and her will continue to
rn in me even now and make life very
ficult, when it would be so easy to give up,
give in. She has condemned me to gaiety,
d to hope.

I never imagined that France could lose
war. I knew, of course, that she had al-
dy lost one in 1870, but at that time I was
t yet born nor, for that matter, was my
ther. It was all very different.
On June 13,1940, when the front was crum-
ng everywhere, I was returning to base from
ombing mission in a Bloch-210 and landed
Tours to refuel. The Heinkels and Junkers
se that moment to bomb the airfield and
as most ingloriously wounded in the leg.
e wound was not serious and I left the
inter in my thigh. I could imagine the pride
h which my mother would feel it when I
t went on leave.
The lightning successes of the German of-
sive failed to impress me. We had seen the
ne sort of thing in the '14–'18 war. We
nch had a knack for restoring the situa-
n at the last moment; everyone knew that.

nd so, each time the enemy advanced, each
e the front rumbled a bit more, I smiled with
nowing air and waited for the lightning
nterstroke of our beloved leaders which
going to come as such a complete surprise
the enemy. As defeat followed defeat, I
ted unperturbed for the moment when the
ius of France should suddenly become
rnate in a Man of Destiny, in accordance
n the best traditions of our history. Yes I
a fool, and a fool I shall always be, when
s a matter of believing, of fighting, of
ying on, of smiling in the face of nothing-
s. There is no despair in me and my idiocy
f the kind that death itself cannot defeat.
ve always had a tendency to take literally
fine stories which humanity has always
d to tell about itself in its noble moments
nspiration, and such inspired narrative
nt has never been lacking in us French.
s I have believed successively in General
nelin, in General Georges, in General
gand—I remember with what throbs of
tion I read in the press the description of
rawhide boots and his leather breeches
n, as the latest Man of Destiny, he ran
tily down the steps of his headquarters at
age of seventy-three—I believed in General
tziger, in General Blanchard, in General
elhauser, in Admiral Darlan—fetching up
e end at General de Gaulle, always stand-
at attention and saluting smartly. One can
imagine my relief when my stubborn be-
in our final victory and my congenital
ility to despair found at last to whom to
k and when, at the darkest hour and from
very pit of disaster, there emerged, just as
ew it would, the extraordinary figure of a
whom the tragic events fitted like a
k. Each time I find myself in the presence
e Gaulle, I feel that my mother did not
ive me and that she knew what she was
ng about.
immediately decided to follow de Gaulle
England with three of my friends, in a
-55, an entirely new type of aircraft which
of us had ever piloted before.
was sitting with my back against the wall
hangar, watching the warming up of the Den-55 which was to take us to England. De Gaches was to pilot the plane. He had 300 hours of flying time behind him—a fortune. With his little mustache, his uniform made for him by Lanvin and his general air of breeding, he was the very type of the young man of good family and his presence helped us a great deal, for it seemed to give to our decision to desert to England the blessing of the fine, sound French Catholic *bourgeoisie*.

De Gaches climbed into the Den to get a few last-minute instructions from the mechanic. We were to make one trial run around the airfield, then land in order to let the mechanic out, and then take to the air again, setting a course for England. De Gaches took the controls and Belle-Guele and Jean-Pierre were the first to join him. I was having some difficulty with the belt of my parachute. I managed to fix it and had already one foot on the ladder when I saw an airman on a bicycle pedaling at full speed in my direction, waving. I waited.

"Sergeant, you're wanted at the control tower. A telephone message for you, urgent."

I was petrified. That, in the middle of the national shipwreck when the roads, telegraph lines and all the means of communication were in a state of chaos, when commanding officers had lost contact with their troops, my mother's voice had managed to reach me seemed almost supernatural. For I had not the slightest doubt that it was my mother calling.

I shouted to De Gaches to go ahead with the trial round without me and then to pick me up at the hangar, after which I borrowed the corporal's bicycle and pedaled off.

I was only a few yards from the control tower when the Den started off down the runway. I dismounted and, before going into the building, took a casual look at the plane. The Den was already about sixty feet from the ground. It seemed to hang motionless, then it rose high on its tail, swung left on one wing, then dived into the earth and exploded. I

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Important Investment For Fall

By BET HART

Barbara J. buys a red winter coat. It goes with the greatest of ease over everything already in her wardrobe, has fashion-of-the-moment appeal and yet is classic enough to last for several years. Barbara J. doesn't depend on fashion chances; she thought out her investment carefully beforehand. When she bought her beige suit last month, she knew then she wanted a bright winter coat. Now, after shopping, trying several coats, she chooses red. With her all-important decision behind her, she can go on to add all the accessories her fashion $'s allow.



Barbara J.'s new red coat is one to wear now, to love for many seasons to come. Double-breasted coat is in wool-and-cashmere blend. A pretty silhouette over a slim dress, it will go comfortably, easily over skirts with more fullness as well. Coat, $39.95.

New beige handbag fits Barbara J.'s color scheming to perfection. Takes $2.98 of her fashion $'s.

Common denominator for adding accessories: each one must go with both of the major investments—the beige suit and the red coat. New furry white hat does. Hat, $3.00.

PRIGENT



stared for one brief second at the column of black smoke which I was to see so often hanging over so many fallen friends. I was experiencing the first sudden bite of that total and lightning-quick loneliness which each new loss of a comrade, more than 100 of them, burned deep into my soul, until it left in my eyes an emptiness, and on my face an air of absence which is, or so they say, my permanent expression today. After four years of fighting with a squadron of which only five members are still alive today, emptiness has become for me a densely populated place.

I forced my way through the crowd of twenty or thirty generals who were going round and round in circles like a lot of herons fishing in a marsh, and headed straight for the switchboard.

I found my friend Sergeant Dufour at the switchboard, which he had kept going for the past twenty-four hours. Ten days earlier, when I had tried to get a message through to my mother, he had said to me with a cynical twist of the lips that "the situation doesn't justify so extreme a measure." Now it was he himself who was offering me this chance and that fact told me more about the military situation than all the rumors flying around. He was observing me with rage, almost with hatred, all his buttons undone, and indignation, contempt and a rebellious refusal to submit and to accept defeat somehow showed even in his gaping fly and in the three deep horizontal obstinate lines on his forehead—and it was his features that I borrowed some fifteen years later when, writing my *Roots of Heaven*, I was looking for a face to give to my hero Morel, the man who didn't know how to despair, how to give in.

"Brossard's off to England to carry on under de Gaulle. I've just arranged for him to say good-by to his wife. What about you, sugar? Maybe you've changed your mind?"

I shook my head and he nodded approval. That's how I learned that Sergeant Dufour had been blocking all the lines just to give a chance to a few rebels to exchange a last cry of love and faith with their families before leaving them forever. The generals, politicians and other schemers, busy with the armistice, were meeting with silence from the telephone exchange.

I harbor no resentment against the men who were responsible for the defeat and the armistice of 1940. I understand, only too well, those who refused to follow de Gaulle. They were too snugly dug in in their warm and nicely furnished intellectual holes, which they called "the human condition." They had *reason* on their side, in the sense of prudence, of refusal to plunge into adventure, in the sense of "let us keep out of this"—in the sense that would have spared Jesus from dying on the cross, would have kept Van Gogh from painting, my own Morel from defending the elephants, Frenchmen of the Resistance from being tortured and shot, and which would have united in the same nothingness, by keeping them from being born in tears, blood and sacrifice, all mankind's cathedrals and museums, all our civilizations, religions and empires.

And it goes without saying that they had not been exposed to my mother's simple-minded idea of France. I cannot hold it against them that, not having been born in the wastes of the Russian steppe, of a mixed Jewish, Tartar and Cossack ancestry, they should have had a more calm, realistic and levelheaded view of France.

A few minutes later I was listening to my mother's voice on the telephone. I am quite unable to put down on paper what it was that we said to each other. The only comprehensible words, poor, comic words borrowed from the age-old vocabulary of men at war, were the last that reached my ear. When silence had already fallen between us and it seemed as though it was all over, when there was not even a crackling on the line and the silence seemed to have swallowed up the whole country, I suddenly heard a ridiculous voice, sobbing out far, far away:

"We'll get them!"

That last foolish cry of the most elementary, the most naïve form of human courage sank deep into my heart and remains there forever. It *is* my heart. I know that it will live long after I am dead and that, someday or other, mankind will know a victory far greater than anything we can imagine.

I stayed there a moment longer in my leather jacket, with my cap pulled down over one eye, feeling as lonely as millions and millions of men have always felt when confronted by their common destiny. Sergeant Dufour looked at me over his dangling cigarette, and in his eyes there was that sacred spark of gaiety which has always been for me, whenever I see it in human eyes, like a guaranty of survival and the only light man has ever managed to steal from the gods.

I then set about finding another plane and another crew. I spent many hours wandering from one machine to another, from one crew to another. My suggestion of going to England was always badly received. The English were unpopular. They had dragged us into the war and now they were re-embarking their troops at Dunkirk and leaving us to face the music. The noncoms of three Potez-63's crowded round me with hatred in their faces and talked about putting me under arrest for attempted desertion. Fortunately, the senior of the three, a flight sergeant, adopted a more indulgent and more human attitude. While the other two held my arms, he contented himself with punching me in the face until my nose mouth were streaming with blood. After they emptied a bottle of beer over my head let me go.

At four P.M. the squadron received orde proceed to Meknès, in Morocco, w seemed to confirm the prevailing view North Africa would remain in the war, we left Mérignac at five in the afternoon arrived that same evening at Salanque, or shores of the Mediterranean. We landed t just in time to learn that every plane on airfield had been forbidden to leave ground. Apparently some new authority now in control and all previous instruct were to be considered as null and void. I my mother well enough to feel that she quite capable of making me swim the M terranean rather than accept the surren Fortunately, I found a sympathetic sou one of the squadron pilots and, without w ing for any new orders or counterorders set a course for Algeria at dawn.

Our Potez was equipped with Petrel eng which meant that without supplemen tanks, there was a very considerable risk our propellers would come to a standstill s forty minutes' flying time short of the Afr coast, forcing us to ditch.

We took off just the same. Fortunately wind was in our favor, and since my mo was probably also doing some blowing in right direction, we landed on the airfiel Maison-Blanche at Algiers with a comfort margin of ten minutes of fuel in our tank

The aim of education is not to impart as many isolated facts as possible. Nor is it merely to fit the pupil for a gainful occupation. The purpose of education should be to qualify the young for leading the best, the fullest and most useful life possible. **R. B. KUIPER**

From there, we proceeded next mornin Meknès, where the flying school had t up its temporary headquarters. We arr just in time to be told not only that the mistice had been accepted by the North A can authorities as well, but also that, as sult of a certain number of "desertions rebellious crews intent on reaching Gibra orders had been given to ground all airc

The appeal broadcast by General de Ga calling on all Frenchmen to continue fight, was made from London on June 18, I

It was then that I lived what must be on the shortest love affairs of all time. At a b the European quarter where I had gone drink, I found myself opening my heart confiding my most intimate thoughts blond barmaid who seemed particu touched by my impassioned serenade. W I told her of my intention to desert an carry on the war from England, she took her neck a chain with a small gold cross held it out to me.

Suddenly and irresistibly, I was tempt ditch there and then my mother, Fr England and all the invisible but noble dens which lay so heavy on my shoulders settle down for good in Meknès with unique being who understood me so well was a Pole who had come from Russi way of the Pamir and Iran, and I pu chain round my neck and asked my belov marry me. By then we had known each already for more than ten minutes and was no point in losing more time.

She accepted my proposal. Her hus and her brother had both been killed d the Polish campaign and she told me tha had been living alone ever since, apart fro inevitable hoppings into and out of b pure matter of economic survival. There something hurt and pathetic in the expre of her face which made me feel that I giving her help and protection, whereas, c contrary, it was really I who was grabbi the first female lifebuoy floating within reach. In order to face life I have al needed the comfort of a femininity, at



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nerable and devoted, tenderly sub-
sive and grateful, which makes me
that I am giving when I am taking,
I am supporting when, in fact,
n leaning.
Ve decided to get married at once
go to England together. I was to
t at half past three with one of
fellow pilots who had gone to see
British consul at Casablanca in
hope of getting him to help us
our projected journey. I left the
at three o'clock, met my friend
warned him that there would
be three of us, instead of two.
When I got back at half past four,
bar was crowded and my be-
hed very busy. I had no idea what
happened in my absence—she
t have met somebody—but I
d see that all was over between
No doubt she had found the
ration unbearable. She was now
in conversation with a handsome
enant of spahis—I can only sup-
that he had come into her life
e I was away. It was all my fault:
should never leave the woman
loves; loneliness overwhelms her,
bt and discouragement set in and
moment the damage is done.
spoke a few words in Polish to
in an attempt to arouse her
iotism, but she cut me short, ex-
ning that she was going to marry
ieutenant, who was a farmer that
had had enough of the war and
, anyhow, the war was now over,
shal Petain had saved France and
ld put everything in order. She
d that the English had betrayed
looked at the spahi, who was
d all over the place, with his
ing red burnoose, and I felt re-
d. The poor girl was trying to
hold of something that looked
—a farmer is a farmer—in the
ral shipwreck; I wouldn't hold
ainst her. I paid for my beer and
tip in the saucer, together with
ittle chain and cross. Once a
eman, always a gentleman.

y friend's parents lived in Fez
we took the bus and went to see
. The door was opened by his
and I at once saw in her a buoy
h made me forget the one I had
ed by so little at Meknès. Simone
one of those Frenchwomen of
h Africa whose mat complexion,
ate wrists and ankles and lan-
ous eyes are well-known and
admired characteristics. She
gay, she was cultivated, she en-
ged her brother and me in our
to go to England, and when she
ed at me there was a gravity in
xpression, a silent promise of a
ng devotion which moved me
nsely. Under those eyes I felt
more whole and complete, firm
y feet and secure in my love,
proposed to her on the spot.
e offer was well received, we
aced under the eyes of her tear-
nd delighted parents, and it was
d that she should join me in
and at the first opportunity. Six
hs later, in London, her brother
me a letter in which Simone in-
ed me that she had married a
g architect in Casa. This was a
le blow, for not only had I
ght that I had found in her the
an of my life, but I had already
tten her completely and thus the
came as a doubly painful revela-
about myself.
r efforts to persuade the British
l to supply us with false papers
and I made up my mind to
possession by force if necessary,
e of the Moranes-315's on the
d at Meknès and make for
altar. But first I had to find one
had not been deliberately rend-
unserviceable on orders from

I walked toward the Simoun, climbed into the cockpit and sat down at the controls. So far as I knew, nobody had seen me. But I was wrong. All over the field, in every hangar, gendarmes of the special air police had been stationed to prevent air-borne "desertions." Scarcely had I taken my seat when I saw two gendarmes emerge from the hangar and run toward me. One of them was pulling his revolver from its holster. They were within thirty yards of me, and I still couldn't get the propeller to turn.

After one last desperate effort, I jumped out. A dozen or so airmen had come out of the hangar and were looking at me with obvious interest. They did not make the slightest attempt to intercept me when I scampered past them like a rabbit, but they had plenty of time to study my face. The last straw of my imbecility was that, still under the influence of the "conquer or die" climate in which I had been stewing for the last few days, I drew my revolver when I jumped from the Simoun and still had it in my

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hand as I raced over the grass—which, needless to say, would not have gone at all in my favor before a court-martial.

After a while I hid my revolver and, in spite of much blowing of whistles behind me, slowed down and calmly walked past the guard at the gate and out of the camp. I found myself on the main road and had gone no more than fifty yards when a bus drove into sight. I signaled to the driver and planted myself firmly in the middle of the road. It stopped.

I got in and plumped myself down beside two veiled women and a white-robed shoeblack. I heaved a sigh of relief. I had got myself into a pretty pickle, but didn't feel the least bit worried. On the contrary. I had finally consummated my break with the armistice. Now, at last, I was a rebel, a desperado, dangerous, iron-willed, tough—the real thing. The war had just been declared all over again; there was no longer any question of backing out. At Casablanca I almost immediately ran into two trainees from the flying school, Forsans and Daligot, who, like me, were trying to find some way of getting to England. We decided to pool forces and spent the day wandering about the town. The gates of the harbor were guarded by gendarmes.

About eleven o'clock that night, we found ourselves under a gas lamp in a mood of utter dejection. I suddenly saw coming toward us, apparently straight from nowhere, a good Polish corporal. We flung ourselves on his neck; he was the first and last corporal I have ever kissed. He told us that the British cargo boat *Oakrest*, carrying a contingent of Polish troops from North Africa, was due to sail at midnight.

The heavenly corporal handed over to Forsans his Polish tunic, to Daligot his Polish cap; as for me, I had only to bellow Polish orders to my companions to get us safely past the gendarmes and scramble up the gangplank, helped, it is only fair to say, by the two Polish officers on duty.

We arrived in Gibraltar in time to witness the return of the British fleet which had just accomplished the noble deed which will forever shine in its history, that of sinking the finest naval units of its French ally at Mers-el-Kebir. It is not difficult to imagine what effect this news had upon us.

Unable, in these circumstances, to remain a moment longer aboard an English ship and having noticed a destroyer flying the tricolor, I tore off my clothes and plunged into the sea. My rage, horror, sorrow and confusion were absolute. While I was swimming, the idea of suicide occurred to me for the first time. But there is nothing very submissive in my nature and my left cheek is not at anyone's disposal. I therefore made up my mind to take with me into the next world the English admiral Summerville who had so successfully carried out the butchery of Mers-el-Kebir. The simplest way would be to ask to see him and then, after saluting smartly an ally and offering my congratulations, to empty my revolver into his hard-won medals.

I had two kilometers to go and, the water being on the cold side, I grew calmer. I decided that there was no reason to change my plans and that it was my duty to go to England, in spite of the English. So I continued on my way to the destroyer. I made for the companion ladder and climbed on board. An Air Force sergeant was sitting on the deck, peeling potatoes. Without showing the least sign of surprise he saw me emerge stark naked from the sea.

"All right?" he asked politely.

I explained my situation and learned in return that, far from returning to North Africa, the destroyer was on its way to England with twelve Air Force sergeants who were joining de Gaulle. We were in complete agreement in our condemnation of the behavior of the British fleet and also in drawing from it the conclusion that the English were bent on continuing the war, which was, after all, the only thing that mattered for the time being.

Sergeant Caneppa suggested that I should stay on board, not only to avoid having to sail under the British flag, but also to help with the potato fatigue, a most undignified job for a sergeant. I brooded over this new factor of the situation and came to the conclusion that, no matter how fierce my indignation might be with the English, I would rather take passage under their flag than give my time to household chores which were so much at odds with my inspired nature. With a friendly wave of the hand, I dived back into the sea.

The voyage from Gibraltar to Glasgow took seventeen days, in the course of which I discovered several other French "deserters" aboard. We made friends. There were Chatoux, later brought down over the North Sea; Gentil, who was to crash with his Hurricane in a fight of one against ten; Loustreau, killed in Crete; the two Langer brothers, the younger of whom was my pilot before being killed by lightning in the sky of Africa—the elder is still around.

But among all the "deserters" present aboard the *Oakrest* there was one man whose name will always sound in my heart the answer to every doubt and every discouragement. His name was Bouquillard and, at thirty-five, he was far and away our senior. Rather small and slightly bent, never to be seen without his beret, with brown eyes in a long and friendly face, he had an apparent calmness and sweetness of temper which concealed one of those bright flames which sometimes make of France the most brightly lighted place in the world.

He became the first French "ace" in the Battle of Britain before being brought down after his sixteenth victory. The roof of his cockpit jammed and he couldn't bail out, and twenty pilots standing in the operations room, their eyes riveted on the black maw of the loud-speaker, heard him sing, as he fell to the ground, the great battle hymn of France until his Hurricane exploded; and as I write these lines, facing the ocean whose rumble and roar had drowned so many other voices, so many other defiant cries, the song comes suddenly to my lips and I try to resurrect a past, a voice, a friend, and here he rises again at my side, alive once more, and smiling, and it takes all the vastness of Big Sur to make er room for him.

No Paris street has been christened him, but for me all the streets of France his name.

At Olympia Hall, in London, wher first French volunteers were assembled, bred ladies from good English families regularly to chat with us. One of th ravishing blonde in military uniform, p innumerable games of chess with me. To to play chess, after seventeen days at sea an extremely pretty girl is, for a French v teer dying to do a bit of fighting, one most nerve-racking experiences I know. ters reached such a point that I fo preferable to avoid her altogether a watch her from a distance. There she blond and desirable, pushing her ches over the board with a slightly sadistic in her blue eyes. She was a truly vicious ber, if ever there was one. Never, never h seen a girl from a good family do mo demoralize an army.

At long last I was transferred to An for training and posted to the Free F "Lorraine" squadron, getting ready to for Africa, under the command of Ast Villatte. Our training over, we emb cheerfully a few days later.

On the *Arundel Castle* there were a hu or so English girls of very good families, them volunteers in a feminine drivers' and the fifteen days which our journey with a strict blackout maintained on t passed very pleasantly indeed. I still w how it was that the ship didn't catch fir

One night I had gone on deck and was ing at the ship's phosphorescent wake w heard stealthy footsteps, and suddenly a seized mine. My eyes, accustomed to see the dark, had barely time to recogniz moonlit beauty of our provost ser major—and already he was raising my to his lips and covering it with feverish k Apparently he had arranged a romantic



one of the sweet volunteers at the very where I was standing but, having come ight from the brightly lighted saloon into h-black obscurity, had been the victim of a natural mistake. I let him continue for a while—it was very interesting to watch a ost sergeant major in action—but, since lips, step by step, were now reaching my lder, I thought it only fair to make sure he really meant it, and so I said in my est bass:

Darling, I'm not at all *that* sort of girl, know."

e bellowed like a wounded beast and be- to spit, which I thought was rather un- ious of him. For several days after that lushed scarlet and spat every time we ed each other.

y mother came almost every evening to me company on deck, and we leaned to- er on the rail, watching the white furrow rn from which the night rose with its har- of stars. The night had a way of growing the phosphorescent wake into the sky, there of bursting suddenly and spreading oughs heavy with golden blossoms, which us leaning above the waves, until the first of dawn. As we approached Africa, dawn ld sweep the ocean in one triumphant from end to end, and the sky was already while my heart was still beating to the slow, ed rhythms of the night, and my eyes still ved in darkness. But I am an old star and it is to the night that I most readily ide myself. My mother smoked continu- y and I saw her by my side with such ty that, more than once, I was on the t of reminding her that a blackout was in , and that it was forbidden us to smoke on because of enemy submarines. And then I ed faintly at my naïveté, as I should have wn that so long as she was there, beside submarines or no submarines, nothing d happen to us.

"ou haven't written anything for months," old me reproachfully.

There's a war on."

"That's no excuse. You *must* write." She sighed. "I have always wanted to be a great artist."

"Don't worry, mother" I promised her, "you *shall* be an artist, a famous artist, I'll see to that."

I remained silent for a while. I could almost see her silhouette, the lighter shade in darkness where her white hair was, the glowing tip of her *gauloise*. I was imagining her there, at my side, with all the love, with all the talent of which I was capable.

"There is something you ought to know. I have not been altogether truthful with you."

"What is it?"

"I never really was a great actress, a great tragic actress. That is not strictly true. Certainly, I was on the stage, but I never got very far."

"I know," I said gently, "but I promise you that you'll be a great artist this time. Your works will be translated into all the languages and read all over the world."

"But you aren't writing"—there was sadness in her voice. "How do you expect that to happen if you do nothing?"

I set to work. It was difficult on a ship's deck, or in a tiny cabin shared by two others, to harness myself to a full-length work. I decided to write four or five short stories; each one of them would be a hymn to the courage of men fighting against injustice and tyranny—and by injustice and tyranny I meant far more than the Germans. Once the stories had been written around the same basic theme, I would integrate them into the body of a vast narrative, a sort of fresco of our resistance, of our refusal to accept and to submit. There would be a central character in the book, more or less patterned after myself, who would tell the stories, according to the centuries-old method of the picaresque novelists. Thus the first story in my novel, *A European Education*, was written. I immediately read it to my mother, on deck, in the early dawn.

"Tolstoi!" she remarked simply. "Gorki!" and then as a courtesy to my country, she added "Prosper Merimée!"

In the course of those nights she spoke to me more freely than she had ever done before, perhaps because she imagined that I was no longer a child, or because the sea and the sky were favorable to confidences.

"There is nothing more beautiful in all the world than France," she said, with her old childlike smile. "That is why I want you to be a free Frenchman."

"But I am now, you know."

She shook her head. "Not yet. You will have to do a great deal of fighting."

"I have been wounded in the leg," I reminded her. "Here, you can feel the place."

It takes thirteen facial muscles to smile and forty-seven to frown. But a lot of people evidently don't mind the extra muscular activity, for they walk around looking nasty and glum. They don't realize that they are neglecting one of their most attractive assets.

JAMES BENDER AND LEE GRAHAM

I stretched out the leg with its tiny piece of lead in the thigh. I had always refused to have it removed. I was greatly attached to it.

"Be careful," she said.

"I'll be careful."

Often, during the fighting which preceded the Allied landing in Normandy, when the bursts and blasts of the shells sounded like the breakers of some savage sea against the fuselage of my aircraft, I thought of those two words "be careful," and could not help faintly smiling.

"What have you done with your law degree?"

"You mean my diploma?"

"Yes. You haven't lost it?"

"No. It's somewhere in my kit."

I knew perfectly well what she had in mind. I frankly admit that I was rather dreading my mother's entry into the world of diplomacy, the doors of which, she maintained, that famous law degree would open to me. For ten years now she had been carefully polishing our old imperial silver in readiness for the day when I should have to "entertain." I knew very little about ambassadors, and still less about their wives, but I thought of them then as the incarnation of tact and breeding, of discretion and good manners. In the light of fifteen years' experience I have, in that matter among others, come to see things in a more human and tolerant light. But at that time I had formed a very exalted idea of the "career," and I was not without a certain amount of apprehension, and could not help wondering whether my mother's personality might not be a slight source of embarrassment to me in the exercising of my functions.

"Don't worry," she assured me. "I'll make a perfect hostess. After all, I have been running a hotel for years."

"Listen, mother, it's not that ——"

"What is it, then? If you're ashamed of your old mother, say so."

"Please—it will be exactly as you say. I'll be an ambassador, a great poet, a second Guynemer. But give me time. Look after yourself properly. See the doctor regularly."

"I'm as tough as an old war horse. I've managed to get this far; I can go a little farther."

"I have arranged for Insulin to be sent to you from Switzerland; the very best Insulin. A girl on the ship promised to take care of that."

It was Mary Boyd who had made that promise, and though I have never set eyes on her since, for several years, and up till a year after the war, the Insulin continued to arrive from Switzerland to the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts. All my life I had wanted to thank her, but I was never able to discover her whereabouts. I hope that she is well. I hope that she will read these lines.

My mother's first letters reached me shortly after my arrival in England. They were sent



secretly to a friend in Switzerland, and then forwarded to London "care of General de Gaulle," short notes, a few lines, often scribbled with a pencil, and none of them were dated. Until my return to Nice, three years and six months later, until the very eve of victory, these letters were to follow me in all my wanderings.

"My glorious and beloved son," she wrote, "we read in the papers, with feelings of gratitude and admiration, the tales of your exploits. In the sky of Cologne, of Hamburg, of Bremen your outspread wings fill the enemy hearts with terror." I found no difficulty in understanding what was going on in her mind. Whenever the RAF raided a target, I was one of those engaged. In each burst of a bomb, she recognized my voice. I was present on all the fronts and made the enemy tremble, and each time a German aircraft was brought down by English fighters it was to me that, quite naturally, she credited the victory. After all, she knew me: she knew that it was I who had won the table-tennis championship of Nice in 1932.

The only shadow on this otherwise bright picture was that during all that time I never once managed to cross swords with the enemy. At Kano, in Nigeria, our aircraft was caught in a sandstorm, touched a tree and crashed, making a hole three feet deep in the ground. We emerged from it stunned but unhurt, much to the annoyance of the RAF, since aircraft was hard to come by in those days and was much more valuable than the lives of those clumsy Frenchmen.

Next day, in another plane and with another pilot, I made another tumble when our Blenheim turned over on its back during the take-off and burst into flame, and again we escaped with nothing worse than slightly scorched uniforms.

We had now too many crews and too few machines. I finally applied for transfer to an RAF unit ferrying aircraft along the great sky highway—Gold Coast–Nigeria–Chad–Sudan–Egypt. The machines arrived in crates in Takoradi, where they were assembled and then flown by us across the whole of Africa to the Libyan battlefields.

I made only one such trip, and even so my Blenheim never reached Cairo. It crashed in the bush south of Kumasi. My New Zealand pilot and the navigator were killed. I got off without as much as a scratch, but my morale was low all the same. There is something revolting in the sight of crushed heads, in a smashed and gaping human face and in those extraordinary swarms of flies with which the jungle suddenly surrounds you. And men seem to you more than ordinarily big when you have to dig a last resting place for them with your hands.

The speed with which the flies congregate around you and glitter in the sun in all the combinations which blue and green can make with the red is truly amazing. After a few hours of this buzzing intimacy, my nerves began to give way. When the rescue planes began to circle above me, I waved my arms wildly to chase them away, confusing their drone with that of the flies trying to settle on my lips and forehead.

I remained there for thirty-eight hours. I was found inside the fuselage with the roof shut. The heat was infernal. I was unconscious and half parched, but without a single fly on me.

And so it went on throughout all my tour of duty in Africa. I don't think that in five years of war spent with the Lorraine squadron I can look back on more than four or five combat missions in which I can claim to have in the least behaved like a good son. The months passed in the tedium of routine flights. I was posted with three Blenheims to Bangui, in French Equatorial Africa, to provide air cover for a territory where mosquitoes were the only serious threat from the sky. Our exasperation and frustration rapidly reached the boiling point and, merely to express our feelings and do at least *something*, we dive-bombed the governor's residence with light exercise bombs, thereby discreetly indicating our mood to the authorities. We were not even punished. This sort of behavior was exactly what was expected from us.

I must add that the months immediately preceding September, 1941, have remained confused and vague in my memory as the result of a bad attack of typhoid suffered in Damascus: six weeks of high fever and delirium resulted in a temporary amnesia which, even after it had gone, still left a certain blankness in my mind. So complete had been my state of mental confusion under the impact of fever that the doctors expressed the view that, should I survive, my reason would be seriously impaired. I survived.

I rejoined the squadron in the Sudan, but by that time the Ethiopian campaign was already drawing to a close. Taking off from the Gordon's Tree airfield at Khartoum, we no longer met any Italian fighters and the few traces of smoke from antiaircraft guns which still greeted us resembled the last breath of the dying. It is easy to imagine with what feelings I read the letters in which my mother poured out her song of pride in my heroic deeds. We were obsessed by a feeling of manhood drained away, of stagnation and impotence while violent fighting was in progress in Libya.

My despondency was made worse by the fact that it followed in the wake of a brief moment of happiness I had lived and which was now gone forever, leaving only a sad, bitter memory behind it. At Bangui I dwelt alone in a small bungalow hidden in a grove of banana trees, at the foot of a hill on which the moon perched each night like a luminous owl. After sunset I would sit alone on the terrace of the colonial club high above the river, overlooking the black tangle of equatorial forest on the opposite bank, where the Belgian Congo began, and listening to the only record they had left there, *Remember Our Forgotten Men.*

One morning I saw her walking along the road by my bungalow, her breasts uncovered, carrying on her head a basket of fruit. All the splendor of the female body in its tender youth, all the beauty of life, of hope, of laughter was in her, and a walk, a poise so sovereign in its ease that it was as if nothing ever died. Louison was sixteen, and when her breasts against mine gave us two hearts, I knew that I had kept all my promises and accomplished everything. I went to see her parents and we celebrated our union according to the rites of her tribe. The Austrian Prince Stahremberg, whom the hazards of a checkered life had led to Equatorial Africa as a pilot in my squadron, acted as my witness. Louison came to live with me. Never in my life have I found a greater pleasure merely in listening and watching. She did not speak a word of French, and yet talked constantly, and I understood nothing, except that life was lovely, happy and immaculate. Her voice has made me forever indifferent to any other music. My eyes never left her. The delicacy of her features, the incredible fragility of her wrists and ankles, the gaiety in her face, the softness of her hair —— But what can I say here that would do justice to my memories and to the perfection I have known? And then, after a while, I began to notice that she suffered from a slight cough and, dreading tuberculosis in a body which was too beautiful to be safe from the enemy, I sent her to be examined by Dr. Vignes, our squadron M.O. The cough, he said, was nothing, but Louison had a curious mark on her arm which had attracted his attention. He came to see me that same evening. He told me that Louison had leprosy and that we would have to part, but he said so without much conviction, guiltily lowering his eyes. I denied it. I simply denied it. I could not believe in such a crime. I spent a terrible night with Louison, looking at her while she slept peacefully in my arms, and even in her sleep a smile of gaiety was on her face. Even today I cannot say whether I loved her, or whether it was only that I could not take my eyes away from her. I held her in my arms as long as possible. Vignes never insisted, never blamed me and when I swore, blasphemed and threatened, he merely shrugged. She began to have treatment, but came back each night to sleep with me. Never have I held anything in my arms with greater tenderness, with a deeper pain. I refused to hear of separation until it was explained to me, on the strength of an article in some medical publication, which I did not altogether trust, that successful experiments had recently been carried out at Léopoldville with a new remedy against the Hansen bacillus, which indicated that the disease could now be stabilized and perhaps even cured. I put Louison on board the famous "flying wing" which Warrant Officer Soubabere was p ing twice a month between Brazzaville Bangui. She left me and I stood there, or airfield, utterly lost, my fists clenched feeling as if not only France but the w world had now been occupied by the ene

Every fortnight a Blenheim, piloted Hirlemann, maintained a military liaison Brazza. It was arranged that I should go him on his next trip.

Hirlemann's plane lost an airscrew over Congo and crashed in the flooded fo Hirlemann, Bequart and Crouzet were k on the spot. Courtiaud, the mechanic, h leg broken and very nearly went mad figh off during three nights and four days the ants which were trying to get into the wo They had been my friends. Very fortuna an attack of malaria blacked me out c pletely for one whole week.

My trip to Brazzaville had to be postpo until the return of Soubabere the follo month. But he, too, vanished in the for of the Congo. I was ordered to rejoin squadron on the Abyssinian front. I obeyed order. I never saw Louison again. Thre four times I received news of her thro friends in Brazza. She was being well loo after and there were hopes of a cure. asked when I was coming back. She was Then a curtain of silence fell. I wrote let I made inquiries through official channe sent sharply worded, insolent, raging grams. Nothing. The military authorities icily non-co-operative. I raged and prote The sweetest voice in all the world was ca to me from some wretched African lazar I was sent to Libya. I was also told to und an examination to determine whether I any symptoms of leprosy. I had none, that was poor comfort. I had never imagi that one could be so haunted by a voice, l neck, by shoulders, by hands. What I wan say is that she had eyes in which it wa good to live that I have never since kn where to go.

My mother's letters were becoming sho mere pencil scribbles written in a hurry. T reached me four or five at a time. She was She was receiving a regular supply of Insu "My glorious son, I am proud of you. . . . *la France!*"

Off we went to Libya for the second of sive against Rommel, and in the very first six of my French comrades and nine of English perished in the most tragic acciden had yet had. The khamsin was blowing that morning and, just as they were taking upwind under the command of Saint-Pere three pilots of our three Blenheims saw t English Blenheims suddenly come at t head-on out of a cloud of sand. In the kh sin, they had started in the wrong direc and had the wind behind them. There 3000 kilos of bombs on those planes and two formations had already worked up speed to a pitch for take-off. They were in hundred-octane boost position—still on e but condemned to go straight ahead when impossible to maneuver. The two format crashed into one another and only Sa Pereuse and his observer, Bimont, manage avoid the collision. All the others were verized. For hours dogs were seen runn about the sand with lumps of flesh in jaws.

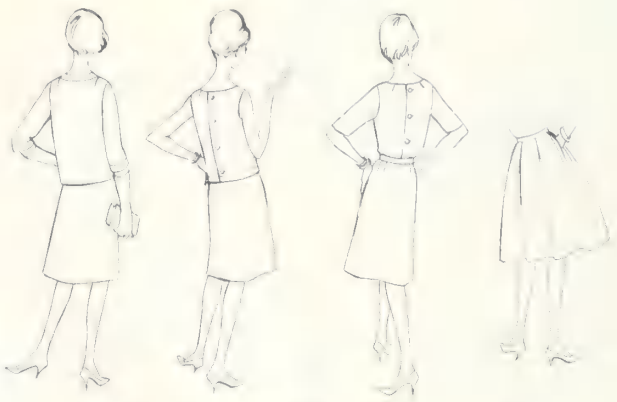
By good luck I wasn't flying that day. W the explosion took place I lay dying in the itary hospital at Damascus. I had contra typhoid with internal hemorrhages, and doctors who were looking after me, Cap Guyon and Major Vignes, weren't giving more than one chance in a thousand of pul through. Three months later I was back my Blenheim, hunting submarines above Eastern Mediterranean with De Thuisy, was killed some months later while flyi Mosquito, in England.

I wish to express here my gratitud Ahmed, the obscure Egyptian taxi driver in return for the very moderate sum of pounds, agreed to put on my uniform take my place before a medical board in RAF hospital in Cairo. For the English

CONTINUED ON PAGE

ONE FASHION... FOUR PERSONALITIES

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 74 AND 75



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 9903. Skirt; sizes 24–30 waist measurement; 60c. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric with or without nap, size 26 waist.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4284. Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Jacket with contrasting bands requires 1½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. Blouse with sleeves and jacket bands require 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap.

Sleeveless blouse and skirt require 2⅜ yards of 50″ fabric with nap. Suit requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. 1¾ yards of 2″ braid may be added. All yardages, size 14.

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THE REAL ITALIAN DRESSING

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Frogs were alike and Ahmed played the part with gusto. He was not much to look at, he did not smell so good, but he passed the board with flying colors and we exchanged mutual congratulations over ice cream on Gropi's terrace.

It remained to face the medical officers at the Damascus base, Major Fitucci and Captain Bercault. There could be no question of pulling the wool over *their* eyes. They had seen me at work, so to speak, on my hospital bed. I was told to take a month's leave in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor before even so much as dreaming of taking my place again in an air crew. So I visited the tombs of the Pharaohs and fell deeply in love with the Nile, the whole navigable course of which I covered twice in both directions. I resumed work on my book. I wrote several letters to my mother to make up for my long silence. In the letters to me from her, there seemed to be no trace of anxiety. And yet the latest letter must have left Nice when for at least three months she had been without news of me. But she appeared not in the least concerned. It seemed a bit odd to me. There was, however, a new note of sadness in her latest letters, something that wasn't quite said, and touching and a little disturbing:

Dear Romouchka: I beg you not to think of me, not to be fearful on my account, have courage. Remember that you no longer have need of me, that you are a man now, that you can stand on your own feet. Get married soon, for you will always need to have a woman at your side. That perhaps is the only wrong I have done you. But, above all, try to write a great book soon, you will then find it easier to be consoled. You have always been an artist. Don't think too much about me. I beg you to be strong, to be brave.

YOUR MOTHER.

I read that letter over and over again on my balcony above the Nile, flowing slowly past me. There was an accent of sadness in those pages, a gravity and a reticence that were new to her. Something was wrong, something in that letter had remained unsaid. There was also that rather strange exhortation to be brave, which now recurred with more and more urgency under her pen. It was even slightly irritating. She ought to have known that I was never afraid of anything. But what really mattered was that she was still alive, and my hope of winning my race against time and to return home triumphant grew stronger with each day that passed.

I was posted back to the squadron and spent a very peaceful time chasing Italian submarines off the coast of Palestine. One half of *A European Education* was finished and I gave all my available time to writing. When my squadron was transferred to England in August, 1943, I worked even harder. I had a feeling that the Allied landing in Europe was only a matter of days and I could not go home empty-handed. I could already see the joy and pride on my mother's face when she would see her name on the cover of a book.

The conditions at Hartford Bridge were not ideal for literary creation. It was very cold. I wrote at night in a corrugated-iron hut which I shared with three fellow officers. Each night I would put on my flying jacket and my fur-lined boots, prop myself up in bed and write till dawn with numbed fingers and my breath rising in a visible vapor in the freezing air. Under the circumstances, I had no difficulty at all in evoking the snow-covered forests of Poland in which the central action of my novel was set.

About three or four in the morning, I put down my fountain pen, straddled my bicycle and went to have a cup of tea in the mess. Then I got into my Boston bomber and set off, in the gray dawn, on a mission against powerfully protected targets. When we returned to base, there was almost always somebody missing and once, on our way to Charleroi, we lost seven crews at a single blow, when having crossed the coast at a wrong point. It was difficult in such conditions to have much heart for literature. But literature and life have always been for me intimately intermingled, and flying and writing were for me part of the same fight, of the same effort to discover the hidden meaning of life. I went on with my novel when my comrades were asleep. Only once did I find myself alone in the hut and that was when Petit and all his crew were shot down over France.

A day came when of all those I had known when I first arrived in England, only Barberon, the brothers Langer, Stone and Perrier were left. We often looked at one another in silence.

I finished *A European Education*, sent the manuscript to Moura Budberg, the friend of Gorki and of H. G. Wells, and heard nothing more of it. One morning, on getting back from a more than usually lively mission, I found a glowing telegram from an English publisher: he was having my book translated and hoped to bring it out within five months. I took off my flying helmet and my gloves and stood for a long time staring at the telegram. We were born at last.

I lost no time in sending the news to her, via Switzerland, and waited impatiently for her reaction. She was now sixty-one. I had become neither a hero nor an ambassador of France, not even a secretary of embassy, but all the same I was beginning to keep my promise and to give a meaning to her struggles and her sacrifices. Slim and slight though my little book might be, it seemed to me to weigh heavily on the scales.

I waited. But in her letters there was no allusion to our first victory. She had decided to ignore it. It took me very little imagination to interpret her silent reproach: what she was

> No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else. DICKENS

expecting of me, so long as France was occupied, were fighting deeds, not literature.

The publication of *A European Education* in England made me almost famous. Each time I returned from a mission I found a fresh batch of press cuttings, and several news agencies sent photographers to get a picture of me heroically climbing out of my cockpit. I was asked to tea by Mrs. Anthony Eden, signed a copy of my book for her and took great pains not to stick out my little finger when I held my cup.

We took part in fifteen more missions, but nothing ever happened worthy of us. One day, however, we came in for a more than usually rough time. A few minutes before reaching our target, while we were dancing our crazy dance among the black puffs of exploding shells, I heard in my earphones the anguished cry of my pilot, Arnaud Langer. There was a moment's silence and then he said quietly and clearly, "I've been hit in the eyes. I'm completely blind." In the Boston bomber, the pilot is separated from his navigator and from his machine gunner by sheets of armor plating so that, once in the air, none of us could do anything for the others.

And at the very moment Arnaud was telling me that he had lost his sight, a violent blow struck me in the stomach. Within seconds my hands were full of blood and I could see through my torn trousers a gaping, blood-gushing wound. I remember that my first thought was "Business at last." The wound didn't hurt at all and, by great good luck, we had recently been issued steel helmets to protect our skulls. The English and American crews very naturally wore the helmets on their heads, but the French, without exception, used theirs to shield a part of their persons which they regarded as being infinitely more precious. I quickly lifted my steel helmet and assured myself that my essential self was safe and sound.

I heaved a sigh of relief and took stock of the position. The machine gunner, Bauden, had not been touched, but the pilot was blinded. We were still in formation and I, as navigator of the leading aircraft, was responsible for reaching the target which was only minutes away and clearly visible already. It seemed to me that the safest thing to do would be to continue straight ahead, get rid of our bombs and then concentrate on our situation, assuming that there still would be one. This was what we did, though not without sustaining two more hits. This time it was my back that was honored—and when I say "back" I am being polite. I was, however, able to release our load of bombs on the target with that pleasant feeling of relief and satisfaction which with me always follows the performance of a good deed.

For a moment or two we stayed on course, then we began directing Arnaud away from the formation and soon found ourselves alone in the sky. I had lost a good deal of blood, and the sight of my open belly and my sticky trousers made me feel sick. One of our two engines had failed. The pilot was trying to pick the splinters from his eyes with his fingers. He could still see the contour of his hand, and we cheered up considerably, as this seemed to indicate that the optic nerve was not damaged. We had decided to bail out as soon as we had crossed the English coast. But Arnaud now discovered that his sliding roof had been damaged by flak and I felt like wringing his neck for this, but there would be no question of our leaving the blind pilot alone on board.

There was nothing now we could do but to stay with him and try to direct him in to a landing. We twice overshot the airfield. I remember that at the third attempt, with the ground dancing about all around us, I suddenly heard Arnaud's voice in my earphones. It was like a child's voice, and what it said was, "Jesus—Mary, save me!" I felt slightly aggrieved and annoyed that he should have put in a word for himself and forgotten all about the rest of us, and told him so in a few harsh, heartfelt and, I'm afraid, rather blasphemous words.

I think that this was the first time in the history of the RAF that a blind pilot succeeded in making a safe landing. The official RAF account of the incident merely said that "during the landing the pilot managed to hold his eyes open with the fingers of one hand, in spite of the splinters of Plexiglas with which the lids were riddled." This exploit was marked by the immediate award of the British Distinguished Flying Cross to Arnaud Langer. He was to recover his sight completely. After the war he became an air-transport pilot. In June, 1955, he was coming in to land at Fort-Lamy, a few seconds ahead of a tropical tornado, when a bolt of lightning struck like a fist from the black clouds behind him, and hit the pilot in his cockpit. Arnaud Langer was killed instantaneously. It took this foul blow for fate to catch up with him.

I was sent to hospital, where my injury was diagnosed as "perforation of the abdomen." But no essential organ was involved, and the wound healed very quickly. What was more annoying was that in the course of their investigations, the doctors discovered the generally poor state of my insides, and they declared me unfit for further flying duties. But this was only the RAF speaking. We, the Free French, had a less puritanic approach to our hidden organs, and I was soon back with the Lorraine squadron, bombing happily the Rommel line along the coast, to open the way for the Allied landing in Normandy.

It was then that occurred the happiest moment of my life, and to this day, and to my last, it shall remain the happiest.

A few days earlier I had been summoned, with Arnaud Langer, to the BBC, where we were interviewed at length about our sortie. Knowing the requirements of propaganda, I did not attach much importance to it, but was a little surprised to see in the next day's *Evening Standard* an article on the subject.

I returned to the Hartford Bridge base, and was in the mess when an orderly handed me a telegram. I glanced at the signature: Charles de Gaulle.

I had just been awarded the Cross of the Liberation.

I don't know whether there is anybody today who realizes what that green-and-black ribbon meant to us. From questions occasionally put to me by Frenchmen I realize how few of them know what the Cross of the Liberation is and what its ribbon stands for. I am glad that this should be so. Now that almost everything has been either forgotten or betrayed, it is good that ignorance should preserve and shel memories, our fidelity and our comra We do not ask anything from the livi our pride is with the dead.

Some months later, the Cross of the L tion was pinned to my tunic under the Triomphe by General de Gaulle and th sode of Avord thus became closed fore

Needless to say, I lost no time in ser telegram to Switzerland so that my should hear the news. I also wrote to a m of the British embassy staff in Portugal him to forward a cautiously worded le Nice at the first opportunity. I could g at last. My book had given to my mothe spark of that artistic fame of which s dreamed all her life and I was going t to her the greatest of all French honors which she had so well deserved

The Allied landings had just taken The war would soon be over. I could s the letters reaching me from Nice a fe joy and serenity as though my mother k last that the goal was in sight. There wa them an especial note of tenderness and apology for which I could not altoget count. "My beloved son, we have be arated now for many years and I hope th have grown accustomed to my absence after all, I am not on this earth forev member that I have never doubted yo hope that when you come back and stand everything, you will forgive me. not have acted otherwise."

What was it she had done that nee forgiveness? In almost all her hastily sc brief notes there was now that hint barrassment and of apology which m feel that, once again, she must hav something really awful. But what coul "All I have done I did it only because need of me. You must not be angry. I well. I am waiting for you." I rac brains, but to no purpose.

I am very close now to the last word, nearer I come to the end, the greater t the temptation to throw my noteboo Last words are always the same and on like, at least, to withdraw one's voice f chorus of the defeated. But I have on things to add, it is all part of the fight, one is going to say that I lacked cour

Paris was on the point of being lib and I arranged to have myself parac the South of France for liaison duties Resistance. I had received from our Office an official letter suggesting that apply for a permanent diplomatic a ment—as a first secretary—in the diplomatic service. What made this so that I knew nobody at the Foreign Offic for that matter, in any nonmilitary ment. I had never mentioned to any ambitions which my mother had ent for me.

My *European Education* had enjoye siderable success in England, but that enough to explain this sudden offer into the diplomatic service without a nation and, as the document proclai recognition of exceptional services ren the cause of the Liberation." Behind t of Providence, I found no difficulty i ing a somewhat guilty smile that I k too well. My mother had once aga hand, she had been up to her usual now had the explanation of that emb and apologetic note which had faintly in her last letters. She had been pullin knowing perfectly well that this wou me angry.

The Allied landings in the South o cut short my parachuting plans. I immediately for a "special mission orc my friend and commanding offic Corniglion Molinier, found just the perative and epic tone, smacking of return home from his travels. With t the Americans—my written instruct ried the mysterious and sardonic typical of the general's wit: "Nature sion: Urgent"—I was taken in a s of jeeps as far as Toulon. From t things became rather more complica

CONTINUED ON

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

peremptory tone of the order, however, opened all roads to me.

And the very air around me had an intoxicating taste of triumph. The sky seemed closer and more conciliatory, each olive tree was a friendly sign, and the Mediterranean was coming toward me, above the cypresses and the pines, above the barbed wire, the silenced guns, the overturned tanks, like an old nurse opening her arms. I had sent news to my mother of my imminent arrival in ten separate messages, which must have converged upon her from all sides only a few hours after the entry of the Allied troops into Nice. A message in code had even been transmitted to the maquis, a week earlier. I had many friends and they understood. They knew perfectly well that what mattered was not her or me, but our old human companionship, our shoulder-to-shoulder struggle and progress in pursuit of justice.

There was in my heart a youthfulness, a confidence, a singing joy which the antique sea, the oldest and most faithful of our witnesses, must have so often seen since the days when the first of her sons returned triumphant to her shore. With the green-and-black ribbon of the Liberation prominently displayed on my chest, above the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre and five or six other medals of which I had forgotten none, with the captain's stripes on the shoulders of my black battle dress, my cap tilted over one eye and with a more than usually tough expression, owing to my facial paralysis, with my novel in its French and English editions carried in my shoulder bag, I was coming home.

Black-faced G.I.'s seated on stones, with grins so wide and glittering that they seemed to be lighted from inside, as though their radiance shone from the heart, raised their automatic rifles in the air as we passed, and in their friendly laughter were all the joy and happiness of a promise kept: "*Victory, man, victory!*"

Standing in the jeep, in this landscape where olives and vines and orange trees seemed to come running from all sides to greet me, where the wrecked trains, the blown bridges and the twisted, tangled strands of barbed wire were, like dead hatred, swept out of sight at each turn of the road, it was only after we had crossed the pontoons over the Var that all the laughing faces and the waving hands became blurred around me, that I no longer answered their friendly signs, but stood there, clinging to the windshield, my whole being resounding with the beating of my blood, and every sense, every fiber in me prepared for the familiar sight, the street, the house, the gray silhouette waiting for me with open arms under the flags of victory.

I should end my story here. It costs me to continue, and I will do so as quickly as possible.

At the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts there was no one to greet me. Those I questioned remembered vaguely having heard of a strange Russian lady who ran the place years ago but had not met her. My friends were gone. My mother had died three years and six months earlier, a few weeks after my departure for England. But she had known that I was still a weakling then, and that I would never be able to stand on my own feet and fight as befits a Frenchman, unless she were there to give me her support, and she had made her plans accordingly.

During the last few days before her death, she had written nearly 250 letters and sent them to her friend in Switzerland. I was not to know that she was no longer there to support me—the undated letters were to be forwarded to me at regular intervals—this was, no doubt, what she was scheming with so much love, when I had caught that naïve and cunning expression in her eyes, when we parted for the last time at the Saint-Antoine clinic.

And so it was that I had gone on receiving from my mother the strength and the courage I so greatly needed to carry me through to the day of victory, when she had been dead for more than three and a half years.

I know that it is not right to love so much only one human being, even if it is your mother. My mistake had been to believe in individual victories. Now that "I" no l exist, all has been given back to me. Men ples, all our legions have become my all am unable to take sides in their quarrel remain, with my face raised, watchful wary, at the foot of heaven, like a forg sentry. I still see myself in all living ar treated creatures, and am wholly unsuite fratricidal battles.

And I can still be happy, as I am now evening, stretching on the sands of Big S the gray and misty dusk, with the d barking of the seals reaching me fro rocks, and I have only to raise my head the ocean. I listen attentively, and ag feel that I am just on the point of unders ing what it is trying to confide in me, am going to break the code, at last, th insistent, incessant murmur of the striving, almost desperately, to deliver a sage, to give me the explanation, the mea the key.

Sometimes, too, I give up listening, just lie there, breathing. It is a well-e rest; I have done my best, all that I cou

In my left hand I clasp the silver me the table-tennis championship which I at Nice in 1932.

I have kept my promise and I shall cor to do so as long as I live. I have served F with all my heart, since that is all that I left of my mother, except for a small snap I have also written books, made a car have even rendered great services t manity. Once, for example, in Los A where, at the time, I was the consul gen France—a post which obviously impos tain obligations—I found, one morni hummingbird in my living room; it had there trustingly, knowing that it wa house, but a gust of wind had slamme door and it had been held prisoner all between four walls. It was perched cushion, minuscule and incapable of u standing, all courage gone, no longer try fly, weeping in one of the saddest voices ever heard, for one never hears one's voice. I opened the window, it flew out have seldom felt happier, and I knew had not lived in vain.

On another occasion, in Africa, I v time to kick in the teeth of a sportsma was aiming at a gazelle feeding its young middle of the road. I could mention similar cases, but I do not want to boast what I have been able to accomplish f fellow beings. I mention these matters o show that I really have done my best, as I would.

I was quite ill after the war, and una walk on the earth from fear of treading ant or to bear the sight of a bug drown water, and then I wrote a big book, *The of Heaven*, urging human beings to ta protection of nature into their own What it is I see in the eyes of animals, I quite know, but there is in their gaze a look of incomprehension which remin of something and completely shatters keep no animal with me, though, as I b attached very easily and, all things consi I prefer to attach myself to the ocean, does not die quickly. My friends say have the strange habit of stopping street, raising my eyes obediently to the and striking a pose, as if trying to someone.

It is done now. Very soon it will be ti me to leave the shore where I have l long, listening to the ocean. There wil touch of mist tonight over Big Sur; it chilly and I have never learned how t a fire and to keep myself warm. I shall stay here a little longer, listening, for th ing never quite leaves me that I am just to understand what the ocean is trying me. I close my eyes, I smile, and liste There is still in me some curiosity lef emptier the beach around me, the more d peopled it appears to me. The seals o rock are silent, and I lie here, with m shut, smiling, imagining that one of t swimming quietly toward me, and tha denly I shall feel, against my cheek or hollow of my shoulder, a friendly nud I have lived.

WHAT **HARDLY** ANYONE **KNOWS** ABOUT **MARRIAGE**

BY WINIFRED HANNAY

knows the origin of "Something old, hing new, something borrowed, some- blue"? When did "honeymoon" begin an taking a trip? Why Niagara Falls? a ring? Why fourth finger, left hand? herished customs of the marriage cere- have diverse and exotic origins.

g ago, in the dark forests of Germany, age was a potent affair. The Teutons l brew for the occasion a wine made honey and yeast. The drink was con- l for a month, from one full moon to er, and was called "*brydealo*," or ale." Thus the word "bridal" today. the wine was brewed from honey and runk for a full phase of the moon, the "honeymoon" came naturally.

engagement ring, it seems, goes back time when brides were bought and paid he ring, of expensive metal, was a ol of the groom's purchasing power. separate wedding ring did not come eing until Pope Innocent III in A.D. 1215 nced that weddings must be celebrated rches. He also declared that there must waiting period between betrothal and ng. Since not all engagements result lding, the betrothal ring could now be ken circle, with a gem interrupting the l continuity. The wedding ring remained le band, with no beginning and no end- o that the love of man and wife would petual The grouchy Dr. Samuel John- id of rings that they are "a circular ment placed upon the noses of hogs and gers of women to restrain them and them into subjection." But the ring survived.

monds have been the favorite engage- em since about the fifteenth century A.D. f their popularity seems due to the fact amonds are the most enduring gem in . They are. also, clear and transparent n hold no secrets. Being white and pure, mond was symbolic of the bride.

diamonds notwithstanding, engage- are sometimes broken. Should the girl the ring? The precedent for the girl's ng it goes back to the time before nt III, when one ring served alone. t of the ring demonstrated the sincerity man, his intention to fulfill his promise. financial sacrifice on his part. If the oke the engagement, the girl kept the f she broke the engagement, then the ust be returned. Both were broken es.

e Middle Ages a French maiden was ring, a kiss and a pair of shoes; the show she was captured, the kiss to stop m talking, the shoes from the old v custom of giving a shoe to bind a t.

choice of the correct finger for the be- ring goes back to Greek mythology. finger of which hand was worthy to e ring? As the right hand was the hand ority and most in use, the left hand osen. It was the weaker hand and subservience to the husband. The he supposed seat of the emotions, was eft side of the body. The rapid beating eart exhibited fastest and most mani-

fest reaction to any emotional cause, so it was thought to be the seat of the emotions.

Since the betrothal ring joined two hearts, it should be placed on the heart finger. But which was the heart finger? The thumb was too busy, had to grasp and hold things; second finger—finger of accusation; third finger—too long and prominent. The little finger lacked dignity, so finally, by the process of elimination, the fourth finger of the left hand was chosen. It was the weakest finger and symbolized woman's dependence on man. The ancients believed that a vein ran directly from the fourth finger to the heart, and by putting the betrothal ring on that finger you closed the vein and kept the sentiments of the heart from going away.

The choice of the month in which to be married is loaded with superstition. The fall and winter months, due to inclement weather, were never popular. "Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine." Sunlight was supposed to have an extraordinary influence over reproductive capacity. In the East the bride always faced the sun on arising, and marriages took place out-of-doors.

But the change from outdoor marriage to marriage under cover had a more practical reason in Anglo-Saxon England. In 1545 or thereabouts, Edward VI of England altered the custom of marriages at the church door, and decreed marriages could take place inside the church. The reason: the utter unreliability of the English climate even in those days.

The Catholics say that if you are married in Lent you live to repent So that leaves only about four months from which to choose: May, June, July and August. July and August are usually very hot, so that leaves May and June. The Romans considered June to be the best choice, the month named after Juno, the patroness of youth. May was less popular. That month was named after Maia, the consort of Vulcan, and was the month of old people.

CONTINUED

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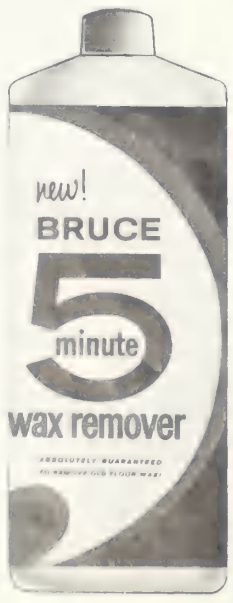
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June is the month of roses, and seems to take pride of place over all other months for weddings. The moon is very full and bright in June, and the moon always looks after lovers. The moon as much as the sun entered into the calculations of most ancient civilizations. As a complete contrast, it is considered lucky in Iceland and Norway to be married during a snowstorm because then the storms of life will be over.

After settling on the month, there is the equally important choice of the most propitious day of the week. The actual date chosen for the marriage has never caused much controversy, excluding any Friday, whether it is the thirteenth or not. Friday was the day on which Christ was crucified.

One guide for choosing the best day of the week runs like this: Monday, for health; Tuesday, for wealth; Wednesday, the best day of all; Thursday, for losses; Friday, for crosses; Saturday, no luck at all. Get married on any Wednesday in the month of June and you can't miss.

Probably the best-known collection of words in connection with marriage is the little jingle "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." Here is what it is believed to mean: "Something old"—a used article such as a family wedding dress, belonging to a happily married woman, thereby transferring her good fortune to the bride. Something old from a widow is most unlucky. "Something new"—the bride's trousseau, a gift from her family. "Something borrowed"—must be something of value she intends to return. "Something blue"—usually a blue garter. The color blue comes down to us from the Israelites as a sign of constancy; a garter, from the ancient custom of loosening the virgin girdle.

White has been the traditional color for the bridal gown for centuries. The early Greeks considered white a symbol of joy purity and innocence. Any other ideas about a wedding dress are dismissed as follows: Married in white—you have chosen aright. Married in red—you'd better be dead. Married in yellow—ashamed of the fellow. Married in blue—your lover is true. Married in green—ashamed to be seen. Married in black—you ride in a hack. Married in pearl—you'll live in a whirl. Married in pink—your spirits will sink. Married in brown—you'll live out of town. (Brides in India, on the other hand, wear red as a symbol of joy.)

The similarity of the bridesmaids' dresses to that of the bride was to confuse the evil spirits so that they were never quite sure which was the bride. The same applied to the groomsmen, who dressed like the groom.

Presents for the bridesmaids seem to be a relic of the time when the groom and his attendants came to the house of the bride to claim her and were refused admittance by the bridesmaids until they were given money or presents.

The bridal veil perhaps comes to us from China, where a canopy or umbrella is held over the bride and groom. Women were the special desire of the evil one, so a veil prevented the evil spirits from reaching them. In Anglo-Saxon times, a carecloth was held over the bride and groom to protect them from the weather. Whatever the source, the bridal veil is a lovely and becoming adjunct to the wedding dress. It must never be cut because you are cutting into the happiness of someone else and it must always be returned intact, if borrowed, because the donor has lent you some of her happiness as a married woman, and if not returned, her happiness may be jeopardized.

Orange blossoms for the bride, it is said, originated in Spain when the French ambassador was trying to obtain some orange shoots from the heavily protected grove of the Spanish king. The ambassador discovered the lovesick daughter of the gardener, a girl too poor to marry. In return for some orange-tree cuttings, he gave her her dowry and she wore orange blossoms in gratitude.

The bride's bouquet is a most important item of the whole ensemble. A bride must never carry yellow flowers, as yellow indicates jealousy; nor tulips, as these are a symbol of infidelity. The bouquet must be tied with ribbon in which there are many knots, as wishes for future happiness are held or retain each knot.

The girl who catches the bride's bo will be the next to be married. She re directly from the bride a wish in one knots for the same good fortune as sh bride, has just achieved. As there is n of knowing which knot holds the wis knots must be untied, otherwise the b wish will not be fulfilled.

Not so many years ago in this cou was the custom to have two wedding a white-batter cake, the bride's cake, cu the ceremony, and a dark fruitcak groom's cake, kept until the couple ret from their honeymoon and had a ho their own. A dark cake full of all kin fruit will keep a long time and will pro young couple with many fertility-proc elements.

The bride must be the first to cut the otherwise her future happiness will b into. The groom should hold his right over the bride's as she cuts the cake, s he will share in her happiness. A ri thimble, a coin and a button are suppo be baked in the cake. The recipient of th will be the next to be married. The th signifies an old maid; the button, a bachelor; the coin, future wealth.

The custom of throwing rice is very o is part of the religious rites of the Chine Orientals, rice is a symbol of fruitfulne prosperity, a bestowal of fertility on the pair. Rice was also thrown to the evil always around when a wedding was in ress. While they were scrambling for th attention was diverted from their main n of keeping the bride from getting the n her choice. In Saxon times in England, and barley were scattered in the church bride to walk upon. Sometimes conf thrown instead of rice. This custom originated by the Romans, who had throwing nuts and sweets at the newly w pair. As many of the young couples plained bitterly at being pelted by such sticky objects, bits of torn colored clot substituted. Old shoes are thrown at a ding to show that the parents forfei right of domination over their daughter must be old shoes, shoes that have bee nected with the girl's life before sh married. That life is over and she is sta new one. There is also the theory that thrown after departing couples date b marriage by capture when the outstripp angry relatives of the captured bride anything that came to hand. Tin can to the back of the bridal vehicle frighten away the ubiquitous evil spirit

Leaving after the ceremony dates b prehistoric marriage by capture. The was hidden away for a time until her and brothers got tired of looking for h best man and groomsmen were suppo fight off or delay the enraged relatives captured bride until the young couple their getaway.

For "honeymoon" to mean going transportation had to improve and b less perilous. Niagara Falls became p as a honeymoon spot because of the w of Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's brot Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore land, in 1803. Jerome was serving on a naval vessel which pulled into Norfol ginia, before going on to tour the West He jumped ship and turned up in Balt where he met Miss Patterson and elope her to Niagara. Napoleon had the m annulled after the couple returned to F but he could not undo the publicity gave the falls.

Carrying the bride over the thresh the new home is of Roman origin. It to prevent the bride from tripping o threshold, a victory for the evil spirits, keep her from walking into the hous her left foot first, the Roman bride picked up his bride and carried her ov ladylove might be careless because emotional state, and the groom to chances.

Superstition, perhaps, but it has all su through so many ages—hasn't it still m for us today?

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AM CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

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ices baked ham
bout ½" thick
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ange the ham slices on a lightly greased baking sheet. Spread with a mixture of brown sugar, honey, mustard and curry powder. Broil for 5–6 minutes until ly browned. Take care—brown sugar burns easily. Makes 6 servings.

EGGS BENEDICT

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g yolks
blespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne
½ teaspoon dry mustard

the butter and heat it as hot as possible without browning. Warm the blender ainer with hot water and then dry it well. Put in the egg yolks, lemon juice and nings. Cover. Flick the blender on and off quickly several times. Then remove over, turn on the blender and pour in the hot butter in a fine stream. Behold, auce is made and it is sure-fire! Turn out into a small bowl and set in another of hot water to keep warm until eggs are poached, muffins toasted and ham d. Makes 2 cups sauce. If you do not have a blender, of course, you can follow ipe in any good basic cookbook, or use one of the commercial ready-made sauces.

SSEMBLE

n slices leftover
ked ham
glish muffins, split
r
8 eggs, poached
Salt
Pepper
Paprika

the ham and muffins on a shallow broiler pan about 3"–4" from the heat until am is hot and the muffins toasted. Butter the muffins, turn off the heat and n them to the oven to stay warm while poaching the eggs. Arrange the toasted ns on serving plates. Place a piece of ham on each and top with a poached egg. kle with salt and pepper and spoon hot hollandaise sauce over each. Garnish a sprinkling of paprika. Makes 8 servings.

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS ROLLS

in slices baked ham
oked asparagus spears
butter
flour
s milk or 1 cup cream and up milk
½ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper
6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
½ teaspoon prepared horse-radish

ach slice of ham around 2 asparagus spears. Arrange rolls close together, one deep, in a shallow casserole. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and add the Stir thoroughly and continually until sauce is thickened. Season with salt and r. Add 4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and stir well. Remove from the heat old in the whipped cream and horse-radish. Spoon the sauce over the ham nd sprinkle with additional cheese. This much of the preparation can be done n the day. Before serving, heat the casserole for 15 minutes in a moderate 350° F., and then brown under the broiler for 3–4 minutes. It will then be brown and bubbling hot. Makes 6 servings.

QUICHE LORRAINE WITH HAM

coarsely chopped leftover
ed ham
nd Swiss cheese, grated
unbaked pastry shell
spoon flour
1½ cups rich milk or light cream
Dash nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter

le the ham first and then the cheese into the pastry shell. Beat the eggs gh and then stir in the flour, milk or cream, and seasonings. Pour custard e over ham and cheese and top with the melted butter. Bake in a moderately en, 375° F., for 35 minutes, or until well puffed and golden brown on top. nd 5 minutes before cutting. This *quiche* may also be served at room temper- Makes 6 servings.

CASSEROLE OF HAM AND BROCCOLI

butter
s chopped onions
washed chopped fresh rooms
-oz.) cans cream-of-mushroom
s milk
bunch broccoli, trimmed into s about 4" long, cooked, or 3 (10-ounce) packages frozen spears, cooked tender
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
2 cups coarsely chopped leftover baked ham
1½ cups dry packaged herb-flavored stuffing mix
Dash paprika

e butter and sauté the onions and mushrooms until very tender. Add the d mix well. Then stir in the milk. Arrange ⅓ of the cooked broccoli over the of a 2-quart casserole. Season with salt and pepper. Layer the casserole ⅓ of the ham, then ⅓ of the sauce and ⅓ of the stuffing mix. Repeat until ingredients are used, ending with the last of the crumbs. Sprinkle with paprika e in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

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BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!



Spectacular fortunes have been made since the end of World War II by men in their thirties and forties. Here's how the Bill Burgesses, of Pasadena, California, made theirs—starting from $1000 in debt!

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION?



The Burgesses have a swimming pool at both their Pasadena and Palm Springs houses. Here Molly, 8, and Sarah, 10, hurdle over their parents' arms at the family's weekend retreat in Palm Springs. Below: In Pasadena, too, Bill's day begins with a dip. Sarah, who at 10 weeks of age was the famous "swimming baby," joins him. The sheets of white canvas shading the terrace slide on metal tracks.



By CONRAD BROWN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

At 44, Bill Burgess is president of a booming electronics firm in Los Angeles. With his wife Clara, 42, and daughters Sarah and Molly, 10 and 8 this month, he lives in a magnificent, though pleasantly unpretentious, modern house in one of Pasadena's choice neighborhoods. Weekends are spent at a colorful toy villa jutting out of a rocky hillside high above Palm Springs' desert floor. He navigates a huge white convertible through Los Angeles' torrents of traffic, pays dues to some of the Southwest's most exclusive clubs, and oversees the care and feeding of two saddle horses, a collie, and a hyacinth macaw that laughs when he comes home and calls him "bad boy."

From $90-a-week management consultant fresh out of Harvard Business School to self-made millionaire in fifteen postwar years, Bill Burgess is head of Electronic Specialty Company, a war baby going broke when he took the reins in 1949. The company expects to end its fiscal year this December with gross sales of $25,000,000. Bill Burgess runs his household and his daily life on a salary of less than $50,000 a year, keeps every penny of his $3,500,000 fortune at work where he made it—in his own company. For rare major personal expenditures—a new car or a weekend in Europe or a Picasso drawing—he has sold a small part of his equity in his business to raise the cash.

Both Bill and Clara Burgess move through their crowded daily routines with easygoing simplicity that reflects their upper-middle-income Midwestern backgrounds. Man and wife, much alike in many ways—and obviously much in love—the Burgesses are quiet, undemonstrative people.

Bill was $1000 in debt when he got his graduate degree; his first goal was financial independence, which he distinguishes from financial status. "If

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

In evening out: Clara in a silk coat with white mink is elegant from her jeweled slippers to her opal pendant



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

a person has been made to feel secure since childhood, the search for status never materializes. I never wanted an expensive car before I could really afford one. Camping out in the mountains, the kind of life that costs practically nothing, is still more important to me."

Brought up like Clara, to believe that the greatest economy is in having the best, he is certain that money has not improved the *quality* of their lives, but that it has increased the *quantity* of the finer things in life they are able to enjoy. Life itself, he claims, hasn't changed much

"Before we built our own house at Palm Springs we went there weekends anyway," he says, "if we had the two bucks for the gasoline to get there and back."

Parents and daughters spend most of their free days together. In the summer of 1960 the Burgesses took the girls on a white-water excursion by rubber raft down Idaho's Salmon River, a 10-day camping trip that cost $700. They travel, impulsively, long distances for short stays. Last year, the daughters were invited to visit the children of a woman official from the U.S.S.R. who had been touring Los Angeles, so the whole family went winging off to investigate life in Russia. That trip for three weeks cost $3000. Bill's comment on the adventure: "If you think of Russia as one giant corporation. Communism is an example of capitalistic exploitation at its very worst."

Family activity centers around their homes in Pasadena and Palm Springs. Their swimming pools are used every day the family is around. At Palm Springs the pool is heated to 90° because the Burgesses long ago discovered that children will stay in the water hours rather than minutes if it is pleasantly warm. They are certain that children learn to fear water if they are urged—or dragged—into water that is uncomfortably cold. The Burgess children swim like otters. Sarah started when she was ten weeks old. She could swim across the pool before she could walk.

In Pasadena, the Burgess day begins at seven. From the king-size bed on a low carpeted dais in the middle of the master bedroom, Clara flips switches that activate motors opening the Millium-lined opaque curtains which cover three walls of floor-to-ceiling glass. Bill slips out of his pajamas and punches his arms into a bright yellow terrycloth bathrobe, slides back a glass wall and steps onto the deck outside that runs above the swimming pool.

Clara, a devotee of yoga, goes into the dressing room for a brief routine of exercises, culminating in a headstand. Bill dives in and swims a couple of lengths. As he's drying off, Clara shows up for her morning swim, while Bill makes a leisurely tour of the garden that surrounds their Pasadena home. Then both go back to dress.

The dressing room is double, but has no wall between its identical halves. The Burgesses had it removed when their tightly programed lives made them realize that morning and evening ablutions were valuable moments not to be wasted apart. Now, as she brushes her hair and he shaves with an electric razor, they talk quietly across a pink marble bathtub set in the middle of the room under a skylight.

Clara invariably shows up for breakfast in a plain white tennis dress and white tennis shoes. Bill appears in a dark business suit, white cotton batiste button-down shirt, and a perky bow tie half an inch wide, his personal trademark over the years. His suits are nine-ounce wool, which he has tailored to his rugged measurements by DiChellis in Hollywood. Each is individually styled.

As Bill leaves the house for the office, Clara goes next door for a fast set of tennis with neighbor Joan Smith, returns for a shower and her usual daytime dress. This consists of a blouse and skirt or a sweater and skirt. Bill prefers her in straight skirts, and that's what she wears. He also prefers her in a sheath for afternoon or evening. She wears simple "nothing" sheath dresses with straightforward lines, but they are made of interesting, even exotic, fabrics. Bill picks out many of Clara's dresses. She used to have them made, but found it took too much time, so now buys them ready-made. Clara owns dresses that cost only a few dollars, others that cost over a hundred; most are in the $20 to $50 range. Her weakness is shoes, which she buys in New York for $20 to $40 a pair. Except for a favorite pair of light-brown snakeskin shoes that "go with anything," Clara usually slips on simple fabric-covered pumps bought to go with specific dresses.

Clara's yoga-swimming-breakfast-tennis roundelay starts every day. She also plays chauffeur to the children in her long black convertible. The time on the road gives her precious interludes of talk with her children, what with eight scheduled missions involving children and lessons every week.

The Burgess children usually eat with their parents and enjoy an adult relationship at the table, kidding one another and telling little jokes. One of the children's favorites concerns the two little lacquered bowls that appear on the Burgess breakfast table every morning. In each is a colorful assortment of vitamin pills. Bill and Clara actually manipulate their daily dosages depending on how they feel—whether or not they've had enough sleep the night before, for instance. The girls try to embarrass their parents by telling house guests to "watch while mother and dad-o swallow six pills at one gulp!" ("Dad-o" is the children's special nickname for their father.)

Meals are cooked and served by two maids the Burgesses "import" directly out of Scandinavian home-economics schools. Clara posts a program of their week's duties day by day and hour by hour. Thus, household worries are largely removed from Clara's consciousness, so she can devote her efforts to her own and her children's multiplicity of projects.

Wednesday mornings either a Philharmonic committee meets at her house or Clara plays tennis at the Valley Hunt Club. Thursday mornings she takes her turn driving the car pool that delivers eight children, including her own, to school. The balance of Thursday morning is devoted to yoga.

Clara takes yoga seriously: "At the end of a week of constant pressure—of hurry, of meeting my schedule and the children's schedules—the release of tension is the main benefit. If I miss a class, I notice it—I get a knot in the back of my neck."

Friday mornings, the Pasadena Art Alliance officers meet at Clara's house. She is the organization's vice chairman. The Alliance, an offshoot of the Pasadena Art Museum of which Bill is a trustee, is her primary volunteer interest.

Clara has always concentrated on one or two such pursuits at a time. In the past, she has worked for the Planned Parenthood clinic, at a cancer-detection clinic, and for the benefit of the Boys Republic. She likes to work her way up in an organization, but usually resigns when it usurps too much time aw from her family.

The Burgess daughters are almost as act as their mother and seem to be near-prodig at a number of skills. Molly, at seven, hav taken piano lessons four times a week for months, could play sprightly little tunes w both hands, her foot barely touching pedal. She invented her own system for fi ing Middle C: "First you sit in the middle the piano, then it's right in front of your be button."

Her teacher, Mary Lehigh, says learning play the piano is easier for children in fami where good music is heard. Recorded classi music in the Burgess house stops only wh the children are practicing or sleeping. high-fidelity sound system is even on a ti that wakens the family in the morning.

After babyhood swimming lessons ($24 twelve), came rhythmic interpretive danci $15 for a three-month course. When they w four and six, the girls began art classes. skating started the same year and horseba riding the following year.

Skating costs $15 a month for year-rou lessons. After four years of instruction, Mo has developed into a proficient figure skat already learning jumps and spins. The ch dren got their first riding lessons at five a seven.

Sarah, prettily petite for her age, likes fact that riding (she has won a couple of sil bowls and a raft of ribbons) gives her a cha to compete with older children. But rid rented horses was not the stimulus to hon manship, her parents decided, that owning own horse would be. The Burgesses bou Twitchet for Sarah on her eighth birthd Really a large pony, Twitchet cost $500. saddle was made to Sarah's measurements the famous Italian saddler, Perani, for $1 Boarding Twitchet is $75 a month, and c dues add another $25. This past spring Burgesses bought a second horse, a full-si one that they keep at a riding ranch in Pa Springs.

When Sarah was only five, to help establ her confidence, Clara let her make a fli alone to visit her grandmother in Min apolis. A nervous lady in the seat beside asked if she was afraid. When she arrived, stranger told Sarah's grandmother that Sa had answered, "No, I'm not afraid becau know Jesus is with me." The Burgesses h had no further doubts about Sarah's s confidence.

Both girls have been attending Polytech (private) School in Pasadena. Tuition is $ for first grade and rises approximately $5 grade thereafter. This fall Sarah will switch smaller Westbridge School, which starts v

CONTINUED ON PAGE

WHERE DOES ALL THE MONEY GO?

Bill Burgess's salary as company president is just under $50,000 a year. His share of the business, however, is $3,500,000. Family bills are paid by an accountant, with Clara's approval. Bill himself carries very little cash and spends less. He is aware of the cost of major purchases, but he's much too busy making money to keep track of spending it.

Monthly expenses for the Burgesses:

FEDERAL INCOME TAX	$950.00	Water, 55.00 Telephone, 40.00	
SOCIAL SECURITY. .	12.00		
STATE INCOME TAX. .	110.00	MEDICAL AND DENTAL CARE. . . .	75.00
SALES TAXES	45.00		
LIFE INSURANCE . . .	150.00	TRANSPORTATION. . .	100.00
CONTRIBUTIONS (church and charity) .	400.00	ADVANCEMENT	300.00
FOOD (including milk, cleaning supplies) . .	300.00	Education and lessons, 200.00 Recreation and vacation, 100.00	
HOUSING	530.00		
Property tax, 500.00 Property insurance, 30.00		PROFESSIONAL FEES .	50.00
		MEMBERSHIPS.	100.00
HOUSEHOLD OPERATION	670.00	GIFTS	100.00
Maids, gardener, pool maintenance, 425.00 Electricity, 45.00 Heating, 105.00		PERSONAL EXPENDITURES (clothing, haircuts, cosmetics, spending money). . .	208.00
		TOTAL	$4100.00

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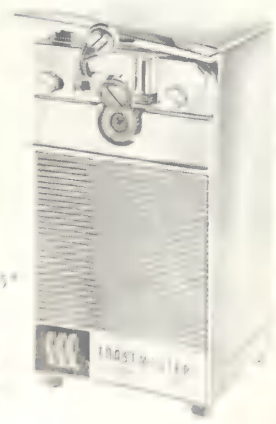
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

the fifth grade. Tuition is about the same in both schools.

Tennis lessons at $5 an hour started last year when Sarah was eight and Molly six. The girls often play doubles with their father and mother, the teacher coaching the girls from the side lines.

Sarah has started ballroom dancing (called "The Cotillion" in Pasadena) and Molly starts next year. In addition to the popular dance steps, they learn to make conversation, curtsy—and say, "Good afternoon, Miss Galatz."

The girls have already mastered water skiing, and their father has been giving them sailing lessons. Next on the list: skiing on snow.

Clara had an equally active childhood in Montana. She was born in 1918, the fifth child and the fourth daughter in a family of nine.

"Five straight years of drought and depression closed my father's bank—though not one depositor lost a cent," she recalls. "When I was twelve, we moved to Minneapolis. My father started another bank in the depths of the depression.

"In my senior year in high school, a boy called and said a friend who was a freshman at the University of Minnesota had seen my picture on his bureau and wanted a date. I agreed, thinking it would be a double date with the fellow who was calling. To my dismay, the boy changed places with another fellow. I opened the door that fateful evening to three complete strangers—one was Bill Burgess.

"We didn't begin dating seriously until the spring of my freshman year at college. He gave me his fraternity pin his senior year."

In her junior year at the university, Clara saw Bill go off to Harvard Graduate School.

"The two years he'd be away—with goodness knows how many girls' schools around Cambridge—was to be the ultimate test of our love," she says.

The second year, to keep up her spirits, she took flying lessons and got her pilot's license, but was grounded during the war with all the other civilian pilots. She worked as a clerk for 65 cents an hour in the dean's office to help pay college expenses.

"We decided we *had* to see each other over Easter vacation during Bill's first year at Harvard. So I started off, got caught in one of those freak late blizzards and was snowbound driving through upstate New York. But I was made very much at home at a men's college, where I'd just dropped off one of several passengers who were chipping in to cut the cost of the trip.

"When I called Bill at Harvard and told him where I was—in a fraternity house—he sort of choked. Then he asked, 'Are you wearing that sapphire-and-diamond ring your father gave you?'

"I answered 'Yes,' and he said, 'Would you please put it over on the fourth finger of your left hand?' And that was how he proposed. We announced our engagement formally the following year at Christmastime."

Bill and Clara were married in Minneapolis June 21, 1941. The bride wore her mother's wedding gown. The groom was stopped for speeding on his way to the church. The happy couple went off on a honeymoon camping trip by canoe and portage in the Canadian wilderness.

"The most intriguing woman I had ever met," says Bill of Clara today. "Attractive, capable, adaptable to every circumstance."

And Clara responds, "He had everything—looks, personality, high principles."

Bill was born in Minneapolis in 1917, the son of a moderately successful small businessman. His grandmother taught him to read before he was three. As the years passed, Bill gobbled up books, methodically cataloguing each one according to his preference.

Like any bright youngster, he had a new interest nearly every week. He caught and collected butterflies, hatching his own cocoons, excited by the fragile beauty of the metamorphosis. He collected snakes. He developed and printed his own photographs. (Bill Burgess is today an excellent photographer.) He built a radio in the attic and worked out an interco munications system with a neighbor. He came an Eagle Scout in two years. He haun the Minneapolis Institute of Art afterno and weekends. He acquired his father's pr lection for stamps.

In spite of many interests that might h pegged him an introvert, he was a popu boy, an organizer at high school who re larly brought the gang home for dancing.

Bill's burgeoning independence was couraged by his parents. When he was very young, he was given an allowance didn't amount to much, but without his p ents' bidding he kept an accounting of ev penny. They never asked him what he with his money.

He is sure his parents' attitude toward ing decisions contributed to his self-c dence—"to my knowing I can think my through to any problem's solution." His p ents were strongly antidogma, exposing boy to both sides of issues.

Bill believes today that his particular ski an ability to identify and sort facts and id supplied by experts—to "synthesize them" favorite phrase) and come to a single con sion.

One week after receiving his master's deg in business administration in June, 1941, married Clara. While she kept house in a C cago apartment, he worked briefly earn $41 a week as an executive trainee for R. Donnelley & Sons Company, the big Midw printer. Then came four years of valua administrative duty on an "L.M.D." (la metal desk) with the Navy's Bureau of O nance in Washington. Clara took a rec tionist's job in a law office to augment $241.50 a month her husband earned a lieutenant.

When the war ended, Bill decided the b approach to a better job was the direct o He spent his evenings writing brief, poin letters to the presidents of 90 big corporati describing his qualifications for employm More than 80 of them asked him to app

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JOANNA POLLARD'S DIET DAY

Typical Diet Day (1000 calories)

Breakfast:
- Fruit or juice (medium serving)
- Hot tea with sugar substitute
- Toasted crackers (3 plain)

Midmorning:
- Snack of cold cucumber slices, cel radishes, raw-carrot sticks

Lunch:
- Vegetable soup (homemade) or chicke beef broth (large bowl)
- Cottage cheese (¼ cup) and fresh or can dietetic fruit salad.
- Rye toast (1 slice unbuttered)

Midafternoon:
- Fruit juice or nonfat milk (6-ounce glass on chilly days, a cup of hot consomm

Dinner:
- Large tossed salad (served first, to take off appetite and mixed with as m greens and vegetables as possible, wi dressing of lemon juice or vinegar prepared low-calorie dressing)
- Meat, fish or fowl (broiled or baked, erous serving). Choice of steak, chop steak, calf's liver, lamb chop, sliced r lamb, chicken, white fish
- Stewed tomatoes
- Green or yellow vegetable (chosen from paragus, broccoli, string beans, cabb squash, cauliflower)
- Nonfat milk (8 ounces)
- Tea with lemon

Before Bedtime:
- Medium serving of fresh fruit or s serving of fruit gelatin or plain cake

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

for an interview, and after seeing 23 he had 16 solid job offers.

Bill and Clara decided to live in California. They rented a guest cottage in the fashionable Los Angeles suburb of Pasadena, where Bill accepted a job at $90 a week as a member of a management engineering firm in Los Angeles.

His first assignment was to help the Electronic Specialty Company, an aircraft-radio manufacturer, decide whether to market a device which improved the performance of electric shavers. In the process, Bill decided it wouldn't take long to get to the top of this small company so, when offered a job as general salesman for the device, he took it. A few years later, in 1949, the company's radio division was in serious trouble. The firm's net worth had plummeted to less than $9000. In exchange for assuming the liabilities and paying royalties on certain future sales, Bill Burgess became owner of the company.

Bill built up sales by ingenious promotions and by offering special commissions. Paying himself $100 a week, he showed a profit at the end of the first month. Then came the Korean war.

Bill hired an engineering professor at California Institute of Technology part time and signed up with a group of salesmen calling on aircraft manufacturers. Before long he received a contract to produce an electronic sensing device for the engines of jet fighters—and the company was on its way. By 1954 net profits were $118,000 after taxes.

Bill put 30 per cent of his ownership on sale in 1955 and dou the company's net worth. At share, the sale was oversubscribe first day, and Bill's personal a were enormously increased overn When the sale was completed owned 70 per cent of a com worth $1,000,000.

Bill finds the action and the hours of work invigorating—say business is so much fun "it give sixty hours of relaxation a week

"If retirement is freedom to do you like all day," he says, "then already retired."

Does this philosophy pay off? company has had an average ga sales of 50 per cent a year for the ten years.

Not long after the Burgesses arr in California Clara attended a me on the need for greater contribu by women to civic service. "At very moment," the speaker had "the Pasadena police chief has a ing need for women to serve as p officers." Clara went right down t police station and landed a job. standard rookie training, during w she discovered she was a better p shot than most of the men ("Wo usually are for some reason"), she assigned to juvenile-delinquency trol. She earned $325 a month same pay as a patrolman, and also the title of "patrolman," thoug didn't wear a uniform.

Clara learned a lot from her p experience. "My children can't anything over on me. When I information, I know how to get She was glad to quit the force on account: her gun was so heavy it wearing out her handbags.

Recently for her birthday, Bill Clara a check for $11,232, duplica the exact amount of her total earn from the two jobs she had held they got married—the Washin law firm and the Pasadena police

The year they arrived in Califo having had five years of childless riage, they decided to adopt a and applied at each of three ager In 1951, after five anxious yea waiting, they were told to come get their baby the next day. On very day, Clara learned she was g to have a baby of her own.

Clara nursed her children, used a bottle. Molly was weaned cup in six months and Sarah in e The girls were never given paci Clara believes that "love and dling" serve the same purpose. Sh not feed her babies cereal, but o doctor's orders began giving meat by the tenth day. Clara th this diet may be partially the re the girls are so fit now—slim and s

The Burgesses don't smoke or d The family beams with health. S and Molly average only one co winter; at the first sign of a sn Clara feeds them 3000 units (150 of Vitamin C dissolved in orange j

When Bill decided to take off w a few years ago, the whole family on a low-calorie, low-fat, low-su high-protein diet with him. Th been on the diet ever since. trimmed off 40 pounds. Meat t times a day is their mainstay. Alth such delicacies as lamb chops baked bananas appear at the Bu breakfast table, the family eats simply—no fried foods, no pas

Combining skim milk, powd milk and yoghurt, Clara makes a calorie sherbet, which she flavors sweetens with a box of frozen st berries or peaches. She doesn't any sugar. The children never candy, but are allowed as m "yoghurt ice cream" as they wa



e Burgesses' favorite form of entertain- is a dinner party of ten or twelve stimu- g friends. Bill rings a huge old Mexican if he sees anyone talking to his neigh- lone. To encourage a free flow of talk, even dispenses with a centerpiece. The is that dinner conversation goes on and often until it is time for the guests to —and ranges from finance to fashion to rts.

ce in a while, the Burgesses throw a sit- dinner party for as many as 100 guests. nterior sliding glass walls of the living lining areas are pushed open and little are set about. Caterers, who charge $7.50 per guest, are called in.

e of the Burgesses' most extravagant af- was a buffet dinner-dance with an or- a, held on the smooth terrazzo of the ide terrace. The house itself was closed ith powder-room facilities in the guest

WOOD FIRE AND BURNING LEAVES

By SELDEN RODMAN

od fire and burning leaves, the
terrible sweet
mory of you—it hangs upon
the air
e smoke. . . . My loss, my love, is
your deliverance
m this consuming season; but
the wind
at heaps these ashes round my
heart blows too
ere you are lying, and must tell
you so.

o set these flames? What
powder in the night
ere everything was dry, and no
leaf stirred
l every day was like the day
before
ited this? Deep in the long-
healed wound
at fiery armature began to turn?
not know. But I thank God to
burn.

y the pool. The party was lit by can- shapes and sizes. An island of flowers dles floated in the middle of the pool, rkling lights were strung in the olive ook like fireflies, and forty low-wattage nts marked the garden's special beauty. ty or night, arriving at the Burgess Pasadena is an experience. The sixteen- use with its lush enveloping landscape to rise out of the ground. Eight- h stone walls—structural as well as ding garden walls—run in different ns. The house is, in a word, roman- s long and low. High palms, juni- e Spanish firs in front of the house rmous olive trees rising 50 feet behind t that you are about to enter a palace verdant oasis.

the entry hall, shadows and coolness ntrast to the brilliant California sun- he gently wafted sound of a fountain om the atrium, an interior court di- ead open to the sky. Here the Burgess Blue Boy, sits quietly preening itself profusion of broad-leafed tropical

gh the house, past the family's exhibi- raphic art and down three steps, is the om, 50 feet long and 20 feet wide. an those on the bedrooms and bath- ere are no doors between the various ou can sit in the gameroom, for in- nd gaze through a wide opening in the ll into the living room. Beyond the glass wall of the living room, across the terrace and pool, you can see at a distance the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Assessed for insurance purposes at $157,500, the Pasadena house actually was not built for the Burgesses, but has been greatly remodeled since they bought it. To increase the effect of indoor-outdoor living, for example, every wall that originally had a small window in it has been replaced with a sliding wall of glass facing its own planned area of greenery.

On weekends, the Burgess family commutes to Palm Springs, where their principal activities are sports. They do little entertaining, since they have no guest facilities. Behind a 30-foot swimming pool, the house consists of only a bedroom, a bathroom, and a living room with a kitchen in one corner and a sleeping alcove in another.

The lot was long thought impossible to build on. It cost Bill only $3500. After he and his builder, Joe Pawling, accomplished the impossible, an adjoining lot sold for $18,000. The 60′x20′ house, which has an insurance assessment today of $37,500, takes advantage of the precipitous terrain for a spectacular view. Jutting out of the rocks, it gives you the feeling of being on a boat. The Burgesses operate it like a ship, too, but without any crew. (The maids stay behind on weekends to watch over the Pasadena house, and a caretaker is responsible for the Palm Springs house during the week.)

The façade is three fourths sliding glass wall and one fourth stone. Even the bathroom has glass on two sides, as well as on two walls of the shower stall. These walls and the bedroom's look out on a natural reflecting pool that surrounds the western end of the house.

Where the Pasadena house is all rich earth tones, the Palm Springs one is a riot of Mediterranean colors, taking their lead from a blue-and-white life-size ceramic goat in the living room by the late Italian ceramist Guido Gambone. A border of sky-blue tile edges the deep roof overhang. A tremendous cascade of magenta bougainvillaea flowers from the retaining wall that holds the house in place—literally.

The Burgesses usually eat early at one of the town's spectacular restaurants and go to bed early. Sunday mornings, the family goes to church together. Bill, formerly an elder of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Pasadena, has transferred his allegiance to the Episcopal church in Palm Springs.

One of the few times the Burgesses have more than minutes together is on the ride back to Pasadena on Sunday nights. Reveling in their isolation from the telephone and the myriad distractions of their usual day, Bill and Clara sum up for each other the week just past and plan the one ahead. Then conversation may slide into travel talk, their favorite pastime.

Bill flies to New York every few weeks to call on people in Wall Street, and more often than not Clara goes with him—to shop during the day and to accompany him to the theater in the evening.

On one such trip, they found they had to stay in New York over a three-day weekend. For the pure joy, they say, of doing something impulsive and exciting together, they bought tickets on a jet and flew off to London and Paris.

Their real wealth, the Burgesses claim, is in the shape of a spiny white plant called Candles of the Desert growing by their pool, the strength and beauty of an enormous boulder burned red-brown by the desert sun, the shadows of dusk sweeping across the desert, the brown hills turning smoky blue as the halcyon breath of the evening breeze heralds the end of a hot day. Clara often stops whatever she's doing to gaze across at her beloved mountains.

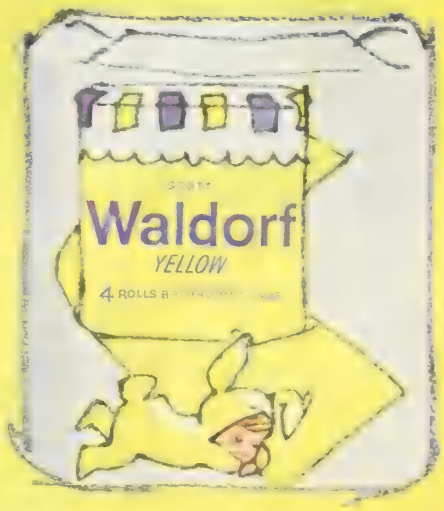
Though Bill does not deny that money has helped give his family these things, what is his own measure of himself today? Why should his friend Douglas Russell call him "a man on the search, still subjecting himself to the unknown"?

Bill Burgess's answer is this: "In terms of the traditional measure of success, many men I know have achieved far more than I in shorter time—I'm just beginning." END

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PRINCE
I"

IUED FROM PAGE 56

ready imitate the easy drawl of Nat " Cole and sing *Thank Heaven for Girls* word-perfectly and in the gritty a of Maurice Chevalier.

e prince and I," Princess Grace told us, spend as much time as we can with the n. We *like* to do things with them. We em swimming, and we take them for lunches with us. When their nurse is y I have them with me all day. She is on at present." Explaining the dolly clut- the nursery, Princess Grace said, ine is going through a period when es playing with dolls."

line's brother, Albert Alexander Louis aged three and heir to the throne, has ther's blond coloring and his father's is profile. "The little prince loves horses ts a lot of pleasure out of the rocking his mother said. But Albert's favorite

ROYALTY VISITS OUR HOUSE

By JANE HESS

Halloween, from Babylon, the queen
ne to the tamp, tamp of a tambourine,
uring a proud serpent on her head,
a white shroud, for she had long been dead.

alone she came, with handmaids none,
there were only milk and a sugar bun
offer that elegant Babylonian queen,
ending to be me on Halloween.

horse is his father. No wooden steed ssibly be so satisfying as a brisk canter he room on Prince Rainier's broad rs. How surprised his subjects would ey could see their sovereign playing children, his face distorted in *Grand* grimaces as he stalks little Caroline ert while they shriek in mock terror delight.

usband and my children are my prime and have first call on my time," the said. And as she spoke of her new five years of marriage, one wondered forever-after" happiness would stand rutiny. Although the setting for this romance resembles nothing so much nciful stage of a Monte Carlo ballet, itself is quite real and has been de- itself for centuries.

urneyed by automobile to Monaco he princess, though horse-drawn car- uld have seemed more appropriate. climbed the steep, narrow road which up the northern face of the command- nontory on which stands the ancient ominating the one-square-mile do- the Grimaldis.

sun-splashed *Place du Palais* we he *Palais Princier*, with its ramparts ers, its brooding cannon and ancient s the familiarity of dreams. It is the on one's imagination always supplied storybook phrase, "and he bore her his castle on the mountaintop."

her side of the archway men of the *carabinièri*, more chic than warlike lue helmets, black tunics, white belts, ed trousers and white spats, stood at attention before sentry boxes striped red and white in the national colors. Above the corner tower the Grimaldi flag fluttered from a staff resembling a peppermint stick.

A *carabinièri* officer, his uniform splendid with red-and-white braid, snapped a smart salute as we walked to the side gate and murmured the magic password:

"*Rendezvous avec la princesse.*"

He escorted us through the archway and across the cobbled outer and inner courtyards. In the palace itself, we mounted a winding, red-carpeted stairway to cross a marble corridor. A frock-coated, white-gloved footman opened the double doors of the salon where we awaited the princess.

The Renaissance room breathes the soft air of a woman's affectionate interest, gentle as the bowl of mauve sweet peas on one of the low lacquer coffee tables. Soon the double doors opened, the footman bowed low, and the princess entered to greet us.

Protocol requires a slight bow or a curtsy, hard for Americans to learn. (When Princess Grace lunched with Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace it was Grace who curtsied. The queen, as a reigning monarch, ranks above a sovereign princess in the royal order.)

During that lunch, the queen expressed considerable interest in the princess's life as a movie star and asked many questions about the film *High Society*.

"She's the most beautiful person I have ever seen," Britain's queen said of Monaco's princess when lunch was over.

And now the American-born princess, smiling, slender, looked as regal to us as the princess in *The Swan* (her last motion picture). But she was even lovelier now than ever she had been on the screen. Marriage and motherhood had enhanced the natural patrician beauty of Philadelphia's most famous daughter.

In a tweed suit of honey-gold beige made by Balenciaga, tortoise-shell glasses swinging lightly between fingers with pink-tinted nails, she was like sunshine itself. There were flashes of gold—a brooch shaped like a French poodle pinned to her lapel, a bracelet of gold leaves encircling one wrist and a gold bracelet watch the other. The huge diamond in the ring which was her husband's engagement gift (worn with the slim wedding band) was her only jewel.

About that famous Kelly smile: it radiates warmth from the blue depths of her beautiful nearsighted eyes. It must surely console those who, on occasions, have thought themselves overlooked by the myopic princess. Quite literally, Princess Grace does not *see* people when she is without glasses. She needs them always, but is too feminine to put them on with tiara, ball gown and jewels.

"Why is it that my wife always looks so beautiful in photographs while I appear as some double-chinned monster?" Prince Rainier had teased ruefully. Of course he is very proud of his fair Philadelphian whose slender shoulders bear the heavy robes of royal existence with such patrician grace.

But one of the princess's long-time friends, Miss Vera Maxwell, had told us, "There are problems in all marriages and I don't think the princess ever expected there wouldn't be any in hers. But she isn't a starry-eyed little girl, one of those women who go around saying 'I'm not happy' as though happiness is something that should be given to them. She knew that her marriage meant problems—a new country, a new language—and she has overcome them. It has been a hard undertaking. But she has an inner discipline. It is an innate thing—something I am sure she doesn't know she has herself. And I am sure the prince saw this in her immediately he met her."

Grace saw something unusual in him, too, on that first meeting, when the fairy tale all began. Pierre Galante, an executive director of the French magazine *Paris Match*, arranged it when Grace was at the Cannes Film Festival for the showing of her Academy Award film, *The Country Girl*. The prince was late back from lunching with friends, and by the time he got there Grace had already seen round the palace. So he took her on a tour of the gardens instead.

They came to the cages holding the prince's private zoo, for one of his hobbies is collecting wild animals. Casually, as from force of habit, Rainier slipped his hand through the bars of one of the cages. Grace gasped.

"Wouldn't you have gasped?" she asked us. "There was a tiger in that cage! The prince was patting the animal!"

That first meeting, though dramatic, proved short. The following December, Prince Rainier paid a visit to the United States—sometimes known as "Grace Kelly country." Late on Christmas Day, 1955, he arrived at the comfortable, "slightly Georgian" Kelly house in Philadelphia. There and at the home of Grace's elder sister, Peggy (Mrs. George Davis), the evening passed in happiest revelry.

In the sparkling winter days that followed, Grace and the prince were seen about New York a lot together. Then, on the morning of December 29, Grace telephoned her mother. "Mother," she sighed, "I'm in love."

The American beauty was to marry a prince.

Grace was the third child (born November 12, 1929) of John Brendan Kelly, son of an immigrant farm worker from Ireland's County Mayo, and of Margaret Major, a former athletic instructor at the University of Pennsylvania.

"My father was second to the youngest in a family of nine," said the princess. "He started working for an older brother who had a



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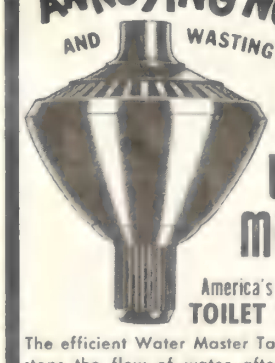


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construction business. He worked as a timekeeper, laborer and bricklayer."

When at 30 he decided to go into business for himself, a brother, Walter (a top vaudeville entertainer of his day), lent him the money to get started. Two other brothers also helped John—George, the playwright, who was to get a Pulitzer prize for *Craig's Wife*, and Patrick, the contractor. When John B. Kelly died in 1960 he was a wealthy man by almost any standards.

Grace's school days were at the Academy of the Assumption, Ravenhill, the expensive epitome of Philadelphia's Catholic schools, and at the Stevens School for Girls in Chestnut Hill. "English and history were the subjects I enjoyed most," she says. "And languages—French, Latin and Spanish. I played a lot of field hockey, which was a big sport in those days—and still is."

She was on the Stevens School hockey squad for four years, one year on the basketball team. And after school she was one of the crowd gathering frequently at the soda counter of Wagner's Drugstore for sodas, Cokes and such excited confidences as "Guess *who* was at the movies with *so-and-so* last night!"

At thirteen, Grace Kelly had her first date—with a boy named Harper Davis. They attended a basketball game and dance at William Penn Charter School. It was nearly a mile from her home and the youngsters walked.

In the Stevens School yearbook for 1947 the legend under Grace Kelly's photograph reads: "She is very likely to become a stage and screen star."

We asked about her teenage life. "The teens are rather awful to live through, aren't they? I was rather shy—certainly never much of an extrovert. They were wonderful years and terrible years. Anxious years."

She paused and added, "Not very happy."

Not quite eighteen, she went to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. "I lived at the Barbizon Hotel for Women," she said, "and studied at the academy for two years. The first year my parents paid for my tuition. After that I supported myself."

She worked as a photographic model, which in the beginning, she said, was difficult. "Then I was lucky and worked regularly. My starting fee was $7.50 an hour. In those days there were not many models who earned more than $15 or $20 an hour. And I stopped modeling just when the fees began to go higher because I got my first part in a play in New York."

But she enjoyed modeling. "It was good experience," she said, "though weight was a problem for me. I was always a little on the heavy side—the healthy-American-girl look. So they picked me for advertisements—shampoos, beer and cigarettes." (She does not smoke.)

It was in 1947 that Grace Kelly enrolled at the Academy of Dramatic Art. Two years later, in November, 1949, she made her Broadway debut in Strindberg's *The Father* at the Cort Theater. When the play ended its run, she made the rounds of the casting offices. It was discouraging.

"I couldn't get another job on Broadway," she explained. "I wasn't really the ingénue type and didn't have name enough for a lead. But there were television plays. I did quite a few—oh, sixty or eighty. There was a series based on the stories of Somerset Maugham. There were detective plays—things like *Treasury Men in Action*.

"And I went into summer stock. I played in Denver, where we did a different play every week for ten weeks. Before that at the Bucks County Playhouse in New Hope, Pennsylvania, I played small parts in two plays, *The Heiress* and *The Torchbearers*. Then I went to California to make *Fourteen Hours*."

Looking back on those film days, Princess Grace said. "I don't think I had any one big break in my work in Hollywood. A career is a series of breaks. One thing leads to another and each is a different kind of break." Thereafter, one success followed another, and finally, just as in a movie, she met and married her prince. The whole world sighed pleasurably over their wedding

When the 23,000-ton liner *Constitution* arrived with the bridal party from America, Prince Rainier's yacht sailed out to meet it. Airplanes and helicopters buzzed overhead, beflagged launches bobbed about, sirens hooted and the palace guns boomed a welcome as the prince's yacht, with Grace Kelly aboard, entered the harbor at Monaco. At noon Grace stepped ashore in the new world she was to share with her prince.

On April 18, the first of the two necessary marriage ceremonies took place in the palace's ornate crimson-and-gold Throne Room.

RUFFLE THE VALANCE BUT WATCH THAT BALANCE

By C. S. JENNISON

Because I pretend to be
systematic,
Each day I compose a list
Of all of the tasks, from basement
to attic,
That otherwise might be missed.
And after I've written
find home for kitten
back stove burner acting funny
hall light socket bad
I wearily add:
REMEMBER DEPOSIT
MONEY

I'm careful to put each list in a
spot
Where I will note and peruse it.
And, really, the list would help
a lot,
Except that I always lose it.
But if I forget
door handle wet
put slip covers out if sunny
There's one thing of all
I'm sure to recall:
REMEMBER DEPOSIT
MONEY

Mid hovels and palaces though
I roam,
Of all the chores I endeavor,
There's one little item around
the home
That stays on my list forever.
Although, for example
get wallpaper sample
tell kids to put top on honey
Will stand rearranging,
One item's unchanging:
REMEMBER DEPOSIT
MONEY

Before 8 o'clock next morning guests began to appear at Monaco's white stone cathedral for the religious ceremony. At 10:35 the murmurs of the congregation were hushed by the swelling tones of the organ as the bride entered on the arm of her father. Twenty-five yards of *peau de soie*, twenty-five yards of silk taffeta, one hundred yards of silk net and three hundred yards of lace swayed in her bell-shaped skirt with its rose-point bodice.

Two minutes later Prince Rainier arrived in full-dress uniform, resplendent as a cavalier from old romance. By the laws of protocol, Princess Grace had been denied any possibility of keeping her bridegroom waiting. But Rainier is both a prince *and* a gentleman. Grace had to enter the cathedral first, but he was careful to be sitting outside in his automobile, so that he could join her immediately.

Both looked pale as the long and solemn rites proceeded. The wedding rings were blessed and presented on their white satin cushions. Grace's ring stuck as the prin placed it on her finger. She drew her har away, eased the ring into position, then held out again for Rainier. Grace Kelly was nc Princess Grace, citizen of Monaco.

Their first child, Princess Caroline Loui Marguerite, was born on January 23, 195 "With us, give thanks to God and rejoice ended the official announcement signed Prince Rainier's tight, cramped hand. Mon gasques and the principality's foreign colo gave thanks with bouquets, champagne, a cheers of "*Vive la princesse!*"

The fireworks, church bells, sirens, flags a champagne were repeated on March 14, 195 This time cannons reached the twenty-fi volley Caroline had received and went booming 101 times, signaling the birth Albert Alexander Louis Pierre.

The birth of a prince was not essential Monaco's continued existence as an ind pendent principality. Though Albert nc takes precedence over his sister, there nothing in the tradition of the dynasty whi would have prevented Caroline from rulin Prince Rainier, in fact, ascended to the so ereignty through his mother, Princess Cha lotte, who married Count Pierre de Polignac 1921 and renounced her right of succession favor of her son in an edict issued on June 1944.

Photographs do not do justice to him. B fore the camera, he usually appears solem which he isn't. At 38, he is a ruggedly har some man—tanned, with a seafarer's eyes a a neatly trimmed mustache. His wavy bro hair is receding slightly. He stands 5' slightly taller than his princess.

Rainier III is the last absolute sovereign Europe. In Monaco, what he says goes. F instance, in 1959, irritated by a long delay ov the passing of the annual budget, he dismiss the principality's elected eighteen-memb National Assembly. Pending the revised co stitution, he has since run Monaco comfo tably with the help of a National Council a pointed by himself.

This method of government can work li a charm for a country like Monaco. T Monegasque population suffer no incor tax, no corporate tax, no inheritance tax direct line, no unemployment, no milita draft, no public debt, no crime worth mentic ing. There is sufficient money in the trea ury (stored in the palace) to see Mona through the next twelve months even *with* tourists!

But how the tourists flock to Monac Instead of Ocean City, New Jersey, where a seaside cottage Princess Grace spent h childhood summers, she now has the m fabulous three-mile stretch of seashore in world right at her feet. It is a strip of coast l which takes in Monte Carlo, Europe's preme resort—a place of diamond glit where the women are mostly beautiful a the men are necessarily rich; of sleek yacl purring cars, superb restaurants, scintill night clubs and, dominating it all, the Casi

Curiously enough, Princess Grace has ne been in the gaming rooms at the Casi though she once visited those in nea Cannes during her movie-star days. T original 98-year-old charter under which gaming rooms operate prohibited the adm sion of native Monegasques. Prince Rain honors this tradition carefully as an exam to his subjects.

Tradition is, in fact, the foundation ston Princess Grace's new life. Her palace, built the form of a hollow square surrounding cobbled *Cour d'Honneur*, contains a room a a ritual for everything. There is an armory, walls clanking with ancient weapons. Th are archives, offices, staff quarters, a priv chapel.

On the west side of the courtyard the t curves of the grand staircase sweep up to state apartments—five large reception roo and four historic suites for visiting monarc Most fascinating to the princess's childre the *Galerie des Glaces*, corridor of mirr An arrangement of facing concave and c vex mirrors gives the illusion of endless s and a single wave of little Caroline's hand

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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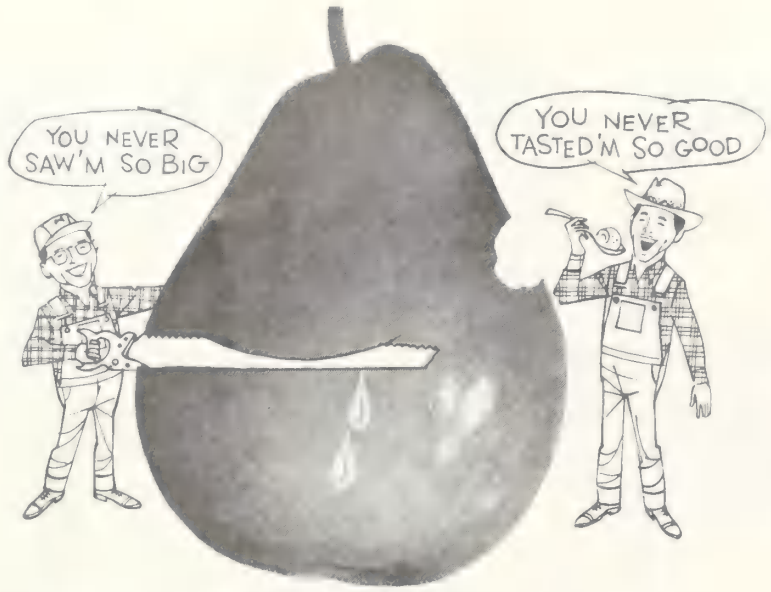
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

be answered by a thousand ghostly greetings. So down through the centuries, little princesses must have saluted their destiny.

The princess and her family live in a small private suite in the west wing of the palace, the windows opening onto the gardens gay with mimosa, bougainvillaea and orange trees. She can step from the off-white bedroom she shares with her husband out onto a gallery that overlooks the Monaco sports stadium. Prince Rainier likes to pretend that he enjoys the economy of a free aerial view of the local soccer games played by the championship Monaco teams.

The suite also provides a dressing room, bathroom, dining room, sitting room, library and bar. Joined to this main apartment is the nursery—two bedrooms, a day room, kitchen and laundry.

The sitting room of the private apartment reflects the princess's personality in every shade of blue. Most enchanting is the blue-and-gilt love seat cherished from her movie-star days, built for three; the French call it an *indiscret*.

"It's rather unusual," Princess Grace said of it. "You don't find them very often."

Though the sitting room is feminine, the wood-paneled bar which Prince Rainier designed for himself is very much a male den, bristling with mugs, stools, bar gadgets and ash trays.

To enter the children's nursery is to go into certain sunlight. Yellow and white and trimmed with paintings by the French comic artist, Philippe Josse, it spills over with playthings. The leopard *must* be stuffed, but the French poodle, Canela, is very much alive and named for its color, cinnamon, in Spanish.

"The princess is not a doting mother, hovering over every word her children utter, or a 'don't do,' mother," said Miss Maxwell. "She lets them have freedom, lets them do all sorts of things in their play periods. But when they do something wrong, she is quick to reprimand them. She likes children generally and absolutely loves her own two. . . . But she never talks down to them. She has never spoken to them in baby talk."

It must be hard to resist talking baby talk to four-year-old Caroline. Blue-eyed, brown-haired and doll-jointed, she is an exquisite little creature with Gallic liveliness of imagination. Of course, at her age the nursing profession makes its usual strong appeal and many of Caroline's dolls have been very, very sick. All are expected to recover.

The little princess sings a lot. When she doesn't know the words, she improvises with *tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la.* Overhearing her on one occasion, Miss Maxwell asked, "What's that you're singing, Caroline? It doesn't seem to have any words."

"Oh, it isn't a song," Caroline explained. "It's a little Italian bird that's got stuck in my throat."

Small brother Albert is more deliberate and decisive. He has reached the cowboy-and-Indian stage, and after seeing the *Cochise* show on television one day, he hailed every Monegasque he met with a solemn "How!" right hand upraised. For cowboy games, Prince Albert dashes about the palace in a Roy Rogers hat, clicking an imaginary gun with his right forefinger and crying "Bang, bang!" most Americanly.

Albert and Caroline are called just that by their parents. "No nicknames—no pet names?" we asked.

"None that have stuck," Princess Grace replied.

Prince Rainier, in fact, is careful always to address them fully; but Princess Grace, though she says she dislikes diminutives, has been heard to lapse into "Albie" when speaking to her little son.

Usually the day begins for the princess at about 8:30 when she arises leisurely. Breakfast is served in the pleasant dining room with its big round mahogany table. Caroline and Albert join their parents, the children escorted from the nursery by Miss Maureen King, the nurse whose infectious laugh little Caroline has begun to copy. The prince and princess prefer a Continental breakfast, but for the children there is an American one—fruit juice, cereal, milk, sometimes an egg and someti yoghurt.

After breakfast Prince Rainier slips awa his green-walled office with its long g leather-topped desk and the Italian port typewriter on which he taps out memora to his staff. The windows of his office look on views of Monaco which might have b clipped from a movie travelogue.

Wall shelves hold the prince's collectio miniature racing cars. He is an indefatig collector: wild animals, phonograph reco antique porcelain—he collects them all. collection of Napoleonic relics is almost tainly the best in private ownership anywh in the world.

The prince is a man of varied interests varied his wife sometimes has difficult keeping pace with him—and encyclop knowledge on subjects ranging from skin ing to archaeology, from zoology to m racing. He was educated at two school England, Stowe and Summerfields, where was champion boxer for his weight; at Rosey in Switzerland, where he was pr inent in school dramatics; and at the Uni sity of Montpellier. He also studied polit science in Paris.

As a youngster he was solidly built, mostly smiling when out of camera ra unaffected and popular. He is still all th things.

The descendant of a long line of figh men, Prince Rainier volunteered for French army in World War II, serving as S ond Lieutenant Grimaldi with the First gerian Infantry Regiment and as liaison off with the Texas 36th Infantry Division. He present at the capture of Strasbourg and surrender of Berlin and wound up hold both the Croix de Guerre and the Leg d'Honneur.

Prince Rainier came to the throne of M aco on the death of his grandfather in 19 Currently the principality is enjoying a bo and Martin Dale, the U.S. economics exp who is one of Rainier's personal advisers, s no likelihood of a letup for twenty years least. Everywhere you look the signs are dent. Crane jibs swing, compressed-air ha mers clatter and bulldozers snort as ten- twelve-story concrete blocks—skyscrapers European standards—rise cheek by jowl w the burnt-sienna terra-cotta houses and vi of old Monaco.

By far the greatest proportion of the st income comes from the 2.75 per cent sales t from customs receipts shared with Fran from the state-controlled tobacco monopo and from issue after issue of those beautifu designed Monegasque postage stamps wh are sought so eagerly by collectors.

Tourism, the principality's biggest mon spinner, is on the upgrade—and Prince R nier's marriage to Princess Grace has been influencing factor. While the number of U tourists visiting the neighboring French res of Nice has gone down in recent years, Mo aco's figures have gone steadily up—fr 10,671 in 1956 (the year of the wedding) 18,072 last year. The number of light industr and corporations headquartering in Mona has likewise increased.

Because their palace on the Rock is th home as well as their place of work, it is a sim ple matter for Prince Rainier to "pop rou the corner" at midday and lunch with his wi

"We invariably lunch together," said t princess, "and that is something unheard of

JUST GRATE

By AILEEN FITZPATRICK

Kids are like sugar:
The thought that they're sweet
Is out of your mind
When they're under your feet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

Anne Klein's dreams begin with a *maidenform* girdle







the dream of a dress:

Anne Klein's witty (not to mention *dazzling!*) sweater and skirt. The fabric—burnt-sugar brown wool with a glittery Midas touch (the stuff that glamorous evenings are made of). Wear this full length feature to the movies—at home! Coming and going attraction: the Maidenform long legs girdle.



the dream of a girdle:

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ANNE KLEIN, MULTI-AWARD WINNING DESIGNER FOR "JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

America. American women never see their husbands for lunch. But here there is no such thing as women lunching together."

When time permits the prince also likes to go along to see the Paris collections with his American-born wife and help her select her wardrobe. Though he usually commends her own taste in clothes he is European enough to criticize should she chance to appear in something unsuitable.

"Please don't wear that dress any more," he will say, gently yet unmistakably. And the princess doesn't.

The few times a dress has had to be thus banished, it was usually considered a bit too fitted or a trifle too low in the neckline—both cardinal fashion sins in Prince Rainier's eyes.

Yet he can be a broad-minded husband. Postage-stamp bikinis are almost an un-dress uniform along the Bardotized beaches of the Riviera, with husbands enjoying the feminine summertime scenery completely until their own wives decide to become part of it. Then they draw the line. But it was Prince Rainier who actually suggested to Princess Grace, "You should get yourself a bikini for sun bathing."

The princess smiled as she told us the story. She did buy one, but has never plucked up courage to don it. However, on an earlier visit to the U.S. she bought a leopard-print elasticized bathing suit for herself with matching suit for little Caroline and leopard trunks for Prince Albert.

Given the chance, Caroline del in dialing calls on the cream-col telephones with which the palace terconnected. If her father happe be a little late coming through his office toward the end of the she will call him up and demand he hurry over to see her before goes to bed for the night.

"I love to try to do as much as sible for the children," Princess C went on. "I brush Caroline's hai self. I order all their meals, I try t the children when they are ha lunch. Then I see them again i evening before they go to bed. I them good night. They have no got into the daily habit of sa prayers, but I say them with each night ——"

She broke off, smiling. Hers wa happy, contented smile of a y woman who needs no excuse to s to the brim the all-too-fleeting jo motherhood.

How far does the princess n the upbringing of her childre memories of her own childhood

"One takes things from one's ents perhaps without realizing it, said thoughtfully. "My own pa gave us a very happy childhood had a lovely time as children.

"I hope to bring up my chi with love, affection, common and good will. I'm afraid I'm severe at times. Outsiders might I'm too hard on the children; give them as much love as I give discipline, and it seems to wor very well."

When he was only two and a little Prince Albert could sit thr Mass without fidgeting. This i sort of discipline those born to station must learn, and they must mit to it early.

The children are being brougi to be bilingual. Though their pr nurse, Maureen King, is a fresh- young Englishwoman, French i official language of the palace nu

"I started French as the nu language before Miss King car us," the princess explained. "S speaks it with the children. A speaks French better than En but with Caroline it's about same."

For Princess Grace, English tinues to be the language she slip as one might slip into a comfor robe when speaking to her fami think my French will be a cor struggle," she confessed, "thou five years it has improved a lit could read it and write it bef came to Monaco, but I had se heard it spoken."

All the same, she startled us by denly rattling French like a s giving rapid instructions for less when workmen in the palace gr banged too loudly beneath the dows.

"Soon now," she remarked, se back again among the pillows; children will be starting their stu In French," the princess added, v smile. A tutor at home will be th step. Later, to prepare him fo throne, Albert will have an educ similar to the one his father rece a preparatory school in England lowed by a spell at Le Rosey Swiss "school for kings" v Britain's Duke of Kent, King douin of the Belgians, and the Sh Persia were also sent; then a polish at a university in France United States or England.

Though Prince Rainier's rule s feudal in concept, there is nothi the medieval prince about his ods. An intelligent, dynamic, working man, he runs the princi on strictly business lines. In an

Menus and Recipes from Around the World



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SAUTÉED CHICKEN WITH PARSLEY
POTATO SOUFFLÉ* • BROILED TOMATOES
GREENGROCER SALAD
FRENCH BREAD • BLUE BONNET MARGARINE
CHERRY BREAD PUDDING • COFFEE

RECIPE

***POTATO SOUFFLÉ**

1 cup milk
¼ cup (½ stick) Blue Bonnet Margarine
3 cups mashed potatoes
½ cup grated American cheese
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites

Beat milk and Blue Bonnet Margarine together in a saucepan. Stir in mashed potatoes; beat until light and fluffy. Beat in American cheese, salt, and dry mustard. Beat egg yolks until thick and light. Fold into potato mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into potato mixture. Turn mixture into a greased 1½ quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 45 to 50 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes about 6 to 8 servings.

ar tourism, realizing that the pending grand dukes of Russia nger exist, he concentrates on ting the new aristocracy—the ess executives.

and Princess Grace see Monaco ning a kind of neutral island ded- to culture and commerce in a e obsessed with power politics. their patronage, the Monte Opera House is beginning to again with the glory it knew in eat days when Serge Diaghilev ballet history there and when ices of Caruso and Chaliapin d among the Riviera stars.

950 Prince Rainier inaugurated ual literary prize of $2000, the inner of which was the Amer- orn writer Julien Green. Last or the first time, the prince set arallel scheme in music, with a prize for a composition of music lasting 2½–3 hours, for a half-hour-or-more sym- , and $1000 for a composition mber music for not more than struments. The winning entries *Prix de Composition Musicale*, at encouraging unknown com- are performed by the National tra of the Monte Carlo Opera, this summer for the third year series of concerts in the palace rd.

ning and order regulate the life ncess Grace and the prince. ly, their year starts in Septem- n the palace reopens after the r recess. A crowded program ners, luncheons, receptions, rations, galas and religious cer- s keeps her busy throughout the autumn and winter. They tway for a few days in Paris he princess replenishes her be, and sometimes it is pos- r them to slip out to the Paris then.

her break comes in February hey relax for three or four n their tiny chalet at Gstaad, land. Here they ski, live the ife, and happily let their chil- ay with the children from ring chalets.

sked the princess to compare life with the old movie-star

n one is working, there are g hours at the studios—from the morning until six in the or later," she said. "Here we re our job is—so to speak—in ce, where we work; it is not g to work in the studios. It is different that it is hard to .

main duty is receiving with and—appearing officially with ddition, I am president of the sque Red Cross. That takes a bit of my time. I am honor- dent of both the Girl Guides *Dames de Charité*. As Monaco ll, it is also my job to keep an s orphanage, the old people's d the hospital.

all these activities, I don't much time as I should like. I e to look after my children. and and my children are my terest and have first call on

meals with the chef. I see to decorations with the very housekeeper. At our villa I do the household chores, too. at the palace I don't have the

ay not sound like a burden- edule, but it is. A single Europe, *luncheon* runs from alf past two and can involve eight courses—takes much The princess checks every- e is meticulous over detail. The candy dish in the sitting room must contain chocolates, though she never touches them herself. The cigarette boxes are kept filled, though she does not smoke.

Flowers, to which she *is* addicted, are always fresh in their vases and usually yellow—great armfuls of mimosa, for example, are brought regularly from the palace gardens by one of the eight gardeners.

When she was a child, the princess recalled, her mother ran the red brick house in the East Falls section of Philadelphia with a staff of three—cook, maid, houseman. There was also a chauffeur. At the *Palais Princier* she has four chauffeurs, and the royal staff from pantry maids to personal aides and ladies in waiting—to say nothing of the *carabinieri*—numbers a hundred and twenty.

These days, Princess Grace can go nowhere unaccompanied—usually by a lady in waiting. On private visits, such as the one she paid to her old home in Philadelphia earlier this year, the lady in waiting sometimes gives way to her secretary, Miss Blum. But there is always someone.

At official functions, everyone stands to face Princess Grace and her husband when they enter. No one may sit until they have first seated themselves, no one dances until they have first taken the floor, and no one would dream of leaving until they have gone.

Prince Rainier is correctly addressed as "Your Highness" the first time you speak to him and as "Sir" during the remainder of the

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SWISS CHERRY VANILLA TORTE



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SWISS CHERRY VANILLA TORTE

Bake cake in layers. Cool. Whip 1½ cups whipping cream with ⅓ cup sifted confectioners' sugar and 1 teasp. McCormick or Schilling Vanilla, until stiff. Mix 1 can (1-lb. 6-oz.) cherry pie filling with a few drops of McCormick or Schilling Red Food Color, and 2 tablesp. grated orange rind; reserve ⅓ cup of liquid part of mixture. Spread 1 cup whipped cream on 1 layer, spoon reserved ⅓ cup juice on top of whipped cream. Cover with top layer. Frost cake with remaining whipped mixture. Spoon cherry pie filling over top of cake, allowing to drip down sides. Chill.

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conversation. The princess is similarly addressed as "Your Highness" initially and should be "Ma'am" from then on, as with Queen Elizabeth.

There are times when Princess Grace feels that the sumptuous banquets which are such an important part of her official life are having a lingering effect on her figure. Then she diets, for it is also her duty to stay beautiful.

The bulk of what might be called Princess Grace's "official" wardrobe comes from Balenciaga, Givenchy and Lanvin and is selected each October when she and Prince Rainier stay for a short time in their Paris apartment off the Boulevard Victor Hugo. The princess also patronizes the Ravenale *haute couture* establishment in the Boulevard des Moulins. Monte Carlo's main shopping thoroughfare, and stores in nearby Nice as well.

English-made tweeds are basic to her daytime palace wardrobe, but at sea or at Roc Agel, their hideaway home in the mountains, she often relaxes in slacks and sweaters. Even at Roc Agel she is always magnificently groomed and impeccably dressed. Her slacks are tailored, her coiffure perfect. Her natural bent is to wear clothes easily and simply. This she does, whether gardening in slacks or making an appearance publicly in a gray Givenchy suit with blue satin hat, but as one forever *on stage*.

Compared with other queens and princesses, Princess Grace owns only a small amount of jewelry. Monaco has no crown jewels like Britain's multi million-dollar collection. The Grimaldis have few family heirlooms. One magnificent one, though, an opulent drop pearl the size of a small plum, encircled with tiny rubies and topped by a diamond crown, has been handed on to the princess. Worn suspended from a delicate gold chain, it was a gift from her father-in-law, Prince Pierre, having once belonged to Prince Rainier's great-grandmother.

The tiara Princess Grace wears with such natural dignity on official occasions—the dinner General de Gaulle gave for them at the Élysée Palace in Paris, for instance—was a wedding gift from her husband. Her beautiful diamond necklace and matching earrings and bracelet were from the Monegasque government.

To see Princess Grace in all the splendor of an official function, the bodice of a bead-embroidered white satin evening gown slashed diagonally across by the red-and-white sash of the Order of St. Charles, is to see her at her most radiant but not necessarily at her most typical. Life, for a princess as for any other woman, can be quite *daily*.

Her husband away to his office in the morning, the children settled with their nanny, Princess Grace goes to her office in the tower of the palace, settles herself at her Queen Anne writing desk and, assisted by Miss Blum, tackles the day's mail. There are seldom fewer than fifty letters for her.

Personal and social letters she answers herself, in her big, looped handwriting on notepaper embossed with a turquoise crown and bearing the address: Palais de Monaco. On special occasions—Christmas and birthdays—the volume of mail swells considerably.

"There was a tremendous amount of mail when the children were born," the princess told us, "seven thousand letters in one day for Caroline's birth." Every letter was acknowledged.

Her mail dealt with the princess slides into her black-and-gray Rolls-Royce (there are also a white Jaguar and a black Citroën DS in the royal garage) and drives down the steep slopes from the palace to her office at the Red Cross headquarters along the *Quai des États-Unis*. As president of the Monegasque Red Cross she is determined to be no figurehead.

One of her first actions there was to organize a blood-donor system, which she launched successfully by persuading Prince Rainier to part with a pint of his own "blue" blood.

The princess told us about some of her other Red Cross concerns.

"We do a lot of work with housing problems," she said. "The Red Cross always tries to help where the question of health is involved."

Of course Princess Grace indulge purely feminine outings from the palace Sometimes the Rolls will draw up outsid elegant Hôtel de Paris and a famous h head will hurry inside to be shampooed set by tall M. Charley or slim Mme. Ly the hairdressing salon.

"But I often do my own hair," she to

There are many visits to stores alon Boulevard des Moulins, Monte Carlo's thoroughfare with its luxury shops.

"You have more idea of what's ava if you go into a store instead of simply o ing things to be delivered," the princes plained, the home-town Philadelphia showing through her words. "I usually alone or take the children with me one time. I find people don't recognize easily then."

It seemed incredible to us that Holly Grace Kelly could ever go anywhere wi being recognized, but we discovered late few were aware of her presence in the de Paris when she lunched there inco with the Cary Grants one day.

"In the palace it is the prince who the decisions regarding any changes decoration," she said firmly. "The p after all, is quite old and in constant ne repair. Each year we do something els what we do is best described as 'upkeep' than as 'change.' Our only real chang building the nursery.

"The prince has had central heatin stalled in the east wing, in addition to o vate apartment, where it was put in se

It is no use walking anywhere preach unless we preach as we wal

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSI

eight years ago. The garage has been ernized and we have recently built a p the palace garden. The prince designed i self."

The new pool is a heated one and Pr Grace told us that she was arranging ming lessons for Caroline this year.

Princess Grace loves the water herse sometimes in June she drives along th front avenue named after her to take he dren to the swimming pool at Monte beach.

"We go in the mornings," she told us fore the beach is too crowded."

Inevitably the tourist cameras click, ever, and later in the summer, as the reaches its peak, the princess and her retreat to Roc Agel, 1000 feet above M

Nicknamed "*le ranch*" by the local sumably because riding horses are co there, Roc Agel is certainly not a ra American standards. It is a two-stor vençal villa with a roof of red tiles an dows shuttered in dream-world blue. P Grace and her husband have been car preserve the rough plaster of the walls a Moorish-looking arches typical of the

The terrace looks right across the M ranean to the coast of Italy. Benea terrace a rolling hill drops off into i Here a young couple can feel absolutel in the world—that East of the Sun, W the Moon mood—and it is not hard derstand what first attracted the bri groom to the spot.

In April when the yellow gorse bloo round, Roc Agel's landscape becomes while at high summer it is always cool ter how the coast below steams and b the sun. The princess loves it, for her only the children's nanny and two o servants about, she casts off all her ro that of wife and mother.

On the cook's day off Princess G able to feed and bathe her children, ar when the cook is there she occasional becues steaks or prepares her own ver chop suey in her American-style kitcher

While the princess indulges in chil and cooking, Prince Rainier climbs his small farm tractor and tills the soil. European male, the American suburb his barbecue apron appears unmanly;

e of gentleman farmer is quite acceptable. e orange trees he planted some time back flourishing, and he has many other ambi- ıs agricultural plans.

Sunday evenings Father Francis Tucker, the nce's American-born chaplain, comes up n Monaco to say Mass in the villa's tiny vate chapel. And so summertime passes in ceful ordinariness, until in the fall and naco again, the formal life of operas, galas, quets and affairs of state begins once more. Ve asked Princess Grace about the movies ibited at the palace, for part of the garage been converted into a cinema and films are wn there regularly during the winter.

Prince Rainier, she said, particularly enjoyed Westerns. "I think all men do, don't they?" she added. "I like them myself."

But in all her five years as Princess de Monaco she has rerun only one of her own movies, *To Catch a Thief*, and that was because of its Riviera background. As for new movies, she had a bit part in a color travel documentary, *Invitation to Monte Carlo*, for which she received not one franc! Sixteen-millimeter color films are her media nowadays, and she has taken reams of them starring two irreplaceable performers, Caroline and Albert. To Princess Grace, they seem the most worth-while movies of all. END

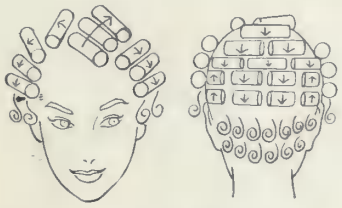
One man's choice: tiny well-seasoned shrimp on white bread; thi nickel; a bowl of split-pea soup. All familiar foods, but here





EASY FOR DAYTIME

ELEGANT FOR EVENING



For daytime comb-out: *Brush the hair and part on right side. To achieve fullness on the top, lift the hair slightly with the brush from underneath. Comb side and back hair into soft waves. Ends can turn up or under.*

To set the front top section, use 4 large rollers. Place 3 at an angle and roll the hair away from the face. The fourth is placed perpendicular to the others and rolled under and toward the part. Side sections are set on rollers, perpendicular to the hairline, with the hair rolled under toward the ears. Two large reverse pin curls go on each side at ear level. One roller goes on the top center crown with the hair rolled away from the face. The back hair is set parallel to the hairline. All hair is rolled under with the exception of two small rollers on each side which are rolled up. Set back ends in two rows of forward pin curls—8 to the left, 5 to the right.

For evening comb-out: *Back-comb underneath top section and comb top hair over section into soft waves. To hold front hair in place while combing the back into a French twist, use clips behind the ears. Then comb ends of front section smoothly into the twist. Loop ends of crown hair over top of twist.*





HARVEST HAMCAKES

Pour small pancakes onto hot griddle. Top each with 1 tbsp. Underwood Deviled Ham. Cover with more batter, brown on both sides. Serve with syrup or with sour cream and hot orange sauce made by mixing ½ c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cornstarch with 1 c. orange juice. Cook until thickened. Add 3 tbsp. butter. Serve hot.

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FOR THE SHOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Ah, *oui, oui, oui,*" said M. Dumartin brightly.

A remarkably constructed blonde waved vigorously at him from the "E" baggage, and blew him a kiss. He waved back. Twenty feet away, in the "K" baggage, a brunette wiggled her fingers at him and gave him a wink that would have been banned in Boston. M. Dumartin winked complacently back.

"Pretty fair trip, huh?" I said.

A good Gallic shrug told me that most of his trips were pleasant.

"We've got a suite for you at the Algonquin," I said.

"Could you get one more suite there?" asked M. Dumartin. "Three friends came along, the whole Lebrett family—*grandpère*, Roger *père*, and Roger *fils*. They decided they wanted to see America too."

"Well, bless their little hearts," said Millie. "Your relatives?"

"Oh, no," said M. Dumartin with an enigmatic smile. "Business associates only. You will see."

So Millie and I went over to the Algonquin and made arrangements for the extra suite. After a while Dumartin arrived, in a flurry of bellboys and baggage. He nodded at us cheerfully, and just after he'd got into the elevator we heard a loud babble of voices outside in the street.

The Lebretts came rolling into the lobby. *Grandpère* was in the lead, two hundred and fifty pounds of him, with a great hook nose jutting over a sweeping mustache, and a face like weathered adobe. Behind him came Roger *père*, about forty, same coloring, but slim as a whip. Bringing up the rear was Roger *fils*, nineteen or so, looking wide-eyed around the lobby. They were all wearing rough woolen suits, and each one had a scarf wrapped sailor-fashion around his throat. They were not wearing overcoats. *Grandpère* went to the desk and pounded on it with a hand as thick and firm as a rib roast, while Roger *père* began to sign the register with a few swift slashes of a pen.

"Service!" bellowed *grandpère* amiably.

"Sh-h, papa," said Roger *père*, not looking up from his signing. "Make noise upstairs, not here."

"Nobody makes noise any more," said *grandpère*. "Not like the old days."

"You are in a big hotel," said Roger *père* gently.

"But not in my tomb," observed *grandpère*. "Service!"

He pounded on the desk again, and the inkwells jiggled. The desk clerk came over to them with obvious reluctance.

"You have a suite for Lebrett," said Roger *père*.

"A soundproof suite," said *grandpère*. "So I do not disturb anyone."

"*Grandpère!*" said Roger *fils*, smiling shyly.

Millie and I came up to the desk.

"Messieurs Lebrett!" I said, in my finest French accent.

They all swung around as though I had blown the words on a bugle. I introduced myself and Millie.

"Always glad to welcome visitors from the land of wine and roses," I said. "Anything I can do for you while you're here, you just tell me."

They looked at one another, and then back at me. Roger *père* also looked closely at Millie, who colored and glanced down at the floor.

"I don't know offhand what *you* can do for me, Mr. Martin," he said. "But there are certain other possibilities ——"

"I've got great plans for your friend Raoul," I said.

"Plans?" said *grandpère*.

"I'm going to smear him over New York like jam," I said. "Newspaper interviews, radio talks, television appearances—the works."

Nobody said anything for a moment.

"He had no idea there would be anything like that," said Roger *pere*, still smiling at Millie, who was now smiling back. "He thought there might be a brief talk here, a small reception there—no real notoriety."

"I'm not talking about notoriety," I said. "*Publicity*."

"Talk, talk, talk!" boomed *grandpère*. "Lobbies are bad for talking. Come upstairs."

Roger *père* offered Millie his arm, which she took most happily. We went up to the Lebrett suite. After we were all sitting down, Roger *père* reached casually over and lifted Millie's horn-rims up onto her forehead. He held them there for a second.

"Beautiful," he said. "Just like in the movies. Already I love America."

He let the glasses fall back onto her nose. Millie had one of those hit-me-again-I-can-still-hear-him looks on her face.

"Have fun later," I said to Roger *père*. "Right now I want you to tell me a little about your friend Raoul. He can handle himself in interviews? Quick on his feet?"

Roger *père* pursed his lips. "Raoul is actually quite slow on his feet," he said. "He is very good with the girls, and he smokes a cigar well. I would not say too much more."

"He writes a good clear hand," said *grandpère*.

"He also wrote *Il Fait Bon Dormir*," I told him.

"No he didn't," said Roger *père*. "Amiable though he is, he could not accurately describe a small cow entering a large pasture."

"Then where *is* the author?" I said a wildly.

"I tell you this so that you do not expe much of poor Raoul," said Roger *père* nodded his head briefly to the right, at *g père*, and then briefly to the left, at Roge "We, the three of us, are the stuffing insi Raoul Dumartin."

"Tell the whole story, papa," said Roge "Tell it before I scream," said Millie.

"Think of the advantages," said Roger "of having three viewpoints. Roger *fils* i young enough to see the world with the li wonder of the innocent. Sun on a sloping the smell of new bread, the salty dampn

SANI

TH

Danes consider the ope it with a second slice ered an art and a delig have been developed. F Three of these open sa one cheese—make a he football crowd will **Danish Shrimp with Dill** tiny canned shrimp (or larger shrimp with lemon juice. Place a crisp leaf on slices of lightly buttered, trimmed, firm white bread. Mound about ½ cup shrimp on each. Mix equal amounts of commercial sour cream and mayonnaise, season with lemon juice, liquid hot pepper seasoning and salt. Garnish sandwiches with this and a sprig of fresh dill, or a slice of dill pickle.

Caviar and Sardine: Spread slices of trimmed sweet rye bread with softened butter and over this place a leaf of crisp lettuce. Arrange small Norwegian sardines and a mound of black caviar on each. Garnish with a twisted slice of lemon.

Smoked Salmon with Sour-Cream Cucumbers: Crisp thin slices of peeled cucumber in ice water. Drain and dry well on paper toweling. Season commercial sour cream with vinegar, minced chives, salt and a drop of liquid hot pepper seasoning. Add cucumbers. Lightly butter slices of trimmed firm white bread and top each with a leaf of lettuce. Fold a generous slice of smoked salmon to fit and arrange on the lettuce. Garnish each sandwich with cucumber slices and a sprig of fresh dill or parsley.

Gruyère Cheese and Tomato: Blend a pinch each of minced chives and dry mustard into softened butter and spread on thin slices of trimmed pumpernickel. On each, place one or two leaves of lettuce, small wedges of tomato and several thin slices of processed Gruyère cheese.

couture establishment in the Boulevard des Moulins, Monte Carlo's main shopping thoroughfare, and stores in nearby Nice as well.

English-made tweeds are basic to her daytime palace wardrobe, but at sea or at Roc Agel, their hideaway home in the mountains, she often relaxes in slacks and sweaters. Even at Roc Agel she is always magnificently groomed and impeccably dressed. Her slacks are tailored, her coiffure perfect. Her natural bent is to wear clothes easily and simply. This she does, whether gardening in slacks or making an appearance publicly in a gray Givenchy suit with blue satin hat, but as one forever *on stage*.

Compared with other queens and princesses, Princess Grace owns only a small amount of jewelry. Monaco has no crown jewels like Britain's multi million-dollar collection. The Grimaldis have few family heirlooms. One magnificent one, though, an opulent drop pearl the size of a small plum, encircled with tiny rubies and topped by a diamond crown, has been handed on to the princess. Worn suspended from a delicate gold chain, it was a gift from her father-in-law, Prince Pierre, having once belonged to Prince Rainier's great-grandmother.

The tiara Princess Grace wears with such natural dignity on official occasions—the dinner General de Gaulle gave for them at the Élysée Palace in Paris, for instance—was a wedding gift from her husband. Her beautiful diamond necklace and matching earrings and bracelet were from the Monegasque government.

To see Princess Grace in all the splendor of an official function, the bodice of a bead-embroidered white satin evening gown slashed

hot pepper seasoning and a pinch of salt. Butter thin well-trimmed slices of pumpernickel lightly. Now arrange the egg mixture, curls of crisp bacon and wedges of tomato on each slice.

Pâté with Jellied Consommé: Flavor softened butter with a pinch of onion powder and spread on slices of well-trimmed sour rye bread. Over this place a thin layer of shredded lettuce. Now arrange, on each, 3 slices liver *pâté*, 3 thin slices truffle or canned mushrooms, a few well-drained slices marinated cucumber, and top with a sparkling spoonful of chopped jellied consommé.

Camembert and Radish: Slice chilled wedges of Camembert cheese and set aside for a few minutes to allow the cheese to warm slightly. Place a leaf or two of crisp lettuce on buttered well-trimmed slices of dark rye bread and arrange the cheese on this. Garnish each one of the sandwiches with a radish rose and a slice of black olive for color contrast.

Roast Beef with Horse-radish Cream: Place crisp leaves of lettuce on slices of thin, trimmed sour rye bread or pumpernickel, lightly buttered. Top each with several thin slices of roast beef. Season commercial sour cream with drained prepared horseradish and use this to garnish the sandwich, adding a wedge of hard-cooked egg and a few minced chives.

alone or take the children with me one time. I find people don't recognize me easily then."

It seemed incredible to us that Hollywo Grace Kelly could ever go anywhere wit being recognized, but we discovered later few were aware of her presence in the R de Paris when she lunched there inco with the Cary Grants one day.

"In the palace it is the prince who m the decisions regarding any changes o decoration," she said firmly. "The pa after all, is quite old and in constant ne repair. Each year we do something else what we do is best described as 'upkeep' r than as 'change.' Our only real change building the nursery.

"The prince has had central heatin stalled in the east wing, in addition to ou vate apartment, where it was put in sev

> It is no use walking anywhere t preach unless we preach as we walk
>
> ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIS

eight years ago. The garage has been r ernized and we have recently built a po the palace garden. The prince designed it self."

The new pool is a heated one and Pri Grace told us that she was arranging s ming lessons for Caroline this year.

Princess Grace loves the water herself sometimes in June she drives along the front avenue named after her to take her dren to Roqua



BEN SOMOROFF

vind that comes from the sea—all these resh and new to him, as though they had been seen or smelled or felt by anyone n the whole long history of the world. And young love, with all its sadness and sweet- its trembling delights and its thumbscrew ies—Roger *fils* knows all about that too."

augh, papa," said Roger *fils*. "I *do* know."

am not laughing," said Roger *père*. "I all those things, too, once upon a time. I know that the sun can burn as well as that the baker is a rascal, that I must up well before I walk on the promenade ell the salt wind. Your turn now, *grand-*

"It is very strange to be almost seventy," said *grandpère*, "but it is also very strange to be forty, or nineteen; at seventy, one thinks more about age, that's all. I am past ardor, past cynicism even. I am glad I had a chance to be a man, and if some of that pleasure can be filtered into a play, so much the better. It's getting dark in here. Turn on the lamp."

Roger *fils* snapped a switch, and the three strong faces leaped out of the dusk of the room into swift, sharp focus. I looked from one to another.

"Never mind that straw man in the other suite," I said. "*You're* the story. All three of you."

"Absolutely not," said Roger *père* firmly. "What would we three want with publicity, eh? We have lived quietly outside Paris all our lives. Possibly not quite so quietly when my wife was alive, but that is now a few years ago. We have never been public figures; we will keep things that way. I have my bookstore, *grandpère* has his butchershop, my son has his work at the school. One night, two summers ago, my son came to me with a fat manila envelope. What had he been doing every night, after midnight, in the hush of our big house? He had been writing a play. I read it. It was all color, all surface—a cake made of solid icing. For a month, in my spare time, I helped him rewrite it. It became more cynical, worldlier. I then took the play to *grandpère*."

"The play had a certain wit, a certain freshness of eye," said *grandpère*. "But it lacked perspective. That was what I put in."

"We could not use *all* your perspective, papa," said Roger *père*. "We needed only enough to balance and ballast our frail little canoe."

"You took out some of my best things," grumbled *grandpère*. "When you get to be my age ——"

"When I get to be that old I will put in the perspective myself," said Roger *père*, "and *my* son will take most of it out. So. We hammered out the play, the three of us, and we gave it to our friend Raoul Dumartin to take up to Paris, more as a joke than anything else. We told him to say it was his own play. He took it to an actress friend of his—Raoul has many actress friends—and she in turn took it to a producer friend. He loved it. Raoul came back to Pont-Chagron with a very respectable advance check. He also said his actress friend had been absolutely overwhelming to him since reading the play. She had not suspected that he had such depths. And how right she was, the poor, deluded girl."

"This is all very interesting, but it's frustrating, too," I said. "If Raoul can't even spell 'cat,' how do I give him any kind of full treatment?"

There was silence for a moment.

"I'll tell you how," said Millie. "Let these three boys cook up a script before each interview, and let Raoul memorize the right things to say. He can be all things to all men: portifical for the *Times*, sprightly for the *Trib* ——"

"—— earthy for the *Daily News*, sexy for the *Journal*," I said. "Great. If I weren't an old married man, you could be my best girl. Millie."

I turned to Roger *père*.

"Would you fellows mind being put to work?" I said. "A couple of pages of copy a day and we'll make Raoul the biggest thing since the Hula Hoop."

"Why not?" said *grandpère*. "I will make him wise."

"I will make him bold," said Roger *fils*.

"And I will make him debonair," said Roger *père*. "But only if you and the beautiful Miss Millie will let us take you out to dinner."

"I've got a wife and dinner waiting," I said. "The beautiful Miss Millie can make up her own mind."

"She already has," said Millie.

By the time I left, the four of them were in the middle of a chorus of *Madelon*, and three chilled bottles of *rosé* had arrived via room service. They never saw me go.

When Raoul arrived in the Ogre's office the next morning, right on the dot for his eleven-o'clock appointment, he was wearing a black slouch hat, an Italian-cut gray suit, and slim, terribly Champs Élysées shoes. He was carrying a cane, and he had the girls in the outer office fainting in coils. That was the one good thing about this joker, you see: maybe he couldn't do much talking or thinking or writing for himself, but as far as dames were concerned, *voom!*

The Ogre talked at him for twenty minutes before he finally ran out of breath, and then asked him if he had a basic philosophy about comedy.

"When a person truly examines himself or the world he has two choices, eh?" said Raoul carefully, making sure he got the words straight. "Helpless laughter or infinite tears. I usually choose laughter."

That was Roger *père* talking, with maybe a slight assist from *grandpère*.

"I call this the Dumartin touch," added Raoul with an enchantingly deprecatory smile.

"Amazing," murmured the Ogre, snowed to the ears.

Later I found Millie at her desk, rosy as a schoolgirl. "How come you don't look thirty-one this morning?" I said.

"Because I feel about eighteen, is why," said Millie. "And let's not be too free with that thirty-one jazz, boy."

"There's nothing wrong with the thirties," I said. "The Decade of Delight, the French call it. Wiser than twenty, younger than forty. I'm sure Roger *père* would agree."

One man's choice: tiny well-seasoned shrimp on white bread; thin-sliced rare roast beef on pumpernickel; a bowl of split-pea soup. All familiar foods, but here so appetizing in color and flavor!



Millie blushed handsomely. "What Roger *père* would agree with," she said, "is none of your blooming business."

"As long as he's willing to help write Raoul's material," I said, "he can kick up his heels all he likes on his own time."

"That's very generous of you," said Millie. "I'll be sure to tell him."

"Back to work, enchantress," I said. "We've got a lot to do."

And believe me, we did a lot in the next few weeks, while *Il Fait Bon Dormir* was in rehearsal for its out-of-town opening in New Haven. We managed to see that every newspaper and wire service in town interviewed Raoul. We would brief the Lebretts on the characteristics of the particular newspaper and reporter involved, and then they would knock out a few pages of remarks for Raoul to study. We made him sly when we felt it was called for, or sincere, or earthy, and once we even made him touchingly sentimental, for the sake of a middle-aged lady who was convinced she was the first one to discover The Real Raoul Dumartin. She went back and wrote three full columns on his "little boy" qualities.

The New Haven opening was a roaring triumph, and the Boston one was even better. Two weeks later the Ogre was in a positively jovial mood when he called me into his office a few hours before the Broadway opening.

"You've done a great job with this Frenchman, James," he said. "Every time I open a paper I see something about the Dumartin touch. Great."

"Thanks," I said.

"The opening tonight can't miss," said the Ogre thoughtfully. "And after the opening, at the party, we'll frost the cake. We'll wrap up the whole package and tie a red bow on it."

"How will we do this, Mr. Bastion?" I said.

"I have certain contacts that are unavailable to you, James," said the Ogre with a small, superior smile. "These people function on only the highest possible levels."

"I know all about them," I said. "Sometimes I stand out in the snow in my unfashionable suit, and I press my cold little nose against the lighted window and look in at all you swells, and I envy you, Mr. Bastion, I really do."

"No levity!" said the Ogre. He smiled his Dracula smile.

"All right," I said. "What about these contacts?"

"Some people high in the French government are coming," said the Ogre. "Very high indeed. I have the publishers of our two largest magazines, and the heads of two television networks. I have all my present backers. I have some important potential backers. All of them will be at the party."

"Uh-huh," I said. "So?"

"So I want you to tell Raoul to surpass himself," said the Ogre. "He is to make the most charming little speech in history. Understand?"

"Of course he'll be charming," I said. "Isn't he always?"

"Well, sometimes he seems to clam up a little," said the Ogre. "He can't tonight."

"He won't," I said.

When I got back to my own office I called the Lebretts; they weren't in. Even by curtain time I still hadn't dug them up, and Millie was missing too—old reliable Millie, who had never before goofed on an opening. I stood in the lobby with the Ogre and Raoul, watching the chattering crowds stream by, the three balcony tickets that I'd saved for the Lebretts clutched hotly in my hand inside my pocket. The Ogre motioned me to one side.

"He's in one of those silent moods tonight," he whispered fiercely. "All he does is stand there and *grin* at me."

I glanced over at Raoul, and he grinned at *me*. Nobody had written him any dialogue for this occasion, so he was hiding behind those big white teeth.

"He'll be great later," I said. "He's just nervous, Mr. Bastion."

Mr. Bastion grunted, and walked back across the lobby to Raoul. Raoul pulled back his lips and grinned at him. I thought the Ogre was going to leap feet first down his throat.

I hung around the lobby until the last tight straggler was in, and the curtain had been up five minutes, seven, ten. Still no Lebretts. Swearing to myself, I flagged a cab and started making the rounds of the little French restaurants I knew they were in the habit of going to. Half an hour later I found them in a seedy *bistro* off Ninth Avenue.

They were stoned, in the most mellow and amiable fashion.

All of them were sitting at a big round table off in a corner, with Millie. She waved a carafe of wine when she saw me.

"Come on in, James," she said. "Be our guest. Where've you *been?*"

"At the theater," I said. "There's an opening, remember?" I turned to the Lebretts, who were regarding me with fuzzily friendly tolerance. "*Your* opening."

"We have already seen the play," said Roger *père*.

"It has its moments," said *grandpère*, "but it does not have quite enough perspective."

"To perspective!" said Roger *fils*.

We all drank to perspective.

"We are celebrating *grandpère's* birthday," said Roger *père*, looking affectionately at his father's fierce old battlefield of a face. "Plays open, plays close. But on only one night of this century will *grandpère* turn seventy."

"To seventy!" said Roger *fils*.

"To seventy-five," said *grandpère* thoughtfully.

We drank to both of them.

"You been here all day too?" I said to Millie.

"Look at it this way, James," she said. "You haven't lost an assistant; you've gained a whole French family."

She held up her left hand, and the candlelight drew dull gleams from the thin gold band. Roger *père* gently caught her hand and kissed it, and we had to drink to that, naturally.

"I'm sure you'll all be very happy," I said. "But right now the question of *my* happiness presents certain problems."

"What's the matter?" asked Millie.

"Raoul's at the theater without a script, that's what's the matter," I said. "Later he'll be at the party without a script. Still later the Ogre will lead me out to a cold gray wall and shoot me dead, dead, dead."

> Cultivate enthusiasm. People will like you better for it; you will escape the dull routine of a mechanical existence and you will make headway wherever you are.
>
> JONATHAN OGDEN ARMOUR

"No scripts tonight," said Roger *père*. "Nobody shoots anybody any more."

"Not like the old days," said *grandpère*.

"You don't know the Ogre," I said.

"To the Ogre!" said Roger *fils*, who was now drinking to anything.

We all drank to the delightful Mr. Bastion.

"Don't fight it, Jimmy boy," said Millie. "Relax. Enjoy the party. You're never going to move these guys until *they* decide to move."

The wine was surging gently through me.

"Drink up!" commanded *grandpère*.

Suddenly the smoky, candlelit restaurant began to look quite cozy, and the theater, with its attendant problems, seemed far, far away.

"To James!" said Roger *fils*.

We all drank to me.

There were many more toasts; it's amazing the number of things you can think of to salute. Roger *fils* started playing an old upright in one corner of the restaurant, and *grandpère* borrowed a cane and a hat to do Chevalier singing *Mimi*, and then the cook came in and joined him in *Cadet Rouselle* and *Marianne s'en va au Moulin*. When I finally looked at my watch it was past midnight.

"Millie," I said, "do one last chore for the old firm."

"Anything, boss," said Millie.

"Go on over to Sardi's and give me a brief report on the party," I said. "Maybe a miracle happened, and Raoul found the gift of tongues."

"That'll be the frosty Friday," said Millie.

"Tell Mr. Bastion I miss him, and I'll see him in the office tomorrow."

"M-m-m," said Millie.

"Tell him I will wax his mustache to make amends," I said.

"Yes, dear," said Millie. "Maybe you'd better lay off the wine."

She came back a half hour later, her eyes alight with mischief. "You'll be happy to know," she said, "that all hell is breaking loose."

The Lebretts were still over at the piano, so Millie and I were temporarily alone at the table.

"Raoul's hardly said a word to anybody," Millie told me, "except to the twenty-year-old daughter of Fergus Fengemann. He has monopolized and hypnotized her, and Fengemann is beginning to rumble like active volcano."

Mr. Fengemann was one of the Og principal backers.

"Meanwhile," continued Millie, "the Fre ambassador is sulking because Raoul w pay any attention to him. With the toothsc Miss Fengemann around, Raoul is not buy any bearded ambassadors. An internatic crisis looms."

"And the Ogre?"

"He's pawing the carpet and firing every ten minutes. The last time, I think meant it. You'd better get over there and what you can, James."

"What can I do alone?"

"Who said alone?" said Millie. "Our lant boys will think of something."

"Is the play a hit?"

"Smash," said Millie. "But that we kne

She beckoned to Roger *père*, who stop singing and came over to us.

"Roger," she said, "in France I will your devoted slave I will cook, wash, children, dust the books, argue with gardener, pour the wine at night and b the cold cloths in the morning. I will expect favors."

"Naturally not," said Roger *père*, as if had just explained how much two and made. "That is the way things are in Fran

"Well, we're now in America," said M "And I need a favor."

She gave him a brief rundown on the var problems at Sardi's, while *grandpère* and R *fils* came over to stand at his side and l with him.

"No, Millie," said Roger *père* when she finished. "No work tonight, not on gr *père's* birthday. And certainly not on our night here."

I let that one sink in for a minute befo hit me.

"You're going back to France *tomorro* I said. "All three of you?"

"All three and Millie," said Roger *p* "I am homesick for France. We have t here long enough."

"But what about Raoul?" I said frantic "Leave him here on his own and he's a duck. And so am I."

"We cannot give him orders about things, James," said Roger *père*. "He been very good about playing our little ga but he is not a child. If he wants to sta stays, whatever the consequences."

"And he likes it here," said Roger *fils*.

Grandpère, who had been listening great interest to our conversation, sudd stamped his enormous right foot. Can trembled all over the room.

"Of course we will help!" he boome me. "Pay no attention to my son. I wi *général*; a man of seventy has certain p ileges. Roger *père* will now take ink and p and write Raoul a speech, one that is witty, supple. Be sure to put in suffi perspective."

"*Oui, mon général*," said Roger *père*, c ing his heels with a sigh.

"Roger *fils* will charm the beautiful Fengemann away from Raoul. He will cl papa too. This should be difficult but impossible."

"*Oui, mon général*" said Roger *fils*, clic his heels.

"In the meantime I will attend to ambassador myself," said *grandpère*. "I old enough to know what ambassadors They like to be treated like human be and very few people have sense enoug do it."

"James," said Roger *père*, "you are a to see history made. For the first time land or sea, the Dumartin touch will be plied to a real situation."

"Just write the speech," said *grand* "Time is short."

"*Oui, mon général*," said Roger *père* reached for his fountain pen.

"What about the business of Raoul sta here?" I said to *grandpère*.

"Oh, he will come along with us," *grandpère*. "I will now make a small p

CONTINUED ON PAG

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"GOLDEN" CHICKEN RICE



¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (3 lb.) chicken, cut in pieces
3 cups water
1 med. onion, finely chopped
1 cup uncooked rice
4 envelopes G. Washington's ("Golden")
1 cup sour cream
¼ cup hot water

Grease 2 qt. casserole. Set oven 350° F. Melt butter in skillet; add chicken; brown. Put in casserole. Add water, onion, rice, 3 envelopes G. Washington's to skillet. Bring to boil. Pour over chicken. Cover tightly; bake 45 min. Uncover. Mix sour cream, water, 1 envelope G. Washington's. Spoon over top. Bake 12 mins. longer. Serves 4.

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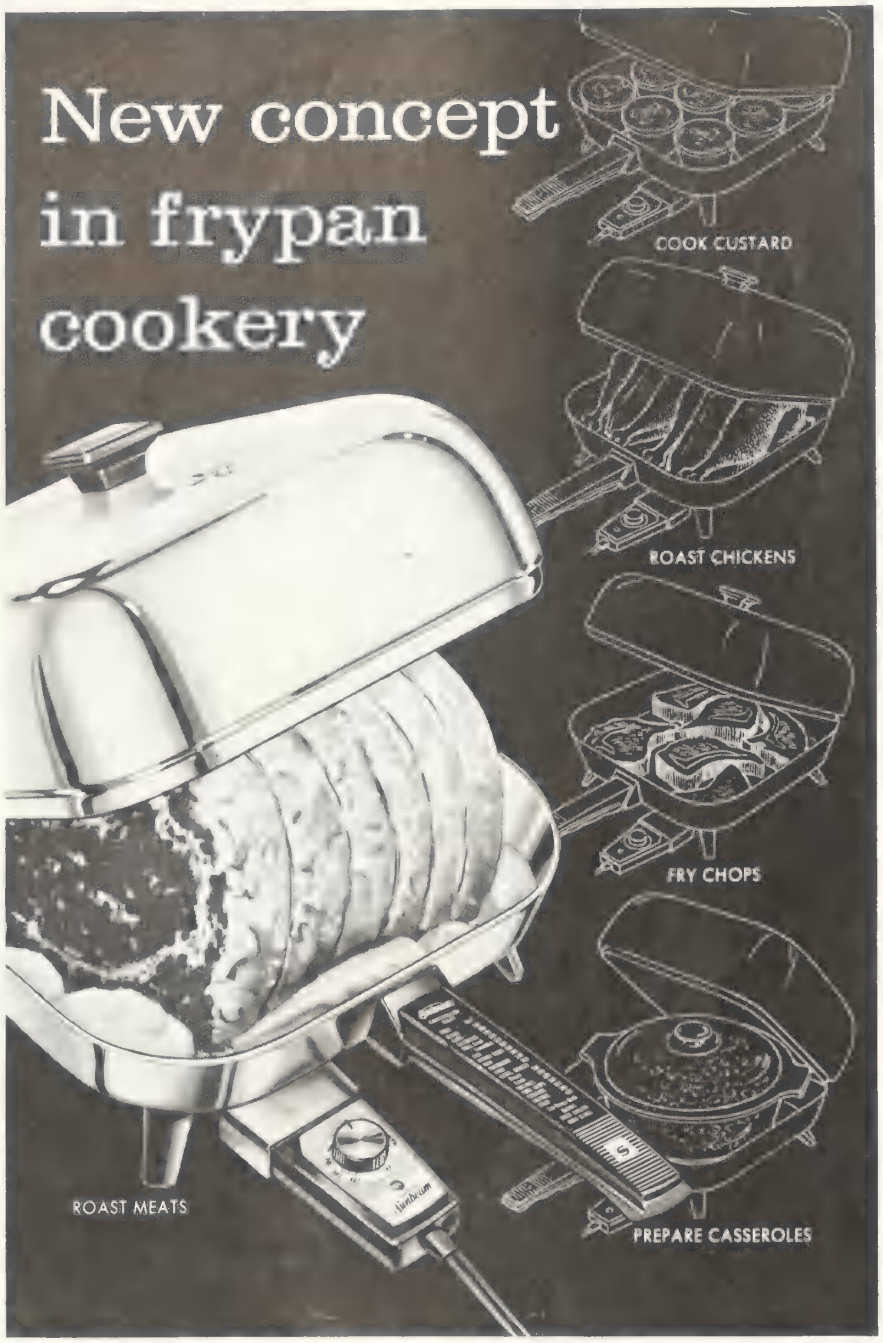


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

call to Paris. Roger *père* is right; we cannot give Raoul orders. But we can appeal to his pocketbook, his heart, and perhaps even deeper feelings."

Grandpère smiled at me benevolently, and lumbered off in search of a telephone.

When we piled out of the cab at Sardi's, the doorman had a grin this wide. After flops he looks like Calvin Coolidge. Tonight he looked like William Howard Taft. That's what a hit can do.

I went upstairs ahead of the others, and the minute he saw me the Ogre came storming over. I had never seen him so mad.

"You're fired!" he shrilled. "Everything's going wrong here, and you think you can just stay away? I wish it was legal to have you drawn and quartered."

"Mr. Bastion ——" I said.

He sniffed at me suspiciously. "You're drunk, too," he said. "You're completely fired."

"Give me ten minutes," I said.

"Ten *days* wouldn't do you any good," said the Ogre. "You're fi——"

The Lebretts appeared in the doorway, *grandpère* in the center, flanked by his son and grandson. They stood there for a couple of seconds, their alert eyes sweeping the room, like a team of tumblers ready to trot out into the center ring.

"Who are *they?*" demanded the Ogre angrily. "Nobody invited them."

"*I* did," I said.

I thought Mr. Bastion was going to have a stroke right in front of my eyes, but you can't win 'em all; he finally just spluttered incoherently.

"Get them *out!*" he managed to say.

"No orders, please," I said. "I'm fired."

Grandpère was moving briskly through the crowd toward the table where the ambassador was sitting in outraged isolation. Rogers *père* and *fils* headed straight for Raoul. There was so much noise and laughter and milling about that their entrance went virtually unnoticed except by the Ogre and Millie and me. Millie was looking fondly over at Roger *père*, who by now had buttonholed Raoul and was talking to him intensely. Raoul was trying simultaneously to listen to Roger *père* and keep an eye on Roger *fils*, who had moved in on Miss Fengemann with all the avidity and aplomb that he could summon up. I watched him sweep her, surprised but delighted, to her feet. Laughing like children, they moved over to her father's table, leaving behind them a helpless Raoul, pinned to his seat by Roger *père*'s direct stare and the sibilant insistency of his whispered words.

There were twin guffaws from the ambassador's table. *Grandpère* had landed, and the situation was in hand.

"What is going *on* here?" demanded the Ogre, his sharp little eyes darting from one group to the other. "These three Ritz Brothers come staggering in, and all of a sudden everything's different!"

"They're old friends of Raoul's, Mr. Bastion," I said soothingly. "I thought it would be nice for them to come see all the swells."

I watched Roger *père* surreptitiously slip Raoul a couple of pieces of paper, which Raoul stuffed into his inside pocket. The Ogre didn't notice the transaction; he was too busy looking at Roger *fils* and Miss Fengemann. Fergus Fengemann was pouring Roger *fils* a glass of champagne, and the young man was accepting it with a magnificent Continental blend of worldliness and ingenuous delight.

Guffaws erupted again from the ambassador's table. *Grandpère* was poking the ambassador in his beribboned chest, and the bearded old ambassador was poking *grandpère* in the stomach. *Grandpère* seemed to be ahead on points.

"I don't know what to think now," said the Ogre dazedly. "Maybe things aren't as bad as I thought they were."

Raoul struggled to his feet, and Roger *père* began rapping briskly on a water glass with a knife for attention. The room hushed as Raoul explained that for such an important occasion he had decided to write out a little speech, rather than ad lib one.

"Why on earth didn't he *tell* me he h speech ready?" demanded the Ogre an "One word from him, that's all I wa Right? Right."

"Sh-h, Mr. Bastion," I said. "Let's list

The speech was well worth listening t was sad, funny, ironic, laced with wit, pered with wisdom. Roger *père* listened with obvious pleasure, staring down a tablecloth, his head bent slightly to one As the last rhythmic phrase died out there a crash of applause and a roar of appr Raoul bowed modestly and sat down, pa his forehead with a napkin.

"Now *that*," said the Ogre, "is what the Dumartin touch."

He and I walked over to Raoul's table as the headwaiter came bustling up wi handful of cables. They were all for Ra and the Ogre and I both peeked shamel over his shoulder as he tore them open. first cable said:

DESOLATED DISTURB YOUR UNDOUB HOUR TRIUMPH BUT MUST TELL YOU CE NOW KNOWS ABOUT ANNETTE. THREAT SUIT FOR TEN MILLION FRANCS. REF TEN MILLION, FOR SORELY WOUN HEART. WHAT TO DO? YOUR FRIEND HENRI GOMBA

"*Mon dieu*," murmured Raoul some casually. He began reading the second c It ran:

HORROR UPON HORROR! ANNETTE KNOWS ABOUT CECILE. THREATENS US REVOLVER ON (A) SELF (B) CECILE (C) WHAT TO DO? YOUR FRIEND HENRI GOMB

"*Mon dieu*," murmured Raoul aga little less casually. It was with obvious tance that he ripped open the third c No. 3 said:

CLOTILDE HOSPITALIZED TWO HOURS WITH SEMI-ANNUAL COMPLAINT. REFU MILK. MEWS PITEOUSLY. DESPERAT CRAVES LOVING TOUCH OF DEVO MASTER. DR. DUVAL FRANTIC. WHAT TO DO NOT FORGET BUY ME TAX-FREE BOUR AT AIRPORT BEFORE DEPARTURE. YO BUSY FRIEND HENRI GOMBA

"*Mon dieu!*" shouted Raoul. "He was posed to keep her indoors, the fool! I get home immediately. Ah, the poor sweet."

"You *can't* go back now," said the blinking furiously. "We need you here. can't cross an ocean just because of a

Raoul turned to him. "I would not it for Cecile and her ten million francs, said icily. "Even the additional complic of Annette and her little revolver might have moved me. But Clotilde *needs* me. you no soul, sir?"

"I'd be careful about answering that, Bastion," I said.

I looked around the room at *grandpère*, at Roger *fils* and Roger *père*. As my eye ca each of their eyes in turn, I got a wink; and proud from *grandpère*, cocky from R *fils*, complacent from Roger *père*. I wi back at each one of them, and then noticed the Ogre was staring at me curiously.

"Better have that eye looked at, Jan he said.

"Nervousness, sir," I said. "I'm not then?"

"Oh, don't be silly," said the Ogre, g speculatively at Raoul's retreating back. milked him to death, anyway. And the sh going to make a fortune with or without h

"Exactly," I said.

I figured *grandpère* might be in for a sli rough time when Raoul found out how Friend Henri Gombartz had been nudged those flights of fancy. But when you t man that his house *hasn't* burned down, his savings *aren't* wiped out, that his cat pregnant, how enraged can he get?

There is one more small item I would to set down, perhaps the most felic "Dumartin touch" of them all. Millie is parently very happy in France these and about a month ago she presented R *père* with a seven-pound boy.

"You'll be glad to hear he's a wonde looking baby," she wrote in a recent l "He has *grandpère*'s nose, Roger *fils*'s m and his father's eyes, so we simply named Raoul."

NG MAN WHO E TO DINNER

NUED FROM PAGE 59

to help out. Her name is Nettie. Her father is Elihu Spooner, the old man whittles."

, I know," said Mrs. Lansdale. "Her e live over beyond the inlet. Her mother Sarson."

e goes around with that Severance said Mrs. Livermore. "I think his name r. He works in the Central Market and that queer little yellow car that he get into unless he hunches up his legs."

three widows began filling in other de- for they followed the life of the village st people would follow a serial story in azine.

hink a girl as attractive and refined look- Nettie Spooner is wasted on that Sever- oy," said Mrs. Livermore. "I consider tough."

hink you're right," said Mrs. Man- . "Nettie should do much better."

males are savages at that age, but Severance is too much so," said Mrs. le.

haps we could form a cordon around l, in a manner of speaking, and protect il she's mature enough to make a wiser " said Mrs. Livermore.

tect her from young Severance or from ?" asked Mrs. Lansdale.

h," said Mrs. Livermore.

least we can let her see that life has ings to offer," said Mrs. Manchester. n elevate her standards."

e aren't careful we may turn out to be ; better than three old witches," said ansdale.

nan's life is dyed the color of his agination. MARCUS AURELIUS

n't feel like a witch, though I do feel d," said Mrs. Livermore. "I feel the een Victoria used to look in her pic- nen I was a girl."

ble, double, toil and trouble," quoted lanchester. "Fire burn and caldron Do you suppose we can find some yes and sweltered venom if we need

hen Nettie Spooner appeared to an- dinner. The three friends went into a oom lighted by tall candles in silver soft shadows flickering on the portrait Manchester's late husband above the Everything in the room represented a f taste, a sort of perfection, and what be seen dimmed away into a soft contentment.

Nettie's figure there could not be two ; coming or going, as she moved he room to serve the cups of clam t showed the same fulfillment of na- st—or perhaps worst—intentions. She nfailingly beguile men. As to her face, ncy raised it above any norm of ordi- ttiness. Seeking and challenge eddied r bright gray eyes, her lips and the poise of her well-shaped chin. The dows felt twinges of memory as to ch like Nettie in certain ways they es had been, little or more than little, in the green meadows.

houldn't let her fall to a—a mere xclaimed Mrs. Livermore.

mediate result of the evening was among the three that, so far as the inners were concerned, they would ettie Spooner. She should come to urn, and thus would be indoctrinated t of living. She should be elevated reach of anything so crass and pred- a wolf.

ot that we're trying to make a lady of d Mrs. Manchester. "Only nature and ment can make what one calls a lady. needs is to have her chance."

ttie, in explanation of the rotational n, he said, "I don't know what you think of us. Of course we're quite old women, and it may be we spend more than we should on having things really nice. But money isn't the thing—with the proper management the same result can be achieved with very little expense. And I don't think we're snobs. The question is whether one will grasp the best of life, such as its graciousness and more lasting satisfactions."

"Your dinners are lovely," said Nettie.

"I don't know what plans you have for your life, my dear. I suppose there's a young man."

"I don't know whether there is," said Nettie. "I did think so, but there's no need to hurry, is there?"

"Of course there isn't. The important thing is to choose wisely and plan the sort of life that will be nice and make you happy."

A few weeks passed, and it seemed to all three friends that they were making excellent headway with Nettie Spooner. In a manner of speaking, they were snatching her from the wolf's claws.

Then one morning Peter Severance called at Mrs. Livermore's house. She heard his car grind up alongside the brick walk, but she had no idea he was coming to see her.

She had been repotting her African violets. She hadn't fixed her hair, and she had been poking at it with gritty fingers to keep it away from her forehead and out of her eyes as she leaned forward. She wore a long, spotted raincoat that had been saved for untidy work of all sorts. The humus of the potting soil had spread over it a good bit. Of course she was alone in the house, and when she answered Peter's knock she couldn't think how to handle the situation.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

Peter came in. He stood. Mrs. Livermore realized that she had never really taken a good look at him before. She had no portrait of him in her mind. Now she estimated his height at about six feet. His nose was good, cheekbones prominent but not broad, his whole face ruggedly attractive. But he was so—so *unformed!* The innate savagery of the young male, as she regarded it, had become more fearful to Mrs. Livermore in this age of machinery and crime and delinquency. The things one read about and heard about over the radio!

Peter wore a draggy blue sweater with school numerals, a shirt open at the neck, and brown slacks that had ventured much.

"I'll only take a few minutes," he said.

"Won't you sit down? I'm sorry I'm in such a mess."

Peter had come to the back door, as one generally did in East Baddow except on special occasions. He crossed the kitchen and sat on a stool near the sink. Mrs. Livermore wished he hadn't chosen the stool, for it was higher than the chairs and it made him loom so. She settled into a chair and pushed her potting materials away with one foot.

"Nettie Spooner works for you—that is, at certain times she does. That's what I want to speak to you about. Lately she's stopped being friends with me. Well, almost." As he said this, Peter scowled in Mrs. Livermore's direction, though perhaps not at her.

"Oh, dear," she said.

"I think," said Peter, "that working for you and these other ladies has given her ideas. I'm not good enough for her any more. The way things have gone, it's almost as if you had been making her over on purpose."

"But how could we?" exclaimed Mrs. Livermore disingenuously.

"You could all right, if you chose to."

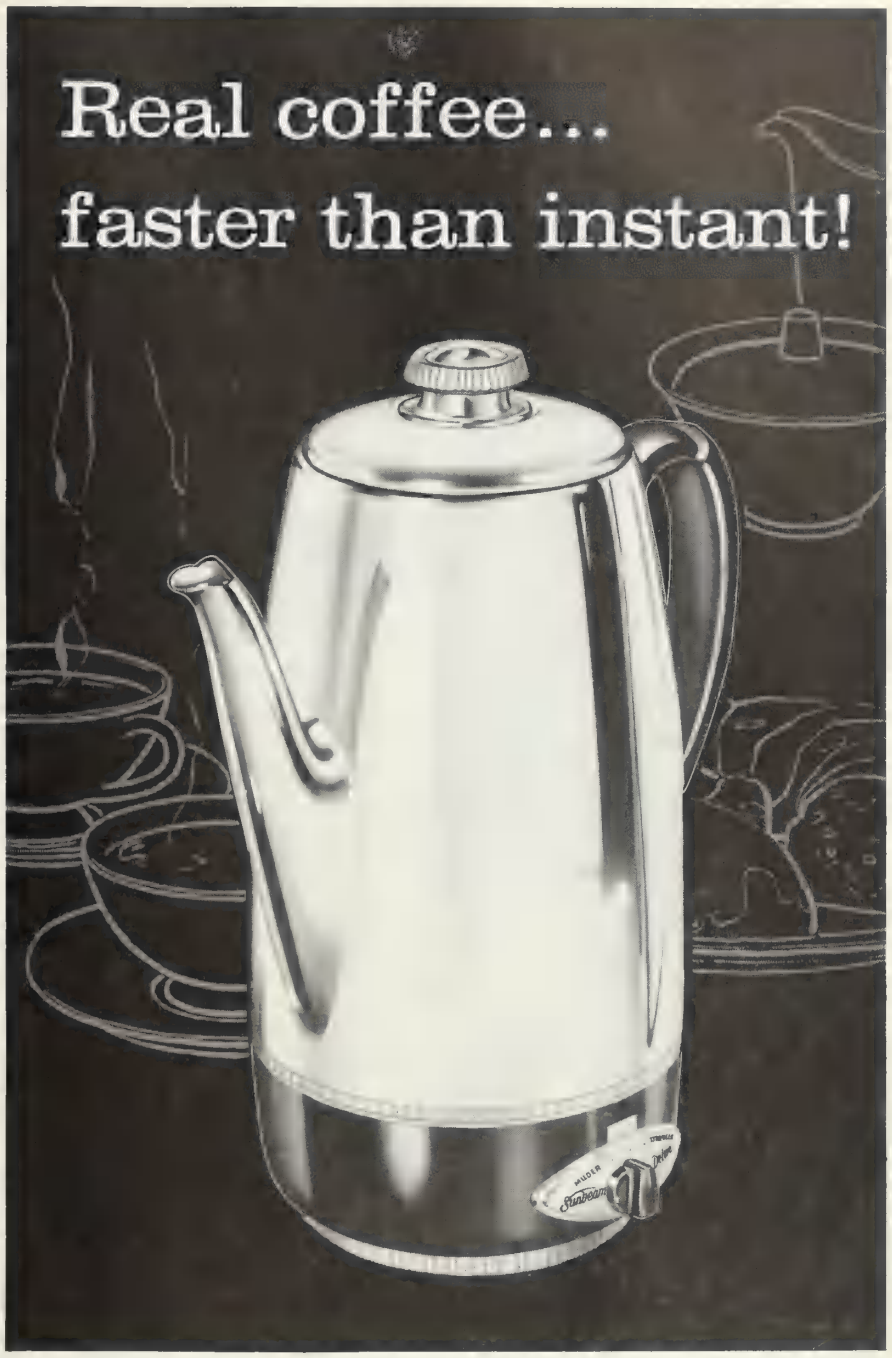
"She's a very attractive girl," said Mrs. Livermore.

"I'm not exactly a bum, you know. I'm rustling groceries just now, but I hope to go into engineering. These things take a while when you have to save a dime at a time."

"Oh, I'm sure they do!"

"I think Nettie can do worse than marry me. Certainly it's taking a chance, but who doesn't take chances? Maybe it was different when you were . . . well, I mean when you were a girl."

"I don't remember, really," said Mrs. Livermore, whose head was now in something of a whirl. She felt thoroughly intimidated in the presence of this young example of the masculine principle. "But I think you're quite right,



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and I think if Nettie has been influenced in any way . . . well, I think it had better stop. You must have your common interests—I mean your interests in common."

Peter did not look entirely pleased. "You mean you'll throw Nettie back down to my level ——"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Livermore quickly, more rattled than ever, though it was exactly what she did mean. "Why don't you talk with the others? Why don't you see Mrs. Manchester?"

"I'm going to," said Peter.

Mrs. Manchester that morning had stayed in bed late, reading a book called *Roses for Pleasure and Profit*, though the profit didn't concern her, and peeling apples which she ate slice by slice. When Peter arrived she had just descended to the kitchen for a cup of coffee, and she was wearing a woolly blue robe and her old slippers. As she opened the door she tried to remember whether she had ordered any groceries.

"I hope I'm not intruding," said Peter, his words throwing Mrs. Manchester into confusion.

If it had been groceries, she could simply have said, "Put the carton there, please," but she felt as if she had been stranded by an ebb tide of tact. She moved over behind the electric range so that Peter could not see her slippers.

"Please do sit down," she said.

He didn't sit, and neither did she. He expressed himself almost exactly as he had with Mrs. Livermore. She thought, *He's so big!* She also thought him craggy and rather terrifying.

"But I'm not the only one Nettie works for," she protested. "Why don't you talk with Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Lansdale?"

"I've talked with Mrs. Livermore already."

"And what did she say?"

"She as much as said that Nettie should be let alone, unimproved, so that she and I could slide along on our own level."

"That made you angry."

"I guess it did."

"Well, I don't think Mrs. Livermore should have said that. My view is that you ought not to begrudge Nettie any advantages, and if you can't meet her standards you ought to let her go. There! I'm terribly sorry if I sound cruel, but I can't look at it in any other way. Nettie is an exceptional girl."

"I know she's exceptional. As a matter of fact, I guess she'd be at a teachers' college right now, but I persuaded her to stay home for a year until I got ready to go to engineering school."

"I'm afraid you've stood in her way, then. I don't believe a man should be a drag on a girl," said Mrs. Manchester. "Now I can see I've made you even angrier than Mrs. Livermore did."

"I guess I get angry pretty easy where Nettie is concerned," said Peter, "and I may as well tell you that I think you're right. A man doesn't mean to be a drag on a girl, but it can work that way without his realizing."

"That's very fair of you," said Mrs. Manchester, falling back pleasurably on her own wisdom. "I'm sure you agree that Nettie should be allowed to make the most of every advantage."

As soon as she had said this, though, Peter's expression became so black that she was frightened.

She added quickly, "Why don't you go to see Mrs. Lansdale?"

"I'm on my way there now," said Peter.

As the door closed behind him, Mrs. Manchester said to herself, *I didn't mince words. I told him the truth.*

Mrs. Lansdale was raking a garden bed behind her house, and Peter might have gone away without finding her, though his presence outside the fence did not escape her observation. She wore a man's coat, an extremely old one, and a man's cap that concealed most of her hair and part of her ears. Peter caught sight of her, and approached along the path.

"When you step into that car of yours," Mrs. Lansdale said, "I should think sometimes you'd make a mistake and step right over it."

"My name is Peter Severance, Mrs. Lansdale," he said.

"I know who you are. I've been u sunrise—what time it was I have no id you come to see me about something?"

"About Nettie Spooner."

"If I sit here on this wheelbarrow said, "you can sit on the fence." He lo if he meant to keep on standing, so sh "Go on, do as I say. I don't like to towering that way like an office buil the city. Now what about Nettie Spo

He told her. He told her exactly what told Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Man mentioning that he had already seen t

"Well, what did they say?"

"Mrs. Livermore said Nettie and I o be let alone. I think she meant that w belong to the masses, and you can't improve the masses."

"What nonsense! I hope Mrs. Ma showed more sense."

"She said I shouldn't stand in Nettie I had been a drag on Nettie already, sh

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. La "A man's business is to get ahead, not lolly-gaggle around."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Those silly old women began at the end. I mean if you're in the grocery b pay attention to it."

"But I want to go into engineering

"All right, get into engineering as the Lord will let you."

"And how about Nettie? I don't lose her."

"I didn't say a word about your Nettie. I told you to pay attention business as a man should. If you're as you ought to be, your Nettie, or w girl it is, will be right with you. Yo

Small deeds done are better th great deeds planned.

PETER MARSH

even have to look over your shoulder worry about her being improved—g and improve yourself."

"That sounds all right, but ——"

"I suppose you're afraid of taking How bright are you? How much spu you got?" He didn't answer, and she expected him to. "All right. You think is being taken away from you, so h proposition. Here's what we'll do. Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Manchester an our evening together you and Nettie w and be our guests for dinner."

"Oh, gee!"

"You're scared. Well, you can bac you want to but remember that this prove anything about Nettie. It's t something about *you*. A man can around, can he? He's got to be in ther ing, or whatever it is, hasn't he?"

"Just the same, I'm not used to yo of society."

"Society, nothing. There isn't muc If you don't own a dinner jacket ——

"I do, on account of school."

"All right, that's settled. Next We night. I'll arrange with Mrs. Liverm Mrs. Manchester, and I suppose somebody in Baddow County I can serve the dinner."

"All right," said Peter, but not che "Thank you for the invitation."

After he had gone, Mrs. Lansdale her raking and even then took her tim calling her friends. She was not at all s they would feel about the plan.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Livermore will eliminate the young man right won't it?"

"I expect it may," said Mrs. L "but I consider it entirely fair."

"You think he'll really *come?*" sa Manchester.

"I took care of that," said Mrs. L

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Li looked her prettiest. She wore a yell bud pinned to the waist of her midni gown with the yellow trim. The others

CONTINUED ON



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

she had primped unnecessarily, and she knew they thought so, but she said to herself that if you had a point to prove, you had better go ahead and prove it. And, anyway, Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. Lansdale had obviously taken pains to look their best.

"Do boys that age like to be called 'Mister' nowadays, or do you use their first names?" asked Mrs. Livermore.

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Manchester, meaning that she had not a glimmer of an idea on the subject.

"It's hardly a matter to fuss about," said Mrs. Lansdale.

But to Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Manchester it was really important.

"That's his car now," said Mrs. Livermore. "It grinds so. Why does it have to grind when nowadays they say machinery can be made so beautifully?"

Her friends showed no interest, but Mrs. Manchester's cheeks had become unexpectedly bright. The rosiness was becoming to her.

Now the knocker sounded at the door, and Mrs. Morrow, an anchor woman of East Baddow church suppers and wedding receptions, who had been induced to come in for the evening, went to admit the young guests.

Mrs. Lansdale had expected awkwardness, and Peter showed plenty of that, but his look touched some neglected springs of her memory. Almost everything seemed to have changed nowadays except that expression on the face of a young man. As for Nettie, she seemed rather prettier than ever in a light blue flowery print accented at the midriff by a bow of deeper blue. She wore a blue ribbon in her hair. She and Peter came forward.

"I can hardly recognize you as the young man I saw the other morning," said Mrs. Manchester, intending the remark as a compliment, because one ought to be gracious even to an enemy.

Peter worried over that for a moment and said, "I'd hardly recognize you either, Mrs. Manchester."

She flushed, remembering what she had once known well, that a young man often shows an instinct for truth rather than tact.

A few minutes later they were all sitting with their glasses of sherry, and Mrs. Lansdale's living room became almost as silent as the hour before the hour before dawn.

Mrs. Livermore glanced at Peter across the sparkle of her glass and said, "What do you suppose we'd better talk about?"

Peter seemed to reflect. "Not the weather," he said. "People have been using that all day."

"Oh, I think that's very amusing!" said Mrs. Livermore, tittering in a manner not suitable for her age. She felt the critical eyes of her friends upon her and tried to stop.

"Why don't you ask him why his car grinds so?" suggested Mrs. Lansdale.

"Very well, I will do so. Mr. Severance, why is it that your little yellow car makes that noise like—like machinery disagreeing with itself?"

"I wish you'd call me Peter," he said. "When I heard you say 'Mr. Severance' I thought there must be someone else in the room. About the car—well, I guess my spare time is all taken up with fixing things for other people."

"He wants it to get worse and worse so it will be harder to fix," said Nettie. "He doesn't think it's any fun to fix things that are easy."

Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. Lansdale, all three, stared at Nettie as if they had, in this short interval, forgotten her presence. For a minute or so nobody could think of anything to say, and the awkward pause could not be charged up to Peter.

Mrs. Morrow announced dinner. They all went into a shadowy dining room with gleaming silver, mellow candlelight, and a beautiful centerpiece of roses in a crystal bowl. This was the perfection to which the three friends were accustomed, but it had in some way changed or gained orientation, as if an unseen compass needle had found a new north

Nothing was in the least below the standard of excellence that was always expected, yet all had been altered because there sat a man, a young man, with whose entrance into this room and into their lives the doors of time had been opened, and a strange, disquieting, stirring draft blew gently through like the soft breeze of Indian summer.

Peter sat at Mrs. Lansdale's right, but Mrs. Livermore, on his other side, kept chattering into his ear. She couldn't make herself stop. *Ada's so silly*, Mrs. Lansdale said to herself—*why does she have to play up to him so?*

But even as she asked the silent question, Mrs. Lansdale knew the answer. She herself could not glance at Peter now without remembering a young man she had once known and might have married. He had been a clumsy, rugged young man who was working at carpentry at the time, though later he became an architect. The mystery of things that might have happened can never be resolved. yet Mrs. Lansdale felt queer inside, as if through Peter Severance she might travel back in time and examine a secret that the years had not made less fascinating.

Looking around at Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Lansdale was aware that they, too, were remembering—husbands or sons or boys and men that had passed on the other side, their eyes enigmatic with expressions like those in the eyes of animals, so eloquent, so insistent, now so far away. Mrs. Lansdale, on a quick, desperate impulse to bring matters back to the present moment, exclaimed, "Ada, my dear, when you get through flirting with our young guest ——"

She didn't finish. Ordinarily such a rebuke would have left Mrs. Livermore prostrated, but now she laughed artificially with a silvery tinkle Mrs. Lansdale detested, and said, "I'm afraid I've been monopolizing you, Peter. I really must relinquish you to our hostess."

Mrs. Manchester tried to gloss over the broken minute. "Mr. Severance—I mean Peter—what kind of automobile would you buy this year if you were planning to buy one? I mean, I really need a man's advice."

Peter answered with detail about transmission and ease of steering and intrinsic worth of new models as opposed to matters of style. Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Lansdale listened more intently than they had listened to any sermon, though their minds took in hardly a fact about automobiles.

Suddenly Nettie Spooner spoke. "Peter, you're all wrong about that gas mileage. I know somebody who has checked," she said, and proceeded for several sentences more in a spirit of complete contradiction.

Mrs. Livermore stared at Nettie balefully.

Mrs. Manchester stared at Nettie coldly.

Mrs. Lansdale peered above Nettie's head as if Nettie did not exist.

Whatever might occur, there were three women whose emotions and loyalties were engaged by young Peter Severance, and their names were Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. Lansdale. They tried to keep Peter late, because they knew that when Peter and Nettie left together, there was not a chance in the world that the two would be going straight home.

The following week Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Manchester and Mrs. Lansdale had their evening together as usual, wearing their lovely and formal gowns from long ago. The centerpiece Mrs. Livermore had chosen—for it was her turn—was of pink snapdragons. Mrs. Morrow had decided to come to each, in rotation, and it was she who served dinner. The sauce for the artichokes could not have been better blended and cooked.

"It was nice, in a way, having Nettie," said Mrs. Manchester, "but in another way it sort of spoiled our continuity."

"I don't suppose we could have broken it up between her and Peter even if we had really tried," said Mrs. Livermore.

"I'm afraid we made a show of ourselves," said Mrs. Lansdale. "Old women are always silly."

For memory's sake and for quiet, rueful gaiety in this necessary present, the occasion assumed an approximation of evenings long gone, incomplete because of the absence of men and of any attachment to time. Men were gone, and the evening floated loosely and gently like a cloud in the sky. END

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JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVIII NO. 11



YNTHIA KELLOGG



DAPHNE DU MAURIER



ESTHER FOLEY

JOURNALITIES

hen CYNTHIA KELLOGG *left a fast-paced w York City newspaper to head the* RNAL's *Interior Decoration Depart-nt, she expected magazine work to be elaxing change—with "long, lovely ches." She found life's just as hectic. ugh deadlines are monthly instead of fly. A New Yorker via Boston and deliffe, Miss Kellogg shares a tiny artment in the East Fifties with seven-l geraniums, a Winslow Homer origi-, and many books.*

DHNE DU MAURIER *is heir to a brilliant brary tradition passed down from ndfather George du Maurier, author "Trilby." Her own "Rebecca," enchman's Creek," "My Cousin Ra-l" all appeared in the* JOURNAL. *She erited the notes for "Castle Dor" from old friend, "Q" (Sir Arthur Quiller-ch). (See preface, page 11.) Though so, the novel is full of beauty and gth—will a more hauntingly lovely ence ever be written than the one that s it?*

ociate Editor ESTHER FOLEY, *as head of* JOURNAL *Workshop kitchens, brings a ghtful and happy touch to the art ooking. In addition to years of ex-ence, she had formal training in Syracuse University's College of Home nomics. But the secret ingredients ny recipe are the heart, hands and l of the cook. Esther Foley uses hese indispensable appliances. (See result, "Bake Your Best Cake for Fair," page 54.)*

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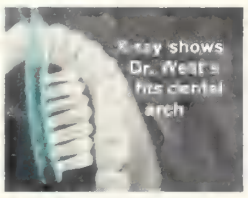


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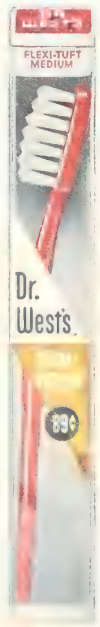


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OUR READERS



QUESTION OF VALUES

Dear Editors: It amazes me that the majority of families you feature in "How America Spends Its Money" are those whom God has richly blessed financially. Yet they can spare Him only three or four dollars a month out of their $6,000 to $10,000 incomes to show love and appreciation.

Other families, which earn half as much salary, set aside as much as 10 per cent for their Creator rather than waiting to see how much is left after vacations, weekly recreation and other personal pleasures. Yet they, too, manage to save and enjoy life while giving of themselves.

Sincerely,
Jesup, Iowa MRS. K. L.

ARE WOMEN SO CIVILIZED?

To the Editor: In *Ladies' Home Journal* Mrs. Livingston Hall expressed her dissatisfaction with women's education and suggested certain remedies for its shortcomings. Many women would agree that education for their sex needs a reappraisal, but would question her proposals. Her enthusiasm for the best junior colleges and her belief that four years of academic life are not a necessity for every girl are both to be commended.

In defending her educational goals she unknowingly reverts to social conventions that prevailed a hundred or more years ago. Then Sara Josepha Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, the most popular female magazine of its day, preached that "woman was intended as the teacher and inspirer for man, morally speaking." Like Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Hall bolstered her opinions with quotations from the Bible.

One wonders if it ever has been demonstrated that women are the civilizers they are reputed to be. Suffragists used their first vote to elect Warren G. Harding, who was scarcely a knight on a white charger. Possibly the only feminine contribution has been to double the electorate.

Most of Mrs. Hall's suggested changes are already to be found in college catalogues. Though not presented probably under such vague generalities as "clinching civilization," "fighting vulgarity" or "understanding people," their subject matter contributes significantly to those ends. For example, many courses are offered in the humanities and in the fine arts.

She raises the question, which one might think had been decided generations ago, of whether girls should receive the same training as their brothers. She maintains that this should be so for the few with intellectual aspirations, but for the vast majority a different curriculum should be devised with the so-called feminine interests in r What are the "special interests women? Mrs. Hall lists "a longin peace," the "skill of expressing h clearly," a "desire to combat vulga the "study of fine arts," "comm activities" and "understanding peo Surely these are not the exclusive cerns of women alone, but thos every educated person, male or fe

Experiments in higher education always found a warm reception in country. Today many colleges which concentrate on improveme individual talents and skills. Is it better to make a wider use of opportunities before attempting to the curricula in women's colleges to

Since

ELIZABETH B. SCHLESI
Cambridge, Mass.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED

Dear Journal: Could you get acro the public that it is not possible fo American Cancer Society to pay all patient's hospital bills? The mone collect just doesn't go far enough, th we do have a revolving loan fund dressings and many other items.

Very truly y

MRS. MILO C. RIFEN
Public Education Chairman, Am Cancer Society, St. Joseph County Centreville, Mich.

WOULD YOU MARRY THE SAME MAN (WOMAN) AGAIN?

How do you feel about your choice of a husband/wife after 5, 20, 50 (however many) years? Would you choose the same person? Why? If not, why? Surprised at your own answer?

Letters must be typewritten—and not be longer than 500 words. *Journal* editors reserve the right to decide whether to publish any submissions. For accepted letters we will pay $200 for all publication rights. No manuscripts can, or will, be returned. ED.

LETTER FROM A LADY WHO'D BETTER GET MARRI

Dear Editors: After years of exper as a bachelor girl, here is my li DO's for overworked and misunder wives and mothers:

1st DO: Live alone and like it.

2nd: Get a wonderful career w you can be at work every day an time whether you feel like it or (This includes days when there snowdrifts against your door or a of ice on the street.)

3rd: Pay all your own bills—medical, insurance.

4th: Get together with the other l elor girls in your life and make the social life you can. This *will* mean p for your own dinners, movies an occasional night on the town.

5th: Hammer your own nails, w may often include your fingernails.

6th: Carry your own luggage.

7th: Make your coffee the way like it and drink it alone.

And I *could* go on and on.

A devoted re

Bronx, New York



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Our readers are our friends and we are theirs. For years they have brought thei *Journal* many questions. Some of them, and our answers, we feel might interes many. Our editors' close touch with human life is revealed in the *Journal*'s powe to reach so many millions of women so deeply, month after month, year after yea Let us help you with your problems. When writing, address Problem Editor Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Dear Journal: My mother was made miserable by my father's fanatical absorption in his hobby. I vowed I'd never let it happen to me. Yet it has. After twenty-five years of marriage, I'm actually thinking of divorce.

Home has become just a place to eat and sleep to my husband. He's off to the country club for eighteen holes with his buddies when he's not working. How can I make my husband realize he is being unfair to me?

TEED OFF

You could join him at golf, if you can stand playing it. (If you ever better his score, he'll probably quit for good.) Or find your own diversions. Team up with other "golf widows" for a bridge game while the men are out playing. Sharing experiences is indeed a vital part of marriage. But both partners are enriched if each can contribute strong interests of his own.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: All of us on our street are young mothers with young children. Of course there is a clique. A few weeks ago my child and the child of the leader of this clique had an argument. Soon all the mothers got involved, took sides, and now the leader of the clique has turned everyone against me and my children. No one speaks to us. Their kids giggle at us when we pass by. How does one handle such a situation?

UNHAPPY

Find some friends in the next block who act like adults. Behave calmly and reasonably. Set a good example for your children. It's natural for children to act childish. When mothers become involved in the disputes of their offspring they sometimes act worse than the children. They deserve nothing less than a good, hard spanking. But they're too old for that. You might get your husbands together—or try appealing to your pastor.

THE EDITORS

Dear Journal: Is a letter once a week too much to expect from my married children who live out of town? I am a widow and they are all I have. They tell me they love me and think of me, but thoughts don't fill my empty mailbox. I don't know whether to be hurt, mad or worried, so I'm all three.

LONELY MOTHER

A weekly letter from your children should not be too much to expect. But children notoriously fail to live up to parents' expectations. Don't allow all your happiness to depend on them. Build a life for yourself. Create friends in your own age group and community. With interesting activities of your own you might find your children more eage to include you in their lives. Try i anyway.

THE EDITOR

Dear Journal: I am a single woman i my early fifties who loves a wholesom good time, but male companions wh prefer a bowling alley to a barroom a hard to find. Churches aren't a bit help. I'm no "party girl," but I do enjo an active social life. What can I do?

NOT-SO-OLD MAI

Churches often sponsor clubs for si gle adults in their twenties; why don you ask your minister to help you sta one for people in your age group? A though such a club is almost sure to b unevenly balanced as to men and wome it would provide companionship an diversion for many older unmarrie persons who might otherwise be lonel

THE EDITOR

Dear Journal: My husband is an electr cal engineer who can understand com plicated theories and work out intricat problems. But he's never been on tim in his life. If I didn't put socks in h hands and shoes by his feet, he'd neve get dressed. For hours he walks i circles looking for his glasses, whe they're on his forehead. Meals are col before he gets to the table. I've tried t ignore all this or laugh it off, but onc a month I simply explode. I'd like t stop mothering my husband before ou expected baby arrives! What do yo suggest?

EXASPERATE

We don't know any cure for absen mindedness. Probably your husban never will change. Go ahead and blo off steam—once a month for the ne forty years, if it makes you feel bette

THE EDITOR

Dear Journal: I am a mother of "thre under six." I've just learned that a bac ailment will keep me bedridden for a least a month. Recently we moved t this large city where we know no on My husband works long hours and w cannot afford a full-time maid. Wh will take care of my home and children

FRANTI

Go to your local United Fund Com munity Council. That agency will hel you find a homemaker service, if the is one in your area. In most large com munities the United Fund or Communit Chest office serves as a reliable director to social-welfare agencies and othe sources of help.

THE EDITOR



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DON ORNITZ

"Greg is the hardest of our four children to warm up to. Dick is much too harsh with him, and I know I've been inconsistent."

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

***She:** "Our children have driven us apart. I used to believe children brought a husband and wife closer."*

***He:** "If it's old-fashioned nowadays for a father to expect obedience and respect, I plead guilty."*

Lynn tells her side: "My husband and I are failures as parents," said thirty-six-year-old Lynn, mother of four. She was attractive, trimly tailored; her dark red hair was smoothly brushed. "Dick and I argue incessantly about the rearing of our children, particularly our eldest son. We are not only damaging all four youngsters, we are destroying our marriage. Recently I have seriously considered divorce, although during the rare periods of calm in our household, I realize that I still love Dick dearly.

"Unfortunately, I think he is completely wrong in his treatment of our children. He quite obviously favors Susan, our daughter, and at times can be very sweet to our five-year-old twin boys. However, he long ago gave up on Greg, our fourteen-year-old son.

"To be fair to Dick, Greg would be a problem to any father. He is a problem to me, and I'm his loving mother. Greg is defiant and disobedient. He is untruthful and vengeful. He bullies his sister and constantly fights with her over which of them will boss the little boys.

"In her own way, Susan is as much of a handful as Greg. She is three years younger and twenty pounds lighter, but she is fiercely competitive. She and Greg fight with their fists, with their feet, with anything handy. So many of our lamps and ornaments have been broken in their pommeling matches that we depend on wall fixtures for most of our lighting.

"Just last Wednesday I walked in from a Cub Scouts picnic—I first became interested in the organization on Greg's account—and found the sitter was out with the twins. The living-room furniture was overturned and Susan and Greg were wrestling on the floor. I managed to pry them apart before they killed each other.

"Greg had a cut on his lip that required two stitches. Susan had hit him with a candlestick. She had a black eye. Neither one would tell me who started the fracas. Yet when Dick walked in on the scene he denounced me because I hadn't punished Greg for hurting his sister! Later in the evening after Greg was in bed I did go in and speak to him and that also annoyed his father. Dick didn't think I should say good night to the boy.

"Greg's I.Q. is high—he leads his class scholastically—but he has no friends his own age. I know he suffers from his unpopularity even though he pretends he likes to be a lone wolf. Greg is big and strong—he's a good-looking youngster—but he refuses to participate in any of the sports and games that boys his age are supposed to enjoy.

"His father is of no help to him. Dick played championship tennis when we were in college and is a football enthusiast, although he was too light to make the team. I've begged him to coach Greg, but he won't. Dick devotes his weekends to scientific reading—he is a chemist by profession—and stays as far away from the children and me as possible.

"According to his teachers, Greg has the intellectual potential for achieving real distinction, but may miss out because he is terribly maladjusted emotionally and socially. Dick and I have also done poorly in molding our daughter. We should have curbed Susan's aggressiveness, which is bound to handicap her later in life. But Susan is a girl CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



It is generally recognized that juvenile delinquency comes from homes where husband and wife do not get along well with each other. It is equally true that if parents cannot get along with their own children, they are probably not very happy in their husband-wife relationship either. The American Institute of Family Relations, during its 31 years of activity as a national nonprofit educational agency, has given particular attention to the difficulties between husband and wife; it also deals in great detail and from many points of view with the problems of children and adolescents, this division of its work being called the "Family Department." The unhappy situation of Lynn and Dick is a good illustration of the fact that family problems must be attacked from all sides; and that if they are so attacked, they can often be solved rather easily. . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Mirrela Greenberg.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *President*



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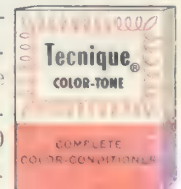
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

and girls usually get by. People are less tolerant with men.

"I'm afraid that Dick and I, between us, are ruining Greg's chances to become a useful human being. I'm inconsistent in my relationship with him. Dick is harsh. I try to be understanding and patient, but Dick won't try.

"Last night Greg and Susan put on one of their shows at dinner—in our home we seldom finish a meal in peace—and Dick reacted as usual. When he saw Greg nudge Susan's soup plate and splash her dress, he didn't stop to ask questions. He ordered the boy away from the table and canceled his allowance for two weeks. What Dick hadn't noticed was that Susan had deliberately stirred up the trouble; a moment earlier I'd seen her push Greg's plate and spill soup on him.

"I attempted to explain this. Dick shouted at me to keep quiet. Susan, of course, was delighted to put me in the wrong. The twins were frightened by their father but anxious to get in the act and imitate their big brother. I caught them pouring their soup on the floor. While I was mopping up, Greg found a means of simultaneously defying his father and avenging himself on his sister. Instead of going to his own room, he locked himself in Susan's room, an invasion of privacy that infuriated her. She rushed into the hall and started kicking on the door.

"A few minutes later I had to leave the house—I was overdue for a meeting at church—although the battle was still in full swing. I had persuaded the twins to resume their meal, but they were alone at the table. Dick and Susan were hammering on her bedroom door and demanding admission. Dick was threatening to break the lock. From inside Greg was yelling insults at them. I was thankful to escape.

"My committee meeting ran until midnight—I'm in charge of the church's annual drive for funds—and the house was mercifully quiet when I returned. But the dirty dishes were still on the table. Before I put the last of the pots and pans to soak it was one A.M. and I was exhausted. Since I cook the meals, it does seem to me that on the evenings my church and club meetings are scheduled somebody else should put the dining room to rights.

"Dick used to be very co-operative about clearing up. He now takes the position that Greg and Susan should wash the dishes, although he admits he can't make them do it. I refuse to try. In the first place, the prospect of the breakage appalls me. In the second place, I don't believe in overloading children with household chores. If Greg and Susan will keep their own rooms reasonably tidy—Greg's is usually a pigsty—I don't feel it's up to me to burden them with other duties.

"Greg heard me leave the kitchen that night and popped out of bed, late as it was. He had lain awake, hoping to rehash the dinner-table wrangle and inveigle me into taking his side. I squelched his hopes—I won't criticize Dick to the children—although I did say I was sorry about his lost allowance. In fact, I offered to make up for the loss if he—for once—would vacuum his room. He haughtily informed me that I could keep my money, that he would find another Saturday job (for a youngster he has held some surprisingly well-paid jobs), and banged off. Greg is supersensitive and can't bear to feel beholden to anybody, as I've explained to Dick—in vain.

"Dick is supersensitive too. When I went into our bedroom he wasn't there. For the fifth time in a week he had moved out to the beat-up old couch on the porch. Dick sleeps poorly and needs rest—he worries too much about his work—but he preferred contending with the lumpy couch to sharing a comfortable bed with me.

"Our sexual relationship used to be ideal. Nowadays Dick doesn't even kiss me except in the most perfunctory manner. Three months ago, on our wedding anniversary, I asked my unmarried sister to take the youngsters for the evening. I prepared Dick's favorite meal, put on a glamorous negligee, met him at the candlelighted table. Well, to be brief about it, I was a dismal failure as a siren. For the sake of my vanity Dick made valiant efforts to respond to my overtures, but he wasn't genuinely interested. I was so humiliated that I decided I'd rather do without sex the rest of my life than risk taking the initiative again. It seems clear I've lost my appeal for Dick. We have spoiled our love for each other with all our quarrels about the children.

"I know Dick believes I'm as partial to Greg as he is to Susan. I wish I could convince him of the truth. I have no favorites, but of the four youngsters Greg is the hardest for me to warm to. From the very beginning he was a hard-luck child. He was almost three months premature and it's a miracle he survived. Dick and I weren't ready either emotionally or financially to start our family. Dick was in the Army and when I was finally allowed to bring the baby home from the hospital, he had already been shipped to England. By then Greg was four months old and almost seemed like somebody else's baby. I was very slow to develop the maternal feelings for my eldest that came automatically with the birth of the others.

"While Dick was gone I held a war job and worked frantically as a volunteer. I lived with my sister. She and Dick's mother—I'm devoted to my mother-in-law—vied with each other for the privilege of looking after Greg. They used to tell him when he was a tiny little thing that he was the only man in our lives, which was more or less the case. Dick's two brothers were also in the service—his oldest brother was killed—and his father held a civilian job in Washington. Dick and I wrote every single day during his three-year absence. He clamored for news about our son and each week I mailed a fresh batch of snapshots.

"Dick now says that his mother and my sister and I got Greg off to the wrong start, spoiled him rotten. It isn't true. We followed modern practices and until Greg was three years old he responded marvelously to a permissive atmosphere. When Dick returned from Europe, he was a child any father should have been proud of.

"His own method of introducing himself to his three-year-old son was to bark an order and demand instant obedience. Their meeting went very poorly. Dick and I eventually had our own private reunion and it was a success. We left Greg with his grandmother and went off on a second honeymoon. My second pregnancy was the result.

"I always wanted a sizable family and both Dick and I hoped another child would be good for Greg. In order to cope with the hazards of sibling rivalry I joined a study group on child psychology; Dick refused to join. We entered Greg in nursery school so I could take things easy—I was fearful of another premature birth—and I very carefully explained my pregnancy to him and emphasized the importance of his role as big brother. Before I went to the hospital we bought a big bed for him. The day he was installed in his own room I got him to help me paint his old crib for the new baby and roll it into our room. I can still recall his small-boy pride. Greg didn't show the slightest jealousy of Susan until she was at least two years old.

"As best I can remember, our trouble started when Greg entered kindergarten; his teacher complained that he wouldn't play with the group but clung to her skirts. So I tried to give him more attention at home. Susan then began throwing tantrums. At this point Dick decided I was neglecting Susan and making our son babyish and just about the as though to confirm Dick in his unfairness, Greg did become babyish. At the age of five he started sucking his thumb and wetting the bed—he was toilet-trained at two- and Dick handled these danger signals in the worst possible way. He tried to shame the boy into conformity. In addition, he persistently held up Susan as a model. Long before the twins were born, Greg and Susan were bitter enemies.

"For years our home has been like an armed camp. I get my only relief when I'm away from my family. If I didn't have the relaxation of my club meetings and the comfort of my church, I would be a nervous wreck.

"Dick objects to my church—I once hoped he would become a member—and begrudges every cent I drop in the contribution plate. He objects to my civic and club activities as a waste of time. When I was elected president of the P.T.A. last year, he wanted me to resign even though he knew how much the honor meant to me. My parents were killed in a plane crash when I was ten, with the result that my sister Edna and I had no opportunity to belong to anything. During most of our childhood Edna lived with an aunt and I was parceled out among a series of elderly and impoverished cousins. A scholarship made it possible for me to go to the college where I met Dick. I wasn't even bid to a sorority until I was a junior.

"I was wild with joy when Dick took notice of me. He wasn't a campus wheel like his brothers, both of whom were outstanding athletes, but his family connections meant he could go everywhere and join anything. His father was dean of admissions and his mother's weekend parties for students were famous. She and I liked each other from the first.

"When Dick and I were married I was in heaven. We were ideally happy until we became parents. I used to believe children brought a husband and wife closer. Our children have driven us apart."

Dick tells his side:

"Lynn has no conception of the damage she's done our children and me," said thirty-nine-year-old Dick. Six feet in height but slight in stature, he was so tense that his eyes blinked, his hands trembled. "She quotes the books to me to prove she is modern and that I'm tyrannical, authoritarian and hopelessly old-fashioned. If it's old-fashioned for a father to expect obedience and respect from his juniors, I plead guilty.

"Unless a man is accepted as the head of his own family and can enforce sensible rules

CONTINUED ON PAGE

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

"I'd Rather Two-Step Than Waltz," was a hit tune in November, 1911, when the most popular recording artists were tenor John McCormack and soprano Alma Gluck. Children were first discovering the delights of a new book called *The Secret Garden*, and *Journal* editors were moving into their handsome new Independence Square offices, with murals by Maxfield Parrish.

The November, 1911, Journal tells how to clothe a family of four on $75 a year. The secret: underwear from bleached flour sacks, and mittens made from old woolen hose.

"What has become of women's hysteries and fainting fits?" wonders The Plain Country Woman. "They used to be common—now women 'brace up' to all sorts of things, proving that women are advancing in reason and self-control."

"Is it permissible to speak of a person's lower limbs as 'legs'?" a reader wants to know. "Yes," answers the etiquette editor. "The days when we had to speak of the 'limbs' of a table or piano are gone forever, we hope."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

and regulations, the result is chaos. Lynn herself admits our family life is chaos. Yet she won't admit her half-baked theories may be at fault. Nor does she see anything wrong in her continual running around.

"My wife manages the charitable affairs of her church almost singlehanded, masterminds the Community Fund drive, and is an official in half a dozen other civic organizations. She spends more time raising money to clothe children in Korea than she spends mending our children's clothes.

"When Lynn stays in on two successive evenings, it's a big event. I used to be her stand-in and chore boy. The nights she went out I would lay aside my reading—I have to read to keep up in my particular branch of chemistry—meekly put on an apron and wash the dishes. Several months ago she refused to ask the youngsters to help and I woke up to the fact that she set a higher value on their time than on mine. Whereupon I pulled a strike. I no longer wash dishes; sometimes greasy pots soak in the sink for a week.

"Lynn thinks she loves our children. She spoils them, that's for sure. Our eldest son, her special pet, has suffered the most from her *laissez-faire* ideas on child rearing.

"Greg has no respect for either her or me. He makes his own household rules. He reads until dawn if he's in the humor, studies when he pleases. Last June while I was out of town on business he built a launching pad in the back yard and terrified the neighborhood by firing a homemade rocket, which happily turned out to be a dud. Earlier he had broached the project to me. I forbade it and refused to buy him the necessary materials. He financed the venture by opening a charge account at a hardware store in my name.

"To punish him I canceled his allowance for the whole of the summer vacation. To punish me—Greg acknowledges no difference between the rights of a father and the rights of a minor son—he notified the owner of the hardware store that I was a deadbeat and he personally would settle the bill. He took a full-time job in the store, paid off the charge account with his first week's earnings, worked until the end of the month, bought a camera I had told him was too expensive for a kid to own, and then quit.

"The other night Lynn talked me into attending one of her church benefits. While we were gone Greg locked the sitter in the bathroom and sneaked the twins out of the house and put them to bed in his room, which adjoins the garage. Naturally he locked Susan out. He delights to torture his sister by making her feel like an outsider and getting his little brothers to himself.

"Until a year ago the three boys roomed together. We shifted Greg to the garage room—there are only three bedrooms in the house—to break up the association and also to give him space for all his junk. The average boy would be pleased to have his own room. Greg isn't average. He is still protesting violently on the grounds that Susan's room, which is much smaller, is preferable to his.

"When Lynn and I reached home from church, the sitter was having hysterics and Susan was in the yard trying to climb through the window of Greg's room. Susan got down from the window ledge when I asked her to. It was a full hour before we were able to return the twins to their own beds. Greg ignored my orders and it was Lynn who eventually persuaded him to unlock his door and hand over the little guys.

"The plain truth is I have no practical means of controlling or disciplining Greg. If I cut off his allowance, he gets money from his mother or hunts up a job. I used to spank him—he has always been such an expert at getting under my skin that perhaps I spanked him too often—but he has outgrown spanking. He's not quite as tall as I am but is solid muscle. Greg is built like my brothers and he looks exactly the way I remember my brother Glenn looking at the same age, although he lacks the marvelous co-ordination that Glenn had. Greg stumbles over everything.

"I don't pretend to understand Greg. Lynn and I used to worry about his grades—in elementary school he was slow in his studie but he leaped to the top as soon as he ente junior high. He also seems to obey sch rules nowadays, though he used to defy teachers and drive them crazy the way does me.

"Greg has a contempt for law and or that is frightening. Last year he went thro a phase of taking money from Lynn's purs she called it 'borrowing'—and one time positive he rifled my billfold, althoug couldn't pin it on him. But he hasn't sto from anybody else or been mixed up in e minor kid offenses, though several ot youngsters in the neighborhood have had appear in Juvenile Court. Maybe Greg's popularity is a blessing; he hasn't ever longed to a gang. All his contemporaries, cluding the bad apples, steer clear of him.

"Lynn urged me to coach Greg in ten and football. A few Saturdays I did atte to help him overcome his awkwardness, it was a disheartening business. He would try. And he mocked my teaching. When was only three or four Greg discovered could get my goat by mimicking my vo my gestures, the way I walked.

"MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD, ALL YE LANDS"

If you would like to join in the Worldwide Bible Reading from Thanksgiving to Christmas, ask your minister for this year's list of Bible texts, or request *Our Daily Bible Reading, 1962* (U-152) from the

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"Maybe Lynn has forgotten, but I hav forgotten the joy I felt when our first c was born. Until I was sent to England I vis the hospital daily and stood beside the i bator staring in, marveling at my tiny s tiniest movement, hardly breathing mysel the suspense of waiting for his next bre The doctor recommended that Lynn, wh had it rough at the birth, spare herself and away. I recall how I reported to her e minute detail of our baby's progress.

"During my years overseas I bored my f dies pushing snapshots and boasting abou wife and son. I used to have dreams about home-coming; the reality was very differ Lynn brought Greg to the dock to meet ship, which was disappointing, since I h lot to say to her personally. When I stoo to lift our youngster in my arms he kicked and ran out in the street. I jerked him to sa and he bit my hand severely; we had to on the way to the hotel to have the blee stanched.

"Lynn assured me that our boy was per in everything because of the training he'd ceived from a bunch of indulgent wor Moreover, my own mother gave me the s line of guff, something I certainly didn't an pate. She was strict enough in raising me. I could discount her blindness to a grands defects and misdeeds because I thought was probably motivated by Greg's re blance to my brother Glenn. My broth death was a blow from which she hasn' covered to this day. Glenn was the star of family and I'm sure he was her favorite, as she worked to conceal it.

"Both of my brothers outshone me; were athletes, both were musically tale both were graduated with honors and on to take advanced degrees. There is

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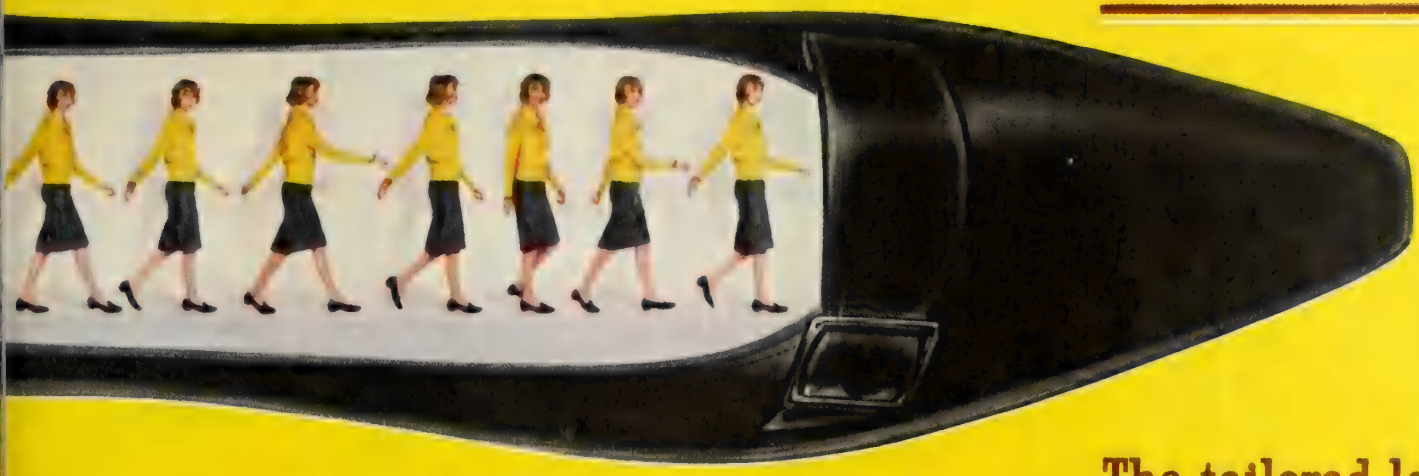
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Children who form healthy interests early in life don't join the wrong gangs later on.

THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOUTH CARES

One evening this fall in Santa Barbara, California, fifteen teenagers sat around an old oak table, heatedly discussing the feasibility of adopting a foster child in Europe.

"I don't see why we can't," high-school junior Patty Dorsey argued. "We've got over twenty-five hundred dollars in the treasury and nothing special to spend it for."

"But is it fair for us to start something that next year's council will have to keep up?" asked a boy across the table.

"Of course we've sponsored exchange students in the past," council chairman Andrea De La Torre said slowly, "but that was just one year at a time. For a long-term project we might need the permission of the Recreation Commission. Why don't we work out the plans for our Crazy Hat dance, and come back to this later?"

Ambitious public-service projects as well as purely social affairs are launched with enthusiasm and calm expectation of success by the hard-working, fun-loving Youth Council of the Santa Barbara "Rec"—a youth program that burst into rather startling bloom fifteen years ago and has been flourishing ever since. Today, boys and girls carrying Rec cards number more than 950; they come from every part of town, from the fashionable Hope Ranch section to the modest adobe houses on Quinientos Street; they participate strongly in activities ranging from casual beach parties to elaborate benefit dances which may bring in several hundred dollars for the March of Dimes or a scholarship fund. Regular Friday-night dances average 375 (about twice that number during football season); and any afternoon as many as 50 boys and girls may turn up in the youth center of the ivy-covered brick building which houses the Rec, for a fast game of table tennis, a soft drink, a game of checkers, a little dancing. "It's a place to go," they say offhandedly—but the reason for the Rec's continuing popularity is a little more complicated than that.

E. L. Bergman, the quiet, easy-voiced man who has been supervisor of the group since 1952, contrasts Santa Barbara's youth program with that of a neighboring city. "The adults there raised enough money to buy a suitable building, fixed it up nicely, and proudly presented it to the teenagers as a recreation center. Within a few weeks there were scratches in the floor; marks on the walls, burns in the rugs; and half the equipment was ruined or lost. My theory is that kids need to feel part of a place before they really appreciate it. Our kids know they're responsible for taking care of the equipment, doing minor repair work, cleaning up. If the checkers get lost, they pay for a new set, or do without. If the lounge needs painting, they paint it. I'm sometimes amused by the proprietary attitude they take toward the Rec—you'd think they built it."

Although the young people of Santa Barbara did not, in fact, build the Rec Center brick by brick, it is fair to say that without their contagious determination, the present program might not exist. Up to World War II, Santa Barbara's civic recreational activities were poorly attended, unimaginative in scope, inadequately housed in cramped quarters which had to do for both adults and youngsters. But the war brought changes, including an influx of new people, and a growing need of young people to express themselves. A handful of these organized a Youth Forum which met to discuss juvenile delinquency, their part in the war effort, and race problems (Santa Barbara has several minority groups, including Mexicans, Japanese, Negroes). The young people were eager, idealistic, full of restlessness and high spirits—some of them had had minor brushes with the law. "We'd better keep an eye on this group," a member of the Recreation Commission warned. "They'll end up robbing a bank or starting a revolution—or maybe being leaders of the community. They're up to something, all right."

What the Youth Forum was up to was, in a way, revolutionary. Its members had heard that the large brick building on the corner of Carrillo and Anacapa streets was up for sale, and proposed to buy it as a city recreation center. Adults were skeptical of the plan, the city was hard to persuade, but the teenagers persisted. Santa Barbara is not likely to forget the exciting parade of 1000 boys and girls who marched down State Street to launch their surprisingly successful Work Day, during which most of the town's juvenile population joined in a mass effort to raise money by mowing lawns, washing cars (and dogs), cleaning vacant lots, minding children, running errands. Work Day ended with a grand celebration dance, and when the money was counted it came to over $1500.

From then on, although there were other problems to cope with, success was virtually assured. Speaking at clubs, discussing the project over the radio, canvassing the town for donations, the young people raised about $25,000; adults put up the remaining $45,000 needed to purchase the building, plus the considerable amount required for repairs and renovation. From a strictly financial standpoint, teenagers have no reason to regard the Rec as "theirs"; morally, however, few would question their right to feel a bit proprietary.

During the second year, the Youth Council (which replaced the Forum) nearly foundered on the shoals of overly optimistic spending and haphazard bookkeeping. Forced to appeal to the Recreation Commission for a loan and embarrassed by it, the boys and girls went to work and paid off the debt in a matter of months. The commission, impressed with the industry of the teenagers, returned their check uncashed. If the kids cared about their Rec enough to pull it out of troubled waters, the city felt duty-bound to back them up.

Today, the Rec is a gathering place for Santa Barbara residents of all ages. Five-year-olds make puppets and marionettes upstairs in the crafts room; twelve-year-olds learn ballroom and folk dancing in the auditorium; adults hold club meetings in the attractive Baylor Room or read magazines in the library. Teenagers, however, form the nucleus of the program. "See ya at the Rec" has approximately the same meaning as "So long" among students of Santa Barbara High, San Marcos High and Bishop Garcia High—and the habit is quickly adopted by little brothers and sisters. A Junior Rec, for the eleven-to-thirteen age group, was organized several years ago and was popular from the start. Run by a committee which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

"Only she knew how to heal the scars of battle"...

The Adventures And
The Romance Of One Of The World's Greatest Heroes!



CHARLTON HESTON and SOPHIA LOREN
in SAMUEL BRONSTON'S

EL CID

also starring RAF VALLONE · GENEVIEVE PAGE
co-starring JOHN FRASER · GARY RAYMOND · HURD HATFIELD · MASSIMO SERATO and HERBERT LOM
music by MIKLOS ROZSA written by FREDRIC M. FRANK and PHILIP YORDAN directed by ANTHONY MANN
70 mm SUPER TECHNIRAMA · TECHNICOLOR® a SAMUEL BRONSTON PRODUCTION in association with DEAR FILMS PRODUCTIONS
distributed by ALLIED ARTISTS

YES, SANTA CLAUS, THERE IS A VIRGINIA

The North Pole

Dear Editors,

I am about fifteen hundred years old—but that is beside the point. Some of my little elves say there is no Virginia who believes in faith, fancy, poetry, love and romance any more. They tell me diamonds are a girl's best friend and that all women are materialists and don't really believe in anything they can't see, taste, touch, feel or smell. I must say this concerns me.

Mrs. Claus says if I read it in the magazine she believes in, it must be so. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Virginia?

Hopefully,

S. Claus

More than a half century ago, a little girl wrote a letter to the New York Sun. She said she was eight years old and some of her little friends had told her there was no Santa Claus. "Please tell me the truth," she pleaded. "Is there a Santa Claus?" Her letter was answered by Mr. Frank P. Church of the editorial staff of the Sun: his reply has been reprinted hundreds of times and is familiar to millions of people. Recently, an even more remarkable letter came into the hands of the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal. Here is the letter and our reply:

Dear Mr. Claus:

Yes, Santa Claus, there is a Virginia. She exists in all women as certainly as the moon and sun and stars exist in our universe. You would have been dead and forgotten long ago if she did not. Alas! How dreary this world would be for men if there were no Virginias. Then indeed would there be no poetry, no love, no romance. Men would have absolutely nothing to do but sit and sulk and occasionally fight over an old dried bone. The eternal lights, the ideals, which mark the happiest paths in life would no longer shine to guide them.

It is true that women do not often like to deal with remote, abstract problems about which they feel they can do nothing. But to them love is not an abstraction. It is real; they strive to make it real, in children, food, comfort, beauty, home. Love is truly "a woman's whole existence." The diamonds girls have spurned for love would encrust the peaks of all the mountains.

As for romance, Santa Claus, why don't you try it? (On second thought, you had better not.) It is no secret that women are vulnerable to the gentle approach. For the fragrance of flowers, a few whispered words of verse, candlelight, sweet music and the promise of love, many a girl will trade all the practicalities on earth. Oh, they believe, Santa Claus, they believe and believe and believe.

Simple drudgery is sometimes their poetry. Women serve—it is their fate to serve and it is a proud destiny. To lift and scrub and labor for children, to nurse the sick, to cook, console and care for a husband, a home, and beyond the home, to give precious time and energy to school, church and community—ah, it takes womanly magic of a high order to keep this gay, to make the mundane poetic. And it shines, Santa Claus, it shines in their eyes when they are loved.

Diamonds, my friend? They are searching for a better, more artful way to peel potatoes.

Sincerely yours,

The Editors

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The Temptation of Beautyrest

Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back. That dream house at last—and a brand-new Beautyrest® to go with it. Wise couple. The best costs least—this quilted beauty will give them years and years of firm, restful support. You can't blame our hero for sampling its back-easing, bone-soothing comfort in advance. Hey! Get with it, George. Remember, that housewarming is *tonight.*



Think King-Size! Now's the time to get that big bed you've always wanted. You get 5″ of extra length with Beautyrest King-Size mattresses, and 21 inches extra width in the largest size—all for little extra cost. All tests by the United States Testing Co. prove that Beautyrest construction lasts 3 times longer than the next best mattress. So, even with King-Size, you save in the long run.

Beautyrest by Simmons



Today, Revlon end

in Switzerland and America, secretly tested women, aged 26 to 74. Their purpose was to prov the formula that could cause visible improvemen documented by doctors, can be revealed about .

Can a cream *really* make dramatic improvements in aging skin? Is such an achievement possible? Today, the probability exists as never before. Surely no woman will deny herself the chance to find out if she can regain a look she thought had gone forever.

SCIENTISTS ARE SKEPTICS. They believe only what they can prove. Doctors and research scientists from four of the world's great universities tested 'Eterna 27' with exclusive Progenitin. Their signed documents state *exactly* what they saw this cream do for women.

IN 6 OUT OF EVERY 10 CASES... they saw *remarkable* results. Usually, the skin with the most apparent signs of age showed the most improvement. In most of the remaining cases, while the change was not so *dramatic*, the skin did look more youthful and definitely smoother. With such medical testimony from prominent specialists in the field of skin care, can there be doubt that here, at last, is the kind of cream that women ha hoped for with every passing yea In just 40 days of use, you will s how *your* skin responds.

WHY 40 DAYS? Tests show th 'Eterna 27' begins to show resul after 2 to 3 weeks of faithful us But like a medicine, like a speci diet . . . it takes *time* for the crea to do its work. In 40 days, the ma mum benefits are visible. But member that 'Eterna 27' is *n* plastic surgery, *not* a cure. It is special cosmetic treatment agai

ne secrecy: for two years, scientists tally new kind of skin cream on hundreds of disprove whether Science had finally created aging skin. Today . . . the remarkable facts . . .

'ETERNA 27' by Revlon

WITH EXCLUSIVE PROGENITIN®

ig skin. To keep the benefits, ecream should be used nightly eeafter. For if you deprive your i of the vital ingredients that ed the improvements . . . the efits will disappear. Your com- o sense will tell you that.

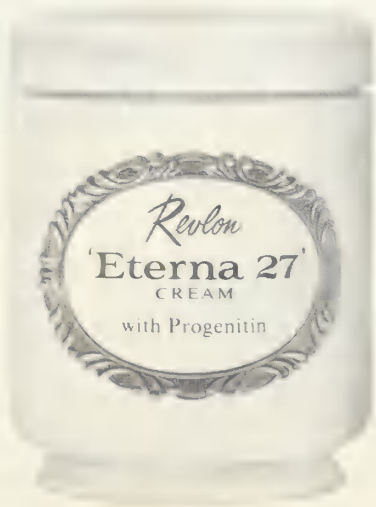
COMPLICATED RITUAL. You nly massage 'Eterna 27' into u skin. In seconds, it disappears. in it, there's really no need to e any other night cream . . . be- ue 'Eterna 27' acts as lubricator, o turizer, eye and throat cream.

PATENTED FORMULA. The 'Eterna 27' formula belongs to Revlon, and Revlon alone. Its vital basic ingredient, Progenitin, is patented for use only by Revlon.

GUARANTEE. 'Eterna 27' can do more for you than any other cosmetic cream—whether it costs $20, $40 or $100. 'Eterna 27' is $8 plus tax. If, after faithful use, you don't agree this cream has fulfilled its promise to you, simply return the jar for a total refund. The first limited supply of 'Eterna 27' is at fine cosmetic counters now.

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Your doctor is invited to see clinical photographs and documentary evidence, by appointment with the Medical Director, Revlon, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York.



WHEN YOU DO
CLOSE WORK



REST
YOUR EYES WITH
MURINE



People of all ages have discovered the pleasant practice of refreshing their eyes *every* day with Murine. It's a special comfort when your eyes are busy with close work or exposed to dust, wind, glare, etc. Use gentle Murine *every day* to soothe away that "tired eyes" feeling—and so relax tension.

WHEN YOUR CHILD GETS ANGRY WITH YOU

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

CAROL BANCROFT



"I hate you ——" Should a child suppress anger?

When I was a child I never told my father and mother I was angry with them. I wouldn't have dared. Nor would other children of that period, either, except a few who were completely out of control. As for telling my parents I hated them, the idea would have been too awful to have entered my mind. Of course I would feel angry with them occasionally when I thought they had punished me unfairly or favored one of my sisters or refused what seemed a reasonable request. But I showed my resentment only by sulking.

When child-guidance work began, it was realized that one of the problems of an excessively worrisome child may be that he feels too guilty about his hostile feeling toward other members of the family. He acts as if he believes that his mean wishes toward them would actually do them harm. Or he fears that if his parents ever discovered just how angry with them he sometimes feels, they would punish him horribly; or they might turn against him for good and throw him out. In fact, a child may be so afraid of his resentful feelings that he completely represses any awareness of them, deep into his unconscious mind. Buried there, they may play a part in creating a neurotic symptom such as a phobia or compulsion, or a psychosomatic symptom such as a chronic skin rash.

So the child-guidance-clinic worker, in his efforts to cure the neurosis, tries to reassure the guilty child that angry thoughts in themselves don't hurt people; that everybody has them at times, even toward people whom they love; that the child's parents wouldn't do anything terrible to him if they knew how he felt.

Hardest of all is to demonstrate to the timid child that he actually does have hostile thoughts, since he is an old expert at hiding them even from himself. So the child psychiatrist is on the lookout for little signs of irritation to which he can call attention. If the psychiatrist is late for an appointment, and at the next appointment the child is late for the first time since he has been coming for treatment, the psychiatrist may say, "I guess you were cross at me for being late last time." The child protests, "Honestly, I wasn't cross. I know how busy you are." Perhaps the child is making up a play, using miniature dolls representing adults and children. He has a boy doll punch a doctor doll in the nose. The psychiatrist says, "I guess you sometimes would like to do that to me." "Oh, no," replies the child. "I like you because you are trying to get me well." In another play the child makes a boy doll say "I hate you" to the mother doll because the mother doll compelled him to eat a vegetable he didn't like. "Probably you feel like saying that to your own mother when she makes you eat something," says the psychiatrist. "Oh, no!" says the child. "I don't get angry, because my mother is only doing it to make me get strong and healthy." Another time, the boy is playing a kind of cops-and-robbers game with the doctor and tells the doctor to put him in jail for robbing a bank. When the doctor pretends to do so, the child gets excited in trying to escape, and really conks the doctor with the butt of a toy pistol. The doctor says, "You feel like hurting me when you are afraid I'm going to punish you." And so on and so forth. It is amazing how persistently a neurotic child can deny feelings that are so obvious to everyone else.

In the early days of child-guidance work it was believed that if a child who repressed his anger would really cut loose in a number of sessions with his doctor and thoroughly vent his CONTINUED ON PAGE



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHER

"If my child were rude to me, I wouldn't put up with it. The parent who plays a submissive, apologetic role stirs up the child's meanness and guiltiness. If a child cannot respect his parent, it will be difficult for him as he grows up to learn to respect others—or himself."



GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Coffee is so rewarding.
Nothing else comes close.
Make it this way every time: dark and rich.
Give it character. Bless it with strength.
Get all the goodness good coffee can give.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

Pan-American Coffee Bureau



THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT

You don't buy a Maytag; you adopt it

(A Maytag has a way of becoming a member of the family)

Among the things you live with in your home, a few objects become real friends — a favorite chair, perhaps, or old silver. Home just wouldn't be the same without them.

A certain family in West Hyattsville, Md., has had reason to feel much that way about their Maytag. There were five boys, ages 13, 11, 10, 8, and 2—and one Maytag Automatic, age 9. One day the machine stopped cold. Mother thought, with all the wear and tear her old washer had been given, it might be beyond repair.

Her serviceman thought otherwise, however, and two hours later her 9-year-old Maytag was "operating as though it was a new machine."

Mother wrote: "Please keep making Maytags in the future as you have in the past."

We mean to. Of course, the new Maytags have many, many new features. But when you buy yours, you can expect the same old dependability. So be prepared to live with it as a member of the family.

Today's Maytag gives you all these ad features right along with dependability: A matic Bleach Dispenser ends bleaching m a Lint-Filter Agitator eliminates lint pr an Automatic Water Level Control saves a Safety Lid stops action in seconds when a Zinc-coated Steel Cabinet protects agai

MAYTAG

the dependable automatics

NUED FROM PAGE 20

gs, it would bring about improvement, hough he did not understand the basic s of his angriness or what his fears were about. But experience proved that the vement from a blowup was only tempo- The symptoms would keep returning un- th the help of the psychiatrist, the child stood the deep roots of his tensions.

ther mistake that was sometimes made, child psychiatry was in its infancy, was the child, when he finally showed his take it out by breaking playthings or ging the room, or hitting the doctor. showed that whenever a child was al- to become destructive or assaultive— or therapeutic purposes—there was an rable reaction. In the first place, it is bing to any human being, whether child ilt, whether good citizen or delinquent, out of control. The worst harm it does is ce him mistrust himself. (Occasionally a vere delinquent or criminal will leave a ge at the scene of a brutal crime: "Some- please stop me.") For the child under ent, getting out of control also causes st of the psychiatrist who permits it. adds to his load of guilt which was al- too great.

t came to be realized that it was unwise so unnecessary to allow a child to act s hostile feelings. It was found that he more effectively cope with them—and ilt about them—by learning to talk them instead. With the help of the psy- st he can learn to admit that he is some- urious at the psychiatrist or at his par- he fact that the psychiatrist can listen to xpressions of hostility calmly and with- taliation teaches the child that these s are not so dangerous as he had as- , and that adults are usually reliable . Then he and the psychiatrist can go on over more about where his resentments rom, especially the resentments left over arlier stages of childhood when he mis- tood many things.

his leads to an easing of the child's ten- within himself and with his parents, and rovement of his symptoms.

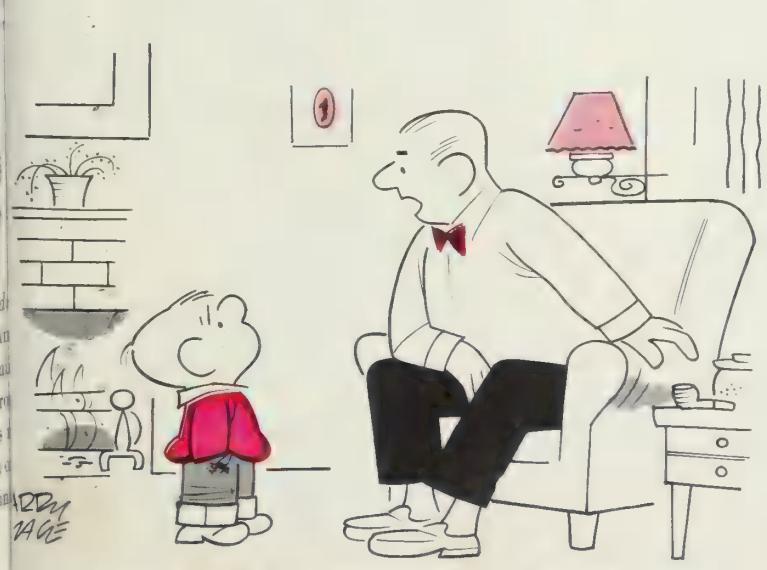
until recent times our morality taught ger and hatred are sinful, particularly n members of the family. Of course people have always taken this prohibi- th a grain of salt and been able to joke household animosities. It has been the uals with unusually strict consciences, dults and children, who have tried to egative feelings completely, and some- eveloped symptoms as a result.

past couple of generations have ex- ed a general relaxation of standards. e discoveries of psychiatrists about the veness of aggressive and sexual im- have been interpreted by people as ng the relaxation. Parents have learned ctures and articles and books that it is for children, at moments of stress, to tred for fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, and that too severe a repression of this can cause neurosis. Those parents who take human nature for granted—in themselves and in their children—and who have a natural self-assurance have accepted these pronouncements matter-of-factly. In a sense they have always known them. But other parents have been thrown off balance by all the talk about the inevitability of hostility and the unwholesomeness of suppressing it. They've allowed their children to express it freely whenever the spirit moved them. In a few cases they've even encouraged them to do so. Sometimes the situation gets completely out of control.

I've received letters from parents who ended up taking verbal abuse from their children all day long and who concluded that they had somehow failed to give their children enough love. This is certainly the wrong interpretation. Unloved children don't bother to berate their parents hour after hour. In most cases these parents are kindly people, devoted to their children, but too ready to blame themselves when anything goes wrong. They assume that their children's occasional hostility toward them is probably justified and believe—mistakenly, I think—that it should be allowed direct, blunt expression. Eventually a vicious cycle may develop. For if a parent begins, for one reason or another, to play a submissive, apologetic role, it stirs up the child's meanness *and* guiltiness. He can't resist the temptation to be cruel to a person who is, in a sense, asking for it. Yet he knows that this is not the right way to treat a parent. He wants, underneath, to be stopped. So he satisfies both impulses by behaving more and more outrageously, hoping unconsciously that the parent will crack down.

Now I want to tie these ideas together in a more positive way and express my own opinion about how best to apply them. I think today's parents have a real advantage over those of the past in being able to admit that there are many situations in growing up which arouse anger and hatred in normal, wholesome children. There are the frustrations and unwelcome requests that a parent must impose; at age one they have to do with avoiding breakable or dangerous household objects and sitting on the potty. At sixteen they concern the borrowing of the family car and the hours for coming home. The arrival of a new baby stirs up resentment toward the parents as well as toward the infant. The possessive romantic attachment that boy makes to mother and girl to father at three and four years causes hostile jealousy which may not show much on the surface but which, we have learned, takes a long time for the child to master constructively. At all stages of growing up children are being occasionally irritated by parental impatience and unreasonableness that come from some other source altogether—such as the father's problems with his boss or the mother's with her husband.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



"I'll not only tell you where you came from, but also how much you *cost*—then you'll *really* appreciate being here!"



Mealtime hints for a happier baby



bringing up baby
Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

One of the most important things for a new mother to realize is that it's more important for baby to enjoy his food than how much he eats. And to promote enjoyment early is to prevent "picky" eating later.

- **One at a time** *for new foods! If baby turns "tongue down" on food it's wise to skip it temporarily and follow up with a favorite. (Gerber Baby Foods are specially designed for acceptability.)*
- **Forcing never won** *"fair baby." No one food is a "must" or must be introduced at a specific time. There are more than enough Gerber alternates to please a baby's palate.*
- **Be adventurous** *with variety. The more foods baby samples, the more favorites he'll find.*

Happily, Gerber offers variety galore so baby can get the many different nutrients he needs from many different foods. Over 50 lip-smacking strained foods so you can serve many a change of taste . . . give baby any number of choices with equal nutritive values. For example: if baby balks at carrots . . . substitute sweet potatoes. Or substitute creamed cottage cheese with pineapple for egg yolks.

Words to the wise from the Gerber Nutritionist: "Pleasant mealtime associations generate favorable food attitudes . . . at 90 years or 9 days." What better reason for seasoning baby's meals with smiles instead of frowns?

It's the unusual little one who doesn't take to the savory goodness of Gerber Strained Meats and thereby profit nutritionally. That's because they're carefully prepared to preserve true-meat flavors and the utmost in precious food values. Only protein-rich Armour* cuts are used.

***Armour Meat Protein** is complete protein supplying all the essential amino acids that build and re-build vital body tissues.

Important: Gerber prepares over 100 baby foods: cereals, strained and junior, to meet your baby's nutritional needs. We're proud to say:



"Babies are our business . . . our only business!"

For the pains and fever
of Colds and Flu
DOCTORS RECOMMEND
ASPIRIN



BAYER®
BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF!

...the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from the aches, pains and fever of a cold or flu!

This is a simple fact: in private conversations, in magazine articles, in newspapers and medical journals, doctors and public health officials have repeatedly recommended one thing for painful discomforts and fever of colds and flu. That one thing is aspirin. Specifically, aspirin.

In fact, among the non-prescription medicines doctors carry in their bags, the one they use the most is aspirin.

So when any member of your family suffers the painful discomforts and fever of a cold or flu, help him to feel better fast with Bayer Aspirin, preferred by more millions of people than any other brand of pain reliever.



Now children, as well as adults, can feel better fast with Bayer Aspirin. You can give Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children with your doctor's blessing; it's the 1¼-grain dosage doctors recommend.

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me, Doctor, *Dr. Schauffler will discuss problems sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but the names are fictitious.*



TELL ME DOCTOR

BY GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I'm not exactly worried about Betsy, Doctor," Mrs. Wayburn had said over the phone. "But she has been menstruating for six months, though she is only ten, and several of her periods have been pretty heavy. I'd like you to look her over. Besides, she is full of questions!"

The doctor had delivered Betsy and her two older sisters. When mother and daughter arrived, he shook hands with Betsy as formally as he would have with a grownup, but in an especially warm and friendly fashion. "It's a pleasure to see you again, Betsy. Your mother said you had some questions you wanted to ask me."

"I have, Doctor," Betsy replied composedly. "It seems awfully queer to me, the different ways we've started out menstruating in our family. Marjie, my oldest sister—she's eighteen—didn't begin until two years ago, and she flows only about every six weeks or two months. Josie, the middle one, started before she was fourteen and comes around regularly every four weeks. I started when I was ten and have been flowing about every three weeks."

"Betsy's sisters believe she should know about these things," Mrs. Wayburn volunteered. "I'm afraid we don't have many reticences at our house since Betsy matured."

"I fully approve, and I'm glad this question was brought up." Then, turning back to his young patient, "I find there is a good deal of misunderstanding, Betsy, about the way menstruation begins with different girls. The scientific name for it, by the way, is the menarche. In this country, the usual age for the menarche is between twelve and fourteen, but anywhere from eleven to fifteen years of age is not considered unusual. Even wider limits can be normal, provided everything else is in order. There is a similar range in the nature of the flow in the beginning. It may start out as regular or irregular, too heavy or too scanty, with painful cramps, or with no discomfort at all. Mostly, the things that aren't quite right to begin with regularize themselves before very long. Though they don't in every case."

"How can you tell when these differences are something to worry about, and when they aren't?"

"I would say that if a girl hasn't started menstruating by age sixteen, or seventeen at the latest, she should consult a doctor. There are special conditions which may have affected her development. Certain endocrine tumors, for instance, or a low secretion of thyroid can do it. The fact that your sister Marjie is menstruating, even though she began a little late and is still irregular, is in her favor. The chances are she'll straighten out by herself but, if she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



THIS IS THE NEW SLANT-O-MATIC® 500 MACHINE BY **SINGER**

NEW...concealed spool pins pop up when you're ready to sew! Additional spool pin is tucked away, ready to snap into place if you prefer to sew with the top closed.

NEW . . . easy-to-read chart! Flips up to let you choose decorative stitches at a glance. Makes hundreds of variations "picture book" simple.

NEW . . . automatic bobbin winder. Up top where it's handy . . . concealed for streamlined beauty.

NEW . . . exclusive automatic thread control! Quiets the thread. Insures a smoother flow from spool to needle for a new evenness of stitching.

NEW . . . the easiness of it! New-design "tune in" dials let you switch instantly from decorative to straight stitching to breeze-easy mending and darning.

NEW . . . numbered pressure dial! Lets you adjust pressure so it's perfect for every fabric.

EXCLUSIVE: drop-in front bobbin, Micro-stitch length control, elevator throat plate, Slant-Needle and gear-motor drive.

FANTASTIC . . . the way this sleek new "genius" pops up with more talents than any sewing machine has ever contained. See them all "in person" soon.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

*A Trademark of THE SINGER MFG. CO.



How to buy mink at Sears

...and why not this stole for Christmas?

Did you know that Sears, Roebuck and Co. is one of the largest retailers of mink in the country? 183 of the 740 modern Sears department stores carry mink stoles. And you'll find them in the Sears catalog, priced from $181 to $475 *(plus 10% federal tax).*

IF YOU WANT to buy a good mink stole—yet not pay a fortune for it—you probably wish you knew "someone in the business."

Look no further! Sears is very much in the fur business. Take mink, for instance.

Sears is one of the biggest sellers of mink in the United States. It offers mink stoles, capes, jackets and scarfs in a wide range of styles—and in the most popular shades of natural mink, domestic and imported. Some are made from "split" skins. Others are created by the costlier "let-out" process. But all, without exception, give you remarkable *value for your money.*

Notice the superb quality and styling of the mink stole in the picture on the left. You can see this stole at 183 of the 740 Sears stores. Or you can order it from the Sears catalog, either in your own home—or at the catalog order desk you'll find in *every* Sears store—or at any one of Sears' 944 catalog sales offices.

How can Sears afford to sell such a classic creation at the price? *Skill in buying* has a lot to do with it.

Season after season, Sears fur buyers purchase mink stoles and other mink items *in quantity* from a few selected suppliers, with whom they have built up a close working relationship. Each knows and thoroughly understands the other's business.

These mink suppliers respect Sears' high standards. They are sure of large and regular orders as long as those standards are met. This helps them cut costs—and they pass these cost savings on to Sears: *a significant price advantage which Sears then shares with you.*

That's why you pay so much less at Sears for mink scarfs, shrugs, capes and stoles. You'll be astonished by their quality and workmanship.

In order to offer you *more for your money*, Sears has always been content to take a modest profit. This principle applies to *everything* Sears sells. No less to mink stoles and diamond rings than to denim slacks and costume jewelry.

If you haven't been in a Sears store lately, why not drop in tomorrow? Big surprises and startling values await you in every department. There were never so many good reasons to *shop at Sears and save.*

$475 *is all you pay (plus ten per cent federal tax) for this superb mink stole. In natural Autumn Haze* domestic mink, it's a special Sears Diamond Jubilee value you can't afford to miss. *Trademark, Mutation Mink Breeders Association*



Her fashion pet is Shelton Stroller, and she loves them. Some old (she can't seem to wear them out). Some new (she wears them everywhere). That's the way it is with remarkable Shelton Strollers. Never out of fashion. Never out at the cleaner's. Wear. Wash. Let drip dry. Never needs ironing. In jersey of Du Pont Nylon, you'll find your Stroller is ready to go at a moment's notice. Any day. Any hour. Any time. And especially at Christmas—living or giving. Shown: Persian print Stroller, in sizes 10 to 20, 12½ to 22½. About $13 at leading stores everywhere.

Shelton Stroller

NAME OF NEAREST ... BROADWAY, NEW ... 18, N.Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

doesn't pretty soon it would be a good idea for her to be checked over."

"What makes a girl start menstruating extra early, Doctor? Josie knows a girl who says she started when she was six!"

"Well, Betsy, when menstruation begins considerably before the age of ten—in early childhood or even in babyhood, as happens now and then—it may represent something pretty serious. Precocious maturity, as we call it, can be caused by certain types of endocrine tumors too. And sometimes the glands which govern the functioning of the sex organs get mixed up.

"After age nine," the doctor went on, "more often it simply means that the normal process has been speeded up a little. It's a good idea, though, for unusually early starters, as well as unusually late ones, and those who suffer real inconvenience, to seek medical care. We have treatments now that can help a great deal. Incidentally, Betsy, your mother tells me that you are finding menstruation something of a nuisance."

"I certainly am when I have to stay out of school for a couple of days because I flow so much, and get to feeling kind of weak."

"That is something that should be looked into. I'm going to give you a little examination, Betsy. It won't hurt, and I think it will tell us everything we need to know."

While Mary Ann prepared Betsy for the examination, the doctor took from Mrs. Wayburn a careful record as to the ages when Betsy had developed teeth, walked and talked. He asked about the occurrence of pubic and underarm hair, breast changes, whether Betsy had had any serious illnesses. Apparently the girl's development had been normal, though slightly ahead of the usual schedule.

Following the brief examination the doctor told Mrs. Wayburn, "Your daughter is fit as can be. There is nothing wrong with the internal organs, according to rectal examination, and no thyroid difficulty. However, even normal organs do not always work just the way they should. For want of a better term we call irregularities of this kind 'dysfunctional.' Betsy's blood count shows that she is a little anemic, and she shouldn't have such a heavy flow as to keep her out of school. I have taken vaginal smears to determine the estrogen level. We may know more when the laboratory reports come back."

"I'm glad you did bring Betsy in," the doctor told Mrs. Wayburn next day over the phone. "Betsy's vaginal smears show too much estrogen—what we call hyperestrogenism. This is apt to occur when a very young girl is developing lots of follicles in the ovary, but not having regular ovulation as yet. The follicles continue to manufacture estrogen even if they don't ovulate, and as a result too much irregularly produced estrogen is absorbed, with not enough progesterone to balance it. Progesterone, you know, is formed in the follicle only after ovulation. If there is no ovulation, progesterone production suffers.

"In many girls like Betsy—it can occur in older women too—the extra estrogen causes a marked thickening, called hyperplasia, in the lining of the uterus. The thickened uterus lining, or endometrium, can bring about unusual sorts of bleeding. At Betsy's age there may be other causes for irregular bleeding, but that is one of the most common.

"Nowadays, when young girls have this difficulty, we sort of prime the organs, so to speak, with synthetic estrogen and progesteronia taken by mouth. These keep the uterus lining intact for around twenty-eight days, so there is no bleeding. When the hormones are withdrawn, bleeding occurs, thus simulating the menstrual cycle. Several episodes like this often seem to start regular ovulation on its own.

"I'll order the hormones for Betsy. She should take an estrogen pill every evening at bedtime for twenty days and a progesterone pill along with it for the last three days of the twenty, then stop. She ought to flow in three to five days after that. The pills should be started again on the third day of the flow. Even if it doesn't induce normal ovulation, as we hope it will, the hormone treatment can generally be counted on to control exce and too frequent bleeding."

The pills made Betsy rather nauseate first, but she soon got over that, and we full month before she flowed again. Howe the flow was heavier than ever. The usual tections were inadequate; Betsy had to home from school for four days.

"We'll drop the estrogen and use prog tional hormone right through the next tw days," the doctor said. "The new synth one so much talked about nowadays for s ping ovulation is thought to be the most cient. The treatment shouldn't bother Bet much this time, and it will stop the blee for at least twenty-five days or so. We will her ergotrate tablets as well. These will p ably cause some cramps, because they the uterus contract, but they often he control bleeding quite effectively. Keep in bed and quiet until she is back to nor And we'll start her on some iron pills for anemia."

"Doctor, are we going to have to go thro this every month?" wailed the usually po Mrs. Wayburn.

"Betsy ought to straighten out with present course of treatment. What I'd like t if possible is simply tide her over, cor things as best we can, until her own glands organs have settled into the normal ma routine."

Betsy didn't have a period again for th days, but when the next one began, the was so copious that her mother was seric alarmed.

"Let's take Betsy to the hospital for a da two, Mrs. Wayburn," the doctor advised. have special drugs nowadays which are effective in tough cases such as this, but must be used intravenously. Interest enough, concentrated estrogen, injected in vein in repeated doses, often stops the h bleeding, for the time being at least, though the bleeding is basically caused by much estrogen. There are other effective stances, too, and we might even use a tra sion if the blood count is very low. But young patients make up blood loss easily pecially with iron and a proper diet."

A few days in the hospital with intrave injections of the concentrated estrogen, trate by mouth, and large doses of brought the flow down to normal. Tra sion was not needed. Betsy was able t home and back to school on the third day the bleeding stopped on the fifth day.

During the next cycle, Betsy was put on the estrogen pills for twenty days, wit progestational hormone taken concurr during the last three days. Twenty-seven after the start of her previous period, began a normal flow which stopped aft days. And that was the end of her mens irregularities, except for an occasional sl heavy flow.

"I still don't understand why Betsy h much trouble," Mrs. Wayburn said t doctor when it was all over.

"It happens quite a lot with these girls start menstruating extra early, though i occur with normal or late starters as Perhaps the glands begin their part of th turing process before the organs are deve quite enough to carry it through."

"What would you have done if the mones hadn't stopped the bleeding?"

"One of my reasons for putting Betsy hospital was the possibility of a dilatatio curettage if she hadn't responded well intravenous treatment. Some doctors prove of curettage in very young patient those of us who have done quite a bit of it is no more dangerous than a tonsillec Theoretically it's a diagnostic measure, also seems to clear up seven out of ten of cases of heavy bleeding, perhaps by cle out the overthick lining of the uterus.

Even if the curettage doesn't stop the ing, study of the tissues enables us to our treatment more intelligently. It als ables us to eliminate benign uterine p perhaps even cancer—though that, nately, is rare in such young girls—as sible causes of bleeding."

CONTINUED ON P

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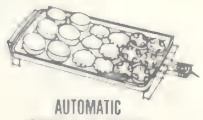
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PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON

WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ A K 10 5
♥ Q 9 8 6 5 2
♦ 5
♣ K 5

WEST
♠ 7
♥ J 10 7 3
♦ Q J 9
♣ J 10 9 4 2

EAST
♠ 6 4 2
♥ 4
♦ K 10 7 4
♣ Q 8 7 6 3

SOUTH
♠ Q J 9 8 3
♥ A K
♦ A 8 6 3 2
♣ A

Neither side vulnerable
Dealer: West

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	4 NT
Pass	5 ♦	Pass	5 NT
Pass	6 ♥	Pass	7 ♠

West opens the ♣ J

There's nothing more frustrating in the fascinating game of bridge than beautifully bidding to a grand slam, only to let the prize slip through your fingers by a careless performance in the play.

Much as we disapprove of protracted huddles (and don't you agree that slow players hurt our favorite pastime?), there are times when examination and study are in order—indeed are a "must." Consider the above curio from a recent tournament. The fates were distinctly on our side. Had South done his job well, we would have obtained exactly no points on this board instead of a clear top.

The North-South combination reached this stratospheric height so fast one would think the hand had been played before. Moreover, every call was sound. Beyond question, the thirteen trick commitment was an excellent spot

In the actual play, Peggy led the jack of clubs, which was captured by the lone ace. Declarer now cashed the spade queen and played another spade to the board's king. It was already too late to salvage the hand! Hoping for a three-two split, South tried to cash his ace and king of hearts to set up the remainder for diamond discards. But I ruffed the second heart with the insignificant six of trumps and school was out.

After declarer recorded down one his wife, under restraint during the denouement, gave her analysis in brittle tones.

"You're some player! The slam can be made by playing it safely," she exclaimed. "Don't cash a second trump at trick three. Cash the heart ace, but not the king! Now protect against a bad break by leading your second trump. Next play your good king of clubs and toss off the king of hearts. Now all you have to do is ruff a small heart in the closed hand, pull the last opponents' trump, ruff another small heart to establish the suit, cash the diamond ace, enter the board with the last trump by ruffing a diamond and then discard your three losing diamonds on the good hearts."

South reddened at this rapid-fire analysis. His wife was right, he knew, but human nature wouldn't let him exit gracefully by acknowledging this. He thought awhile for an out.

"Dear," he replied, shaking his head, "that plan won't work if the spades are four-none, or the hearts five-none."

"Neither would your way," she retorted. "And remember, the splits were three-one and four-one, a not unlikely layout! I don't know why you try to hit the jack pot when you always play your cards worse than anyone else. Maybe you should just underbid a trick to compensate."

South made no comment on this advice at all. The fact was that before his wife had finished her remarks, he had lighted a cigar and left the table. We're not sure whether they spoke to each other again during the rest of the session. But in a way, our sympathy is with South. He had made a grand bid, hadn't he? And wonderful as bridge is, it's still only a game, and nothing over which to jeopardize a happy home.

This brings up a good question: "Which do you prefer, a fine player or a nice partner?" Incidentally, my wife and I have had many arguments on this subject, for obvious (?) reasons.

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"Suppose the curettage hadn't stopped the bleeding?"

"Mrs. Wayburn, I have seen cases of very young girls in which we couldn't keep up with the blood loss, even with repeated transfusions. I am glad to say that I myself have never been compelled to do a hysterectomy for that reason, however."

"*Hysterectomy?* In a child like *Betsy?*"

"Before we had these new drugs to stop the bleeding, there was little else a doctor could do, if transfusions failed to keep up with the blood loss, or became actually dangerous. Though in a case like Betsy's," the doctor mused, "one wonders how much of the cure is due to the treatment, and how much to the natural maturing process. Most early menstrual irregularities do smooth themselves out in due course, when there is no organic cause for them."

"Just the same, Doctor, I am mighty thankful for these new drugs," Mrs. Wayburn said emphatically, "and that Betsy and I were to see you that day."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses various types of multiple pregnancy.

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Yellow Cake Mix
to make this Turkish
Mocha-Walnut Cake

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What else would you put in your holiday cake?

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A superbly elegant dessert—and yet so easy to make—start with yellow cake mix—then add a mouth-watering filling of dates and Diamond Walnuts . . .

TURKISH MOCHA-WALNUT CAKE

1 pkg. Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix
1 tablesp. powdered instant coffee
3 cups cut-up dates • 1 cup sugar • 1 cup water
1 cup finely chopped Diamond Walnuts

Make cake according to pkg. directions, adding instant coffee. Bake in layers. Cool. Split layers. Meanwhile, make filling by combining dates, sugar and water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly till thickened. Add Diamond Walnuts. Fill layers. Frost with Mocha Icing: Prepare Betty Crocker Creamy White Frosting Mix as directed—except add 2 tablesp. powdered instant coffee and 3 tablesp. more butter. Garnish with inviting Diamond Walnut halves to make dessert even more glamorous.

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

On a day when ice cream is a trifle rich for your diet, it's almost as much fun after a party to pass a tray of left-over ice-cream bars over the fence to the kids next door.

Even among the Young Enchanted (I have a confidential flash from an indignant young matron) the girls don't love coquettes who act as if they'd personally discovered sex.

I wonder if Khrushchev knows that Russian caviar is on sale in American supermarkets at $4.75 for four ounces, or $19 a pound. (And one of our town's travelers reports having come upon placards in Moscow urging Russians to eat corn flakes!)

There's agitation at the state university to let coeds stay out till midnight on week nights instead of 10:30 P.M. This may not benefit their studies, but it might conceivably expedite romance and marriage.

"Some of the music in the air," murmurs Betty Comfort, dialing off her kitchen radio, "isn't as tuneful as the daily symphony of bulldozers, jet planes, lawn mowers and hammering on new houses nearby."

I wish my Lady Love had as good a green thumb when she mends my shirts and socks as she flaunts with her yellow tulips and day lilies.

Five more couples in our town have circled the globe, and we'll soon need two "Around the World" dinner clubs—one east to west, the other west to east.

My Dream Girl was entranced when her male seahorse gave birth to seven seacolts in our giant brandy snifter. I restored order by dredging up the fact that the female lays her eggs in his "kangaroo" pouch for him to incubate.

A gilded student who aims to go into politics is paying his state-university chums 50 cents for each of his grammatical errors they catch. This may ruin him as a politician.

A man's best friends are his barber, his plumber and his electrician: and if we ever have a housewarming I'll see to it that they're invited. (Our garage mechanic too?)

If our house looks a touch more elegant than usual, it's because we've rented two genuine hand-painted modern oil paintings from the art center: one for $2, the other for $1.75 a month. That's culture, isn't it?

Maybe football isn't as exciting as it once seemed, but at least each home game at our alma mater is a good excuse for a glimpse of our son at college.

I recognize we've sailed into the brave new world when my Dream Girl informs me our supermarket now broils ten or fifteen chickens for a big party.

. . . When your redheaded daughter at last lets her hair grow out (a ninth time) and doesn't even demand a $25 bribe,
. . . Or Junior's younger son, his visor cocked on one side, resembles Mickey Mantle,
. . . Or your youngest explains in a three-page letter why he can't do what you'd like him to do,
. . . Or your daughter-in-law accepts the loss of her infant girl with superb courage and fortitude,
. . . Or your Dream Girl elevates her hair bun or pony tail higher and higher on her head to please you,
Then you marvel why such a smart family can't see in your secret heart what a fraud you are and how you don't deserve all this.



"Litterbug!"



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Quick Trick Idea

Royal Pineapple Lemon Meringue Pie

Prepare contents as directed. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Stir in ⅓ cup well-drained, canned crushed pineapple. Pour into baked pie shell and top with meringue.

For Exciting Flavors...ALWAYS REACH FOR ROYAL



ELEGANCE WITHOUT HASTE: 2 DINNERS

Two easy guides to perfect "dinners for 8" from this caterer to diplomats.

By JOHN PRINCE

Entertaining at dinner here in Washington, D.C., is constant and exacting and full of delights—but also the despairs that go with delights. And I suspect that this is the case in many other towns all over the country. How can you (possibly in a small kitchen) prepare dinner for guests that will offer common-sense nourishment and elegance without ostentation, and a pinch of what you might call surprise or wit?

Above all, how can you do this without working right up to the last minute? In my house we have licked this problem with certain menus—and here are two examples. Each has this advantage: the bulk of the work is done ahead of time, and the main dish won't spoil if it isn't served on the dot. In Menu I, baked chicken breasts will hold 15 minutes; in Menu II, the pork chops will hold 30 minutes—just add a little more milk.

MENU I

Baked Chicken Breasts
Savory Baked Tomatoes Rice Pilaf with Mushrooms
Lettuce Hearts
Crème Brûlée or Pineapple with Kirsch
Thin Sugar Cookies
Coffee

Baked Chicken Breasts

- 10 half chicken breasts, boned
- 2 cups commercial sour cream
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon bottled hot pepper sauce
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and put through a press
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1¼ teaspoons paprika
- Fine dry bread crumbs

Wipe the meat on both sides with a damp cloth, carefully removing any bits of bone, and place in a shallow glass dish. Mix sour cream and seasonings and pour over chicken. Turn each piece gently so it becomes well coated. Cover closely and place in refrigerator overnight. In the morning, drop chicken, one piece at a time, into a shallow dish of bread crumbs, shaking more crumbs on top. Shape each piece with the fingers and place one layer deep in a baking pan. When all are dipped, cover pan closely and return to refrigerator to chill for at least 1½ hours. Then uncover and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Lift each serving with a pancake turner onto a hot platter. Garnish with parsley or water cress. If an abundant ring of water cress is used, a salad need not be served. Makes 8 servings.

Savory Baked Tomatoes

- 8 firm but ripe tomatoes
- 1 bunch well-washed, well-drained parsley
- ¼ teaspoon dried thyme or ¾ teaspoon fresh chopped leaves
- ¼ cup butter
- Salt
- Pepper

Wash tomatoes well. Trim blossom and stem end if necessary. Cut in half, crosswise. Squeeze a bit, to remove larger seeds. Scoop a bit of pulp from the center of each. Place in a baking pan. Remove long stems from parsley and chop tips very fine. You should have about 1⅓ cups. Add thyme. Melt butter in skillet. Add seasonings and parsley. Pat a generous spoonful on each tomato, and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Rice Pilaf with Mushrooms

- 2 cups long-grained rice
- ⅓ cup butter
- 1 medium onion, peeled and chopped
- 4 cups rich chicken stock
- Salt to taste
- 5 to 6 fresh mushrooms, well washed

Wash rice if necessary. Drain well. Melt butter over low heat in a flameproof ovenware casserole. Add onion and cook slowly until soft but not browned, about 5 minutes. Stir in rice and heat only until each grain is coated with butter. Add chicken stock and bring to a boil. Taste and add salt if necessary. Cover casserole with a piece of aluminum foil, and press the lid down on this. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes. Remove from oven, but do not remove cover. Place over very low heat or over hot water to keep warm. Just before serving, heat a little butter in a skillet, slice in mushrooms and cook quickly until they begin to brown. Stir into the rice with a two-pronged fork. Makes 8 servings.

The salad: This, for such a menu, is best kept plain—simple lettuce hearts, Belgian endive (or whatever green is available) served in a salted bowl rubbed with garlic, with a dressing of oil and vinegar.

The dessert: If you are watching calories, or pressed for time, choose the pineapple. Use fresh, or fresh-frozen, fruit; give it a dash of kirsch, if you like, to bring out its flavor (and to add a special little aroma). Chill well and serve with plain, thin sugar cookies. Choose the *crème brûlée* if you are looking for something more festive. The recipe I give here is the easiest I have found for this.

Crème Brûlée

- 8 egg yolks
- 1 quart light cream, heated but not to the scalding point
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Light brown sugar, sifted

Beat egg yolks lightly with a whisk, and then while beating gently stir in the warm cream. Add sugar and vanilla. Pour into a 6-cup shallow glass oven dish. Set this in a larger pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 45 minutes or until the surface feels set when lightly touched. Remove from oven and water bath, and cool. Then cover lightly and chill in refrigerator overnight. Before serving, sprinkle the brown sugar evenly ¼" deep over the top and place the dessert under broiler heat. Watch carefully, turning the pan until the sugar melts evenly, and remove at once. It will set to form a solid crust. Makes 8 servings.

MENU II

Baked Stuffed Pork Chops
Steamed Zucchini Italian Tomatoes
Hearts of Lettuce
Banana-Tangerine Dessert Coffee

Baked Stuffed Pork Chops

- 8 lean center-cut pork chops, 1½" to 2" thick
- Herb stuffing
- ½ cup milk

Trim excess fat from chops and insert a thin, sharp knife from center edge to bone and move it to cut a pocket. Fill with herb stuffing, pressing it in with the tips of the fingers. Close opening with a toothpick. Brown chops on both sides and on edges in a heavy skillet greased with 2 tablespoons olive oil; this should take about 10 minutes. Place chops in a casserole, one layer deep, and tuck any remaining stuffing in between. Add milk, cover tightly and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 1½ to 2 hours. Makes 8 servings.

Herb Stuffing

- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 cup finely cut celery leaves
- 1 cup chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups herb-flavored stuffing mix
- ¼ teaspoon dried thyme
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ cup milk

To prepare vegetables, first wash, then drain very dry. Melt butter, add onion and celery leaves and cook over low heat until soft, about 5 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients. Continue to cook, stirring with a fork until blended.

Steamed Zucchini: Choose tiny firm zucchini, if you can find them, and cook them whole. Otherwise cut them into 1" pieces. You will need 3 pounds to serve 8. Wash well and scrape off any imperfections. Then steam them with 4 slices of peeled onion until just fork-tender, about 30 minutes. Season with a little butter, salt and pepper. Remove onion before serving.

Italian Tomatoes: What we want here is the canned Italian type, the firm little purse-shaped kind. Use 2 (2-lb.-3-oz.) cans to serve 8. Drain well and place them, overlapping one another, in a buttered baking dish; sprinkle with chopped parsley, and add salt and pepper to taste. Place in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes.

Banana-Tangerine Dessert

- 1 orange, well washed
- 1 lemon, well washed
- ½ cup sweet butter
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup frozen tangerine concentrate, thawed
- ½ cup curaçao (optional)
- 8 firm ripe bananas

Grate, very lightly, the rind of the orange and lemon. Squeeze juices and strain, if necessary, to remove seeds and coarse pulp or membrane. Melt butter over low heat and gradually stir in the sugar. Then add the fruit juices, rinds and, if you have a mind to, the curaçao. Bring to a simmer and set aside until serving time. At that point, peel the bananas and cut lengthwise. Add to sauce and simmer until softened a bit but not mushy. Baste frequently, but turn only once. Serve with the sauce. Makes 8 servings.

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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

FIVE WAYS WIVES FAIL

"My wife does the complaining in our household, but it seems to me I'm the one with the real complaints. From the talk in the office, I know a lot of other married men feel the same.

"We've been married seven years, have two children and no big problems. We get along about as well as the average, but I'm fed up with her constant yakking. What about? She has a cleaning woman a day a week, a sitter two afternoons so she can play bridge and still says she's overworked and tied down.

"I get my own breakfast, get lunch at the company cafeteria, and come home to a poor dinner at night. My socks don't get darned or shirt buttons sewed on, my wife can't keep track of household bills or the simplest routine repairs.

"I work five days a week plus Friday evening and a half day Saturday. I've had a raise every year, and now earn over $9000. Naturally, every raise means more work and responsibility. I expect to work hard and get ahead, but what about my wife? If I were as sloppy in my job as she is in hers, I'd be fired in a week.

"If a man is going to earn a living, he has to do a good job, satisfy his company and get along with people. How long would he last if he came to work late and took the day off when he didn't feel up to par, complained constantly about working conditions and equipment, if he mixed up records or neglected to reorder routine supplies, if he criticized company policy because his friends or relatives thought this or that should be handled differently?

"Yet some wives, mine included, treat their jobs and their husbands this way or worse. I know a home isn't an office, but shouldn't a wife take the responsibility for running the house, just as a husband expects to make the living—and without whining about it?"

Naturally, this husband has told only his side of the story; but if he has been at all fair, many wives would feel that he has a right to complain. Probably his wife has never thought of homemaking as a job that can be compared to a man's work—and he admits that the comparison is not exact. Still, she—and many wives who sincerely believe they are adequately fulfilling their roles—might see flaws in their performance if they considered the situation from this perspective.

Here are some of husbands' more common complaints, all quoted directly from their letters:

My wife is a poor housekeeper. "Our home is never clean, I'm ashamed to bring friends in. . . . Meals are late and usually come out of cans. . . . The bathroom is always full of diapers or stockings and underwear. . . . We are always running out of routine supplies like baby food or toilet paper."

She neglects me, is inconsiderate. "She doesn't see to it that I have clean shirts. . . . She is too busy to give me a hand but drops everything to do a favor for her mother or friends. . . . She keeps me up late and then sleeps during the day. . . . She makes social engagements without consulting me. . . . She never gets up to get my breakfast."

She is unrealistic about money. "I can't keep up with her demands; every time a friend gets a new dishwasher or fur coat, she wants the same thing. . . . The only way we save anything is by my banking half my raises without telling her about them. . . . She wants me to pack a lunch to save money, yet thinks nothing of spending twenty-five dollars for a pair of shoes. . . . She can't account for the money she spends, but heckles me constantly about where my small personal allowance goes."

My wife constantly deflates me. "She criticizes or contradicts me in front of friends. . . . She tells me how I should have handled something at the office. . . . She reminds me how much more her friends' husbands are making."

My wife expects me to do her work. "My wife saves the dishes for me to do at night. . . . Why should I have to make my own bed? . . . I spend all day Saturday cleaning the house."

Whether trivial or fundamental, these complaints share one quality in common: all reflect the husband's feeling that his wife is not fulfilling her duties as adequately as he; and even more important, that she is not displaying the co-operation and respect that each partner has a right to expect. No undertaking depending on the joint efforts of two people can be satisfactory if either shirks his duties, evades responsibility, or belittles the contributions of the other.

If a man's earnings have doubled since his marriage, his job performance must have improved accordingly. Has hers? Is she a better cook, more efficient manager, more accomplished hostess, able to direct the expanding household without increasing pressure on her husband? Any wife who wants her husband to progress may well ask herself if she is keeping pace.

But husbands should recognize a vital difference between their work and that of their wives. A man's improving skills are rewarded by raises and promotions; a wife's are not. Only her family, and especially her husband, can supply the appreciation she needs to be encouraged to greater accomplishment.

"HE HAS A PAPER-DOLL HAREM"

"My husband is a wonderful man who loves me deeply and is devoted to our children. He is very intelligent, a successful executive greatly respected by his associates. He doesn't gamble, drink or run around, and our physical relationship, after twelve years, remains perfect.

"Still we have a problem. It is his 'paper-doll harem.' He buys 'girlie' magazines and cuts pictures from them which he stores in boxes. Naturally, he can't have 'pin-ups' in our bedroom! I used to protest and he always promised to stop, but soon he would start again. I no longer say anything because it only leads to quarrels and hurt feelings, but it makes me feel cheap and dirty, and I know he feels guilty about it.

"I've never seen this question discussed. Does my husband need professional help, or am I making too much of the whole thing? I hope this letter will bring about an article that will help me and other wives."

This troubled wife can take comfort from the fact that her husband's interest in "girlie" pictures is far from unique (though perhaps he carries it to an extreme). Pin-up pictures have greatly increased in popularity in the last quarter century, particularly since World War II. Almost all purchasers of this type of material are male. In barbershops the "girlie" magazines are usually the first ones looked at by waiting customers. Since nearly all men take some pleasure in viewing such pictures, the practice can hardly be considered abnormal or a symptom of mental illness.

The range of sexual behavior is enormous, as shown by Kinsey and others. It follows that most people have some habit or attitude which might be questioned by others. But clinicians and therapists generally believe that many of these variations can be considered normal so long as they do not harm the individual or society, do not interfere with day-to-day living, and do not become an end in themselves—substitutes for typical behavior. From this viewpoint, the husband's habit would be classed as normal. He is devoted to his family, he and his wife have a satisfying relationship, he is highly regarded by his associates, and aside from his paper-doll harem she has only praise for him.

Nevertheless, the husband feels that what he is doing is wrong and so does his wife. Regardless of whether the husband's habit is normal or not, it is producing guilt and upset for the couple. If the situation continues, the relationship between them may be impaired, not so much by what the husband is doing as by their feelings about it. Under these circumstances, it seems advisable for the couple to present their problem to a clinical psychologist or psychiatrist and be guided by his recommendations.

Many wives worry about foibles or quirks in themselves or their husbands. (Some mothers worry about "pin-up" art in their sons' college rooms.) Because the behavior is embarrassing or seemingly unique, the wife hesitates to discuss it. Needless suffering often follows and doubt or fear gradually corrodes a marriage that might otherwise have been successful.

Though it is unlikely that such a situation will ever develop in your marriage, should it arise and create anxiety, face it and seek help. Putting it off will only worsen the problem. Even though the condition should turn out to be abnormal (this will rarely happen) the fact that you attacked it before it became chronic and critical will almost certainly result in alleviation.

ASK YOURSELF: Am I too independent?

Everybody needs some degree of independence. But too much of it can curtail chances of marriage or make it difficult to share companionably with a husband should one marry. Study each statement, then comment "Yes" if you agree, "No" if you disagree.

MOST OF THE TIME, I:

1. *Consult others before making decisions.*
2. *Worry when I disagree with friends.*
3. *Believe persuasion is better than argument.*
4. *Purposely avoid criticizing people.*
5. *Keep my temper well under control.*
6. *Share feelings of friends when they are upset.*
7. *Avoid arguments about religion or politics.*
8. *Feel women's tears indicate weakness.*
9. *Evaluate people at first meeting.*
10. *Get rid of salesmen without difficulty.*
11. *Express my feelings without hesitation.*
12. *Get my way in matters that count.*
13. *Tell people off when they offend me.*
14. *Know exactly what I want from life.*

To the sum of "Yes" answers to items one through seven add the number of "No" answers to the last seven. A score of eight to ten is average. If your score is twelve or more, you may need help in developing greater self-confidence. But a score of six or less suggests that you may be too indifferent to the rights of others.

DO YOU AGREE? What does petting include?

Any and all caressing, embracing or other physical contact engaged in by a couple to arouse sexual desire in the male or female or both.

Now the Wesson you lo



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SAMUEL GERMAN'S 1852 FORMULA
BAKER'S GERMAN'S SWEET CHOCOLATE

Baker's Sweet Chocolate Swirl Cal

New and festive—fluffy chocola framed in angel cake! This elegant de sert can be made *only* with creamy, lig Baker's German's* Sweet Chocolate

Grate ½ package Baker's Germa Sweet Chocolate. *Prepare* 1 packa Swans Down Angel Food Cake M according to package directions. *Spo* a small amount of batter into two u greased 9 x 5 x 3″ loaf pans. *Sprink* each with about 2 tablespoons grat chocolate. *Repeat*, making three mo layers of batter and two more layers chocolate in each pan, ending with ba ter. *Bake* in moderate oven (375°F.) to 35 minutes. Invert pans with edg resting on custard cups. Cool cakes cor pletely. Freeze one cake for future us

Melt remaining ½ package cho olate with 2 tablespoons water ov very low heat, stirring constantly. *R move* from heat. *Stir in* 1 beaten e yolk gradually. Cook 1 minute. Co

Beat 1 egg white until foamy. Grad ally add 2 tablespoons sugar, beati until stiff peaks form. *Fold* into cool chocolate mixture. *Whip* 1 cup whippi cream just until soft peaks form. R serve ¼ cup for garnish. *Fold* remai ing cream into chocolate mixture.

Cut a V-shaped wedge from top of o loaf cake, lengthwise, 2½ inches wi and 1 inch deep. Cut wedge into inch pieces. *Spoon* chocolate mixtu into center of cake. *Insert* cake wedg into filling. *Chill*. Just before servin place dabs of reserved cream on top of cake. Drizzle with chocolate syrup, if desired. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

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BAKER'S CHOCOLA

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ABOUT

Castle Dor

COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL
BEGINNING ON THE NEXT PAGE

I was nineteen when we first came to live in Fowey and the great man of the district—indeed, in the whole of Cornwall—was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"), the famous novelist and essayist and professor of literature at Cambridge University. It was a great day for me when, after some preliminary gestures of friendship on the part of his daughter, Foy, I was invited to Sunday supper.

It started a series of weekly invitations, the delightful memory of which is with me still. I consider myself most blessed to have known the great man in his heyday, to have heard him discourse on persons and places, Cornish and otherwise. I shall never forget the encouragement he gave me when he read my first novel, *The Loving Spirit*, and his shake of the head at my second, *I'll Never Be Young Again*. *Rebecca* brought further words of appreciation, though he wisely warned me that the critics would never afterward forgive me its success. *Frenchman's Creek* was actually the title of one of his own short stories, and he gave me permission to use it, saying in all modesty his own tale had been long forgotten.

His daughter told me in confidence that her father was working on a novel. "I have a clear recollection of rowing with my father to Lantyan on the afternoon he made the discovery of Mark's Gate inscribed on Mr. Santo's map," she said years later. "From that time on, the fascination of uniting the legend of Tristan and Iseult with the Fowey River took its hold. But my father was a man who, though his ways feigned leisure, knew not what leisure was. There were the terms to be kept at Cambridge when such romanticism had to be laid aside. . . ."

The war came and in 1944, at the age of 81, Sir Arthur died. The novel, *Castle Dor*, was still unfinished and no author's notes to tell how the tale would continue.

In the summer of 1959, "Q"'s daughter asked me, with charming diffidence, whether I would care to take on the novel where her father had left off, just as "Q" had done himself when he completed Robert Louis Stevenson's *St. Ives*.

I accepted the challenge and completed "Q"'s last novel in November, 1960. I like to think that, had he read what I have written, he would have turned to me with a quiet half-smile and murmured, "Well, child, you were more observant than I thought. This is happily done."

BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER



"There's nothing can tempt me away from the sin you fear," the sailor said. "Not for ever and ever!" The very woods seemed heavy with their secret.

Castle Dor

BY "Q" AND DAPHNE DU MAURIER

© 1961 by Daphne du Maurier
CASTLE DOR is soon to be published in book form by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

"Amyot!" The unintelligible word was spoken in a liquid foreign voice, not as the French would pronounce it, but closing with a sharp *t*. A sigh lingered after it. Word and sigh seemed to melt together off the old mirror in which Mrs. Lewarne had been admiring herself.

She turned. Someone had spoken within the room, close, at her shoulder. Her maid, Deborah?

But no Deborah stood in the doorway. Into the paneled bedroom the sunshine, reflected from a whitewashed house front across the narrow street, filtered as if stealing its way. Linnet Lewarne half an hour ago had pulled up the blind and lifted the window before falling to study her image in the glass; an excusable dalliance, she being a bride of twelve months. Also, she was mistress of this house—the Rose & Anchor—a house owned by an old husband who idolized her in his way. She had, as folks said, "done very well for herself." CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

"You are with me, no matter where I am or what I am doing."

KARIM AGA KHAN

The man who really does have everything

He's 24, six feet tall, handsome as a movie star, and has more millions than he can count. Whom will he marry?

By JEAN-LOUIS QUENNESSEN

. . . and so the aged Aga Khan passed over his two worldly sons, Aly and Sadruddin, to choose for his successor the handsome Karim, a Harvard man who is now the most romance-inspiring bachelor in the world.

Karim al Hussaini Shiah, six feet tall in his skis, with brown hair, hazel eyes, a heart-breaking smile and an incalculable fortune, was not yet twenty years old when, four years ago, he learned that his grandfather had named him forty-ninth Imam (spiritual leader) of the Ismailians.

"It was a complete surprise to me, although my father, Prince Aly, knew and approved. An immense burden had fallen on my shoulders; but thank God I had been well prepared. Forget those stories of night clubs, winter sports and Cannes. As for the girls—wouldn't it be strange if at my age I did not go out with girls?"

It would be difficult for Karim Aga Khan to escape girls. He possesses, besides power and fortune, all those more personal qualities we think of when we say a man "has everything." *Glamour*, perhaps, sums them up. It is known that he expects to marry an American or European, or a non-Ismailian Moslem (marriage to an Ismailian would create a privileged position for her family and this is contrary to Ismailian law).

Karim is himself predominately Western, with an English mother, the former Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller, daughter of Baron Churston, and a half-Italian father. His mother's London address is frequently given as one of his official residences. Indeed, he spent much of his youth there, in spite of the fact that after his parents' divorce (1949), custody of Karim and younger brother Amyn went to Prince Aly.

Perhaps it was in rejection of Aly Khan's feverish jangle of divorces and entanglements that the young prince formed so determinedly different a character. Whatever the cause, his people can rejoice in it. At Harvard, for which Karim prepared at Le Rosey, the Swiss "school for kings," the young man who was called by his professors "Mr. Khan" graduated with honors in history—and a host of friends. He lived modestly on campus (Leverett House), played intramural hockey, made the freshman and later the varsity soccer team, joined the Islamic Association, and was elected to Signet, Delphic and Hasty Pudding clubs. Though his grandfather's horses were winning most of the classic races of Europe, Karim at Harvard did not even keep a car. One of his roommates, Adlai Stevenson's youngest son, John Fell—Karim used to visit the Stevenson home in Libertyville, Illinois—remembers him this way:

"'K'—as we soon came to call Karim—was dressed casually in a plain brown leather jacket, open white shirt, creaseless baggy trousers, and shoes which I believe had never been shined. . . . Karim impressed me when we first met because he had a purpose—he wanted to help people."

To which Karim has added, "I'm anti-irresponsibility."

K's character was put to the test in 1957 when he was forced to leave his beloved Harvard, "where there was always something going on," to be with the dying Aga Khan. Afterward, Karim Aga Khan returned to Harvard, assumed a heavy load of courses in order to graduate in June with the class of '59—and began to make things happen himself.

In the fall of 1960 I accompanied Karim on an incredible journey over 15,000 miles of back-country Pakistan. A part of the 12,000,000 members of the Ismaili Moslem sect, a prosperous minority scattered through Africa, the Middle East and Asia, were to see their new Imam at last. Even the inhabitants of the mysterious state of Hunza, a "Valley of Eternal Youth" high in the Himalayas near the borders of Russia and Red China, would not be omitted. Never before had an Imam dared to go there.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

PARIS M



Serious-minded Prince Karim is no playboy, but attends events like Prince Grace's Red Cross Ball, here with Mrs. Patrick Guiness, half brother's wif

BIRNBA



Karim's companion off and on for the past two years, Anna ("Annouchka") von Mecks, nineteen-year-old daughter of a German clothier

DALMAS-PIX



Coronation. Young Aga Khan in 1957 succeeded fabulous grandfather who, as leader of Ismailians, received his weight in gold and gems as yearly tribute

DON I. P.



...at "heartbreaking smile" brought cheers as Girl Guides in ...cca made aisle for new Imam during East Pakistan visit.

...NCOLOMBO`



...arim al Hussaini Shiah—thoroughly Western in training and tastes—is direct ...scendant of Fatima, the beloved daughter of the Moslem prophet Mohammed.

...OCIATED PRESS



...hite House call. During talk with President Kennedy in his office, Prince Karim ...id they discussed "areas of mutual interest." Memories of Harvard, maybe?

PARIS MATCH



At Harvard, Karim was called "Mr. Khan" by professors, "K" by classmates. He learned Arabic, took honors in history. And he did not own a car in school!

EUROPEAN



Beautiful Begum Aga Khan, widow of prince's grandfather, is one of world's richest women. Photo shows her and prince in London, returning from a wedding.

PARIS MATCH



"A house for every Ismailian family" is Karim's goal. Here, he inspects construction of his Alpine chalet.



BY ANNE H. LITTLEFIELD

That long-ago summer was back at him again. The once-possible kind of summer at the Cape. He saw her, with her red brush of hair and yellow eyes, wearing a white bathing suit on the shimmering reach of sand.

It was a dark day, wet and unseasonably warm for the middle of February. The season was stale; nothing stirred yet in the ground that was covered still with shabby snow which the rain slowly ate. A day for wet feet and fretfulness and dreams of the Caribbean.

After the rain, the fog had come in low down, and high up, too, so that a skyful of airplanes lighted where they could. The delay, the loud-speakers confessed, would be indefinite, and the misplaced travelers, enraged or resigned, dispersed to railway stations or hotels.

Simon Linnell, part of a parcel for New York dropped at a small town in Pennsylvania, experienced his usual reaction. Like an oil well coming in, a powerful black rush of thick palpable fury went up through him, and he cursed the airlines and the whole ridiculous idea of men in the sky. *I should have learned from Icarus,* he thought. *We all should. Daedalus was a public menace.* He thought of the clever old madman with his wax and turkey-feather wings coaxing his son up into the air with him, the boy all excited. Up and up and up and the boy sporting around, too high, and the wax melting and the boy's plunge, ripping through air, down into water where there sailed that little graceful ship of Brueghel's. He looked up at the sign over the information counter and relettered it ICARUS AIRLINES.

Then he found that all his anger, his feeling of frantic hurry to get back to the agency, to Jean and the twins, had melted away. He felt his face move out of a scowl. A small boy, being dragged by his mother, turned to look at him and said, "Hi, Uncle Herbie," and Simon said, "Hi, sport," and waved.

Well, he thought, *so here we are. Where? Pulverstown, Pennsylvania.* Home—but probably not—of Uncle Herbie. Home—and it struck him physically, so that his innards moved and his face dampened—home once upon a time of Kate Reynard, Foxie Reynard, whom he had very much loved a long time ago. Pulverstown. He could hear her telling about it, hear her rather breathy voice telling about the oak tree in the public park that everyone said George Washington had fallen asleep under on a hot day in 1778. ("Other places he only slept in beds, hah!" she had said.) She had told about the sad-coated Amishmen and their families coming into town for market days. Not allowed to use machines, or buttons or snaps, much less zippers, holding up their pants with tapes. "It was a fine place to grow up in," she had said, "but mournful in winter."

Pulverstown. Birthplace of. Mournful in winter.

And that long-ago summer was back at him again. The once-possible kind of summer at the Cape, the summer before his senior year in college, before the war. Standing in the foreground of that summer had been Foxie, whose name suited her looks if not her nature. He saw her, with her red brush of hair and yellow eyes, wearing a white bathing suit on the shimmering reach of sand. Her thin redhead's skin took the sun in freckles. She was stippled like a thrush's breast, and her hair CONTINUED ON PAGE 129



IS IT YOU?

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK COWAN



JAMES MOORE

"WHO SAID WE COULDN'

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Recently the Journal became interested in a plan suggested by the American Cancer Society whereby a group of cigarette smokers would endeavor, under the supervision of a group therapist and over a fixed period of time, to stop smoking. Volunteers for this experiment were recruited throughout the Norristown, Pa., area by means of the public media, P.T.A. and other school organizations, and civic clubs. After prospective members of the group had been interviewed carefully to confirm that all were heavy smokers and that all sincerely wanted to quit, the program was launched.

On a Monday night not long ago, a smallish group of men and women gathered in a classroom of the Norristown, Pa., high school and warily took stock of one another. They ranged in age from 23 to 53, in occupation from road construction to the teaching of anthropology, in educational background from grammar-school level through law school. A casual observer might judge that they had very little in common.

But the casual observer would be wrong. The group was bound by two exceedingly strong ties. All smoked heavily—and all wanted to stop. So badly, in fact, that they had signed up for an experimental venture in the "discontinuance of smoking" under the leadership of clinical psychologist M. Powell Lawton.

"I really don't believe it will work, though," confessed housewife and part-time secretary Samilla Heidelberg. "I love my husband and children—and I can't quit for their sakes. Why should I be able to quit for a bunch of strangers?"

"Sammy" Heidelberg wasn't the only one with doubts. Blond Connie Pierce and her vivacious friend and neighbor, Ann Boyle, felt "Here we go again!" For years the young women—both responsible mothers and creative homemakers—had been trying to cut down or cut out cigarettes, with notable lack of success.

Forty-five-year-old Robert McCluer had found he could give up smoking easily enough. But his position as vice president of an industrial company called for much traveling, trouble shooting, entertaining; sooner or later a business crisis would send him back to cigarettes.

Mary Jo Reilly, a registered nurse, was just 23 and had been smoking five years. She joined the project "mainly to get ideas to pass on to patients who ought to quit and can't"; but despite this and a nagging worry about her own health, she might not have followed through except for next-door-neighbor Frances Healy.

A real-estate agent who admitted going "well into the third pack" every day, Frank Healy had been advised by his doctor to cut out cigarettes, but after 30 years of heavy smoking he could not even seem to cut down.

Former reporter Richard McNair's primary reason for joining the Smokers' Group was to get a story—not to quit himself. "But my reaction to smoking was bad," he confessed; "I had chest pains and was always tired."

The only married couple at the first meeti were a young lawyer, Parke Ulrich, and his w Betty. The Ulrichs agreed that smoking w 1—useless, 2—probably bad for health, a 3—expensive. Though Parke was confident abo his ability to stop, Betty was less sure of herse

Openly skeptical of success was college prof sor Jacob Gruber, who had given up smoki again and again, only to resume the habit. E the "game aspect" of a mass effort to quit a pealed to him.

Sturdy, positive-thinking Tony DeMeno h both the strongest desire to succeed and, see ingly, the most difficult task ahead. A 52-ye old pavement contractor with five childre Tony had been smoking since the age of ni He was smoking up to 70 cigarettes per day.

Monday, First Meeting

The meeting got under way. Group therap Dr. Lawton passed out name placards and troduced late-comers against a background giggles and quips:

"How long since your last cigarette?"

"I still haven't exhaled that drag I took the way in."

"Look out, they'll lock the doors, we're trapped!"

Such sallies were greeted with bursts nervous laughter as jittery men and wom sought release from tension. Nobody knew e actly what to expect, but those hoping for miracle cure were doomed to disappointme Dr. Lawton asked them not to think of him a teacher with all the answers, but as a kind guide through unknown territory.

"Each person has it *within himself* to q smoking. Nobody can quit *for* anyone else. group leader I can give information, suppo ideas; and as an ex-smoker I can certainly sy pathize with what you're going through—b the actual quitting is going to be done by *you*. lot of you have asked me, 'What tricks do y use? Drugs? Hypnosis? Psychoanalysis?' We going to use only what's in this room—t impetus of people working toward a comm goal. The basis for any change, if it's going to permanent, lies in understanding the feelin that go along with it. We'll talk about the fe ings connected with smoking and not smokir and try to understand them. This understandi will be the armor in which we fight.

"Now"—Dr. Lawton looked about the cir of faces—"did anyone come here tonight wi any doubts about being able to quit?"

Sammy Heidelberg: "I did! I know there's l chance of my own daughter's smoking if I qu But to be honest, I'm afraid to try."

TOP SMOKING?"

bert McCluer: "Giving up cigarettes is no lem. I can't *stay* off. Once I stayed off for eeks ——"

rke Ulrich: "Six *weeks!* If I could stay off ays I'd be cured!"

nnie Pierce: "*One* day, even!"

ck McNaul: "We ought to be able to talk other out of smoking—everywhere you go, see advertisements trying to talk you *into* ing. Why hasn't someone started a Nico- Anonymous before now?"

. Lawton: "As far as I know, this is the first iment of its kind in this country, although ing clinics have been established in Eng- and, I believe, Denmark. More and more, le are recognizing the fact that smokers help—it's estimated that only 2½ per cent ally heavy smokers are able to stop."

ke Gruber: "One reason it's so hard to quit at all the disadvantages of smoking—the bility of lung cancer, heart attacks, and so are far off in the future, whereas the dis- ntages of *not* smoking are right here in the nt. Your withdrawal pains seem more im- nt than what might happen twenty years now."

mmy Heidelberg: "What do you mean— drawal pains?"

ke Gruber: "Oh, chest pains, cramps in the insomnia, all that."

. Lawton: "I'm interested that you call these drawal pains.' Usually we think of with- al symptoms as occurring only in real, ical addiction—as to morphine or alcohol— robably to some people smoking amounts addiction. You may have heard stories t people with Buerger's disease [loss of cir- ion in fingers and toes] being warned to quit ing or lose a leg, who still weren't able to King George VI, with Buerger's disease ung cancer, kept on smoking."

ny DeMeno: "I must be an addict. I've to quit many, many times. The *instant* I v away that pack, I can't think of anything cigarettes. I can't work, talk, do anything think about smoking."

ke Gruber: "How can I sleep eight hours out smoking, but can't go even an hour out in the daytime?"

. Lawton: "Do you think a lot depends on ? Some people reach for a cigarette first in the morning, others wait till after exfast ——"

bert McCluer: "Oh, sure, it's all habit. But do we break it?"

. Lawton: "That's what we're going to talk t. We'll swap ideas and suggestions—only expect every method to work for you!"

ke Gruber: "I no longer expect any method ork. The last cigarette I had was an hour *If* I don't smoke any more—and notice, I'm not promising—I can predict what tomorrow will be like. The drive in to Temple University will take twice as long as usual. My mind will float in and out of a fog. My first class will seem three hours long. My words will come out v-e-r-y slowly and seem to be coming from somewhere else—and to tell the truth, I won't know what I'm saying! For a few days I'll be miserable. Then after two or three weeks I'll start feeling cocky—and take a cigarette to prove I've got it licked!"

Dr. Lawton: "I believe you're an old hand at this off-and-on quitting, Dr. Gruber! You know, so many of you asked, with real fear in your voices, if you'd have to stop smoking at the first meeting. I thought we should talk about it first. Of course, if anyone wants to swear off right now ——"

Ann Boyle: "Oh, no! Let's work up to it gradually."

Robert McCluer: "The sooner the better. If I don't stop tonight I never will."

Connie Pierce: "If I could be a social smoker, I'd be happy."

Tony DeMeno: "That just can't be done. A few years back I was in the hospital with an ulcer. For six weeks I didn't touch a cigarette, I had no desire to smoke, I thought I was cured. Two weeks later on a fishing trip I took one—that was going to be *all*—but by the time I got home I was up to my old quota."

Betty Ulrich: "I don't think I'd stop if I thought I couldn't ever smoke again."

Parke Ulrich: "And I'm not going to stop unless you do!"

Dr. Lawton: "Some people seem able to smoke 'socially.' You have to decide for yourself if you can or can't. Six years ago I stopped smoking. The first three days I really had the terrors. After that it was fairly easy. But I've never risked that 'one cigarette' Mr. DeMeno mentions."

Frank Healy: "My doctor says I'm in for trouble if I don't quit. I'm glad these people can laugh at themselves, but I don't believe they're serious about quitting, the way I am."

Tony DeMeno: "I'm serious. I've been trying to quit for forty years."

Mary Jo Reilly: "I am too. When I had my yearly checkup, my doctor told me I'm subject to emphysema. As a nurse, I know what that means—you walk around gasping for breath and wheezing, and your chest swells up. Some doctors think emphysema is more common now than lung cancer, and while it doesn't kill you as quickly, it's very painful."

Connie Pierce: "I'm worried about my health too!"

Dr. Lawton: "Mr. Healy, we're all serious, even though we may joke about it. We'll let each one choose his own time,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



Leader Lawton: "Anyone smoking a pack or more a day is a heavy smoker."



Secretary Samilla Heidelberg: "I smoke much less at work than at home."



Ann Boyle: "After the meeting, I washed windows and smoked a whole pack."



Robert McCluer: "Should we stop something that gives us so much pleasure?"



Tony DeMeno: "Which is worse—smoking or thinking about it all the time?"



Connie Pierce: "It's a lifetime without my little friends that I can't face!"



Parke and Betty Ulrich: "The first drag tasted awful, but we persevered."



Professor Jacob Gruber: "Sure I can stop—in a hospital under sedation."



Richard McNaul: "I can't decide: does the harm outweigh the lift it gives you?"



Frank Healy: "When I'm nervous, I have to smoke. When I'm calm, I still do."



Tony Biscotte: "Maybe I don't want to live longer if I'm going to be miserable."



Mary Jo Reilly, a registered nurse: "I'm not sure that quitting cold is wise."

WEEKEND WINNERS

TWEEDS & KNITS

Tweeds and wools and knitted costumes in the colors of fall foliage—scarlet and curry gold, green and nutmeg brown—these are the clothes America loves best, the clothes that go to football games, to Indian-summer barbecues, to country fairs and the races—just right for autumn's bright blue weather.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN, Fashion Editor

Strong gold and scarlet tweed, the young and dazzling combination used by Ellen Brooke in this weekender jacket and skirt, made more interesting by a paisley blouse. Gold twist necklace by Judith McCann.

Royal-blue tweed, the kind of suit that leads an exciting life, from city to country to stadium weekends. Easy jacket, skirt with the new panel front. By Alvin Handmacher. Blue-and-gold necklace by DeNicola.

The cardigan, pleated skirt and sweater that is good news every time it makes its appearance. In muted blue plaid wool, skillfully proportioned, the sweater in a wool-and-cashmere mixture. By Pendleton.

Big bold plaid, lined with red wool—bravo kind of coat that makes a wonderful costume for years, with the simplest wool dress. By Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Beret in matching red suède by Tsuni Nogashi.





At times she went too far. She even considered painting the White House a lovely soft shade of gray, and putting a bright print material in the Blue Room.

DEAR MRS. PRESIDENT

BY WILL STANTON

I read somewhere that dreams actually take up only a few seconds—they just seem to last longer. I had one recently that seemed to last four years. I dreamed that Ethel had been elected President. I don't know quite how it came about, but there we were on Pennsylvania Avenue.

One of the first things Ethel did was appoint Sam Bruno as Secretary of Agriculture. He used to run Sam's Market down on the corner. "He's the only grocer I've ever known who has ripe tomatoes all winter long," she said. "He must know something the others don't." This pretty much marked the tone of the entire Administration.

When we first moved into the White House, Ethel's mother came along to help us get settled. She got the kids' things unpacked and put away and then she helped Ethel get our room in order. After dinner we were relaxing over our coffee—anyhow, I was relaxing. It seemed to me everything was in pretty good shape. Ethel made some remark about putting on a sweater.

"It's the room," her mother said, "it's such a cold color. I don't object to a little blue, but it needs some warmth—maybe some slip covers in a nice print ——"

"This has always been known as the Blue Room," I said.

"I shouldn't wonder," she said. She turned to Ethel. "In the morning I thought we could go downtown ——"

"I'm supposed to address the joint session," Ethel said.

Her mother dismissed that with a wave of her hand. "You can cut it short. I wanted you to help me pick out some material."

"Material?" I said.

"Yes, for the drapes. I thought we'd start with the bedrooms."

"Now hold on a minute," I said. "Let's not go off half cocked."

She looked at me surprised. "I made all the drapes for your other house."

"Yes, and they looked fine," I said, "lovely. But do you have any idea how many windows there are in this place?"

She fumbled in her sewing bag. "I have it written down here somewhere. By the way, Ethel, I noticed the paint outside is peeling in several places."

Ethel nodded. "Yes, we'll have to take care of it this spring."

"Claire and Howie just had their house painted," her mother went on, "a lovely soft gray."

I got to my feet. "No," I protested. "Absolutely not. This was the White House when we got here; it's going to be the White House when we leave."

Ethel and her mother exchanged shrugs. "We'll talk about it later," Ethel said.

I guess all women are natural-born shoppers and the prospect of doing all the buying for a family of 180,000,000 was a pretty heady one. Even so, I sometimes thought Ethel went too far.

What's this bill that came in," I asked her, "from Old Glory of Tokyo, Inc?"

"That's for flags," she said, "for the post offices. They gave us a good price."

It seemed to me there was a matter of principle involved here. "You've got to consider ethics as well as money," I said. "You didn't have to take the lowest bid."

"I didn't," she said. "I could have got them cheaper from Betsy Ross Ltd. of Hong Kong, but the fabric wasn't as good." I gave up.

I will admit she did a good job for the armed forces. She decided they were spending too much money. So she did some shopping around and finally managed to get uniforms for the Army and Navy at half price. She got them at a war-surplus store. And with the trading stamps she picked up on the deal she was able to outfit the Coast Guard.

"It's too bad you weren't around for the Louisiana Purchase," I told her. "You'd probably have got enough stamps to include Siberia."

"You always exaggerate," Ethel said.

She managed to pick up a number of freezers at a warehouse sale. Then whenever there was any kind of farm surplus we'd take it down in the White House cellar and freeze it. This helped stabilize prices; and besides, as Ethel said, you never know who might be dropping in.

Naturally I had expected some publicity after the election, but I wasn't prepared for so much. It appeared that every man in the country wanted to know all about me. Anyhow, that's what the editors of all the men's magazines seemed to think. They ran my picture on the cover, and one outdoor magazine wanted to use a picture of my dog. I didn't have any dog at the time, so they got one for me and put his picture on the cover. Later he bit the Attorney General and we had to give him away.

One editor wanted to do an article about my hobbies. I told him I didn't have any, but he didn't believe me. "All American men have hobbies," he said. "Do you know how to play bridge?"

I told him yes, so he put that down. Then he whistled part of the song about the toreador and asked me if I recognized it. I said I wasn't much on names, but it sounded familiar, so he wrote down Classical Music. Later on I happened to mention that I sometimes watched Westerns on TV, so he put down American History and Folklore. By the time he was finished he had a pretty good story.

Another magazine asked me to write an article about the World's 10 Most Attractive Women. It seemed like a subject that would interest almost everybody and I enjoyed writing it. After it was finished the editor sent me a telegram. He said maybe we'd better change the title to the World's 11 Most Attractive Women and include Ethel.

I don't want to give the impression that I took my responsibilities lightly. After all, as one of the papers observed, behind every great President stands a dedicated husband. I was prepared to give Ethel the benefit of my experience and judgment whenever she asked for it, or even if she didn't ask. For instance, there was her scheme for getting the post office out of the red.

"It isn't the same as a department store," I told her. "Giving double stamps on Tuesdays is out of the question."

"You're right," she said. "It would ruin business for the rest of the week. But how about if you buy ten you get one free?"

I tried to explain that for every stamp she gave away she would have to deliver one free letter. "You can't make any money that way," I said.

"That's the whole problem," she said. "We've got to encourage people to buy more stamps but not mail so many letters."

"You could change the glue," I suggested. "Make them so they stick together after a few days. Either that or make them so they won't stick at all."

She shook her head, frowning. "That wouldn't be ethical. No, I was thinking if we could get more people to collect stamps. It doesn't cost much of anything to print them and they pay fabulous prices for [redacted] have mistakes. You know, they're up- [redacted] how Lincoln using a fountain [redacted] gs like that."

This was the same woman who thought that [redacted]ue wouldn't be ethical. "Those were [redacted] mistakes," I said; "that's the only reason [redacted]re valuable. Don't get any notions about showing the Boston Tea Party with instant tea or you're going to be in trouble."

She said she'd take it up with the Postmistress General.

There were times when I felt that Ethel was not sufficiently aware of the dignity of her position. "You have to remember that the eyes of a hundred and eighty million people are on you," I said, "not to mention the rest of the world." This was after she had appeared as the mystery guest on *What's My Line?* "Another thing," I said. "As long as you're in office, you'll have to stop entering all these contests. Suppose you win first prize for naming some kind of margarine and you've just put a new price support on butter. It would make Teapot Dome look like penny ante."

"I hope you aren't getting to be a stuffed shirt," she said. "After all, didn't one of the Presidents go swimming in the Potomac in the raw?"

"Now, just a minute," I said.

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "When would I have time to go swimming? Besides, the water's so dirty."

Like any good wife and mother, Ethel's main concern was her family and home. All the election meant to her was that she had a lot bigger family to take care of and more yard to look after. She didn't waste any time in starting to tidy up. I told her I'd be glad to help in drawing up her program.

"Program?" She had that faraway look in her eye that generally meant trouble for somebody. Before the election it was usually me, but once she took office it could be anybody.

"Yes," I said. "The President draws up a program outlining what she wants done and sends it to Congress for them to put into law."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

What does the CHRISTMAS BAZAAR mean to America?

It means giving. It means giving of time, of understanding, of womanly skills. All over America, the sweet fragrance of Christmas rises as millions of women prepare the homemade treats that have a bit of heart tucked in. Needles fly, crepe paper blossoms into decorations, and hope abideth because women care.

Of the eight billion dollars given annually to charity, women raise one half billion at charity bazaars and fairs. The following pages were designed to help these women with timely and attractive ideas, easily and inexpensively achieved.

We've joined our hearts and our hands with the women of America to put this year's bazaars over the top!



CAKE SALE

Where the best cooks in Ameri
become famous and help raise fu
for charities the year round

NORMAN PARKINSON

BAKE YOUR BEST CAKE FOR THE FAIR



Make *everybody* happy! Bake one of these cakes for the sale and one for your family. We chose the ten best cake recipes from our collection of hundreds, to headline in this special event. You'll want to try them all. Here is the list (see pages 132 and 134 for the recipes): Ambrosial Angel-Food Cake, lemon filled; many-layered luscious Japanese Fruitcake; delicate, spicy Applesauce Cake with candied-orange-peel garnish; Burnt-Sugar Cake, a Midwest masterpiece; sweet, golden New England Poundcake, rich and tender; Chocolate Cake with deep, creamy frosting; Peppermint Angel Cake; Sponge Roll; Marble Cake; Harlequin Surprise. Have yourself a bake-off in your own kitchen!

Recipes on pages 132 and 134

easy to make...



By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

Gay, imaginative, easy-to-make ideas are here to fill the tables at your Christmas bazaar or to make in time for Christmas giving. Hats, bags, slippers (see page 100)—the secret is lively color, amusing fabrics, "ready-made" details. *From left, above:* Mohair hood to tuck into your coat collar or wear on the ski slopes. Jewel-toned turquoise yarn to crochet in an evening—you might add a ribbon cockade or a pin. Lavender wool intricately worked for stitch detail. Kelly-green mohair in a young head-hugging cap tied with a demure bow under the chin. Beige pillbox with a knitted-in flower design is young and gay. Pixy cap of coral wool has cable-stitch detail, a separate cable around the bottom.

...easy to sell



All hats: Journal Pattern No. 2959; send 25c* to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. (*Pennsylvania residents please add 4 per cent state sales tax.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRWIN HOROWITZ



All bags: Journal Pattern No. 2960;
send 75¢* to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal,
Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
[*Pennsylvania residents please add 4 per cent state sales tax.]

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN [illegible]WITZ



easy to make ... easy to sell

From top, opposite: The simplest fold-over clutch takes on new importance when trimmed with bright ribbon. A paisley wool (to be re-embroidered or not) attached to wooden handles (we'll tell you where to buy) can be made in a couple of hours. Strips of bright felt sewed together make a Roman-striped "tote" bag with brass rings for a drawstring. A fluffy fleece (in wonderful colors) becomes a long fold-over bag with brass handles. A small bag frame is covered in upholstery fabric or crocheted in a striped effect with tassels. The large carryall in turquoise wool has stitched black felt handles. And a spotted fake fur that's lined in bright red cotton is attached to black double plastic handles.





NORMAN KARLSON

BAZAAR BEST SELLERS

Glowing with Christmas beauty, decorated candles will have an irresistible appeal for bazaar customers. And bazaar helpers will have fun converting such everyday items as cake pans and eggcups into pretty candleholders—each of them at a cost of under $1.50.

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT

MEDIEVAL CANDLE: Wrap a tall candle-in-a-glass (50c) with translucent stained-glass paper ($12.50 a roll, enough for 50 candles). Edge it with bands of Christmas ribbon. Cost: 85c.

LANTERN DRUM: Trim an apothecary jar (39c at dime stores) to look like a drum with ribbon, gold stars and paper tassels (75c for 21 inches). Top can be raised on florist's wire bent to hold edges of jar and lid, so that candle can be burned. Cost: 75c.

VICTORIAN CHARMER: Plant a white candle in a frosted tumbler pasted with paper angels (16 for 30c) and nosegays of dried flowers ($1.25 for a huge bunch) tied with bows. Stand glass on a white wood disk, fence with a band of metal fleurs-de-lis (20c for a foot and available at hardware shops). Cost: $1.50.

HOLLY ARTICHOKE: Make a hollow for a candle in a plastic-foam ball, then pave it with holly leaves and stand it on a circlet of leaves and "strawberries" ($1 a bunch). Cost: $1.30.

ORIENTAL HOLDER: Take an eggcup (29c from Japanese shops), fit with a two-tone candle—a pink taper in a fat red candle disk. Trim with green dried flowers and ribbon. Cost: 50c*.

CROESUS CANDLE: Cover a pink candle-in-a-glass with gold steel wool held by fine wire, dust with green sequins. Stand on a base of two green metal salad bowls (10c each at dime stores) back to back. Trim with ornament beads. Cost: $1.00**.

HOLLY-BERRY BASE: Twine plastic-foam disk with plastic greens, dot with berries, plant with a candle. Cost: $1.25**.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT

DELLA ROBBIA CENTERPIECE: Spray angel-cake pan (59c) with gilt paint, fill with cones, nuts, red Christmas balls. Plant with tapers, finish with flowing ribbon bows. Cost: $1.25***.

GEM LIGHT: Edge the top of a glass container for a votive candle with three bands of sequin sweater trim. Cost: 35c*.

CHRISTMAS LANTERN: Paste a glass snifter (39c at dime store) with ornaments cut out of crepe paper, trimmed with gilt flowers and "hung" from lip on foil ribbon. Cost: 55c.

BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CANDLE: Make a cone wreath, spray white, deck with berries and cone birds (6 for $1 or to make). Put candle in wreath, trim with a bird and berries. Cost: $1.50**.

STAR LIGHTS: Scatter silver sequin flowers on a votive candle glass, edge rim with a sequin band. Cost: 40c. Ring a taller votive light with "medals" of gilt stars and ribbon scraps, then band the bottom of the glass with ribbon. Cost: 50c*.

*Designed by Barbara Todd
**Designed by Edmund J. Motyka
***Designed by George Cothran

HOUSE GIFTS



FOR UNDER $5.

Little luxuries that fill real needs—success formula for house gifts-that-sell. Consider: pretty boxes for a desk; a decorative log tote to hang on a wall; colorful bench and vanity tray for a bathroom; a dressy wastebasket; a gay pillow; gourmet pot holders; an ornamental key rack. By H. T. WILLIAMS

On Wall, Left to Right

Log Tote: Line 1½ yards of canvas with 1½ yards of navy denim. Notch at the ends to make openings for handles. Hem to make slots for wood dowels. Sew a sunburst of plastic to the canvas. Insert dowels and then tip them with brass finials. Cost: $4.99.

Pot Holder "Still Life": Cut velveteen into the shapes of an eggplant and a strawberry, top with felt leaves, stuff. Make artichoke of felt petals and stuff. Fashion an ear of corn from felt, leave one end open so that the "ear" can slip over a pot handle. Cost: 25c each if materials must be bought.

On Floor, Left to Right

Key Caddy: Paint a breadboard and let dry. Paint in a contrasting color and, while still wet, comb with a big-tooth comb to simulate graining. Attach decorative key at top, and cup hooks. Cost: $1.25.

Wastebasket: Take an empty food can, line with adhesive-backed "leopard" plastic, cover exterior with felt and band with gold braid. Cost: $2.42.

Miniature Chest: Cover plastic chest ($1.98) with cigar-box labels (29c a package), line drawers in red paper, edge handles in gilt paper. Cost: $2.35.

File Box: Disguise metal file box with newspaper clippings and red seals, then shellac. Cost: $3.38.

Card File: Paste green paper on a plain wood box ($1.10 in art-supply shops), edge the lid with blue buttons ($1 for 12). Spray with plastic. Cost: $2.50.

Glove Box: Cover a rectangular box ($1.20 from art-supply shops) with adhesive-backed "leopard" plastic paper, then dot with butterflies. Cost: $1.75.

Vanity Tray: Paint a knife box in two tones, the darker on the inside, and add handles. Cost: $1.50.

Bath Bench: Paint frame of a folding stool (98c), stretch a pretty towel ($1) across the seat, sewing firmly. Add hardware where legs cross. Cost: $2.53.

Hobo Pillow: Make a pillow cover of two bandannas (35c each), use third for welting, stuff. Cost: $2.05.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Half the girls in school were in love with the man Mina wanted to marry. By DOROTHY THOMAS

MINA'S MAN TRAP

I saw Mina Finletter first through the green fountaining of the fern she carried into our house when she came to work for her board and room, a freshman in the little church college where I was a senior. Between the delicate fronds her eyes were innocently blue, her mouth serious and her cheeks pink under her crown of taffy-fair braids as she greeted us. She was more desperately shy than any really pretty girl I had ever known.

There was not space in the room Mina was to share with me for the fern and its big glazed jar, so mother set it on the marble-topped stand in the living-room bay window. Its longer strands touched the carpet and its higher sprays the rod of the pushed-back lace curtains.

When father asked Mina, "Whyever did you bring that fern plant to school with you?" she answered, blushing, "For courage and company. It is all I have, mine."

Mina needed courage, though I had no idea then how urgently. For her to be spoken to was pain, and to have to answer, anguish. I was to learn in the college office where I helped with the registration that she had never attended school, but had been educated and prepared for college-entrance examinations by an aged, long-retired missionary and his wife, fittingly named Shepherd, with whom, since her infancy, she had made her home. I was surprised when, after the light was out, Mina asked from her bed the other side of the dormer window, "How many men are there in college? How many ministerial students?"

"Eighty-three men out of three hundred and eleven students. Fifty-one of them planning to be ministers or missionaries. And twenty-one of the men are married and a good share of the bachelors are either spoken for or going steady."

"How many in the senior class to be ordained this year?" she asked in a small, determined voice.

"There are only sixteen men in the senior class, and only five of them unmarried or, so far as I know, unengaged. There are so many more girls than men. Not many men stay free after the junior year. I'm engaged to one of the seniors myself. You'll be meeting him tomorrow, likely." I liked her directness and tried to be as direct. "Why do you want to marry a minister?" I asked.

She was quiet for a moment and then slowly, thoughtfully said, "Because I feel I'm cut out for it and that what gifts I have are suited to it. I know how to make very little go a long way and be content with it. I can play every hymn in the hymnal, even those with many sharps. I can read Latin and Greek fairly well. I trust God and love people and I want to help them. And I know how to hold my peace."

I was not soon again to hear Mina make so long a speech. "But isn't there someone at home waiting for you?" I asked, doubtful of Mina's success, competing with more articulate and aggressive, like-intentioned girls, and not wanting to see her disappointed or hurt.

"Yes, there's George," she said and sighed. "I like him very much until I think of marrying him. I have told myself and my foster parents that if I don't meet a young minister to whom I become engaged to marry before Christmas I'll come home and marry George. All the money I had has gone into tuition and books. I've only until Christmas."

Mina had enrolled in a course designated as Pastor's Assistant that many young women with like aspirations were taking. Her favorite class, she soon confided to my parents, who loved her from the first morning she was downstairs making buckwheat cakes before either of them was awake, was Prophecy. To me she owned, in the darkness, "It is the class that has the most ministers in it and the one I like best."

A classmate told me that, in Prophecy, Mina had not volunteered to ask or answer a single question, so that everyone was surprised when her first paper was highly praised by the teacher and quoted at length.

My parents were concerned over Mina's studying so hard, early and late, and spared her all the housework they could. "But I *like* to study," she protested. "And it is only in Prophecy I need do *noticeably* well!"

One day when mother found Mina picking dried fronds and tendrils from the fern, looking wistful, she asked, "Are you homesick, Mina?"

"Goodness, no!" Mina said. "Don't mind that I fuss over the fern." She explained that the fern had been brought, along with the blanket that wrapped her, to the Shepherds' home at the time of her grandmother's death, and that it was "almost a person, a relative. . . . It is very old," she said, "perhaps a hundred." She added that she could not be homesick with "the goal in sight." Mother thought it wonderful for a young girl to be so earnest about getting an education.

I told my John about Mina and her peculiar upbringing, but said nothing about her resolve to marry a minister. He liked Mina and the cakes and fudge she made, and enjoyed teasing her to see her blush.

Mina wrote long letters to the Shepherds, pored over their answers and took their seasoned and loving advice most seriously. She wrote them not in longhand but in an archaic shorthand Doctor Shepherd had taught her, which she could write, even on post cards, without fear of more confidential messages' being read.

Early in October, I stopped in the hallway to find out what on the bulletin board had arrested so many men students, and saw the first of Mina's posters. A large sheet of tagboard read, in neat wax-crayon printing, CAREFUL DARNING AND MENDING DONE. A sock, one of father's, with neatly darned toe and heel, was tacked to it, showing her superior handiwork. It was signed in Mina's even hand and carried our telephone number.

"Yes, your father and I are answering the phone for her," mother said. "She needs to CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

The pies were paying off as neither the mending nor the knitting ever did, but the bird she wanted to bait had flown the coop.



NEW BEAUTY... HEAD TO TOE

By BET HAR

Cordelia Lewis stepped from college right into a career, as secretary in our Beauty Department. "Most of my clothes were skirts and blouses from school days. I guess my beauty routine was a thing from the past too: a touch of powder on my nose, a quick dash of lipstick. I thought by wearing my hair pulled back in a twist I would look more sophisticated, but I didn't. My brother-in-law was right—I 'looked more like a cheerleader than a career girl!'"

We photographed Cordelia, then helped her on her way to new head-to-toe beauty. Her pretty "after" look stems from an all-important fashion-beauty basic: *Pick a pretty feature and play it up.*

Cordelia had lots of them. Unknown to her, they went unnoticed by others because she didn't know the rule. She was happily amazed when she started counting assets: a good figure (made fashion perfect after shedding ten pounds in two months by fifteen minutes of daily exercise and saying "No" to rich desserts), lovely sparkling blue eyes, a nose many a model would envy, and exceptionally pretty hands.

Typically, Cordelia had told us, "I never wear nail polish, even for special occasions." (We added "Never say never!" to the basic beauty rule.) Now she does, a lovely clear pink shade.

Cordelia played up other beauty assets with make-up. "The fifteen minutes' added time in the morning is worth it because of the compliments!" Cordelia uses a medium-tone foundation, blends in a touch of rouge for color, and adds a light dusting of powder in a shade slightly darker than the foundation. Her favorite (and most becoming) shade of eye shadow is blue. This plus brown eye liner and black mascara makes her eyes appear larger, even bluer. She uses a light-brown pencil to add more definition to her eyebrows, which are now carefully, becomingly arched. Cordelia's skin tones and features are delicate, so her make-up is never overplayed, "especially," she adds, "for the office."

Excited about a new hairdo, Cordelia was thrilled with the results. "It's easy to manage and *much* more feminine. I never realized the importance of having a hair style designed for the shape of your face." Hers is cut and carefull shaped to frame and flatter her round face, mak it appear slimmer. The bangs, a straight, hor zontal line across her forehead before, are no brushed softly to the side.

Cordelia has added fashion dash with colo She has stopped playing it safe with tans an browns. Actually, she can wear soft shades of a most *any* color. Strong or harsh shades are to much for her delicate skin tones, small size. T prove a fashion point (if you haven't any fashio daring, you'll never have any fashion fun), w pushed pink for Cordelia's first wardrobe addition She had told us, "I look terrible in pink!" Bu when she tried on the checked wool dress, spirit soared, "And now it's one of my favorite colors!"

Cordelia is a petite 5'4" and now knows, too she looks best in dresses or suits in lightweight nonbulky fabrics with a fit that will accent rathe than hide her figure. (It all goes back to ou original premise—when you have an asset, sho it off!)

Accessories which had never entered into he fashion life at all now play an important part. "I realize that a simple dress, basic suit can double in fashion value with an accessory." The important thing for Cordelia to remember is to scale her accessories to her small size; chunky jewelry, huge scarves or bags will overwhelm her.

"I used to choose shoes for comfort only. Now I pick them for comfort *and* attractiveness. It's as easy to do and *much* more fun."

This is a typical part of her whole new fashion outlook and glow. Cordelia knows it's not *just* the new dress, not *just* the new hairdo. It's the over-all look that counts—from head to toe.



Little make-up, unflattering clothes concealed Cordelia's fashion-beauty assets. "I know I need a new wardrobe and a new hairdo, but where do I begin?"

"Pick a pretty feature and play it up!" is the basis for Cordelia's new head-to-toe beauty. Her first fashion $'s were 25.00 for pretty pink checked wool dress.

JEROME DUCROT

HAIR DESIGN BY MR KENNETH DRESS DESIGN AND SKETCHES BY DREAMA PEERY



The Sellerses have found ways to be rich on a modest scale, giving of their money as well as themselves. By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

THE RICH LIFE ON $8400 A YEAR

Professor Ezra Sellers, head of the art department of LaGrange College in LaGrange, Georgia, occasionally meets people who have grave doubts about his profession. One time at a church party he found himself sitting next to an old farmer. For some time they chatted amiably about fertilizer, stock feed and hog prices—all topics that interest Ezra, but not so much as art history. "Where's your farm?" the man asked him. Ezra had to tell him that he wasn't a farmer, that he was an artist and art teacher.

His new acquaintance eyed him wordlessly a few moments. Finally he said, "You means you paints *pictures?*"

"Yes, sir."

"And you teaches *college* students to paint pictures?"

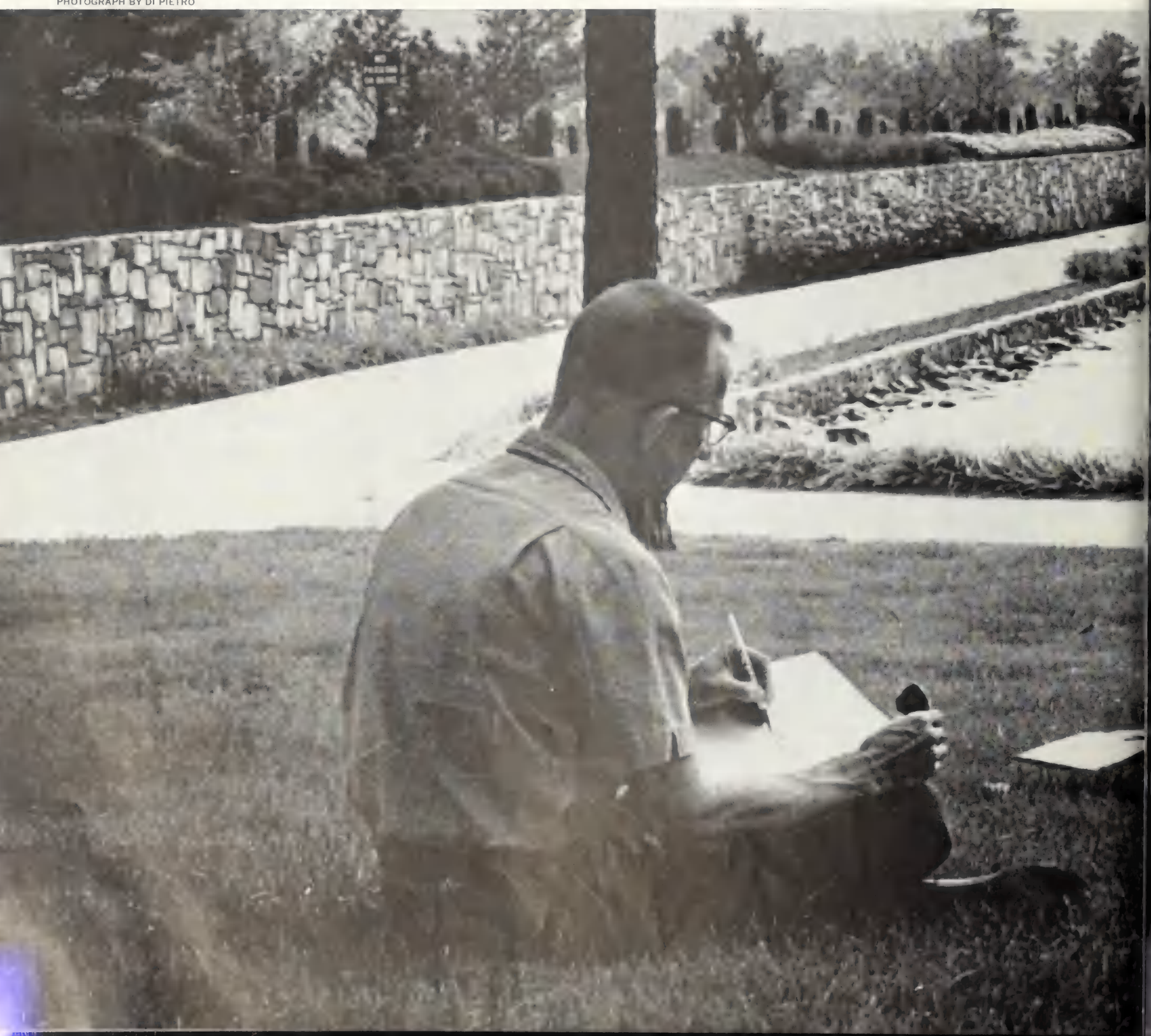
"That's right."

"Huh!" the man said, suddenly speechless. "Got to go." He stalked off and Ezra did not see him again the rest of the evening.

Professor Sellers came to LaGrange in 1956 from the University of Georgia, where he was an assistant professor of art. He took a cut

PHOTOGRAPH BY DI PIETRO

More money failed to lure Ezra Sellers and his family from "fishing, fine arts and



n salary (from $5739 to $4814) at this move, because he was in-erested in heading a department and thought he would have more me to paint. "And—though it sounds sentimental—I wanted to o something for the church that gave me my education. I know I'll ever make enough money to make a substantial financial contribu-on, so I thought I would make my contribution by teaching in a nurch school."

His annual salary is now $8000, but neither he nor his wife, Bettie, new the exact figure until they computed it. The last time Pres. Vaights G. Henry Jr. told Ezra his salary was going to be increased, e replied breezily, "That's fine, thanks. You just go ahead and raise y salary all you want to." The figures on his pay check changed, but e did not trouble to find out exactly how much.

With three children—Carol, 15, David, 11, and Molly, 14 months—ie Sellerses have found many ways to be rich on a modest income.

Both Ezra and Bettie believe art is all-pervading and basic in life, ut they can be sympathetic with those who feel hog raising is more worth while. They are practical people who happen to believe art is practical. Professor Sellers has a clearly defined philosophy of art teaching. "I am trying to teach my students to express themselves honestly in terms of what is in them," he said, "not to imitate, not to copy, not to fake." The Sellerses have an equally clear view of how they want to spend their time on earth—and a "no-nonsense" attitude toward how they spend their money.

LaGrange is a Methodist college, established in 1831. In the novel *Gone With the Wind* author Margaret Mitchell made one of her characters, Aunt Pittypat Hamilton, a graduate of LaGrange. It was the LaGrange Female Institute in her day and one of few schools in the South a lady could have attended. It is coed now, with an enrollment of 450, of which about 100 are males.

The Sellerses live in a one-story three-bedroom house on a large corner wooded lot in Park Hill, a housing development at the edge of town which has had time, since the early '50's, to wear off its newness. After they were settled in this CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

dist church." Their home is crowded with books, paintings, records; children—Carol, 15, David, 11, Molly, 14 months—will receive an inheritance of work, faith and education.



A NEW IDEA FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER



It's the same beautiful, plump, savory turkey you hover over five hours or more on Thanksgiving Day—but you roast it the day before! Your husband carves it and you package each portion in foil with sausage dressing, to reheat on *the day*, leaving you free to enjoy your family reunion. The idea is Bettie Sellers's solution for taking care of the seventeen who sit at her dinner table. The Sellers family is featured on page 68, "How America Spends Its Money."

NORMAN KARLSON

INTERVIEW BY ELAINE HANNA

Recipes on page 72.



CONTINUED

Every single morsel is as moist and delicious as—or even more than—if it had been carved the day of the dinner. The juices and herbs have blended, and everyone is served at once and has a piping-hot dinner. We were skeptical. We tried it. We approve.

SECRETS FOR A CAREFREE THANKSGIVING DAY

Roast Turkey with Corn-Bread-Sausage Dressing: Cook turkey completely and carve it the day before. Remove dressing. Brush meat lightly with melted margarine. Wrap individual portions of turkey, sliced white and dark meat, with stuffing in aluminum foil. Refrigerate overnight. To reheat, place packages on baking sheets and put in moderate oven, 350° F., for 30–40 minutes. Unwrap and arrange on serving platter.

Giblet Gravy with Chopped Egg: Prepare the gravy according to recipe. Cool, cover and store in refrigerator. Reheat just before serving and add chopped hard-cooked egg.

Cranberry Chutney: Prepare according to recipe several days ahead and store in refrigerator.

Golden Potatoes: Prepare according to recipe the day before. Cool and transfer to lightly greased casserole or roasting pan. Dot with margarine. Cover tightly with aluminum foil. Remove cover to reheat. Stir occasionally to make fluffy.

Southern Butter Rolls: Prepare according to recipe several days ahead. Wrap airtight, 6 to a package, in aluminum foil and freeze. On the day, reheat, still wrapped, in same oven as turkey (350° F.) for 15–20 minutes. (Small packages fit more easily on same shelves as turkey or Golden Potatoes.)

Assorted Relishes: Carrot curls, celery strips, radish roses, cucumber circles, lettuce wedges, green and black olives, pickled gherkins, sweet pickles and watermelon-rind pickles. Wash and trim vegetables the day before. Make carrot curls and secure with toothpicks. Cut up celery and make radish roses. Do not slice cucumber or cut up lettuce until serving time. Wrap in saran or polyethylene bags and refrigerate. Chill olives and pickles. Next day, crisp vegetables in ice water for 1 hour before serving. Drain and arrange on relish dish.

Pecan Pie or Mincemeat Pie in Cinnamon Pastry: Prepare according to recipe the day before. Refrigerate overnight. Reheat while serving main course, in moderate oven, 350° F., for 15–20 minutes. Both pies may be served cold if you prefer.

ROAST TURKEY

Order Ahead: Choose a ready-to-cook, fresh ice-chilled or frozen turkey—U.S. inspected and branded. These come fully drawn, pinfeathered and cleaned inside and out, ready for the pan. Some birds are "tucked"; that is, the drumsticks have been tucked into a slit of skin above the tail. This gives the bird a round shape and eliminates the need for trussing after stuffing. Buy ½ to ¾ pound *per serving* if the bird is 12 pounds or over (ready-to-cook weight). Buy ¾ pound to 1 pound *per serving* if bird is under 12 pounds. Note the ready-to-cook weight to figure cooking time.

If It's Frozen: Thaw as the label directs. Or let stand in original wrapper overnight at room temperature. Refrigerate during the day, then set out again overnight at room temperature.

Wash turkey inside and out in cold water. Pat dry with paper towels or cloth. Get ready ingredients for dressing and cook giblets for gravy; refrigerate. Stuff bird just before it is to be cooked. Rub inside and out with salt and a little monosodium glutamate if you wish. Fill neck and body cavities loosely with stuffing. Fasten the openings by using poultry pins or skewers. Pull neck skin over stuffing and fasten by folding wing tips back, under and in toward the body. If not "tucked," tie legs together, then tie to tail. Rub turkey with soft margarine. Roast as label directs. Or if bird is fresh killed, insert a meat thermometer inside thigh muscle adjoining body of bird. Roast in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 4–4½ hours for an 8–10-pound bird; 4½–5 hours for a 10–14-pound bird; 5–6½ hours for a 14–18-pound bird; 6½–7½ hours for an 18–20-pound bird. Baste occasionally with extra margarine at first and then with drippings. If turkey is becoming too brown, cover with a margarine-moistened cheesecloth, which you may baste so that it remains moist. Or you may cover the bird loosely with aluminum foil. Remove covering for last 15–30 minutes to permit skin to crisp. Test for doneness when approximate roasting time is up; it is done when the drumstick joint moves easily (thermometer should register 190° F.). Remove string, skewers or poultry pins.

CORN-BREAD-SAUSAGE DRESSING

- 1½ pounds bulk sausage
- 4 onions, finely chopped
- 1 stalk celery, finely chopped
- 6 cups soft white bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
- 1 tablespoon steak sauce
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 5½–6 cups crumbled corn bread

Cook sausage meat in a large skillet over medium heat, breaking it up with a fork. Use a slotted spoon to transfer sausage to a large bowl, draining off as much fat as possible. Leave ½ cup drippings in the skillet and sauté the onions and celery until golden, about 5 minutes. Mix contents of skillet with sausage. Add all remaining ingredients and crumbled corn bread. Cool completely. Makes 3 quarts dressing, sufficient to stuff a 12–14-pound turkey.

GIBLET GRAVY WITH CHOPPED EGG

- Turkey giblets and neck
- 6 cups water
- 1 onion
- 1–2 stalks celery
- 1 cup turkey drippings, skimmed of fat
- 1 cup flour
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 or 3 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped

Put giblets and neck in water with onion and celery. Cover and simmer until tender. Chop giblets and meat from neck very fine. Strain and reserve broth. Heat drippings from turkey in roasting pan. Blend in flour, add all broth, giblets and seasonings. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Taste for seasoning. Before serving, stir in the chopped egg. Makes 7 cups.

CRANBERRY CHUTNEY

- 1 pound fresh cranberries
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 2 tablespoons firmly packed light brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt

Pick over cranberries. Discard soft ones. Wash. Bring water and sugar to a boil. Add cranberries and all remaining ingredients. Simmer, stirring occasionally, until berries have popped—about 10 minutes. Cool. Serve warm or cold. Makes 1 quart.

GOLDEN POTATOES

Mix equal quantities hot freshly mashed seasoned potatoes and mashed yellow turnips. Add margarine, season to taste.

SOUTHERN BUTTER ROLLS

- 1 cup boiling water
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 2 tablespoons lukewarm water
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 4 cups sifted flour

Mix boiling water, sugar, salt and margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in lukewarm water; add to first mixture, stirring well. Add egg and 2 cups flour. Beat thoroughly. Add remaining flour and mix well. Turn out onto lightly floured board. Knead until smooth. Place dough in greased bowl and brush with melted shortening. Cover tightly with waxed paper or aluminum foil and store in refrigerator. Cut off piece of dough as large as needed when ready to make up some rolls. Let it stand at room temperature about 20 minutes, to warm a little. Divide into pieces and shape into balls. Arrange on greased baking sheet 2" apart. Or make cloverleaf rolls in greased muffin pans. Brush tops with melted shortening. Cover and let rise in a warm place, until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 10–15 minutes or until golden. Serve warm. Makes 2 dozen rolls.

BETTIE SELLERS'S PECAN PIE

- 1 (9") unbaked pie shell
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons margarine
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup pecan halves

Prepare pie shell. Heat syrup and sugar, stirring until boiling. Remove from heat and add margarine. Stir hot mixture into eggs, a little at a time. Add pecans. Sprinkle bottom of pie shell with a very little flour and sugar mixed together. Fill with pecan mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 325° F., 45–50 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

MINCEMEAT PIE IN CINNAMON PASTRY

Delicious cinnamon pastry can easily be made by adding 1 teaspoon powdered cinnamon to 2 cups sifted flour, then proceeding as usual to make your favorite pastry recipe and mincemeat filling.

RAISE MONEY BY
OFFERING
A TEA SERVICE
AT YOUR CHARITY BAZAAR!



This five-piece International Sterling tea set (not including tray) will be offered by your local jeweler at a special price to all groups raising money for their favorite charities.

Great Idea:

Campbelled eggs



Vegetable Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 nourishing servings.



Mushroom Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 souper servings.



Chicken Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 delicious servings.



M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*

CASTLE DOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

Her husband had given her a new gown to drive with him to Castle Dor races. It was of a very pale green muslin sprigged with rosebuds, and her hat matched it—a broad hat with pale green ribbons meeting under her chin. And her sunshade matched. She had half opened it to try its effect, but desisted, remembering that it was unlucky to open any sort of umbrella indoors.

"Amyot!"

The voice had not been Deborah's and yet was mixed up with hers, as well as with some preoccupation over a foreign gentleman. It was annoying that he should have chosen Castle Dor race day for moving in. All yesterday had been spent by her and Deborah in cleaning, dusting, in airing bed linen.

Stepping to the window, she heard Deborah's irritable voice, now from the doorway. "Two shillings! Highway robbery!"

"*Plaît-il?*"

Linnet divined. This was the time of year when the Breton schooners arrived and their cabin boys were sent ashore to chaffer strings of onions.

She could never afterward tell why she turned so quickly from the mirror and slipped out past the door of the large Wagon Room, within which glasses jingled, and passed down the stair.

She foreknew, more or less, the scene in the doorway: the town square empty, the populace having tramped up the hill to the race field. She would follow after an interval, seated in a barouche beside her husband, who had a craze for exhibiting her. Her name appeared on the place cards of the race meeting as donor of a twenty-guinea steeplechase cup, which she was to hand to the winning jockey.

Down the stair to the porch she came. On the step Deborah stood denouncing a young man in patched blue jumper and worse-patched trousers, a beret on his head and across his back a pole with five or six ropes of onions slung on it.

"Heathen boy! Go and ask two shillings off the Pope. . . . No, but hi, you! Come back!"

The onion seller had turned to go as Mrs. Lewarne reached the porch. At Deborah's sudden outcry he wheeled slowly about: a singularly handsome fellow with a sullen set of the jaw and fine brown eyes, his skin deeply tanned by wind and weather.

Deborah darted at him and spun him roundabout. "See here, mistress!"

"Oh, it's cruel!"

A broad smear crossed the young man's back, over the shoulder blades and just beneath the onion pole; a smear purpling and still dampening his blouse with blood.

"Who did it to you? Your name, anyway?" demanded Deborah.

"Amyot."

"Foolish woman!" said Mrs. Lewarne. "When he told it to you not five minutes ago!"

"Told it to me? I never ——" protested Deborah.

Mrs. Lewarne stood, confused. She had a strange sensation of something breaking out of the past to connect itself with something immediately to come. The square seemed to be hushed as an empty space ——

"Amyot," repeated the onion seller. "Amyot Trestane. Of *La Jolie Brise*, schooner, from Brest."

A giant of a man had lurched out of the bar, pausing to wipe his mouth. Over Mrs. Lewarne's shoulder his gaze fell on the onion seller. "*Petit cochon!*" he roared and passed into a torrent of mixed French and Breton curses.

Linnet understood a little French nothing of his Breton. She faced around to him. "*All* his onions are sold: I have bought them. But did you do *that?*" She pointed as Deborah spun the young man about again. "If so, you are a beast!"

The giant grinned, as one who understood women. "These fellows, madame, are all lazy swine. They will learn nothing but at the rope's end."

With a sharp cough Linnet's husband, Mark Lewarne, peered out from behind—a man of [illegible] sixty years proprietor of the Rose & Anchor. "What's all this?" he demanded in a high voice, half dictatorial, half querulous. "Didn't I expressly ask you, my dear, to come in and hand around the cigars?"

"Didn't Deborah hand the cigars?"

"It's not the same. It's not the same thing at all. There was a chair set by my side —— That gown of yours—I shall pay a pretty penny for it, this side of quarter day. A man's own is his own, eh?" he appealed to the Breton skipper.

"Above all, when he owns an armful of so much charm," agreed that ogre, turning to leer knowingly at the two women.

Mrs. Lewarne avoided Deborah's eye; yet her next words were addressed to Deborah. "I have bought those onions. Take them off his back."

The skipper stepped forward. "At two shillings the string?" he demanded.

But he spoke too soon. The onion seller, as Deborah released the pole of its weight, caught it off his shoulders, swung it high, and made for the giant as if to brain him. Deborah screamed. Linnet caught her breath. But just then the scene came to a ridiculous pause. Feet of the revelers came tumbling downstairs from the upper room, and almost as simultaneously a voice commanded:

"Stop that! What the devil!" followed, in the instant, by "*Halte-la!*"

The occupant of the barouche wore a black traveling cape. A black hat of velvet, extremely wide of brim, covered his white locks. Linnet had a sensation that he was the oldest man she had ever seen in her life. *A gentleman*, she said to herself as Deborah stepped to open the carriage door.

The visitor, too, had a quick eye. It flickered for an instant on Linnet and then selected her husband from the group on the step. "Monsieur my host, if I am not mistaken?" He spoke in excellent English with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, looking meanwhile from the onion seller to the skipper, whom he next addressed gently enough. "My friend, our meetings seem to be providential. The last, if I remember, was at Landerneau when the bishop was forced to interrupt a *pardon* because you were beating an ass unmercifully."

"As I am an honest man, *Monsieur le Notaire* ——"

"—— which, in fact, you are not," returned the stranger. "It was not precisely for that virtue that you—Fouguereau—left Quimper two years ago and opened a *cabaret* at Pont l'Abbé. A theft of fowls, was it not? And I had the pleasure of prosecuting. You afterward purchased a ship at L'Île-Tudy —— You remember me also, I dare say?"

"I do Monsieur Ledru. Why, of course——"

"You see, he already introduces me." The stranger turned to the landlord. "Yes, my name is Ledru, notary of Quimper."

"Your room is ready for you, sir," Linnet interrupted, stepping up behind Deborah, who still held open the carriage door.

M. Ledru's eyebrows went up a little. "And are *you* the charming mistress of this house?"

"Your hot water shall be ready at once; and after that a grilled plaice, and an omelet to follow ——"

"Then I am more and more at home."

M. Ledru distributed a benign smile on everybody. He had by some power of command held the whole violent scene arrested. There stood the onion seller in the roadway. There the giant skipper. Deborah's hand still hung at the carriage door.

M. Ledru, standing erect, unwound the traveling rug from his legs. "And this fellow? . . . Let me assure you that this young man does not voyage back in your ship."

Then followed a swift exchange of words in Breton, at the end of which the skipper picked up the stick which the onion seller had dropped and slouched away with hunched shoulders.

M. Ledru, still standing in the barouche, turned on the other. "What is your name?"

"Amyot."

"Amyot, eh? And will that be Christian name or surname?"

The onion seller was staring after the retreating figure of his employer. "My mother, sir, was called Trestane. She belonged to Douarnenez, so she once told me, and that we came to L'Îsle-Tudy—I think she said soon after I was born."

He shrugged, as though indifferent to past history, the light in his eye suggesting he had but one thought in mind: to renew the struggle—despite disparity of height—with the brutal skipper.

"A troublemaker, if you ask *me*," pronounced the landlord. "But I never pretended to understand foreigners—if you'll excuse me, mister."

M. Ledru, in the act of stepping from the carriage, politely ignored this remark. "The first thing to do," said he, addressing Deborah, "is to take this fellow indoors and bathe his back. Afterward, if he be recovered, he shall row me some way up your river—that is, if you have a boat for hire, sir."

"There's a boat, of course ——"

Mark Lewarne, his wife and their guest entered and went up the stairs, Deborah following with the valise. Linnet and M. Ledru went on to the best bedchamber.

"We have done our best with it, sir. . . . Deborah, you may set down the gentleman's portmanteau. Then get some hot water, and attend to that poor young man."

M. Ledru turned. "With your permission, madame, I also wish to examine the young man's hurts."

So all three went out into the narrow corridor. Mark Lewarne led them and, heading off his wife, faced so that there was a block in the corridor. He was clearly in an evil humor.

"I thought I told you ——"

Linnet's face went white for an instant before hoisting a red flag of defiance. "I forget just what it was you told me, but I think it amounted to this—that you wished to show me off in this new gown you have bought for me. Very well; if you will stand a little aside from the doorway, I will walk past very slowly and your guests can tell you, as no doubt they will, what they think of your wife."

Her husband at once stepped aside and made way for her. Like a queen, she passed the doorway, followed by M. Ledru.

They descended the stairs and on the ground floor entered a stone-paved back kitchen within which, over a tub of hot water, young Amyot bent, sponging himself. He stood up at their entry, naked to the waist, smiled and bent over the tub again. His back was cruelly scored from the shoulder blades down to the line where the trouser top covered hip and loin. But his shoulders were firm and muscular and down the back, half-embedding the backbone, ran two high muscular ridges such as come of only long and powerful rowing.

"I can prescribe for this," announced M. Ledru, after some close peering into the young fellow's wounds. "If you have a chemist nearby ——"

"But," said Linnet, "I have ointments here in the house. I was brought up, sir, on a farm, where it is hard to fetch a doctor and help [illegible] to be handy for men who cut themselves hedging or shearing."

As she spoke, she had put out her hand [illegible] Amyot's shoulder. Unwittingly—for she [illegible] facing the notary—her fingers touched it. [illegible] the same moment, as unwittingly, Amyot lifted his sponge and squeezed a rush of warm water over her hand.

"These local specifics," the notary [illegible] answering, "are usually the best—especially in the matter of ointments."

"Linnet!" called her husband's voice. "Where the devil are you delaying?"

Linnet snatched her hand away suddenly from the young man's shoulder. She dropped the hand to her side, wetting her gown, and went upstairs.

"She has turned obedient of a sudden," commented Deborah.

"I am not of that opinion, though to be sure you should know her better than I," the notary answered gravely. "I think rather that she has locked her door and is at this moment beginning to cast off her finery."

Deborah stared at him, picked up a towel and began gently to dab the onion seller's back. "If that's so," she asked, "what's to be done, sir?"

"In your place I should follow her, knock at the door and remind her that we are ready for the ointment."

Deborah went up. She found that Linnet had, indeed, locked the bedroom door. But she came also on a sight the notary had not prophesied: Mark Lewarne crouching, almost kneeling at the keyhole, imploring.

"Leave her to me, master," said Deborah. She tapped on the door.

"Go away!" commanded the voice within. "I tell you I am not coming!"

Deborah tapped again. "It's *me*, mistress—Deborah. I have come to fetch the ointment."

After a second or two the key was heard turning back the lock. With a sign to Mark that he was on no account to follow, Deborah opened the door, entered and closed it after her.

Linnet Lewarne went to the races, after all.

Later that afternoon Deborah, having led the way down Mark Lewarne's private-quay stair to the boat, launched the notary and the onion seller, Amyot. For a minute or so she stood watching them—long enough to assure herself that the young man understood a boat and could pull, bandaged as he was, a pair of oars deftly.

M. Ledru, however, was inclined to doubt the lad's capabilities when he found himself being pulled dangerously close to the stem of a black schooner anchored in the tideway. "Take care!"

"It is all right," Amyot assured him. "This is the *Jolie Brise*." He hailed the vessel and skilfully brought the boat alongside, close under the forechains. A seaman came forward and leaned over the bulwarks. "Yann, will you fetch and hand me down my kit? It is all in a bundle in my bunk, with my fiddle beside it."

"So I saw, just now," returned the seaman. "Well, I will fetch the gear for you, but keep quiet. The *patron* is below and in a worse humor than ever."

The skipper was indeed below and had heard and recognized the cabin boy's hail. Now he emerged and lurched forward. "Eh?" said he, addressing Amyot. "So you've thought twice and are coming back, little fool?"

"To fetch his belongings," answered M. Ledru.

"His belongings?" Fouguereau thundered. He took a step back to the open forehatch, bent over it and bellowed down, "Hi, below! What are you about down there?"

The culprit, though frightened, was a courageous fellow and truthful. "I am fetching Amyot Trestane's gear," he answered, and came clambering up with the bundle and the rude, box-shaped fiddle.

"Without my permission? I'll teach *you*, too, what is discipline. There!" He snatched the fiddle from the seaman, broke it across his knee and flung the pieces overboard. "There!" he repeated, having snatched the bundle in its turn and holding it aloft. "A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

LOVE IN NOVEMBER

By S. L. HYNES

Each season offers love
Its passionate images.
What were our summer days made of?
Figures of heart's ease.

Now autumn, and the heart grieves;
Under ruined trees
Flurries of fallen leaves
Circle like memories,

And bare branches demonstrate
What time has lost;
The walker in the empty street
Treads the dead past

Till love says: "Come indoors.
For figures of desire
Take comfortable metaphors—
Lamplight, and open fire."

"his is the kind of good news a mother loves to hear"

. said Mrs. John Jenkins of Glenview, Illinois, when
e learned about the New Crisco.



Revolutionary shortening advance... important news for you and your family!

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made to help take the "fat-worry" out of good eating

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help take the "fat-worry" out of good
eating. So, today, go right on enjoying
the delicious fried foods, the light
cakes, the flaky pastry you've always
made with Crisco . . . with this im-
portant plus: Of all leading shorten-
ings, only New Crisco has *doubled* the
preferred unsaturates.

Highly unsaturated New Crisco is *still* the finest vegetable shortening . . . so light and digestible . . . wonderfully easy to use. All your favorite recipes continue to give superb results.

Of course in case of special dietary problems, Crisco recommends that you consult your doctor; and as always, Crisco suggests a sensible level of calories. But to keep *your* family happy at mealtimes, cook with New Crisco. It's the one shortening specially made to help take the "fat-worry" out of good eating.

Highly unsaturated...
only New Crisco has doubled
the preferred unsaturates

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New Crisco:

- Double the preferred unsaturates
- 72% to 78% total unsaturates
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- No animal fats
- Digestible
- Salt-free
- Unexcelled in freshness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

for this trash. I keep it—or do you prefer that I throw it, too, into the harbor?"

"My friend," said M. Ledru, "if you insist on the one or dare to attempt the other, I take this young man straight to the customhouse and from that to the police inspector, whom I shall instruct to take out a summons against you. We shall next find a magistrate to certify it and—well, I do not envy you your interview with your owners when you return with a conviction for brutality and a long bill of claim against them for the ship's demurrage. So you had best hand down that bundle."

Fouguereau considered for a moment, then thrust the bundle back on the seaman. "Here, toss it down to them," he ordered, "and good riddance!"

"Excuse me," M. Ledru corrected him, "but you shall lower it with your own hands."

The bundle was handed down. As it was received with a "Thank you," the skipper swung about to curse the seaman. But again the old precise voice spoke up with authority.

"We are going some way up the river. But I return toward evening and shall be lodging at the Rose and Anchor. If I hear any more complaints about you, they may find themselves reported. Good day."

About a hundred yards upstream they recovered the floating soundbox and neckpiece of Amyot's fiddle. But this, snapped in two, was unmendable.

"I will buy you a better," M. Ledru said, seeing the look in the lad's eyes.

"But I made this myself, monsieur."

"Anyway, you cannot play on it just now. For, to begin with, it is broken; and moreover, you could not row me and play on your fiddle at the same time."

It was, at all events, evident that Amyot could row. The muscles of his back, stiff at first and sore with their wounds, warmed to the work and gradually became pliant. With a strong tide under them they swept harbor and found themselves openi trance upon a sheet of water some thre long, silent and still as a lake of dreams. ing woods embowered it—all mirrored sabbath sheet of water. A cart track ra the right bank under the woodland ahead a promontory, bluish green in th appeared as closing the flood.

"Ah, it is beautiful," said M. Ledru. on your oars for a moment, son. Turn and look." But he added quaintly, almo a sigh, "There is no island!" He pulled map from his breast pocket and sprea his knees. "That rock we just passed Wiseman's Stone. But there is no islan Use your eyes, boy."

"It reminds me ——" began Amyot

"Of what?"

"I do not know, monsieur." The conf came slowly. "Of no place that I rememb and yet it reminds me." Thereupon h made a queer remark: "If the *patron* h broken my fiddle, maybe it would tell

"You suffer from fancies, my son," the notary. But it seemed that he, too, su from fancies, for he went on, "It ought here somewhere. . . . It was an island two knights fought centuries ago—th for his master's gain, the other for a lad

Amyot considered this. "It seems that knights in armor would not fight rock, but on some sort of sandbank. O there may be a dozen left when the tide

"You think so?" said the notary and Amyot had been rowing in silence for a half mile or more, "The map shows a somewhere near, leading up throug woods to a spot I particularly wish to Can we leave the boat and explore? Or w tide desert us?"

"The tide will make for four hours Amyot answered.

By and by they came to a tiny creek a ruinated quay close inside and at the end a deserted sawmill. Amyot ju ashore, looped the boat's painter in a hitch over an old bollard, and helpe Ledru to step ashore.

They followed up the bank of the cree til it shallowed under the blank windo the sawmill, found a line of steppingst crossed and struck a steep foot track up they thrust their way. It led out upon a moor, dotted with furze. At their feet la river, broad in expanse. Beyond the rou the hill they struck toward an orchard crossed the village street at its head, mounted again by a cartway.

The notary pressed his pace up this h a speed astonishing in one of his years. A top he began to trace and retrace his from right to left. At length, climbing two of a gate on their right, he gave to "*Voyons!* The castle! See, boy—there—o very ridge!"

"I see no castle, sir. I see only a round cl of bushes."

"But that *is* the castle—Castle Dor! L make a short cut for it."

The late-left wheat in the field grew with its millions of ears all full ripe. could see nothing but its stalks; nothing here and there a scarlet poppy, a shoot of flax, a butterfly drifting in a quiver of he

After fifty paces or so the notary led around an angle to a second gate, w opened upon a broad field of close-cro pasture, the sides of which converged mound, now discernible as a cirque—an and by as a double earthwork, each va overgrown with brambles. Straight ahea them a wide gap opened in the rampart, through it they passed into an amphithe of close turf in diameter some two hun feet across, level and smooth as a table.

M. Ledru started pacing and counting climbed through a gap in the encircling tho plunged down and across a tangled ditch led the way to the top of the outer va which abutted on the highroad. From t feet the country descended to a bay of Channel, blue beneath the summer h Turning, they could descry the river ford in a wedge-shaped funnel of the woodla

CONTINUED ON PAG



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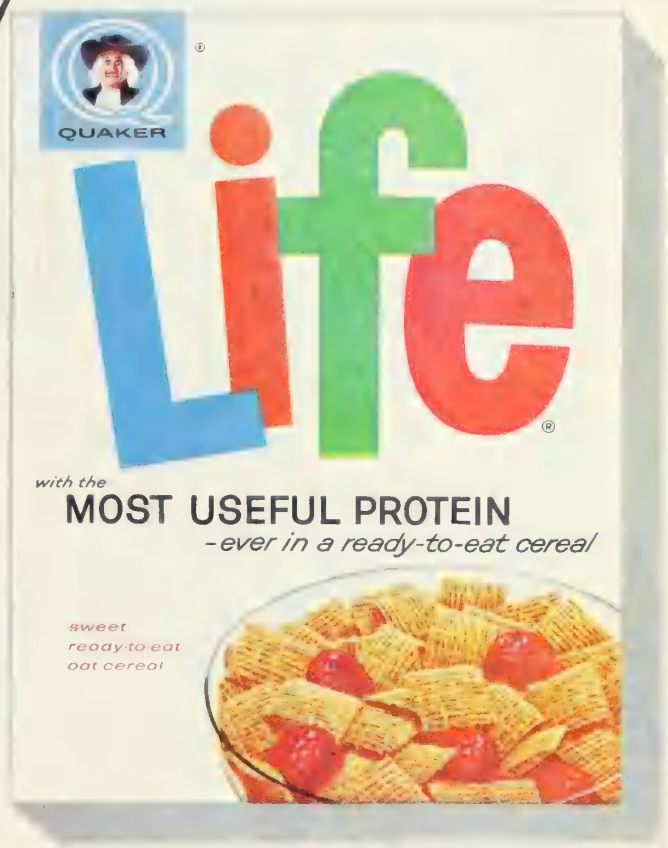
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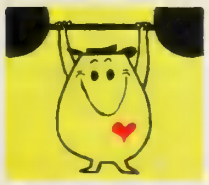
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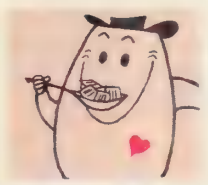
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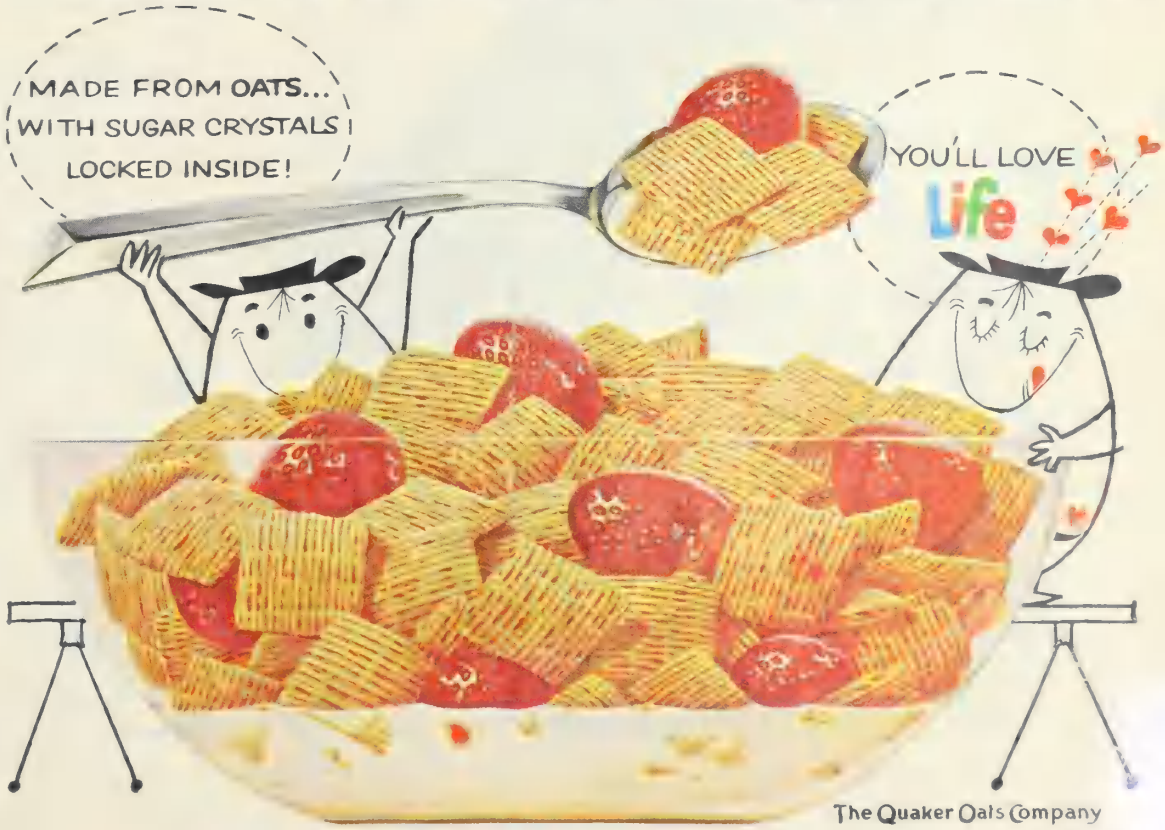
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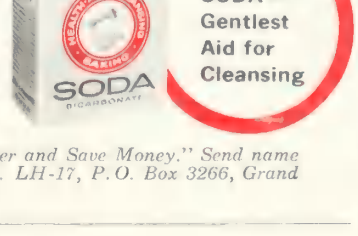


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

"Castle Dor—you see it commands all approaches," cried the notary, pointing. "Bay, river, road along the ridge. But hullo!" His gaze, traveling along the ridge, fell on an enclosure dotted with tents, vehicles, a field full of folk. On distant banks tiny flags flickered. "Ah, to be sure—the races!"

On their way they had neither met nor passed a living soul. Here, of course, lay the explanation. The entire countryside had gathered yonder.

"It might be an ancient religious festival, at this distance," said M. Ledru dryly; "only it isn't. You see, where we stand at this moment . . . well, many centuries ago to this same rampart—yes, to this very yard of it, since it gives the best view along the road—a queen came, making excuse to her husband, but in truth for first glimpse of her lover, as his horse rounded that same corner. It is a tragic story—one of the saddest. They trysted among the woods a little beyond—there where a dark cloud is gathering, foreboding a thunderstorm."

"Lantyan!"

"Eh? But how, name of thunder ——"

Amyot dropped the hand with which he had been shielding his eyes. "Nay, monsieur, but the word came to me ——"

At that moment an outcry, shriller than any they had heard heretofore, came to them from the race field. Groups of folk were seen breaking up, and detached dots of figures running toward the entrance gate.

"The anthill for some reason is in commotion," observed M. Ledru.

Gazing, they saw a booth collapse, then a scurry of figures to right and left of the road.

"It is a runaway carriage," announced Amyot. He knelt and slipped off his sabots.

Linnet Lewarne, after retying her hat ribbons, paused. "I will go with you to the races—on one condition: that you don't ask me to speak one word to you."

"Eh?"

"You have insulted me. . . . Of course I can't prevent *your* talking. But I shall not speak to you before we get back to this door, and only then after you have begged my pardon ——"

"But I beg it now, Linnet."

She shook her head. "Not properly. You are doing it just to coax me to come and be shown off. Well, here I am. Show me off to your friends as much as you like."

"And you won't even speak to *them?*"

"Of course I shall speak to them. *They* haven't put any affront on me—or none that wasn't of your getting. Oh ——" She struck the point of her parasol sharply on the floor and checked herself. "Well, those are the terms."

She passed him and stepped into the barouche, her husband following.

Tim Udy, the coachman, put the two horses, Merman and Merlin, furiously at the breast of the hill. They were young, spirited animals. Mark Lewarne, penurious by habit until marriage converted him to ostentation, had paid a pretty penny for the pair. He staggered up from his seat, was jolted back against the padded cushions.

"Can't help it now, master," called Tim Udy. "Thought you was in a hurry—ought to be, anyhow. You sit down and they'll do it!"

A timorous woman would have cried out or clutched at the rail of the carriage. Linnet did not stir a hand, but sat composedly with set lips.

At the top of the hill Tim Udy called a breather to his beauties before sending them along the safe level. "Nothing like a hill to take it out of 'em. They'll go like lambs now."

Mark Lewarne cursed—but to what use? "There's no danger now," he assured Linnet. "Not badly frightened, were you, dear? Not feeling faint?"

She was certainly not feeling faint. But her half-closed eyes and a pallor on her face excused the question.

Linnet Constantine, her mother having died when she was three years old, had grown up three miles from anywhere and almost two from the elementary school where, how she found an outlet of ambition in beatin fellows and a mistress who lent the books. She had no money to purchas clothes, but she carried beneath her gr breasts an inner command never to sho self in mean array. Looking back on years, it is hard to imagine that even in finery she could ever have demeaned h to attract rustic lovers.

Then, one autumn day in the 1860's, Lewarne came across the water to have at Prosper Constantine's yield of apple look wandered more than once to Pr Constantine's daughter. She appeared t no attention to the visitor.

Mark Lewarne bought the whole cid at a generous bid. Early next spring he b Linnet to be his wife. She was just eig She did not know love or what it wa had read books. She craved for the over the hills.

One day about a week after she ha cepted Mark Lewarne she heard the g the head of the farm lane unhasped a closed, then footsteps. The oncomer was a year or two older than Linnet. She wa dark, handsome in a way and she sur Linnet.

"Are you wanting to be told the fo down to the creek?" asked Linnet.

"No," was the answer. "I came by th and must cross back by it. But seeing as to be my mistress, it seems ——"

"You came to have a look at me? look!" Linnet spread out her arms a the darkening sky.

"You're a beauty—I must say," resp the other with a half curtsy

"Do I understand that you are to be m ant—one of my servants?"

"Yes, mistress, and the faithfulest, I My name is Deborah—Deborah Brang

She was gone in the dusk. By and by heard the latch of the gate click twice.

"What you don't see," said Mark Le leaning toward his wife, "is that I've pl all this for your pleasure. You're mistr all this afternoon—that's one step you play the cards, one of these days sell out and be gentry with the best. you see what I'm planning for you?"

Silence.

On the race field Linnet behaved with posure and graciousness to everyone approached the barouche. When the time for her to hand the cup to the winner own steeplechase, she did it with a regal grace, and even turned to her hu with a charming small bow of acknowledg But she did not speak to him

Tim Udy had unharnessed Merma Merlin, and taken them around to th of the refreshment tent to tether and and feed them, after which he had dive the tent and consumed whisky. The cer over, his master, in the very devil of had dragged him out and commanded harness up for the return journey. The only a consolation stake remaining to

Tim Udy fetched Merman and Merl harnessed them obediently. His move were deliberate and painfully thoughtfu Udy was, in fact, as drunk as a lord.

The consolation 'chase had been start fore he climbed the box and steered h out into the highroad. Then someone out sharply, "Morning Star's down!"

Morning Star was not only down nearby fence, but had broken a leg.

Tim Udy pulled up drunkenly to There was a pause, then a revolver sho over the hedge. It rang in the ears of M and Merlin, who plunged through the way, shedding their driver. Scattering the seller's booth left and right, they were the road toward Castle Dor at a mad

The occupants of the barouche were less. Mark Lewarne was on his feet, clu a hold somehow and screaming. Linnet his screams above the pounding of Once, with a sway and a jolt, he was right across her lap.

She did not help him to recover. She back in the rush of the air, her lips ti that something which must inevitably h

t came, heralded by a wild screech. She ggered up and clutched for the rail of the ver's seat; caught, held it and stood swaying. The scream continued. It was somewhere ad and now close. She had a vision, over nging shoulders, of a dazzling road—of a k figure against the dazzle with arms tched wide ——

And with that, as the screech kept piercing ears, Merman and Merlin went suddenly k on their haunches and the scream as denly ended with the snap and rending sh of the carriage pole. But Linnet scarcely rd this. The jerk flung her forward, her w striking the rail.

he scrambled to her feet and recognized notary, Ledru, gallantly holding Merlin rt of the bridle and working around in t of the pair who reared and plunged, en- gling their legs in the broken pole.

Steady, madame—and descend with speed!" anted.

Did *you* stop them?"

No! Run around—quick—at the back e! See if the lad lives—you went right over "

innet fled around. A body lay huddled in roadway some twenty yards back. She hed it and knelt in the dust. She was lifting inert head as two horsemen rode up and ped from their saddles. The leader ran to notary's help. The second stooped over iet and the lad.

Dead, madam?"

Oh, I hope not!" she said. "No, I am not!"

e bent her ear to the lad's lips—tore open shirt—listened against his heart. All the le hurt was a wound welling through the above the forehead, where the splintered had gashed him as he went down.

No bones broken seemin'ly," said the stout comer, kneeling. "You know me, missus? o be as we can get him alive to yan ——"

Oh, Mr. Bosanko!" cried Linnet. "See— yes opened. . . . Ah-h-h!" She cried it upon two things happening swiftly: a ling flash lit up road, hedges, many folk— ding in from everywhere; this and a sense ood everywhere. Drops of blood oozing the lad's skull wound and simultane- splashing on his chin and throat.

ut he is bleeding—bleeding everywhere!" alled.

e heard Mr. Bosanko saying, "'Tis your blood, mistress—your own blood drip- ma'am. Your face is a mask of it."

found and tendered a huge red handker- But already her hands had gone up to ace. They came away covered with blood. erk against the rail had cut her sharply s her eyebrow.

arm was about her—Farmer Bosanko's. r pardon, missus, but I reck'ned you was to faint."

raised herself on her knees. "No . . . d to *him* ——"

already the notary, relieved from charge horses, was stooping over Amyot. He handed Farmer Bosanko sharply, "Take andkerchief and bind her forehead."

ile the farmer fumbled, up hurried Lin- husband. He had crawled out of the che unhurt. Like most timorous men, danger past, he was viciously angered. "What made you so mad as to jump?" he demanded.

Linnet turned about slowly under the bandage which Farmer Bosanko had clumsily begun to adjust. Words were on her lips, but she spoke not one.

"You are hurt! You are hurt!" At sight of her face, down which the blood had begun anew to trickle, her husband's wrath emptied itself back into terror, solicitude.

As they stood, confronted, someone raised a cry: "The doctor! The doctor!"

Down the road there came at a canter a gray mare; and on her, sitting her easily, a middle-aged man. Dr. Carfax rode into the arena. He dismounted—clean-shaven, of middle height, very plain of feature but with a carriage of easy dignity. As by instinct, he singled out the notary—a stranger to him, as to the crowd—and addressed him.

"Sorry if I am late, sir! Sent to fetch a wagonette for Udy: bad concussion. I sent police for a second vehicle. It is needed, seemingly."

He stooped and made his examination, the first act of which was to draw up the lad's shirt and expose the bare chest. This done, he paused and looked up at the notary.

"Take this"—he produced a roll of lint from a pocket—"and attend to Mrs. Lewarne if you will."

The cut on Linnet's forehead was not deep and the blood had almost ceased welling. With the lint and the notary's clean handkerchief, Linnet was soon put to rights.

"Let's see!" muttered Dr. Carfax, pursuing his task with rapid, delicate hands. "Collarbone, of course; two—three ribs; and a scalp wound that doesn't amount to much. Now help me lift him, somebody—very gently ——" He slid a hand under the back of the shirt and was passing it up toward the shoulder blade when he paused and looked up. "What the devil!"

The notary nodded. "You saw?"

"No, but I can feel."

"I will tell you about it later. It has nothing to do with this business."

"Well, I was wondering —— But here comes the wagonette."

"They can take him down to Lantyan," offered Farmer Bosanko. "My wife's a motherly woman, as you know, doctor, and a lad that has the nerve —— He'll recover, all right?"

"Of course he will! The pole must have struck him slantways, and slantways he went down. How the wheel missed him is a miracle, and a closer miracle how the hoofs missed. In a fortnight he'll be hale and about again."

"That's good hearing. Well, I'll speak to my wife about it," said the farmer.

"Don't speak to her now. Just take the lad in; lay him on the floor of your hall and say I'll be round within twenty minutes."

Dr. Carfax turned to the two wagonettes approaching, the one empty, the other laden with the unconscious Tim Udy. The invalids bestowed, room was found in the second wagonette for Linnet, her husband and the notary. And so all rolled back toward Troy.

"'Lantyan' was the word," said the notary, "and the lad said it distinctly, with the accent on the *y*."



The Restless Years—Nine to Twelve

If you've a son or daughter in the 9 to 12 age group, you've had your moments of joy—and your moments of desperation—coping with your child's perplexing behavior, such as the young boy who delights in teasing an older sister.

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"Well, that is how we call it in these parts," answered the doctor, delicately peeling the rind of a lemon. "You are something of a philologer, I take it."

"Excuse me. I am not thinking of philology just now," M. Ledru told him. "Of course I know my Breton, and some Cornish: enough to distribute the stress rightly on any place name I see in print."

"You are putting it modestly." The doctor dropped the whole rind of his lemon into the punch bowl.

"Well, suppose that I am. I break down at two points. The first is that this Amyot anticipated a word, almost certainly unknown to him, that was on the tip of my tongue. The second—which is more wonderful—that he anticipated my pronunciation to correct it. I should have called it 'Lantaien'—something like that."

Dr. Carfax stooped over the fire to push the kettle back on its trivet. He had invited M. Ledru to drop in and have a smoke with him after dinner. The notary had accepted gracefully, with some prospect of being amused, in this corner of the world, by an "original." His quick readjustment, on being received by a fastidiously dressed gentleman in a well-furnished library, did his manners all credit. The room was low-raftered but ample. Over the chimney shelf hung a portrait in water color of a young woman. It was the one picture in the room, dimly lighted by four wax candles on the table. These shone in candlesticks of old silver, beautifully polished. For the rest, the walls were brown to the ceiling with books, with here and there a glint of old gilt, answering a jet of flame from the logs.

"Let us take your two puzzles in order," said Dr. Carfax. "For the first, I may tell you that I am no skeptic at all. Why, man, thought transference is a fact. Who hasn't many times anticipated the exact words the other fellow was going to say? You were the one who had the word 'Lantyan' in your head. All the way up the river you were preoccupied with Lantyan. Further, you were half hoping, or hoping against hope, to find an island —— May I ask whether you were looking for the island where Tristan fought the Irishman, Morholt?"

As though the question had been an actual shot and had struck him, the notary jerked himself erect, staring. "You know the connection, then?"

"Why not?" Dr. Carfax, with a dry smile, sought a bookshelf, pointed to several slim volumes. "The antiquarian society of which I was a member has affiliations with a similar body your side of the Channel. Treatises passed between us: the similarity of place names in Brittany and Cornwall, and their legends too. To begin with, I believed Lyonnesse lay between Land's End and the Lizard, that King Mark held court at Tintagel—that Iseult landed there from Ireland, an impossibility if you look at the coast—and it was not until I read Béroul ——"

"Ah!" sighed the notary. "Then you have read Béroul."

"Yes, I have Béroul's *Roman de Tristan*. The tale originated here in the sixth century or before and was handed down from father to son, or more likely mother to daughter, until your wandering troubadours got hold of it and turned it into poetry."

"Romanticizing lust and license into deathless love," murmured the notary.

"You can put it that way," said Carfax, "but my experience as a doctor suggests the result has been beneficial on the whole. Man cannot live by bread alone. The dreaming self must be satisfied too. Let me tell you something. Some nineteen years ago I was waiting up at Castle Dor for a child to make its appearance in the world—the same young woman who so nearly came to grief in a runaway carriage this very day—and as I vigiled under the stars it seemed to me that I was near to stumbling upon something; what it was I could not say, the secret was beyond me. And then, many months later, reading your poet, Béroul, I found the word 'Lancien,' the ancient rendering of our Lantyan, and realized, if his words held truth, that all my boyhood I had been treading the very tracks of one of the greatest love stories in the world."

"And so?"

Dr. Carfax considered a moment. "The elation overpowered me," he answered fi "I took Béroul's *Roman de Tristan* to rea poem through once more under Castle and in the woods of Lantyan, where, ac ing to your poet, Tristan once trysted Queen Iseult."

"Tell me, having read Béroul, what do make of his geography?"

"Why, that he was accurate," Carfa plied. "This Lantyan you seek is indubit the Lancien of the original story. I believ Béroul knew, that King Mark held his c there below Castle Dor and ruled this pa the coast of Cornwall from it; that Iseult Tristan loved and suffered on the very I will show you tomorrow. Be prep though, for a mere farmhouse, no palace the way I shall introduce you to another tient of mine who studies rooks for his hea sake instead of taking physic."

Dr. Carfax sent around to the Rose & chor next morning a messenger to say tha would be starting on his country roun eleven o'clock and that he would be hon by M. Ledru's company in the dogcart. notary accepted with eagerness.

"Cassandra," said the doctor as they forth, "was first broken to the saddle anc stride is a trifle rugged when she steps it o any speed between shafts. She usually set own pace and adapts it to my habit of rea a book as we go. She quarters intelligentl any vehicle, or indeed any object on the save a pig ——" The doctor here plunged a discourse on the aversions of certain ani for certain others.

They had passed the head of a green and almost at once came upon the entr gates of a neat graveled drive. The drive through trees, and then turned aside to a admitting upon a wide field of noble pros Steeply to their left, the pasture descended rim that hid the waters of a tiny creek. Or farther bank a pastoral landscape s down from the high ridge on which C Dor humped to break the sky line.

The doctor drew rein. "I doubt," said "if a general practitioner could pick up a lihood in these parts unless by following example, economizing in medicines and ting most of his patients die a nat death. . . . Hear those rooks, down in the field?"

"I hear them—a few only."

"T'ward nightfall you could hear a co of hundred. They're another of my presc tions, supplied by Nature—to a rich pati And I am going to use him presently as a scription for another case. You are to m his acquaintance. His name is Tregentil, the name of this place Penquite." Dr. Ca shot a glance at his companion. "Yonder he pointed to the left—"are the wood Lantyan. By and by we will explore them

The doctor hitched the slack of his r loosely round the whip socket, motioned Ledru to alight, and himself alighted. sandra, left at ease, started to crop at g The doctor struck obliquely across the s turf, M. Ledru at his heels.

The nearer belt of trees consisted of beec planted in a rough semicircle on the roun the slope. At the head of the sharpest bi their ascent a tall man emerged from the and stood awaiting them.

"Ah, I reckoned so," said the doctor drawing close, "I have brought a visit from Brittany. Let me introduce him: M sieur Ledru."

Mr. Tregentil bowed. "Let me spare M sieur Ledru the rest of the climb and lead to the house." He was a gaunt man, past dle age, of withered yellow complexion emaciated features.

"No, certainly not," announced the doc "You will be no sooner indoors than out come the sherry, which, for you, is the n pestilent drink you can imbibe." He turne the notary. "I should explain that Mr. Tre til has all but ruined his liver by a thirty- residence in India. But I am patching it please the Lord!" Then, to Mr. Trege "Any report of the rooks this morning?"

"Very little. They went off at seven-fif for Lantyan or beyond. I wrote my notes

a was just completing my daily map when I h rd your wheels."

Take us up to the summerhouse. I want a l k at the papers."

Mr. Tregentil led them to a small thatched s mmerhouse. It contained for furniture a b ch, a rustic chair and table on which lay a t scope, a pair of binoculars, writing ma- t als. Mr. Tregentil invited the notary to a s on the bench, while the doctor took up th papers and began to peruse them. He st ted to read aloud:

Day fine and warm almost as midsummer. R ks away early. Many returned from their b kfasts as early as six A.M. The jackdaws fl g about in flocks chattered even louder th n the rooks. The autumn note of the birds— th change beginning on August sixteenth or s enteenth—is now beyond mistake. It indi- c s the recurrence to their winter habits a r rearing their young."

Dr. Carfax paused. "You are learning, T gentil," he commented. "But you should n say 'it indicates.' Very likely it does, and y r observation is sound so far as it goes, but it merely correlates two facts. When you say th one is cause and t'other effect, you go b ond your strict knowledge and talk like a l yer."

He sorted the papers carefully and laid them u er a bronze weight. "You have im- m nsely improved as an observer during the p t eighteen months," he said. "Go on k ping your diary, but from today I prescribe w king exercise—or we'll say from next M nday. Every day you are to walk to L tyan and back."

What, doctor!" protested Mr. Tregentil. "h at would be about four miles. I couldn't p sibly ——"

You can and you shall. You will take the fi volume of *Robinson Crusoe* under your a and Mrs. Bosanko will give you a drink o milk when you arrive."

But why *Robinson Crusoe?*"

Because I have a patient there—a Breton b —to teach English to whom will be a part o our cure. He knows something of the sea, a it occurs to me that *Robinson Crusoe* is a g book made to your hand."

I doubt if I shall be equal to it, doctor," T gentil told him.

Dr. Carfax smoothed his nose between fore- fi er and thumb. "The ways of science," said h gravely, "are seldom easy. At the begin- n g, a small antiphlogistic in the shape of b ndy and soda. On no account rum. A pint o ght wine—Graves for choice—on your re- t , and a well-earned nap till teatime."

If it will oblige you, doctor ——"

Tut!"

le and M. Ledru, refusing a second proffer h spitality, sought back to the dogcart. A fe yards beyond the lodge the doctor swung o the highroad into a lane that presently s rved and dived, making down and across th vale on a perilous slope. At the foot of the d livity they came to a rushing brook. Cas- s dra waded through the water.

This stream," Dr. Carfax observed, "has h name on the maps, but the old people here- a uts know it as Deraine Lake. It rises at the fo t of the camp, Castle Dor, and has but a sh rt run before plunging to the creek, D our right, where it joins the river."

eyond the stream the roadway climbed, f ng almost to a grass track. To the left, t k hazel overhung them.

While they were talking a young woman h been riding up the lane, the sun through th hazels dappling her and her tall chestnut h se. She reined up, smiling.

Good morning, Mrs. Lewarne!" Dr. Car- fa lifted his hat.

Good morning, doctor. And good morn- in again to you, sir."

You return, of course, from visiting our p ent?"

From visiting Lantyan to inquire for him," L net corrected. "I did not see him—that is, I c peak to him. He was in some pain early in th night, but fell asleep toward morning and is sleep yet."

Good."

Mrs. Bosanko is nursing him like an a el," Linnet told him. "I felt it only right to ri over early."

"Right. But I must say that you had some nerve to ride over on Merlin after his behavior yesterday."

"To tell the truth, doctor," Mrs. Lewarne went on, "I had some trouble with him on the way over. But when a horse picks up a trick of bolting, the sooner you start teaching him out of it, the better. I learned that when I was ever so young."

"I wonder your husband allowed it, though," the doctor said.

"My husband doesn't even know. Why should he?" She laughed, and rode on.

The farmstead of Lantyan lay secluded at the base of converging hills. It amused Dr. Carfax to introduce his friend to their hostess, Mrs. Bosanko, and to watch as he adjusted his bearing to someone who did not in the least resemble an ordinary Breton farm wife. Mrs. Bosanko was a cultivated woman. Her porch and doorstep were spotless, admitting to a wide low-bowered hall with a small bright fire in the grate and a bowl of chrysanthemums on the mid-table.

Dr. Carfax left M. Ledru and went up the staircase to his patient's bedroom. He found Amyot in bed and slumbrous, as Mrs. Lewarne had reported, and awakened him very gently.

"I just want to make sure that my bandages are firm and dress a cut or two."

The lad muttered something in Breton: "*Ne m'éveillez donc pour l'amour de Dieu! . . . Ah, non, patron! Je viens de paradis* ——" The voice trailed off and the boy nestled to his pillow drowsily.

Now I wonder, mused Dr. Carfax, *if that young woman really contented herself with looking in at the door.*

Down in the farm hall he found Mrs. Bosanko spreading out a map under M. Ledru's nose. "It came with the property," she was explaining, "when my husband bought it. He is away today at the cattle market. Will you study the map, gentlemen, while I lay the table? For you must certainly give me that pleasure. And you must stay, doctor, please, to have a look at the children when they come home from school."

She was moving away when Dr. Carfax, leaning across the shoulder of M. Ledru, and poring over the map, suddenly dashed a forefinger down on it: "Man—look at that!"

"*Hein?*"

"Cannot you see? A field in the very place entered as 'Mark's Gate'—King Mark's Gate—oh, it's a clincher! And Woodgate would be t'other approach from the river up through the plantation. . . . And look here"—he jabbed a thumb on another parceled field on the large map—"'Pilfer Door'—and just where a postern door would be. Oh, this is glorious!"

"You go too fast, my friend," protested M. Ledru, but his bent shoulders trembled. "Madame, what is this brown oblong marked in the bed of the river?"

"That means a sort of island, sir. It lies a short way off the viaduct ——"

"An island!" M. Ledru sprang upright. There was no trace of heaviness in him now. "We have it, doctor!" he cried. "*Mon Dieu!* We have it! Lead me—show it!"

"But your pasties, sirs, are just crisp in the oven, and the children will be home in a few minutes," protested Mrs. Bosanko.

"Ah, but pardon me, madame! This island has been waiting a thousand years longer than your excellent pasties!"

Dr. Carfax, laughing, led his companion out of the house, and so downhill toward the viaduct and beyond.

M. Ledru sought his bed that night soon after dinner. Propped high on pillows, the notary was studying a map. A light tap on the door startled him. "*Entrez!*"

The door handle turned and the maid, Deborah, slid into the room, bearing a small tray. "The mistress sends her compliments, sir. She took note that you were weary when you came back this afternoon, and begs your acceptance of a cordial."

"She served me an admirable wine at dinner," answered M. Ledru. "Nevertheless, if this be a custom of the country ——"

"You must not undervalue it, please. This is something quite special—the secret of it kept in the mistress's family. I have never seen the recipe and I have never even sipped the cordial. No maiden may, except on her bridal night. May I borrow your candle, sir? For it has to be taken with hot water. I have a small saucepan here, and a spirit lamp and matches." She struck a match and held the saucepan over the bluish flame of the spirit lamp. "The saucepan is of silver and soon heated. That also goes with the drink and is necessary to it—or so the mistress says. . . . Here you are, sir." She returned to the bedside, the candle in her one hand and a long-stemmed steaming glass in the other.

"I thank you, mademoiselle. . . . Ah-h!" said M. Ledru, sipping. "But it is a marvel! And I was tired, I confess to you. What is your name, my daughter?"

"Deborah, sir."

She was gone, as softly as she had come. M. Ledru, lying back on his pillow, continued for some time to stare at the oaken beam. The cup, though not at all fiery, was certainly very potent. He retained just enough consciousness to blow out his candle before sinking to a sleep in which the window curtains, stirred by the faint night wind, waved and whispered to the boughs of an infinitely deep forest.

A week later Dr. Carfax dined and slept at the Rose & Anchor as M. Ledru's guest. They had paid two more visits to Lantyan, where the patient was making good progress; but the notary had snatched a flying visit to Plymouth, whence he returned with a parcel.

"It is a parting gift," he explained to the doctor, "and I beg you to hand it to him tomorrow. It is, in fact, a moderately good violin. The effort to get some mastery of it may while away his convalescence."

"I don't see them whiling away Mrs. Bosanko's spare hours or why you should reward her with this probable torture," replied the doctor. "However, I understand that, having to depart tomorrow, you leave me to hand on this *damnosa hereditas?*"

M. Ledru smiled. "From what I know of you, my friend, you will execute this little commission gladly—and one other."

"H'm—I think I can guess. You wish me to search the manor rolls, tithe maps and what not hereabouts and report to you if I can hitch any name back to Beroul's story or to any other *conte* of Tristan. Eh?"

"May I rely on that service of friendship?"

"You can," returned the doctor, "unless, like Beroul, and the rest, you and I find ourselves cut short in the quest of the original Tristan. It is a curious coincidence that no poet—or shall we call him investigator?—has ever lived to conclude this particular story. His work has always been finished by another."

M. Ledru smiled. "As to that, I am content to leave my part in your capable hands."

The door opened and Mistress Lewarne entered, followed by Deborah with a tray holding glasses, a spirit lamp and a silver saucepan.

M. Ledru and Dr. Carfax rose to their feet. Over the candle shades they beheld her, tall in

NOVEMBER: THE BLACK FLOWER

By CARL BODE

Who loving for the first time, thinks
about the last?
For me the first was a young
yesterday
Of drink, cigarettes, laughter and
trust;
The girl dark; music beating the
floor away.

Tonight, the woman tired, the night
warm,
I turn from side to side to ease an
ache
Which spreads across my chest,
beneath my arm.
So, let her sleep; I am awake.

The stone of rose is painted black;
of course;
Who would expect it to be
otherwise?
And yet like a fool I twist and curse
As if this pain took me by surprise.

As if I had forgotten, black in the
sun,
That clenched moment when
pleasure and pain are one.

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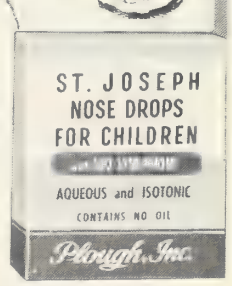
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COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

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cocoa peanut logs



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cocoa peanut logs

1 cup (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
⅓ cup peanut butter
4 cups KELLOGG'S COCOA KRISPIES

1. Melt chocolate pieces with peanut butter over hot but not boiling water. Stir until well-blended. Remove from heat.
2. Add Cocoa Krispies, stirring until coated with chocolate.
3. Press mixture firmly into lightly buttered 9 x 9-inch pan. Let stand in a cool place until hardened. Cut into bars.

Yield: 36 log-shaped bars, about ¾ x 3 inches.

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cooking with Kellogg's

a gown of pale blue, straightly cut from the shoulders down, naked arms exposed through low-falling sleeves with a glint of gold on their edges. Later it occurred to Dr. Carfax to wonder that the child he had ushered into the world some nineteen years ago, and now wife to the innkeeper, Mark Lewarne, should so attire herself. But for the moment the two men stood, astonished at the beauty of this apparition. She stepped forward with a motion to Deborah, who deposited the tray at M. Ledru's elbow and withdrew.

"You leave us tomorrow, monsieur, and I have brought you a stirrup cup, if you will pardon the fancy and my boldness."

"If, madame, it is such a potion as you sent me the other night ——"

"You were overtired and I knew it would do you good." She lifted the saucepan to heat it over the blue flame.

"My word, Linnet," exclaimed Dr. Carfax, "what a piece of silver have you there! Can you tell us anything of its age?"

"Nothing, doctor, except that it has belonged to our family for generations. It is handed to the heir on his marriage day. Two recipes go with it. And the queer thing is that the two recipes are the same except that in the second three apple pips must be crushed and heated; and this is for the bridal cup only."

"You have these prescriptions?"

"Yes; for, as you know, I am the last of us, and a daughter. But I keep them locked away. All the same, I have them by heart and the first I brewed the other night for Monsieur Ledru ——"

"And I can testify to its virtue, madame. I slept, and awoke invigorated."

Linnet poured out the steaming potion and handed a glassful each to her guests.

"Linnet!" interrupted a querulous voice, calling from belowstairs.

Mrs. Lewarne stepped to the door and opened it on an invisible Deborah who apparently had been standing sentry outside.

"Deborah"—she blew out the spirit lamp and carried it with saucepan and tray to the door—"take these downstairs and tell your master that I am coming as soon as I have finished waiting on these gentlemen. . . . Is the cordial to your liking, sirs?"

"Linnet!" again.

"It is marvelous," pronounced Dr. Carfax after a sip or two. "But I detect no trace of apple pip in it."

She faced him and the steam above the glass floated thinly up between him and her challenging eyes. "Belike they would not have been good for either of you," answered Linnet with a short laugh.

She was gone.

As M. Ledru that night rolled himself up in the bedclothes again a light tap sounded on the door, and again Deborah entered, bearing lamp and tray. "The mistress's compliments, sir. She wishes you to drink this last little wineglassful for a stirrup cup."

"Set it down and take her my compliments in return," said M. Ledru drowsily and the maid was gone again noiselessly.

The fire burned cheerfully, throwing flickers of light all about the room, deepening the shadow of the old bed curtains. M. Ledru drained the glass, blew out his candle, lay back on his pillow. Then one small spasm of the heart took him, and he died—quite peacefully, his aged face composed slowly from the sharpness of death to a smile.

On a warm evening in the following June, Farmer Bosanko's hay harvesters sat under the hedge of the field, drinking tea which Mrs. Bosanko dispensed with plates of saffron cake. The hay crop had been saved. Its last load remained to be carried home ceremoniously, the farmer believing in all the old rites. The harvest concluded with a tea drink under the hedge. Dr. Carfax and Mr. Tregentil, by invitation, completed the party.

The wagon laden with the last-load-home waited a few yards to the right, a pitchfork stuck in its summit. A little beyond it the two horses moved, cropping hazel. They had no tethers, but they kept within a limit which Amyot had indicated. He was Farmer Bosanko's wagoner now, and the pair adored him. So, for that matter, did the two children Mary and John. He told them stories. Now he sat between Dr. Carfax and Mary, plucking on a string of his fiddle.

"What's that air, lad?" asked Dr. Carfax.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a song I heard as a boy, years and years ago." The Breton lad had made progress with his English under Tregentil's tuition.

"Tell us a story, Amyot," Johnny pleaded.

"Yes, tell us a story," echoed Mrs. Bosanko. "Only let it be a cheerful one."

Johnny nestled up against Amyot, who began, plucking softly at the strings:

"At the back of the land where I lived when I was Johnny's age, there was a forest. Beyond this you came to a lake with an island in it, middle, and swans that bred there. The lake, remember, was called Louc'h Rouan—which means the queen's lake. The water was clear and green and so deep that no one could see to the bottom of it. A path went up zig-a-zag through the trees, with waterfalls —— Now you take it on, Johnny."

"It's all true," said Johnny eagerly. "I went that way yesterday—up past Milltown. Mother had covered me up with a shawl and told me to go to sleep. But when she was gone I got up and out past Milltown ——"

"He bolted anyway," put in Mary, secretly jealous. "I hate lies."

"It *isn't* lies," protested Johnny. "It's a dream if you like. . . . Well, first of all I came to the viaduct, with the trains making the noise over me; and then the path went up through the trees—what d'you call 'em, larches? Yes, Billy Tregenza told me they were larches ——"

"Hadn't you better put this—this urchin to bed?" Mary appealed to her mother.

"By an' by," pursued Johnny, "I came in sight of a naked boy at the top, the water pouring down all under him. I can't tell you how naked he was ——"

"Mary is right," said Mrs. Bosanko. "You'd better come off to bed and at once."

"—— he was so naked," Johnny went on, "that I wanted to fight him. Then he turned out to be a stone boy, stuck in a fountain with goldfish in it, and lady t'other side, walking beside a dark hedge ——"

"What sort of lady?" demanded his sister.

"A lady's a lady. You always know."

"But what like?"

"What like? Azackly like Mrs. Lewarne."

At that moment Linnet Lewarne came walking to them alongside the hedge. She wore her riding habit, the long skirt of it looped across her arm.

"You be just in time, mistress," said the farmer, jumping up. "Will you condescend to a dish of tea?"

"No, I thank you," answered Linnet. "I rode over to the forge and left Merlin there to have a new shoe fitted. They told me you were carrying the last of the hay tonight and I wandered down to wish you well."

"Yonder it is," said Farmer Bosanko, jerking his finger toward the wagon. "And he only wants a maid 'pon top of it. Harness up, boy! Mary, child, what do 'ee say to riding Harvest Queen?"

But Mary, cut out by her brother in the tale-telling, had turned sullen. "Another time, father," she said. "I'm always allowed to ride home with the heck at corn harvest."

"Well-a-well! Then up you gets, Mrs. Lewarne."

Linnet climbed the short ladder which Amyot fetched for her.

The wagon swung out through the gateway, thence down a road to the right. The harvesters followed, humming tunes and breaking out in choruses. At a turn of the road the sun's last rays illuminated Linnet, aloft on the load, and the fork handle to which she held was a staff of gold.

Once Amyot looked up. She sat above him against the sky, radiant. She, looking down, marked his strong shoulders and the skilled movements with which he guided the two horses.

They swung again into the haymow and were fetched up alongside the great rick. They had come to anchor and she might descend.

Then in half a dozen seconds the disaster happened. Afterward Linnet remembered only

t, looking up at her, his collar open, his throat all powdered with hayseed. A nt later, attempting the descent, she had her heel in her riding skirt and clutched pitchfork handle to steady herself. It away—Amyot caught it with a twist of nd and flung it away as it was within an piercing her side with its prongs. For oment she had tumbled into Amyot's nd was held. Then a pile of hay toppled nd fell, smothering them both.

atly maneuvered," murmured Dr. Car-

eet hay, if ever there was!" cried the jocularly. "But you did that nibby-lad."

pulled the covering smother from the ers of the pair. Linnet's cheeks were id flushed, Amyot's white as a man's as just seen a ghost. No wonder, either, r a thing it had been. He stared around ankly toward the fork which, whirled im, had bedded its deadly prongs into dden heap of the haymow.

next day was a Sunday. Linnet, her Deborah rowing, had come up the river, xcuse being that they were to attend g service at St. Winnow. They had nt a tea basket with them into which ah had slipped a drinking flask.

y passed the church a good hour before l would ring for service, landed and higher ground where Deborah foraged

MDA
FIGHT MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

sticks and leaves, built the fire, and kettle to boil.

kettle had scarcely begun to make its before Amyot came down to water his —as the women knew he would.

bulled up, astonished at their presence. l his fiddle slung at his back, and apolo- "I come down in the evenings here to e."

ll, put it aside and have tea with us."

drank, and Deborah, having piled a rmful of leaves on the fire, moved away the boat and was lost.

rain rattled over the viaduct above. s the night mail," said Linnet. "It stops nouth, and after that one can fade off nother life and wake up in London."

ll depends," said Amyot seriously, "on wishes for another life. Do you?"

olish lad! Of course I do! I come here as s the tides serve; but I was not born for

had filled a small glass and was holding im across the fire, the faint flame of it up its amber liquid. "Last night ——" ne. "I came on purpose to explain: ght, on the wagon, I slipped on pur- ——"

was a very dangerous trick. You don't now nearly the prongs missed to pierce They were close on your side when I the handle." He shivered.

, of course *that* wasn't intentional. I ught at the thing to steady myself. . . . I e if it had pierced my side I might have death, there, in your arms."

, don't—don't!"

t I am alive and come to thank you. t's good to be alive. Drink to me, ."

aced her across the glow of the fire and he glass. Having drunk, he passed it o her and she, too, drank.

ell back on his elbow. There was a spurt e as she tossed the dregs of the glass on the embers. She also leaned back, her shoulders pillowed on a cushion of moss. The dying fire faded between them. Fair and alluring though she was. Amyot dared not cross the fire to touch her. A constriction of the heart held him; half faint, he only knew that this wonder of beauty wanted him and that, wanting him, she must be his forever and ever.

The late June cuckoo sang its last through the wood. As though its silence broke the spell, Amyot sat up, reached for his violin, and began with finger and thumb to prick out an echo of its forlorn call.

"I hate that song," said Linnet suddenly. "It's sorrowful, like someone wailing for the dead."

He stood up, snapped the violin across his knee and dropped it into the fire.

As their eyes encountered—as, all trembling, he made half a step to pass the fire and lean over her—a twig crackled and Deborah came down through the dark wood.

"The tide has begun to fall, mistress. But here is the boat. You have come as you came and we have missed church and the sermon. Let us pull home."

"Gabriel," confessed Mrs. Bosanko early one morning, "my mind's in trouble. I've scarcely slept a wink this night. . . . Are you awake?"

"Moderately," the farmer responded heavily. "Eh? Trouble?" he repeated. "You don't say the children are sickening?"

"No, thank God. It's about Amyot—and Mrs. Lewarne."

"I don't see the connection."

"She's fond of him."

"Well, so we all are—the children included."

"She's too fond of him. And the mischief is, he's fond of her. That she was fain of him I saw from the first. But he being so simple—have you noticed any change in him lately?"

"Only, now you come to mention it, that I have to speak twice to him at whiles before he answers. On the whole, a quicker chap at his job you couldn't want."

"That's my trouble, dear," said Mrs. Bosanko. "We're here living in a fools' paradise. The horses love him and the children love him. But all the while there's wickedness brewing, and he'll have to go."

"Wickedness?"

"Of course it's wickedness. She's a married woman."

"Well, if it be as you say ——"

"I'm certain of it."

"Well, what's to be done? I don't see what business 'tis of ours. I like the lad and so do you; and, if he's to be turned adrift, what excuse will I give him?"

"You leave that to me. I'll do the talking."

"You always do, mainly—thank God!"

"But first of all, I'm going to Troy ——"

"Here, hold on!" Mr. Bosanko sat upright suddenly. "You don't mean to say that you're going to tell Lewarne?"

"No, my poor witless one! I shall go to the customhouse and ask if any skipper happens to want a hand. I know the collector of customs. McPhail his name is. I shall just go to him and state the facts: that Amyot was brought to us as a lad off a Breton ship and took your employ but that, coming out of the sea, he now wants to go back to it."

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"He will when I've talked to him," answered Mrs. Bosanko firmly. "But that, I allow, will be the hard part of it. As to Mrs. Lewarne, I pity her, poor soul. I understand her, in a way. But then there's the principle of the thing."

Mrs. Bosanko traveled to Troy and returned before three o'clock. This gave her plenty of time to pack the tea basket, to be carried by Amyot and Zillah to the place the children had chosen—the foot of the viaduct, under the larch woods.

She sent Zillah to the gate of the haymow and went upstairs. When Zillah returned Mrs. Bosanko stood awaiting her on the back doorstep.

"He's coming straightway," Zillah reported.

"Who was that woman talking to him? I saw it from my bedroom window."

"'Twas that maidservant of Mr. Lewarne's down to Troy. I never seen her but twice in

MY MOM CAN LICK YOUR MOM!



BY JEAN KINKEAD, WOMEN'S CONSULTANT TO THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES

A small boy brags noisily about his father's skill with his fists (even though dad is probably the most peace-loving man on the block).

But his bragging about you, mother, takes subtler, quieter forms. "My mom's brownies are the greatest." "You should see *my* mother bowl." "Mom's all right at fixing bicycles—for a girl."

No boy would ever admit the things that *really* make him proud of his mother. The way you wear your hair. The warm, safe feeling of telling you the day's events. The thoughtful, loving way you talk to dad.

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He will be a lot older before he realizes how far-reaching some of those quiet talks with your husband are. The ones when you plan for the future, no matter what lies ahead. The three-cornered talks with the Travelers insurance man when you make sure you could bring up your family the way you want them brought up, even if you had to do it alone.

He may not know until he's in architecture school that you made certain he would have the money to go there way back when he was a small, expert builder of sand castles. And he may *never* know the small bits of magic you worked to make the insurance investment possible: The wedding anniversary when you stretched the food money to include a buffet for twelve. The summer you took daily trips around home and found it more of a vacation than a tiring tour. The Christmas the kids got fewer presents—and liked each one better.

"MY MOM CAN LICK YOUR MOM!"

The homeliest words pay you the supreme compliment. In the language of a small boy's heart, they say, "I have the best mother in the world . . . a mother who loves me so much that . . ."

So much that you know that caring for today's needs isn't enough. So much that in your house, life insurance is as much of a household staple as sugar or salt or love.

P.S. Why not send for my new illustrated booklet "WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW . . . ABOUT INSURANCE." *It tells you all about insurance and the woman's role in planning it. Write to Jean Kinkead, The Travelers Insurance Companies, Hartford 15, Connecticut. It's free.*



my life, but I reckernized her as she slipped away."

The family held the tea drinking under the archway of the viaduct. When they had packed up and finished, Mrs. Bosanko touched the lad's arm.

"Stay behind, Amyot. I want a word with you."

Amyot started. "But why, madame? Have I by chance done anything wrong?"

"Oh, I hope not—I trust not."

"If the master has any complaint of my work ——"

"He has not. He was praising it only this morning. You know that we all—that Mr. Bosanko and I and the children have come to be very fond of you."

"Then I see how it is. You are not rich, you and the master, to the extent of your charity and kindness to me. But if that be all, the master can pay me no wage. What should I want with money here?"

"Lad, it has nothing to do with that. We love you and I have watched you of late as a mother might watch her own son. And I say to you, just as I would say to my own son were he of your age, 'You must go out of this.'"

"Yes, you have been the best friend of all to me. But tell me the one thing I ask. What is my sin?"

"You are in love."

He dropped his eyes and then looked at her straight and long. "I am. Is that a crime?"

"You are in love, Amyot, with a married woman—Linnet Lewarne. She sends messages to you by her maid. She sent one this very evening. Isn't this true?"

"It is, madame. But 'married' you say?"

Mrs. Bosanko winced. "What has she told you?"

"She has in effect, madame, told me nothing. But I have my thoughts necessarily, as you have yours. Perhaps even more necessarily. But you are wiser than I. What are yours?"

"Amyot, it is indeed as to my own boy that I would talk to you. . . . You must go away this night, and out of this calf love you will grow into a man. I went to Troy today, and you can ship aboard the steam packet *Downshire* tomorrow morning on good pay. She sails tomorrow early. Ah, go and see the world, lad, and forget!"

"Forget? Is it in the arms of some other woman, you mean?"

"Ah, Amyot, don't do that! I never thought it would be so hard to speak to you!"

"You needn't fear *that*. There's nothing can tempt me away from the sin *you* fear—not forever and ever—as there's nothing can wipe out the memory of your goodness to me. I'll run up and pack my bundle at once."

He picked up the baskets and was gone in the gathering twilight.

Now I wonder, thought Mrs. Bosanko, *if I have done rightly after all!*

She went up the hill slowly, thinking how to break the news to the children.

Mary and Johnny were at play in the yard by the stable. Mrs. Bosanko halted and spent a few minutes watching them, trying to decide what to tell them at suppertime. But she need not have troubled. When she got back to the house it was to find two small packets on the hall table with a piece of folded paper between them. She had taught Amyot to write in English script and noted how neatly he had formed the words:

Dear Master and Mistress: I have taken a few shillings with me. The rest of my wages please find in these two packets, the smaller one for Zillah. I thought it best not to say adieu to her or to anyone. I could not bear it. Please give my love to Miss Mary and young Master Johnny, and tell them I shall think of them forever. For your goodness to me I bless this house and pray the peace of God to rest on it for ever.

AMYOT

What had Deborah Brangwyn said to Amyot in the haymow?

She had said straightly, "The mistress wishes a word with you. She will be at Castle Dor at nine o'clock. Her husband has gone to a Freemasons' dinner at St. Austell. He will come back late and drunk. Meantime we are keeping the house by turns."

"If you and she want protecting, I have only to ask leave and I can walk home after closing time after seeing you both safe."

"Simpleton! Do you want to be taught *everything?* . . . Listen, she will be on Castle Dor at nine o'clock."

To Amyot, as to every true lad in love, the world held no foreboding at all. He only knew that the sky was clearer, every leaf brighter, every bird's note acuter, more intelligible.

Why couldn't the whole world agree to be happy? There were brutal things in it, of course. There were obscene things in it too—that skipper Fouguereau, for example. But why should sorrow be always creeping in upon joy? Why should it pierce and find him out in this dear, beautiful place where he had been nursed to health, fed, made one of the family—repaying them in all the coin he had: gratitude, devotion, service, love? Why should Mrs. Bosanko, his second mother, have dismissed him for no fault he had ever committed or thought of committing? Well, *le bon Dieu* knew best. He was bound for the sea again.

He went up the hill, past the haystacks he had helped to pile. At a turn of the climbing road he halted. A window shone deep down in the valley, and with a sob his heart blessed that house.

He took the shortest way to the main road under Castle Dor. By the broad entrance to the earthwork he remembered Deborah's message and entered the dusking cirque. It was empty. Twice he walked the round of it and then, through a gate, struck the highroad.

Some way beyond the gate a broad ribbon of light fell across the road from the blacksmith's forge. Across that light came a figure. Always it seemed, he saw her across fire.

In the deepening dusk she saw him by the gate. "You came before your time."

"By accident. I have not waited long."

"By accident? What is that bundle you carry?"

"All I possess. I am dismissed—I must go down to Troy early to ship on board the *Downshire*. She sails in the forenoon—I can explain as I see you home—if you will permit?"

But, while he hesitated, she bent her brow toward the gate and he held it open for her.

"She has dismissed you? Why?"

"Because ——" He hesitated now hopelessly.

"Oh, I know! Those cold, dutiful women of the north! . . . So Deborah brought you my message—and you are going."

Walking side by side, they had reached the edge of the cirque. Then in a moment his arms were around her and she slid down between them with a choking, happy laugh.

"You won't go—say you'll never go! Amyot! Amyot!"

As they stood by the gate Dian shone above them, in her first quarter, clear and clean, and edged like a suspended scimitar.

Linnet and Amyot had come down to the beach through the odorous woods, by fringes planted with subtropical bushes and mats of English mints and thymes, all commingling a fragrance that clung about the pair as they walked through their dream.

"You will not go!"

"I must . . . I must—I have given my word."

"What is a word compared with love? . . . Love is a deed—a document signed, in the end."

"I have promised. Can I break honor—and with these people so kind? But I will come back one day and meet you near Lantyan. I swear. Oh, dear love, how can I *not* come back?"

"Men always swear that, I have heard."

Later he opened a gate over the little moonlit beach, and a salt, strong smell was suddenly on their faces, over the white shingle a languorous tide was feeling its way up toward high water, running and streaming, with edges yet whiter, yet more dazzling. They descended by a low cliff track upon the shingle.

"Stay there," commanded Amyot. "I must swim. Can *you* swim?"

"'Las! No."

"Someday we'll contrive that I shall teach you."

"Someday? Ah, that's long—long! It's the word that all men promise."

But love, after the first brief stupor, had made Amyot strong; had converted him from boy into man, into master. "Sit there," he commanded; and she, slipping down through his arms upon the shingle, lay with head and body relaxed under his kisses, loving the new tone in his voice.

"I will come back—I swear."

"Don't swear it, Amyot. Don't swear it, my love! All men do that, they tell; and I want to wait and want and think of you as—as different."

"I understood you were to be here last evening," said Mr. McPhail severely when Amyot presented himself at the customhouse. "Well, the *Downshire* has already sailed. Did Mrs. Bosanko bungle my message?"

"No, sir. She told me the *Downshire* would sail early."

"And you came late, I suppose. Maybe you had been drinking?"

"No, sir. I did not arrive until five minutes ago."

"Well, the *Downshire* sailed at six o'clock this morning. I like your look, lad. Only you mustn't fall into a habit of missing appointments. Step into the next room, while I run across to the harbor office and get the latest news of likely arrivals."

Amyot thanked him and stepped into a clean little room that had an antique bay window almost overhanging the water. He went to it by seaman's instinct, to scan the tide and the shipping across the fairway. His hands went up halfway to his eyes as though to rub off a dream, for there lay *La Jolie Brise*, laden, with flag half-masted to summon a pilot.

Amyot's heart tightened at sight of the vessel. If the collector attempted to ship *him* aboard of her, there would be murder. Amyot had grown; suddenly he knew himself a man. If he must come out of his dream this way——

Standing there by the window he caught the sound of the collector's footsteps hurrying up the stair and, close upon it, the voice of Fouguereau bellowing:

"But he is here—in your office—the little pig! That accursed notary is dead, and can claim him no longer. I spied him along the street! Oh, you needn't run! I have the and can claim him!"

Amyot stepped forward swiftly as Fougu eau panted on the top step.

"*Vlan!*" Amyot grunted and struck.

The blow took Fouguereau on the appl the throat. A second and fiercer one smas on the point of the jaw and, as he tur slowly, throwing out his hands, a third thud on the nape of his neck. The giant rolled d the steps and lay at their foot.

"Have you killed the creature?" cried McPhail.

"I don't know." Amyot added, "I d care."

A woman, keeper of a small grocery s halfway up the hill, had caught sight of end of the business from her shopwind She came running out.

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. McPh Whatever has happened?"

"Wh'st, woman! Hold your speech!" collector commanded. "The man has a bad fall—nothing worse. He'll come to minute or so. If you want to be useful, might fetch the inspector. Just say that I w him at the customhouse within five minut

The woman nodded and went.

"And now, lad. You just make your scarce, and quick about it. You can nip d the quay ladder there. Tide's out. Make a the foreshore to Pottery Corner and take ladder there up into the street just as if y been mooring a boat. Got a handkerch Good. Wrap your hand up, and if you anyone stick it careless into your poc Lucky for you I'd given my clerk leave fo hour. But the Lord looks after fools."

Later that morning Mr. McPhail visited Rose & Anchor for his customary pin cider. Daily, midmorning, he entered the parlor, struck thrice on a bell and left the to the intelligence of the house.

Linnet Lewarne entered with jug, glass pewter tankard all ready on a tray. She plained that Deborah was out—likewise husband's bar attendant, who had twiste ankle the night before.

"I don't see why you should apolo ma'am," said the collector of customs. " an honor you do me. Now I'm glad yo serving me in place of the maid. For I' pretty story to tell of something that happe earlier and it'll interest you, in a way. . . . remember that onion lad you rescued— part of a year ago? Well, he came to my o this morning. There, if you'll believe it happened on that fellow Fouguereau. And lad gave him three of the prettiest rat-tats—

Mr. McPhail recounted the story, now then withdrawing his nose from the pew Linnet listened, feeling with hot hands bel her for the doorjamb, to steady herself.

"But where is he?"

"The skipper? Well, by rights he shou in the hospital at this moment. But that of animal ——"

"No, no! I mean Amyot!"

Mr. McPhail gazed at her searchingly his pewter. "I'm not a policeman. You n the Breton lad? I didn't happen to look w way he went. Perhaps upriver."

The *Jolie Brise* sailed on the evening the skipper below in the cabin. He lay stret on his bunk, his breathing heavy; the bott brandy on the table was untouched.

Johnny Bosanko awoke with a bright s of expectancy and gradually realized des tion. There was no Mary in the opposite Mary had been taken to her mother's re to sob herself asleep. Amyot, their ado had gone and his, Johnny's, little prospec happiness.

But he was a child of pluck and resou He crept downstairs in the half-light to mother's drawing room, found a shee notepaper and wrote:

Dear Fairies: Will you please find Amyot bring him back. My sister Mary is discon about his going and I am feeling very po about her. Dear friends, if you only new wh sikening bisness it is for both of us.

Yours respecful
J. BOSANKO

CONTINUED ON PA

NEXT MONTH

SHE'S THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS GRANDMOTHER

Who? The Queen Mother of England, of course. She's been taxed roundly for spoiling her three famous grandchildren, but insists: "Spoiling them is half the fun of being a grandmother." She was herself one of ten children, brought up in a happy atmosphere of home-baked bread, and milk drunk fresh from the cow. Credited with giving the royal family its common touch, she can be amusingly blunt. She loves a gin-and-orange before dinner, and champagne with it. Dining alone, she'll watch two hours of TV variety and Westerns, her favorites. She prefers thrillers to serious books, comedies to drama. American musicals to opera. She loves elaborate clothes—frills, furs and feathers. Her wealth is a matter of conjecture; her jewel collection rivals any in the world, except possibly her daughter's.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

This letter he addressed "To the Fairie, anywhere near Lantyan, Lostwithiel," and sent it up the kitchen chimney as he was wont to send to Santa Claus at Christmas.

When the household was up and about Johnny coaxed his sister out to the woods to pick whortleberries. Their mother packed up some provender for them in a basket, and told them to bring it back filled. The weather was torrid and in the woods they would be out of reach of sunstroke.

"But it's all spoilt now!" Mary lamented.

"You bet it ain't," asserted Johnny stoutly. "You just wait till I find you something."

"What?"

"Guess!"

"You're very mysterious, this morning. What is it you're promising to find?"

Johnny hesitated, but remembered Mary's once having said that fairies were an exploded something-or-other. "I don't *promise* to find anything. Suppose it's a curlew's nest ——"

Mary choked back her grief. They started to pick whortleberries. When they had picked enough to fill a pie dish and had stained their own mouths in no small measure they went down to the river. They came on a ruined cottage backed by a deserted orchard. They found a space within the nettle-grown enclosure and there ate their meal. Johnny, though he could not have put any of the feeling into words, was conscious for the first time in his life of that joy which requires a background of sorrow. Also, he had faith.

He said, as Mary tidied up, "Now, I shouldn't be surprised if this was just the place to find a curlew's nest—on the top of this wall, say."

"You'll break your neck," Mary warned as he started to climb. "And who's talking of curlews' eggs at this time of year?"

"I wasn't talking of curlews' eggs. I was talking of *nests*."

He climbed to the top of the mud wall, and after a brief inspection slithered down. "No nests there," he announced.

"I knew there wouldn't be."

"But there's a fine tree of summer apples up the hill—hidden so you can't see it from the shore below."

He was gone for a minute or so, and came back treading softly, mysteriously. But his face was radiant. "I knew it all the time," he announced in a whisper. "I knew ——"

"But—what is it?"

"It ain't any *it* at all. It's *him*. It's Amyot."

"*What?* You've got a heat stroke. Amyot?"

"Didn't I promise to find you something? Well, I climbed that tree to the second fork, but I wasn't really looking for the apples. I was looking for Amyot whilst you were packing up and now you'd best unpack again, for by the looks of him he's hungry."

"But where *is* he?"

Johnny stepped around the ruinated doorway and called, "Amyot."

Three seconds later Amyot entered; worn, disheveled, faint. "I heard your voices ——"

"Amyot!"

They pressed the remains of their food on him. He ate ravenously. "We will fetch you more. Oh, sit here whilst we run and tell mother!" The children left him and ran. A pathway led up through the close sapling oaks and almost at the top of the ascent they encountered Mrs. Lewarne—Linnet. She, too, had a basket on her arm.

"Such a fine afternoon," said this lovely lady. "I thought you might be picnicking this way. And I thought ——"

"Yes, yes—we have found Amyot! He is down in the cottage below. We were fetching food for him. Shall we tell mother we have met you?"

Linnet Lewarne paused. Then, of a sudden, she put her fingers to her lips. "Wait," she said. "Let us consult, the three of us."

She smiled mysteriously and led the way to a small dell beneath the oaks.

"I take it you wish no harm to come to Amyot?" The question, flung at them so sharply, startled the children.

"Of course not," said Mary, and Johnny added stoutly, "If it's that French skipper that's after him, you've only to tell father ——"

But Mrs. Lewarne shook her head sole
"That's just it," she replied. "Your f
could do nothing. It would be his duty t
Amyot up to the police. That French
did come back and Amyot fought him
knocked him down, which means he is
to be arrested—and you know what that me
"Prison?" breathed Mary, turning pal
Linnet nodded.
"Then what can we do?" cried Johnn
the police find out he's here, they'll com
put the handcuffs on him."
"Exactly," said Linnet. "They must *no*
out. And that is why you cannot tell
father or your mother he is here. It woul
be fair to them."
Mary and Johnny looked grave.
Linnet Lewarne, watching their
guessed something of the turmoil withi
don't ask you to deceive them," she said s
"just not to mention that you found him
Mary was the first to succumb to ter
tion. "It will be easy enough for Johnny
me to bring him bread and eggs and bits
keep back from our own breakfast
dinner."
"Oh, as to that," announced a casual Li
"I can always manage to come over. All I
to make sure of is that you two will not b
him."
"Betray Amyot?" said Mary fier
"Never in this world."
"Cross our hearts and swear to
vowed Johnny.
They were rewarded by a brilliant
The temptress rose to her feet. "So," she
"we are agreed. And now, supposing you
wander back to Lantyan—while I see t
replenishing of our—our prisoner's larde
It was really something, so both the chil
decided afterward, to share a secret with
Lewarne. Being grown up and married m
of course, that she knew what she was ab
She would never have suggested the secret
it been wrong.
"We mustn't forget our whortleberr
said Mary. "There's a basketful down by
creek."
They made their way back to the sh
There was no sign of Amyot, but Linnet, gl
ing toward the ruined cottage and its ga
doorway, smiled and said:
"You'd best go now, children. I can
care of him."
She made a brusque gesture with her h
turning from them, and John and Mary, s
ing themselves dismissed, picked up the ba
of whortleberries.
They plodded home in silence. The
wood encompassing them seemed heavy
the secret, and a brooding stillness filled
air. Down in the lush creek nothing stir
The cottage, desolate now for so many mo
and years, slumbered away the afterno
while now and again a robin uttered his pl
tive song from the deserted orchard, wh
apples would nevermore be gathered up
stored.

Dr. Carfax, after completing his morn
rounds, had promised himself an afternoo
comparative tranquillity in his garden. Th
fore he was considerably irritated when M
the good woman who "did" for him,
nounced that the front doorbell had rung
"It's not a bit of use ranting at me, doct
she said. "By the time I'd got as far as
front door he'd walked inside and I coul
deny you was here, seeing as he'd wate
you over the garden wall."
"Confound it!" Dr. Carfax explo
"Who, pray, is this ill-bred intruder?"
"It's Mr. Lewarne, sir, from the Rose
Anchor."
"Lewarne?" Anger turned to astonishm
"What in the world would he want with m
"I couldn't say, doctor. But I couldn't
noticing he looked uncommon whisht."
"H'mph."
Carfax had no great use for the landlor
the Rose & Anchor, who had bought his
into prominence and was both bully
boaster combined. Indeed, if it was not fo
fact that Lewarne kept an uncommonly g
cellar and had the good fortune to be mar
to the loveliest young woman in Troy,
doctor would have barely exchanged ordi
civilities with the fellow.

Ie climbed the garden steps and entered his
ary. Mark Lewarne lumbered to his feet.
Well, Lewarne, and what can I do for
?"

he landlord shuffled his feet. "I'm sorry to
urb you, doctor," he said, "but it's a per-
al matter, nothing to do with my health,
is, nothing directly, though what with
ry and loss of sleep I shouldn't wonder if
dropped a bit of weight."

No harm if you did," snapped the doctor.
ore men of your age die of overweight than
n any other cause. What's the trouble?"

lark Lewarne looked first at the ceiling,
at the floor. "It's the wife," he said. "I'm
he end of my tether."

Are you complaining of your wife's be-
ior," asked the doctor, "or merely that
is following some course of treatment that
ht prove injurious to her health?"

took the landlord a moment or two for
question to penetrate. "Her health's all
t," he answered, frowning. "It's the way
treats her husband goes against nature."

Ah!" It was not the first time that Troy's
or medical man had heard similar com-
nts. "She sends you packing, I take it, at
e times when you most desire to pay her
pliments?"

Packing?" echoed the landlord. "I tell you,
tor, she'll hardly speak to me civil. And
n't I given her the best in the world, a
d home, gowns and fal-lals, anything she
s to ask for? And all I get for it is cold looks
a sarcastic tongue."

CHECK
DIABETES
DIABETES WEEK / NOV. 13-18

he discomfiture of the man was such that
s were starting up in his eyes which he had
the pride to wipe away. Dr. Carfax con-
ered his reply. Linnet Lewarne was at fault,
doubt. She had no business to treat her
thus, whether alone or before the world.
o her husband, the fellow was a fool in the
place to marry a girl young enough to be
granddaughter.

Now listen here, Lewarne," he began.
e never played go-between yet and I don't
nd to begin. What goes wrong with you
your wife is your business, not mine. If
want me to diagnose your trouble, I can
o, but you won't thank me for it. It's
there's more than forty years between
."

've told myself that a score of times," he
"but she was as sweet as honey when we
first wed. No, I tell you, doctor"—Le-
e leaned forward—"there's someone else,
if I knew who it was I'd wring his neck."

that was the lay, mused Carfax. Well,
it only proved his diagnosis the more
ect.

And what do you expect me to do about
he said. "Gain your wife's confidence
then betray it to you?"

No, doctor," returned the landlord. "I've
rs who'll do that for me. I want you to
he fear of the Almighty into her, so she
the error of her ways before it's too
."

God bless my soul!" Carfax rose from his
in disgust. "I'm sorry, Lewarne, but it's
of my business. Your wife is old enough
now what she's about, and if she misbe-
s you must deal with her yourself. Good
noon." He walked pointedly toward the
and threw it open. The landlord of the
& Anchor watched him in dismay.

But how am I to handle it, doctor?" he
. "She swears one thing and acts another.
s been out walking in the moonlight with
chap. My own barman declares he
her last night, but when I taxed her
it she laughed me to scorn."

Carfax knit his brows. A husband who listened to gossip got what he deserved. So that was how Ned Varcoe came by his twisted ankle.

Lewarne, unable to ignore the open door, rose to his feet. "Very well, doctor," he said. "If you won't speak to her, I can't make you. But her quick tongue wouldn't get the better of you as it does me. 'Oh yes,' she tells me, 'of course I've lain in another man's arms. I fell off the hay wagon at Mr. Bosanko's and if the farmhand hadn't caught me I'd have broken my ribs, so I can't swear no one's touched me but you, can I?' And with that she laughs and shuts the door in my face. How would you answer that one, doctor?"

"Good afternoon, Lewarne," repeated Carfax grimly. The landlord hesitated, half offered his hand, then withdrew it again. A moment later he was out of the house and the doctor uttering a "Pheugh!" of disgust.

He retraced his steps toward the garden, but already in the brief time he had absented himself the sky had grown overcast and his mind, disturbed by the unwelcome visitor, could no longer drift into pleasant reverie. "Oh, damnation," he muttered in irritation. "Linnet Lewarne must manage her own affairs."

Nevertheless, the landlord's parting speech had recalled a certain incident in the hayfield when Linnet, as Harvest Queen, had tumbled so suddenly from the wagon and might in truth have had a nasty fall but for the resourceful arms of the Breton lad who stood nearby.

Intent or accident, it was neatly done, remembered the doctor; and then, on the instant, he stood motionless, struck by a sudden memory. Had not he described just such a tumble, a year ago, to poor Ledru? Did not a queen, centuries past, cover her guilt in the selfsame fashion? *Well! I'll be* —— The doctor turned on his heel and hurried toward the house. It was only when he reached his bookshelves that he remembered all the volumes relating to the incident in question—which certainly never took place on any hay wagon—had been in the care of Mr. Tregentil of Penquite for several months.

"Tell me; tell me the first moment when ——"

"When ——"

"—— when it first happened to you—the very first."

Asked the inevitable question, old as love itself or but a few minutes younger, Amyot lay back, his shoulders crushing the bracken, his eyes half closed, watching the spirals of a lark that sang in the dazzle above.

"There was no first—oh, yes, there was! When you touched me that day, sponging my hurt back."

"Yes, yes." Linnet leaned over him and nodded. She took the hand he was passing over his forehead and drew it to her; but he pulled it away.

"Let me think. . . . And then afterward, when Monsieur Ledru pointed from the ridge, something seemed to break here"—he touched his forehead again. "It was just—how shall I say?—just as if someone had broken a bottle of essences; but the scent was all of the thyme our feet had been treading, and there was music with it. And with that the word sprang out of me."

"What word?"

"A name. I had never heard it before."

"Mine?"

"No, not yours. The name of a place; of the very woods above us: Lantyan."

Linnet was silent for a while. "That was a wonder," she mused, "but I can beat it. Before ever I saw you—a minute or so before—I heard a name spoken and it was yours: Amyot. It floated in my window. No; now that I come to think, it did not float. It twanged like one of those chords you used to pluck from your fiddle. My heart throbbed to it and I awoke and was alive—yes, sooner than ever I saw you. But tell me what happened next."

"What happened was that the moment the word sprang out of me, I saw a carriage coming down the road at speed; and I was running and screaming. Such a scream too! I did not know it for my own voice."

"No! That is because in that moment you were born again: born from a boy into a man. Of a sudden—you could master horses."



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"I never shall know how that happened. You see, I was bred up on a tiny island where there was never a horse. But since then I have had a command over horses—I doubt if, even now, I could ride well a horse of any mettle. But I could command one, Mr. Bosanko will tell you. It is all a puzzle to me."

They were silent for a moment, then Linnet turned again to her lover.

"Listen. Lay your head back here in the nook of my arm while I tell you in my turn. When that carriage was swaying and the mad pair plunging right on top of you, I was expecting death. I caught at the rail before me and held it. I heard your scream; I saw a figure—you—standing black against the shine of the road. They say that in the last instant of drowning all kinds of memories crowd into the mind. Amyot! Look up and answer. Have you ever thought that you and I have lived before—perhaps many times—to be born again, to kiss, to drain each other's heart out through the lips—to possess—to die? Think, my love, and help me if you can."

"I cannot think, Linnet, with my head on your breast. I wonder only and dream."

"Dream a little while only, for I have much to tell you; much more." She bent over him, touching his lips, and he drew her beside him, gazing in wonder at her troubled eyes.

He said. "You are with me, no matter where I am or what I am doing. There is no one but you, smiling at me, as you did, across the fire. We drank together, do you remember? It's as though when we drank, something magic entered into me and because of the magic we live, you and I. Without it we'd be just common mortals, blind, and deaf and dumb. Kiss me again, Linnet."

Dr. Carfax let himself in at his front door to discover two visitors waiting. They were the collector of customs and the police inspector.

"Good evening to you both," said the doctor. "What ill wind blows you here at such a time? Some lawbreaker broken his neck try to dodge Her Majesty's government?"

Both men rose to their feet. "In a man of speaking, yes," replied the inspector. " it wasn't his neck, it was his jaw. It's the sk per of the schooner *Jolie Brise*, who got h self in a fight this morning and sailed on afternoon's tide, and, to tell the truth, were glad to be rid of him. But the point his crew brought the vessel back an hour with the skipper dead. And I want the de certificate out of you, sir, if you will co aboard and sign it."

Carfax took up his hat. "Did he die fr the blow he received?"

"It would seem so," returned the inspect "But that's for you to judge. In all ever according to the crew, he never recover The trouble is, the young fellow who di is still at large. It's the Breton lad who work in the *Jolie Brise* some months back."

Dr. Carfax knitted his brows. "The Bret lad?" he repeated. "But I have it on go authority he sailed on the *Downshire* a should be halfway to the bay by now."

The collector of customs shook his he "Not so, doctor. The *Downshire* sailed wi out him. The lad came here to report too la It was then he fell to fighting with the sk per." He glanced at the inspector. "Well, t lad will be wanted for murder, won't he?"

"The children were unaccountably qu tonight," remarked Mr. Bosanko to his w as, candlestick in hand, he led the way stairs to bed. "If it wasn't for the fact th we've had thunder and lightning here score of times before, I'd say the storm h upset them."

He had no reply for a moment or two, Mrs. Bosanko had paused to listen outs the children's door; then, hearing no mov ment, followed her husband into their ow room.

"It's because of Amyot," she said quiet "They're fretting after him."

The farmer scratched his jaw and frowne "I was fond of the lad myself, but I nev thought we had him for good."

Mrs. Bosanko, wrestling with the stubbo hooks of a bodice, remained silent. She w thinking of Mary's face, pressed to the wi dow as the rain fell and the lightni flashed, and the way she had asked, "Ha many people lost their lives in a thund storm, mother?"

She had been thinking of Amyot, su enough, but the *Downshire* would be ma miles out to sea by now, please the Lord, a running into fine weather. . . .

The bedroom across the landing may ha been quiet, but despite Mrs. Bosanko's r assurance, silence did not mean her childr were asleep. Far from it. They were packing basket with preserves from their mothe larder.

"If we're questioned," whispered Mar "we'll have to make out there's a thief large."

"I'm quite happy to go hungry," sa Johnny. "Look, it's clearing. I vote we go no while we have the chance."

"Best wait for the dawn," suggested h more practical sister. "Then if things shou go amiss and they find we've gone, we can s we got up early to go mushrooming."

And to prove that she needed no clock awaken her, Mary tied a piece of string rou her toe, and so to the bedpost. Thus, if s turned in bed, the pain of it would do t trick.

It was Johnny, without benefit of strin who opened his eyes to find the pale dav creeping through the window. Slipping out bed, he saw that it wanted a few minutes five. He glanced to his sister's sleeping face a the plan, half formed in his mind the nig before, had all the majesty and splendor high adventure.

It was neither more nor less than that and Amyot should escape together and se their fortunes. Amyot would be the knig and he the squire and the pair of them wou live by hunting game, and catching trout in t little moorland streams; none of which wou be possible if his sister accompanied them,

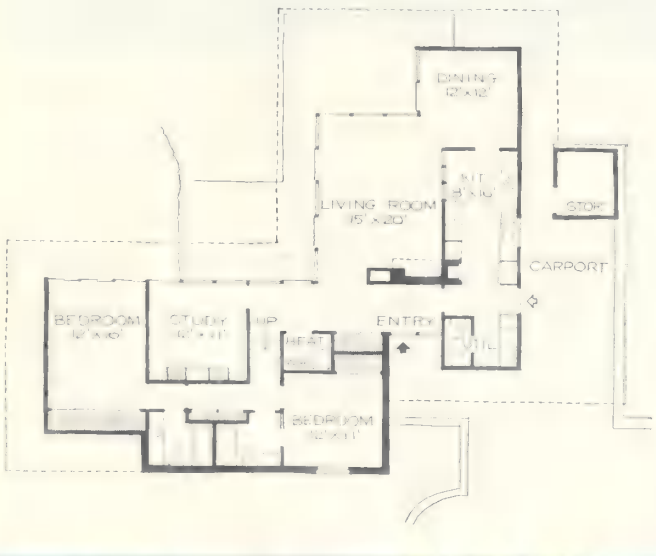
CONTINUED ON PAGE



Warm stone walls, sweep of driveway fit this house beautifully to its down-sloping site. Redwood boards add character.

ROOMY BUT NOT BIG

By JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR





Downhill terraces lend shelter and privacy to outdoor living.

This is a house designed for a mature couple whose children have left home, and who wanted space and comfort in a new, smaller house with a special, personal sort of warmth.

Redwood boards, exposed beams and stone excavated from its site give this house its special character seen from the street. Built cozily into a hillside, its uphill flanks dip below the ground in a low-slung L for protection from summer heat and winter wind.

Inside the L, facing the view and the pleasant summer breezes, are the dining and living rooms, a study and the master bedroom—each glass-walled and opening onto a big, informal terrace. There is a guest bedroom with its own bath near the entry hall. High ceilings give the living area a spacious, lofty personality.

It is practical and distinctive. Closets are spacious. There is ample working space in the kitchen, a laundry and utility room adjoining it and a special room for storage next to the carport. The stone and natural redwood walls, of course, never need maintenance.

Architect: William Eidson
Area: 1650 square feet
Cost to reproduce: $23,000 to $31,000 plus land

Vacuums and polishers that run like sewing machines

(FROM SINGER, OF COURSE)











New SINGER* Dual-Capacity canister cleaner (top) has disposable bag that holds twice as much as most tank cleaners. Carries own attachments. Glides on tucked-in, easy-rolling wheels. Cleans rugs, draperies, furniture, shelves . . . one-toe pedal spares your back. Comes with full set of attachments. **$69.95**

Roll-A-Magic* canister (bottom) has suction power equal to many twice the price. Extra-capacity disposable dust bag. Easy-rolling wheels. For rugs, draperies, furniture. Complete with attachments. **$49.50**

SINGER* deluxe model polisher (left) prides itself on built-in liquid dispenser and spreader, plus floating scrubbing and polishing brushes, buffing pads and gentle steel-wool pads. **$59.95**

Economy model polisher (center) has finger-control dispenser, all-purpose floating brushes, firm felt buffing pads. It waxes, scrubs, polishes floors—and even shampoos rugs. **$29.95**

"Magic Carpet" upright (right) is a gem for rugs and wall-to-wall carpeting. Brush adjusts automatically to any nap, or bare floor. Large two-section bag filters dust from air. Sneaks low under furniture, lights the way. Hangs flat. **$89.95**

Magic Mite (top) packs power into its compact 5½ pounds; is the handiest cleaner of all for car interiors, workshed, garage, stairs, shelves. **$29.95**

GOLDEN GLIDE* canister cleaner (bottom) has three times as much capacity as most tank cleaners. Never tips; stands on end for easy stair cleaning, storage. Complete attachments include king-size floor and wall brush. **$89.95**

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

being a known thing that girls were an encumbrance on these occasions.

Johnny dressed swiftly and, stealing from the room with the basket over his arm, he was soon down the stairs and so out the back door and into the sharp, cool air. He turned across the farmyard and opened the door of a disused pigsty, and darted down on his knees into the fresh straw. He gathered an object from the straw and, burdening himself with this new hazard as well as with the laden basket, set forth on his mission to succor Amyot Trestane.

He reached high ground and cut downward through the woods to the head of the Pyll. The world was still asleep, and Johnny alone had life, or so it seemed, threading his way through the sapling oaks, his feet noiseless as they trod the soaking leaves of last night's storm. Then, coming at last to the tumbled cottage bathed in mist, he caught his breath in wonder. For surely it was a man there in the creek, poling a flat-bottomed boat to the grass verge, his arms and legs bare, his long hair streaming to his shoulders?

"Amyot!" called Johnny. "Amyot!" and began to run and so caught his foot in a root that stretched across the path and crashed headlong into a pit of brambles. The jagged edge that caught his temple was not a stone but the cracked lip of an old earthenware pot, cast away heaven knows how many centuries ago and left to molder, until so intrepid and unwary a traveler as Johnny Bosanko should chance to fall upon it and lie strangely still.

Linnet Lewarne was also astir betimes that morning. In truth, she had scarcely slept during the night. The talk in the bar had all been of the return of the *Jolie Brise* to harbor with the dead skipper aboard.

"'Twas the blow that did it," pronounced Tim Udy. "He was half blind when he sailed with the blood congealing in his brain."

"Half blind maybe," retorted Deborah, placing a mug of beer on the counter, "and if he was, it was liquor did it and not from here but from the King of Prussia on the quay."

She shot a glance at her mistress, who was taking no part in the proceedings. The landlord, on the contrary, turned on Deborah:

"That's all very well. But, make no mistake about it, they'll arrest the man that did it and he'll have to stand trial for manslaughter, if nothing worse."

At this Linnet stepped forward. "And what makes you so sure of your facts?" she demanded. "If you studied for the law in your young days, it's the first I've heard of it. They'll be making you a justice of the peace before we know where we are."

A titter rose from the back of the room, quickly stifled when the landlord turned. "They might do worse," he said slowly, staring at his wife. "I'd see justice was done anyway. There's folk get away with things these days that have no right to do so."

Interest stirred. It would not only be the death of the skipper that would be discussed that night, but the fact that the landlord and his young wife had shown fight in public.

Ben Tabb, a peaceable man by nature, sought to throw oil on the troubled waters. "Ah, well," he said, "the skipper of the *Jolie Brise* is no great loss, rest his soul, and I dare say 'twas all done in provocation-like. Don't fret, missus, they'll acquit him."

"Acquit him?" repeated Linnet, raising her eyebrows. "They'll have to find him first," and with that she swung through the door with a rustle of petticoats.

Her burst of temper had done no good to Amyot or to herself. One thing was plain: Amyot was in danger, not from her husband, but from the ministers of the law. The final piece of information came from Deborah, who ran upstairs to tell her mistress what a late-comer to the bar had let slip.

"There's a party of them setting out for Lantyan first thing in the morning," she whispered. "If Mr. Bosanko can't give them news, they'll search the neighborhood. They're going by road, of course, and intend to be there before seven o'clock."

Linnet thought rapidly. "What time is high water?" she whispered back.

"Somewhere near seven, mistress. Have no fear, I know what you want me to do. There'll be a boat at the steps for you by five."

And so it was that shortly before Johnny Bosanko crept from his bed at Lantyan, two young women were rowing steadily in the half light up Troy harbor.

It took them an hour and a half to reach the head of the creek. A wisp of smoke, coming from the direction of the cottage, gave warning that a fire was alight.

"Here," commanded Linnet, pulling her oar so that the bow of the boat just touched the jutting shore. "Wait for my return, and if there are two of us you know where to land us across the river. Then you can hold your tongue and hang the consequences."

Deborah Brangwyn regarded her mistress gravely. "You've thought what it means," she said, "once it comes out that you've gone with him and the police on your heels?"

"I don't care," replied Linnet. "If he has to suffer for what he's done, I'll suffer with him."

"Love's one thing when it's secret meetings and the world unknowing," demurred Deborah, "and another when you've no money and no roof to your head, and folk pointing at you and calling you adulteress."

"They can call me what they like," said Linnet. She gathered her skirts together and sprang ashore.

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

We're speaking, of course, but our
smiles are few,
And I fear that our beautiful
friendship's ended.
She bleached her hair as I urged
her to;
I went to the doctor she
recommended.

Linnet plunged through undergrowth, heedless of brambles, and came on Amyot, crouching on the strand, turning the sticks of his smoldering fire. He was stripped to the waist, his shirt, coat and socks spread on the bracken, drying. "Amyot," she called softly. "Amyot, my love!"

As he leaped to his feet and came toward her, barefoot, it seemed to Linnet that his very nakedness made him taller, more remote. In a moment they were in each other's arms, and the way he kissed her and held her to him proved he was indeed the Amyot she knew and loved and no stranger.

"Your husband has been ill treating you, is that it?" asked Amyot. "And you've come to me for protection?"

Linnet put her hand over his mouth. "Hush! Not so loud. No, dearest one, it's not for my sake I've come, but for yours. The skipper of the *Jolie Brise* died because of the blow you gave him. The police are coming to look for you. There's not a moment to lose."

Amyot stared down at her in perplexity. "Fouguereau dead?" he repeated. "Even if he is, I never intended it. I'll tell them all they want to know and willingly."

"You don't understand," said Linnet urgently. "The English law can hold you, pending arrest. You might have months, years in prison. You must leave here instantly and I'll come with you."

Already she had left his arms and was gathering up the clothes spread to dry.

"If what you say is true," said Amyot, "we'll be fugitives from justice and I with a price on my head. God knows I shall want you with me, but I'm penniless."

"I've money enough for the pair of us," she told him. "And, as to being fugitives, we'll take train and be lost in London where many a hunted man has found sanctuary."

She had it all planned, she said, how they'd make their way across country hailing the first carrier's cart on the road to Liskeard, and catch the midmorning train to Plymouth and beyond. The hue and cry would not be raised until they were many miles away.

They were about to hail the boat and the waiting Deborah when Amyot turned his head to the woodland path above the ruined cottage. "Did you hear that?" he asked. "It sounded like a call for help."

"It's nothing," said Linnet impatiently. "A lamb perhaps, strayed from the flock."

The sound came again. No lamb's bleat, but the feeble cry of a child: "Amyot—oh, Amyot."

Linnet's lover struggled from the arms that strove to hold him back. "It's Johnny," he said. "He's up there in the woods, and maybe come to harm. We must go to him."

Linnet, in a fever to be gone, looked over her shoulder toward the already ebbing tide. "I'll call Deborah," she said. "Deborah can go to him and we'll take the boat across the river and be on our way."

"No," said Amyot, "No." He pulled himself free, and began running up the path through the woods in the direction of the cry.

Linnet followed, half sobbing in vexation. She climbed halfway up the wooded hill and came on Amyot, kneeling beside a dip in the path. He held the limp form of Johnny Bosanko in his arms. Blood was running from a cut on the child's forehead.

"He's badly hurt," said Amyot. "We must take him home."

There was an upturned basket beside the path, its contents scattered on the ground.

"Don't you see?" said Amyot. "He was bringing me food. He came here, alone, for my sake. God knows how long he's lain here."

Something stirred in the undergrowth hard by. A faint yelp, like an echo to the boy's cry, came from the midst of it. A small object struggled out, shook itself and pattered toward them, tail erect. It was surely the smallest dog Linnet had ever set eyes on.

Her heart had grown heavy and dull within her. "You know what it means," she said. "It's over for you now. There's no escape."

"I know," said Amyot. "They'll come for me at Lantyan. And if they put me in prison I shall deserve it. Not for what I did to Fouguereau but for what I've done to Johnny."

He looked down at the boy in his arms, and as he spoke his name Johnny opened his eyes, and smiled. "I brought the pup for you. You picked him, don't you remember? The smallest of the litter, but the best."

Amyot tried to stanch the blood that was trickling down the boy's cheek. "Yes," he said gently, "I remember."

Johnny smiled once more before closing his eyes. "I'm glad you fought that giant. I forgot to say—the pup's name is Pettigrew."

Already there came a sound of voices, and footsteps were crashing through the undergrowth toward them.

Dr. Carfax, returning from Bodmin Assizes in October with Mr. McPhail as fellow passenger, had not proved himself a particularly lively companion. The collector of customs decided that the medical man was beginning to show his age, and was getting short in temper too. Anyone would think that the doctor had taken it as a personal affront for the skipper of the *Jolie Brise* to have died and so obliged him to certify the cause of death as cerebral hemorrhage, due to a fall. True, the doctor was only doing his duty by signing the death certificate and he, McPhail, had reluctantly done the same as witness of the fight on the steps of his customs office, but the whole business, from the post-mortem nearly three months ago, and the preliminary hearing before the magistrates, who had committed young Trestane to stand trial, seemed to have aged Dr. Carfax in a remarkable manner.

Amyot Trestane had been remanded in custody for the space of ten weeks during which period he would, presumably, have ample time to reflect on the consequences of losing his temper and causing the death of a fellow countryman.

It said much for the discretion of the police inspector and his young subordinate that no word filtered back into the town of the inexplicable presence of the hostess of th & Anchor in Lantyan woods on that m they arrested Amyot Trestane.

One thing was certain: the young s did not attempt to evade arrest. Inde bearing the child home to its parents, liberately walked into the arms of the was this mitigating fact, insisted on fervently by Farmer Bosanko, that sav day for Amyot Trestane at Bodmin Ass

"So, doctor," said Mr. McPhail, deter to break the silence which threatened t the full ten miles from Bodmin to Troy well that ends well, and I dare say you glad as I am to see that young fellow and to know he won't have to serve prison sentence."

Dr. Carfax grunted in reply, then Cassandra to a smarter pace. "I hesit make a pronouncement on any subject sure of my facts," he said at last. "How know that all has ended well? Young Tr is at liberty, to be sure, but bound over t the peace, and, until we see how he co himself, we cannot say for certain that well."

"Oh, come, doctor," objected the col of customs. "The fellow has learned his l And you heard what Mr. Bosanko sai has made himself responsible for Trestane."

This remark produced no more than committal "H'mph" from the driver dogcart, followed by an observation unsympathetic a nature that Mr. M was quite taken by surprise.

"It would be better for Amyot Trestan everyone concerned," declared Dr. C "if he had been deported." And, as thou must emphasize this statement with a sh force, he cracked his whip, causing Cass to kick up her heels and gallop. The col of customs was obliged to hold on to h with one hand and to the rail of the d with the other.

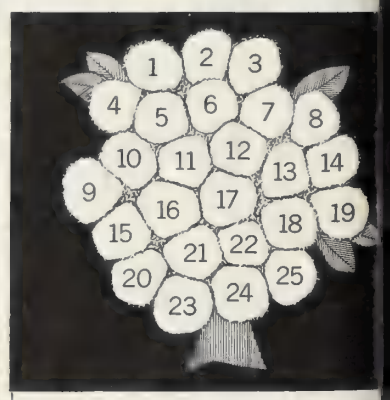
"Do you mean you think he has cri tendencies?" he gasped.

"No," snapped the doctor. "I do not

"Well, then?"

"There is no 'well, then' about it. The man would be better employed in his country where he might marry among kith and kin and settle down, than presu the good nature of Mr. and Mrs. Bosa

CONTINUED ON PA



Here's your key to the

Cannon Color Tree

on opposite page

1. Coronation Gold
2. Firefly Yellow
3. Princess Rose
4. Velvet Brown
5. Peach
6. Empire Bronze
7. Fire Red
8. Dawn Pink
9. Spice Brown
10. White
11. Royal Aqua
12. Imperial Black
13. Royal Burgundy
14. Shocking Pink
15. Dynasty Green
16. Green Mist
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Color key in adjoining column

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Which went to show, so Mr. McPhail told his wife later, how easy it was to misjudge a man's character. "The old devil is as hard as flint and no mistake about it," decided the collector of customs over a steaming glass of grog. "And if you or I are taken ill this coming winter, my dear, I vote we call in that new young chap down to St. Blazey."

Dr. Carfax, unaware that his shortness of temper might have reduced his enormously long list of prospective sick by two, did not immediately walk home after leaving the stable, but turned instead into the town. He had a disagreeable mission to perform.

The October spring tides had clashed with a sou'west gale of some ferocity and the doctor became aware by the excited knots of people that the town quay must be flooded and the water making its way into Church Square. The more adventurous were already wading knee deep, and screams of laughter greeted one young woman who was obliged to lift her skirts, displaying a pair of remarkably good legs in the process.

"Pull 'un up higher, Deb," shouted an onlooker. "We'm all waitin' breathless for what's coming next." But the young woman, undeterred, held her petticoats with one hand and sent a shower of water in the direction of her mocking audience with the other.

Whoops of joy greeted her arrival on dry land beside the Rose & Anchor, and as she darted in at the door of the hostelry she collided with no less a person than Dr. Carfax.

"Why, doctor!" exclaimed Deborah. "I didn't see it was you, with so many gaping at me."

He drew aside to let her pass, inquiring after her mistress at the same time.

"She was upstairs when last I saw her, sir. I just slipped out to hear if there was any news, and ——" Deborah checked herself, for the only news that was likely to interest the hostess of the Rose & Anchor that evening was what had happened at Bodmin Assizes.

"And became very wet by so doing," the doctor continued for her. "If you have some sense, go and change immediately, but first conduct me upstairs to your mistress, for I have a message for her."

"Yes, doctor."

Deborah led the way to the best bedroom and, knocking on the door, announced, "Here's Dr. Carfax to see you, ma'am."

"Good evening to you, Linnet," said the doctor. "I apologize for this somewhat brusque intrusion but, knowing your husband is generally occupied in the bar at this time, I thought I might catch you alone."

Linnet advanced from the window. In the half-light it seemed to the doctor that her beauty, of which he was always well aware, had for the first time a curiously uncanny quality, like a vision seen in a dream and scarce remembered, while the faintly mocking smile with which she greeted him brought a disquiet and discomfort too.

"You chose your moment well," she replied. "No one will disturb us here with all this nonsense going on below."

Then he noticed she was carrying in one hand the smallest of dogs, a pup with an absurd bell about its neck, which she set down on the floor while she proceeded to light the lamp.

"That's a new pet, isn't it?" he asked.

"Not so new," she answered. "I've had him these ten weeks or more."

Now he saw that she was very pale, and was shocked, too, to remark how thin she had grown since he had seen her last.

"We have so little company these days. I've come to use this room as my own." she told him. "I slept badly where I was before. Sit yourself down." No sign of Lewarne's backslongings about the room either, noticed the doctor, which suggested—well, exactly what it did suggest.

"I'll come to the point of my visit at once," he began. "I'm here on behalf of Mrs. Bosanko. I was at Bodmin Assizes and she wishes you to know that young Amyot Trestane has been acquitted of manslaughter. He is bound over to keep the peace and Bosanko stands surety for him."

"Yes," said Linnet. He could sense the triumph in her voice.

"This means for at least six months he will remain under the direct eye of both Bosanko and his wife," continued the doctor, "without the right to move outside the farmhouse unless he has their permission."

The silence that greeted his announcement was proof of its significance to the listener.

"I had a few words with the young man," added the doctor. "He assured me, with tears in his eyes, he would do all he could to make up to the Bosankos for the trouble he has caused them. I rather think they would have spared their pains but for the children."

Linnet had stooped to pick up the dog. "Amyot blamed himself for Johnny's accident," she said. "There might have been none of this pother had he run for it at the time."

"And caused a second death," put in the doctor dryly. "Johnny Bosanko would have bled to death had he been left to lie there in the woods. As it is, he has a scar on his temple which will mark him for life. Amyot Trestane will do well to spend the next few months devoting himself to that boy and his parents." Dr. Carfax rose to his feet. "I won't detain you any longer," he said, "except to pass a final message from Mrs. Bosanko, to say that in the present circumstances she regrets she cannot offer you the hospitality of Lantyan."

Linnet Lewarne moved to the door, looking at the doctor with an expression so inscrutable that he could not tell whether she accepted him as enemy or friend.

"I ask hospitality of no one," she said. "least of all Mrs. Bosanko. But I tell you this: anyone who tries to come between me and the man I love will suffer for it."

"Johnny, will you get down from off that wall?"

"No, miss, I will not."

"Johnny, if you don't obey me, you will fall and cut your head again and this time I shall be blamed worse than before and sent away for good to an improving school."

Here was a threat causing Johnny Bosanko to pause in his scramble between cowshed and barn. "All right," he said, "but I'm too high now to jump, so Amyot must come and lift me down."

Mary, shrugging her shoulders, went off to summon Amyot.

"You'd better come," she said darkly. "He's at it again."

Amyot turned, then, seeing Mary, smiled. "What's the trouble? Is it Johnny?"

She nodded. He followed her to the spot where her brother, cocky and triumphant, sat drumming his feet on the ten-foot wall. Amyot, without a word, put up his hands and the boy slid onto his shoulders.

"Now, sirrah, gallop," commanded Johnny, but Amyot only smiled and put the boy to the ground.

"No," he said. "You work for me, not I for you. Come feed the horses and later you shall help polish the brass. Brothers in arms must keep their weapons bright."

It was strange, pondered Mary, what understanding he had of her brother. The accident which had marked her brother's face but not his nature had exercised a more profound effect on fourteen-year-old Mary, who blamed herself for the whole affair. If she had not slept so soundly that morning, she could have prevented the tumble and Amyot's arrest into the bargain. As it was, not even Johnny's recovery and Amyot's release could wipe out the memory of that morning's anguish.

She could confide in no one. Her mother, at Johnny's bedside, had thought only for him, and her father, appalled that the lad he had befriended must be tried for manslaughter, was too preoccupied with his own feelings to heed his daughter. So Mary kept her own counsel. When Amyot, freed, returned to Lantyan her joy at his home-coming was tempered by a determination to keep him out of further trouble—which trouble, though mentally acknowledged even to herself, meant Mrs. Lewarne.

This afternoon she followed Amyot and her brother back to the stable and watched them finish seeing to the horses and so on to the cleaning of harness.

"And now, sir," said Johnny, with all of a child's unconscious ingenuity in seizing on a ticklish subject, "we're ready, the pair of us, to ride forth and defend our honor 'gainst the might of the enemy. The thing is, whose champion would you best like to be? Mary's here or Mrs. Lewarne's, over to Troy?"

Mary, scarlet with embarrassment, hurriedly interposed: "Don't be so daft, Johnny. Amyot doesn't want to be anyone's champion."

"But you do, don't you, Amyot?" urged the irrepressible boy. "All knights swear fidelity to some lady and wear her ribbon as a favor."

Amyot, to Mary's great relief, smiled at Johnny composedly. "To be sure they do," he said. "If Mary will have me, I'll be glad to be her champion."

"Then that's settled," cried Johnny. "Give him a piece of your ribbon, Mary, to twist in his buttonhole." Nothing would content him but that his sister should hand over the half of her scarlet hair ribbon. The champion placed the ribbon in the top buttonhole of his jacket with suitable gravity.

"It's only in play, of course," whispered Mary hurriedly, desirous of proving to Amyot, above all persons, that she had reached the age where such games were considered folly.

But either he misunderstood her purpose or thought to pacify her brother, for he looked at her in all seriousness and said, "I would willingly lay down my life for you both. That's understood between the three of us."

Just then her mother's voice could be heard calling from the house to say Mr. Tregentil had walked over to tea, and would they please come in and wash their hands and faces, a Amyot, too, if his work was done. John was gone in a flash for, since the accident, t owner of Penquite had developed a pleasa habit of bringing with him small tokens: clutch of eggs blown by himself in youth a greatly prized; two butterflies; a ship in a b tle, fully rigged.

"We don't matter any more," laugh Amyot. "Today's present is more importa than tomorrow's battles. But I shall wear r favor just the same," and he touched the ri bon in his buttonhole.

There was the trouble, thought Mary, was ing her hands. However could you tell wheth Amyot, who seemed a boy like Johnny minute and a grown man the next, re meant what he said? The piece of ribbon w a joke, but Mary's consciousness of Amyo buttonhole was so acute that the ribb seemed to her the size of a banner as s slipped into the kitchen and took her place the table.

"—— so it would seem I am perfectly rig in my conjectures, and you are descend from a long line of kings," Mr. Tregentil w in the midst of announcing triumphantly.

"My dear life," said Mrs. Bosanko, usual paying more attention to her guest's po sible appetite than to his conversation. "Tl large pink cup for Mr. Tregentil, Mary, n the one with the crack in it. . . . Well, I sure we must all be very flattered, and mu mend our manners accordingly. Gabriel, y might make a start by not pouring your t into a saucer and blowing on it."



All slippers: Journal Pattern No. 2961; send 25c to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. (*Pennsylvania residents please add 4% state sales tax)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

My dear," replied her husband, "I've ed my tea into a saucer for forty years won't change the habit now. You'll pardon Mr. Tregentil, but what 'zactly is it that ve discovered about my forebears?"

Why, just what I was endeavoring to ex- to your wife as we sat down to tea," re- the visitor between mouthfuls of cake. researches prove that, your mother hav- been a Hoel, Bosanko, you are in all likeli- descended from Hoel the First, King of Britain. King Hoel held court at Kar- —or Carhayes, as we call it."

he beach below Carhayes Castle was a rite spot for Sunday-school outings. y, bless my soul," murmured Mr. Bo- o. "That's something my mother never v. She was plain Mary Hoel of Portloe never set foot in Carhayes Castle, to my wledge."

is visitor could not forbear smiling in su- or fashion. "I am speaking of Carhayes as as in the sixth century A.D. A castle in e days would be more of a hill fortress anything else, and King Hoel something barbarian in all probability. I can't prom- ou an ancestor with fine manners."

Well, but would he wear a crown, sir? 's what these children will want to know. n't I right, Johnny?"

he farmer winked at his young son, but Johnny and Mary were as serious as the irer himself. Mr. Tregentil, suspecting the older members of the party were not ciently impressed, stiffened somewhat and ned a second piece of saffron cake.

"A crown? I hardly think so," he replied.

Mary, who was so easily hurt herself these days, perceived that Mr. Tregentil was put out and wished intuitively to set the guest at ease.

"Was your ancestor also a king, Mr. Tregentil?" she inquired politely.

Now it so happened that Mr. Tregentil's father had been a man of modest background who had made a small fortune in tin and his only son was enabled to enjoy the fruits of the father's industry by taking a long lease of the mansion in which he now dwelt.

"The Tregentils were never river folk," he replied grandly. "They came from the hills." He waved in a northerly direction. "They held manor lands at one time near St. Columb and, although the exact locality is hard to trace, I propose making an expedition to that neighborhood in the near future. It may well turn out that the Tregentils had seignorial rights to Castell-an-Dinas itself."

Johnny, whose eyes had never left Mr. Tregentil's face since he had mentioned Hoel the First, found curiosity too much for him. "And what might that be, if you please?" he demanded.

The visitor sat bolt upright. "The greatest earthwork in the whole of Cornwall," he replied.

Johnny gasped. "I'd dearly like to see it."

Greatly to the surprise of Johnny's parents, Mr. Tregentil appeared to show pleasure at the prospect. "Indeed, why not?" he said. "Nothing would be simpler. A survey of Castell-an-Dinas should be part of the education of every Cornish boy."



easy to make
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Striped ticking slipper with black braid, a calico lining. One-piece felt slipper bound in green-and-gold wool. Flowers trim a black felt scuff (its sole is foam rubber between two layers of felt). Pink felt has crocheting for snug fit. White felt slipper with embroidery, crochet edge. Bowed blue felt scuff with elasticized crisscross straps. Fake fur lined in red cotton. Chartreuse felt slipper pinned with a yarn tassel.

Johnny was not slow to seize his advantage. "And Mary must come, too," he insisted, "and Amyot."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bosanko," said her guest earnestly, "nothing would delight me more than to escort your family to Castell-an-Dinas if Amyot will accompany them. It is not often one sees young people with such enthusiasm for things historical."

So the farmer's wife allowed herself to be persuaded. Mary and Johnny, once the visitor had departed, could talk of little else. Winter treats were few and far between, and a visit to what they understood must be Mr. Tregentil's ancestral home would be the best thing that could happen between now and Christmas.

Only Amyot remained silent and Mr. Bosanko, laying a hand on his shoulder, said kindly, "What ails you, lad? Have you no wish to go gallivanting across the moors in search of castles?"

Amyot started. "Why, sir, I'll be glad to go," he answered. "It's just I was puzzling where I had heard the name before. I could swear I knew a man called Dinas once, but who it was, and when it was, I cannot tell."

An epidemic of colds and coughs had kept Dr. Carfax busy and so he had not lately driven out to pay his customary call either on Mr. Tregentil or the Bosanko family.

One evening toward the end of the month, wandering into the dining room to await his dinner, Dr. Carfax found a note from Mrs. Bosanko:

Dear Doctor: Mr. Tregentil has very kindly offered to take the children to see the big earth castle near St. Columb, where it seems his ancestors lived centuries ago, and would it be too much for Johnny? If you say they can go, they shall. I am pleased to tell you Johnny seems entirely recovered.

Yours sincerely,
ALICE BOSANKO.

The doctor, with a quiet chuckle, laid the letter aside. The idea that his patient's researches had brought him to the point of claiming kinship with the unknown dwellers on Castell-an-Dinas was the best piece of news he had heard that day. As far as the children were concerned, nothing would be better for them.

"Mona," he remarked to his housekeeper, "does your sister at Tresaddern farm still take in visitors?"

"She does indeed, doctor," said Mona.

"Do you think she would have room for Mr. Tregentil and the Bosanko children, if they halted there for a couple of days?"

"I feel certain she would, sir. I'll write and make sure, if you wish me to."

The doctor considered. "Then do that, Mona. And if the party cares to make the expedition next Friday, staying over Saturday, we'll let them have half of that excellent Spanish ham that Mr. McPhail sent yesterday."

Mona wrote off posthaste and received a reply that the whole of Tresaddern would be put at the disposal of Dr. Carfax's party.

So far, so good. Notes were dispatched to Mrs. Bosanko and Mr. Tregentil from the doctor, explaining that he had taken it on himself to arrange accommodation for the explorers on Friday and Saturday of the coming week. It would also afford him the greatest pleasure, added the doctor in the note to Mr. Tregentil, to provide the party with a certain addition to the Saturday dinner, which, if eaten with moderation, and at least four hours before retiring to bed, would do none of them any harm.

Missives expressing the warmest thanks from both Lantyan and Penquite found their way to the doctor's house within twenty-four hours. Neither Mrs. Bosanko nor Mr. Tregentil thought it necessary to add that Amyot Trestane would accompany the party.

Now if Mrs. Bosanko had let well enough alone and not thought it necessary to take young Johnny into Troy to buy a warm overcoat, it is possible that word of the proposed expedition would never have reached the ear of one who, in the opinion of Johnny's mother, was least suitable to hear it. She bustled into the draper's shop Wednesday morning, so intent on her purchase that she did not notice that Johnny had lingered on the doorstep, and was waving to Deborah Brangwyn, shaking a duster out an upper window of the Rose & Anchor.

"We're off to Castell-an-Dinas on Friday," he called. "Amyot and Mary and me. We're going for two nights without father or mother." The boast held all the bravado of one temporarily freed from parental supervision.

"Is that so?" returned Deborah. "Well, you are a lucky boy. And who owns Castell-an-Dinas? The fairies, I suppose."

"No, they don't," replied Johnny. "They've got nothing to do with it. Both Castell-an-Dinas and Tresaddern farm where we're to sleep is Mr. Tregentil's seignorial rights."

It was at this moment that Mrs. Bosanko summoned her son inside the shop to try on the overcoat, and Deborah was left to make what she could of the latter part of Johnny's sentence. Her mistress should know of it, for since an embargo had been placed on visits between the Rose & Anchor and Lantyan, news of the Bosanko household had been scarce.

A little later when the landlord was safely below in the bar saloon, the maid slipped along to deliver her news. Linnet Lewarne, sorting linen, listened intently, then cast an eye on the almanac hanging on the wall.

"Saturday next is the thirty-first," she said. "Does the date suggest anything to you?"

"Only that it is All Hallow's E'en," replied Deborah promptly, "and those who wish to learn their fate must look into a mirror holding a lighted candle."

Her mistress laughed scornfully. "I did that twenty times as a girl and look what it brought me. But if I'm not mistaken, the thirty-first is the day the licencees and publicans hold their annual dinner at the Indian Queen. Landlords are asked to bring their wives."

Deborah had heard of the Indian Queen, on the highroad between Bodmin and Truro, and famous for brawls, by all accounts.

"If it's noise and drinking you are after, you'll find it there," she told her mistress. "But what a dinner at the Indian Queen has to do with the Bosanko children and Someone Else, I can't for the life of me see."

"You will if you look at a map," replied Linnet, and made her way downstairs to the saloon. No, she had not been mistaken. The old map hanging on the wall told her all she desired to know. The Indian Queen, some few miles from St. Columb, stood at equal distance from the hill fortress marked Castell-an-Dinas. As to Tresaddern farm, anyone in the district would inform her of its whereabouts. She looked across at her husband. He was sitting in a state of dejection, staring down at the empty glass in front of him.

"You are not well, it seems," said Linnet, moving softly to his side. "That's what comes of sitting withindoors all day and drinking more than your customers."

Her husband glanced up at her. "If I do," he answered, "you know whose fault it is."

"Oh, come," said Linnet. "It's the way of husbands to blame their own sullen temper on their wives. To tell you the truth, I've been out of sorts myself these past weeks and could do with a change."

The landlord seized her hand. "I'll take you anywhere you want to go. You've only to say the word."

His wife shrugged. "It's too late in the year. Where in the world could we go?" She paused and feigned to sweep the table clean in front of him. "What's this dinner you have to attend this coming Saturday?"

"The publicans' annual up at the Indian Queen," he answered. "We're both bidden for the night, but I accepted only for myself."

"I suppose you refused for me because you prefer to drink with your friends?"

"Nay, Linnet, you know that isn't true. Why, if you'd come with me, you would make me the proudest man in Cornwall."

Linnet, with one of her rare gestures of conciliation, bent over her seated husband and touched him lightly on the brow. "Mind you, I don't promise," she told him. "But if the weather looks settled Friday, we might set out that day and shop and sleep in St. Austell so that we could make an early start Saturday and arrive at the Indian Queen before midday. That way I could walk and see something of the countryside before it's time to change for

the dinner. And you"—she paused—"you could greet your friends sober for a change."

A letter addressed to Amyot Trestane, Tresaddern Farm, near St. Columb, was handed in to the postmaster's office by Deborah some twenty minutes later.

The evening of Friday, October thirtieth, Dr. Carfax, turning into Trafalgar Square, perceived the carrier, Will Pherris, who the preceding day had delivered a half ham to Mr. Tregentil at Penquite. Bill Pherris looked sheepish and slapped his hand on his pocket.

"Dang me if it hadn't slipped my memory," he apologized. "Here I've been carrying this around, doctor, since yesterday forenoon."

He handed over a letter, which the doctor took with pretended gravity.

The carrier disappeared and Dr. Carfax, aware that stout Mrs. McPhail—who, once engaged in conversation, kept at it for a full ten minutes—was approaching, altered his course and dived into the Rose & Anchor.

He seized the opportunity of glancing through the note just handed to him. A rapid reading produced an explosion.

"Now if this doesn't beat all!" exclaimed the doctor, with such vigor that Ned Varco, on duty within the bar, limped to the front entrance to see who was disturbing the peace. The note ran:

Dear Carfax: My warm thanks for the welcome haunch of venison that has just arrived. The four of us, young Amyot, the children and myself, look forward to an excellent stew for Saturday's dinner. We intend to leave in the brougham at crack of dawn Friday.

Sincerely,
E. TREGENTIL

Venison! The half of the Spanish ham dubbed venison! To be stewed for Saturday's dinner! The very word was sacrilege. And to take Amyot Trestane, of all men, to wander on Castell-an-Dinas ——

But a voice close behind him put a stop to further reflection.

"Can I do anything for you, doctor?" Li Ned Varco was standing in the passage.

"No, thank you, Ned. I was merely—h'm giving utterance to my feelings. How is y mistress? Well, I trust, and the landlord to

The crippled barman nodded. "Well enou when they set out midday," he answer "They'll be away till Sunday, master re oned, staying for the dinner Saturday at Indian Queen."

"The Indian Queen?"

"That's right, doctor. Master was go and the mistress, she suddenly took it into head she wanted a change of air."

And the Indian Queen not three miles tant from Castell-an-Dinas. That fool Treg til—that double-dyed fool.

Dr. Carfax bade the bartender a curt g night and stepped across the road to postmaster's office.

A telegram, addressed Tregentil, Tres dern, St. Columb, was handed in to the po master within a few minutes, and ran follows:

KEEP AN EYE ON YOUNG AMYOT. INTEND JO ING YOU BY MIDDAY SATURDAY. ON NO COUNT STEW HAM. REGARDS. CARFAX

To set forth the last days of October fo distance of eighteen miles, a closed vehi was imperative, with coachman Dingle tak the reins. The plan was for Mr. Tregentil leave in the brougham at eight o'clock in morning and to pick up his little party twe minutes later. They would proceed by way Lanlivery and, all being well, should reach turn to Castell-an-Dinas within two hours a a half. A halt for picnic luncheon would made, and then the party would walk up hill to explore the castle. Dingle would deli their belongings to Mrs. Polwhele at Tres dern Farm and continue with the brough to St. Columb.

Friday dawned fine if something chill, w all proceeding according to plan; John "lording" it on the box, wearing his n overcoat, and Mary seated beside her ho with Amyot on the opposite seat.

Stately Captain, Mr. Tregentil's carria bay, breasted the hills like a war horse a when, after some twisting and turning, t brougham emerged onto the great highroad Truro, with the country rolling away to no and west and the coast in the far distan Johnny leaped up and down on the b urging Mr. Dingle the coachman to grea speed. This Mr. Dingle was not prepared do, the truth being that he disapproved of t whole expedition.

Mr. Dingle was more convinced than ever the folly of the expedition when, after sor further driving, Johnny called excited "Look, I think that's it. That's Castell-a Dinas."

The coachman followed the line of Johnn pointing finger. "Is that what we've co for?" he asked incredulously. "Poor Captai pulled the brougham fifteen miles to see th old hillock? If Mr. Tregentil had any ser he'd bid me turn around and go home again

Mary, within the brougham, was of mu the same opinion as Mr. Dingle. Castell-a Dinas was nothing but a hill, ringed wi furze bushes. It was no better than Cas Dor where she and Johnny used to play hid and-seek when waiting for the horses to shod. It did not really matter, of course. T excitement lay in staying away from home a being with Amyot.

"It—it must have a very fine view," she sa politely.

Mr. Tregentil, busy with a map, brushed t remark aside. "It commanded the whole Cornwall and was obviously quite impre nable," he told her with pardonable exagger tion. "See, Amyot. You have nothing so fi in Brittany, I'll be bound."

Amyot, after a quick glance at their dista objective, resumed his seat. He was looki a little pale: the result, so Mary thought, sitting with his back to the horse. It wou not be long now before they reached the halting place and could all get out.

The coachman continued along the si road until further shouting from within t brougham warned him they had reached t first stage of his two-day purgatory.

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leven-thirty. Excellent time. I congratu- you, Dingle," cried his master.
he coachman touched his hat in silence, e Amyot Trestane helped the party to end.
t won't do, sir," said Dingle, "to keep tain standing long. He's likely to take a , seeing how hot he is, an' the distance been."
No, of course not. Quick with the hamper, ot. We'll eat here and let Dingle and the gham go."
few minutes later the coachman dis- ared from view.
Can't we eat up at the castle?" begged ny. "It's easy to carry the things. Please, Tregentil."
his was agreed on after some little demur, Amyot, shouldering rugs and luncheon et, led the way up the rough path toward ncampment.
Stay, Amyot," called Mr. Tregentil. "Let consult the map to find the entrance. We leap ditches, laden as we are."
't's to the right, sir," said Amyot. "The gate is nearest to us." He pointed,

NEXT MONTH

ought off the mighty yearning to go in ch of him, wherever he was. We e ill at ease, always, when apart." Word of the death of her husband hed Pearl Buck in Japan. You will sure her memories of his vibrant it, and sorrow with her in beauty earable for not being shared. You'll strength and grace in her mem- ble story of love and loss.

A BRIDGE FOR PASSING

By PEARL BUCK

mplete in the December Journal, condensed from the book soon to be published by John Day Co.

tly to the surprise of Mr. Tregentil, and inued to the way.
Most unusual," murmured Mr. Tregentil, st. He never as much as glanced at the ."
hen he and Mary topped the rise they d Amyot and Johnny waiting for them by outer perimeter of the earthwork and there the entrance, just as Amyot had said.
Come," said Mr. Tregentil, surveying the e with satisfaction. "Let us unpack the per, eat, and then explore."
myot, the basket still on his shoulder, vened. "You'll find it drier, sir, across enter," he said, "overlooking the northern part."
ary stared at Amyot. Why did he use the d "rampart," and how did he know it ld be drier there?
We'll soon have a fire lighted and can boil kettle," continued Amyot. "Johnny, ll find a pool of water to the right, good drinking."
Somewhat perplexed, Mr. Tregentil fol- d Amyot to the ground designated and, it was exceedingly dry with granite slabs t on while below to the right lay the dew d toward which Johnny was clambering, le in hand.
myot stood motionless. He set down per and rugs and stared about him. "Inas," he said, as though to himself, "Inas."
Correctly spoken," agreed Mr. Tregentil. "Inas, the Cornish for hill fort."

"Oh, no, sir," disputed Amyot. "It's a man's name by rights, and he my friend."

Mary, of a sudden, felt uncomfortable. It was all very well for Amyot to play these games with Johnny, but it hardly did to make fun of Mr. Tregentil. She began gathering sticks for the fire to hide her confusion.

Mr. Tregentil was a little put out. "You must know, children," he announced with an eye upon Amyot, "there are other fortresses so named. There are two on the south coast near St. Antony. Dinas—Dinan—Dennis; all these words mean fortress."

"And he who mans them a chieftain, serving the great king," said Amyot to Johnny, who smiled and nodded.

Mary, her face scarlet, pressed a pasty, wrapped in a napkin, on Mr. Tregentil. He took up his stance beside her on the rug and during the picnic luncheon addressed his remarks upon the structure of hill fortresses strictly to Mary, who understood not a single word of it.

Later, when the crumbs were gathered and the embers of the fire trodden underfoot, Mr. Tregentil ensconced himself on the highest perimeter with map and field glasses while Johnny, brandishing a new-pealed stick to serve as sword, stood on sentry-go beneath him.

"Amyot," said Mary, as he helped her fasten the hamper, "it was not very polite of you to make mock of Mr. Tregentil."

Amyot looked at her in amazement. "I make mock of Mr. Tregentil?" he repeated. "If I did, I had no intention of it and I'm very sorry."

They finished packing in silence. Looking up at him, she saw his face was pale again, as it had been in the brougham, and his eyes were troubled.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet, waving his hand to her brother. "Come, Johnny," he said. "I'll defend the fortress, and you shall storm it." And it was all play after all, the nonsense they shared together. Yet Mary stood watching them, anxious for no good reason.

Presently, laughing and breathless, they flung themselves down in the bracken beside Mr. Tregentil. Amyot respectfully begged their host to conduct them round the encampment.

Later, when the afternoon turned chill, Mr. Tregentil decided it was time to descend and find the quarters that had been provided for them at Tresaddern farm.

Down in the valley, sheltered by a cluster of trees, stood the comforting gray farmhouse, and a smiling, broad-hipped Mrs. Polwhele waited at the door to greet them. She curtsied low, declaring that it was the greatest honor to receive such a nobleman as Mr. Tregentil under her humble roof, bringing his handsome family with him.

Mr. Tregentil felt a prick of irritation. "You are under a misapprehension, my good woman," he said. "These young people are the children of a neighboring farmer and this is their French attendant. What is that I see, a telegram?"

Mrs. Polwhele, profuse in her apologies, proffered him Dr. Carfax's telegram on a silver salver. "There's a letter too, sir," she said. "It must be for—for the foreign gentleman, Mr. Trestane."

The envelope, bearing Linnet's bold handwriting, was handed to the astonished Amyot. Mr. Tregentil, intent on his telegram, had turned his back. Johnny was already halfway to the kitchen. Mary alone was seized with apprehension.

It's from Mrs. Lewarne, she thought. *That's why he hasn't said a word.* Her day that had dawned so fair was suddenly doomed.

It was raw and foggy when Dr. Carfax alighted at Roche station Saturday morning at the uncomfortable hour of half past seven. He decided to have breakfast at the adjoining inn and see if he could hire a conveyance to take him on to Tresaddern.

Dr. Carfax learned, without much surprise, that it would take some little time to find him a vehicle. The butcher would be going his rounds at ten and not before. So, without more ado, he decided to walk.

It was years since he had traveled this part of the country. Tresaddern lay at the foot of Castell-an-Dinas to the west. A signpost, turning from the St. Columb road, should point the way. The fog was patchy; clear when he had set out, now it seemed to close in once more. Wreaths of drifting mist, passing in front of him some fifty yards ahead, obliterated the scene on either side.

Dr. Carfax left the high road for the St. Columb turning and presently became aware of rising ground to the right of him and, despite the mist, knew instinctively that the fortress lay above. Had the morning been clear, it would have been pleasant to wander there on the summit. As it was, he must continue on his way and, leaving an old tin mine to the left of him, another half mile's walking brought him to Tresaddern farm.

The party must be astir, for the curtains were pulled, the windows open, and there was young Johnny Bosanko running through the garden to the gate, a collie pup romping at his heels.

"Hullo, doctor," Johnny shouted. "Come inside the house, sir, and wait for Mr. Tregentil to return."

"Why, where has he gone?"

"To St. Columb," answered the boy. "He and Amyot and Mary. They've all walked to



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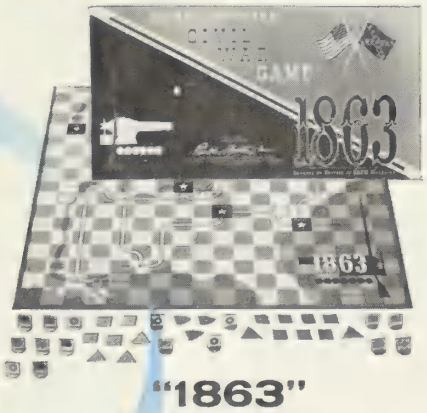
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St. Columb to look at the church, 'cos Mr Tregentil thinks his ancestors are buried there. There's a fire in the parlor and here's Mrs. Polwhele to bid you welcome."

Dr. Carfax, remembering the courtesy due to his housekeeper's sister, removed his hat with a flourish and, although glad enough of the parlor fire and the easy chair and the cup of tea she pressed on him, he could have done without the life history of herself and Mona which he had heard a dozen times before.

A smell of burning fat recalled Mrs. Polwhele to her duties in the kitchen and the guest relaxed with a sigh, to light his pipe.

"And so," he said to Johnny, between puffs, "you didn't please to go to church. Why was that?"

"Because it's dull," returned Johnny promptly. "And if you ask me, Mr. Tregentil hasn't got any ancestors at all. And as to Castell-an-Dinas, why, Amyot knew more about it than he did."

"I dare say," grunted the doctor. "And what exactly did Amyot know?"

Johnny, who had felt in the visitor's overcoat pocket to see if he carried the usual box of cough lozenges and was disappointed to find it empty, proceeded to climb the furniture by way of diversion.

"Well, he knew the way, for one thing," he answered, "and where the gates were and the pool for drinking water, and when the others were talking he pointed out where the horses used to parade up and down before Dinas mounted them."

Dr. Carfax grunted once again. "Dinas? I thought that was the name of the castle."

"Perhaps so," shrugged Johnny, "but it was the name of the owner, too, who served the king. And, talking of kings, I've got one for an ancestor and so has Mary. Mr. Tregentil discovered them in a book."

"Get along with you," said the doctor, staring at the fire in front of him, and hardly noticed when the boy ran whistling from the room. Hours later, or so it seemed, he heard the sound of carriage wheels and, rousing himself, went to the window. The brougham had drawn up outside the farmhouse and Tregentil was descending from it, alone.

Carfax strode to the door. "Where is Amyot?" he demanded.

Mr. Tregentil was visibly put out. "He's given me the slip," he fluttered. "Mary too. I was in a dark corner of the church, peering at the lettering on a tomb, when suddenly Mary exclaimed, 'Amyot's gone!' Before I reached the entrance, both had vanished. I concluded the best thing to do was to fetch Dingle and the brougham, and hope to pass them on the road. We had better return to St. Columb forthwith."

Dr. Carfax, looking upward, saw that the mist was once more closing in upon the trees about Tresaddern. "A fruitless journey," he said. "We can spare ourselves the trouble."

"But why, in heaven's name? Where else can they be?" asked Mr. Tregentil.

The doctor turned suddenly to his older patient and pushed him within the house. "Not in your world, Tregentil, nor in mine," he answered, "but in some borderland of buried kings and lovers. Haply, on the high-road to the Indian Queen. Come and eat, for we may have to travel with them before nightfall."

The night before Linnet Lewarne and her husband set forth on their holiday, Deborah Brangwyn waited until the church clock struck eleven and then slipped along the passage to her master's room and softly tapped on the door.

A hoarse voice bade her enter. The landlord was sitting on one side of the great brass bedstead, not yet undressed, the candlelight throwing a monstrous shadow of him on the wall.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Is your mistress ill?"

Deborah shook her head. "No, sir," she whispered, "but I must speak to you."

"Well, what is it? Out with it."

Deborah set down the candle. "You must know my mistress has deceived you and has done so this long while," she said. "I speak for her sake, not for yours. She has a good home here and all she needs. To run off now with a penniless farm laborer, and he a foreigner who's barely escaped prison, will ruin her life forever, as well as yours and mine."

The landlord stared. "So it was true," he said slowly. "The Breton lad. Why, he was shut up and waiting trial for several weeks, wasn't he? And now he's back at Bosanko's, sworn to good behavior?"

"That's so," Deborah nodded. "But nothing will keep them from running off if once they meet. Mistress wrote him two days ago; I posted the letter. He's gone with the Bosanko children to a farm called Tresaddern, not a few miles from the Indian Queen. Now you see why she's so eager to go with you."

Deborah snapped her fingers, and in the brief gesture the landlord saw the destruction of all his hopes and dreams. "I'll waken her," he said. "I'll go now and tax her with it."

"No," said Deborah swiftly, "you'll never stop her that way. Listen, while I tell you ——"

She drew near, sinking her voice to a whisper, and now their two shadows merged together on the wall, out of all proportion, menacing, grotesque.

Never, thought Mark Lewarne, when he and his wife set forth next day, driven by Tim Udy in the barouche, had Linnet appeared so beautiful; never, in the two years of their wedded life, so carefree or so gay.

They put up at the White Hart and she insisted that her husband should go shopping with her, and buy her gloves and a new hat. They left the shop, Linnet with the hat set jauntily on her head, her arm linked in her husband's, and *Surely*, thought Mark Lewarne, *she has not only me bewitched but the town as well*, for everyone they passed stared at her, glancing back in admiration.

It can't be true, Mark Lewarne told himself, when she toasted him at dinner. What if it had been jealousy and spite that had driven Deborah to make her accusation? Women did such things, after a tiff.

We'll see what morning brings, decided her husband, before dropping off to troubled sleep. *If she's still sweet and loving, then Deborah's a liar, and the sooner she's dismissed the better.*

The morning brought fog, a clammy cold air drifting past the window when Linnet, the first to awaken, threw wide the sash. She dressed hurriedly and was fastening her gown when her husband opened his eyes.

"What's the haste?" he murmured. This was the sort of weather when anyone in his senses stayed in town. He yawned and stretched. "We'd be more comfortable here. Another day's shopping and so home, giving the Indian Queen a miss."

She paused, her hands busy with her hair, and came to the bed. "Shame on you, Mark Lewarne," she said, "afraid of a bit of mist!"

If his spirits sank, it was not because of the weather, but at sight of her cold eyes, her determined chin. The bait must be strong, to lure her nine miles in doubtful weather to a comfortless spot in the clay country.

When they descended, dressed and ready to mount the carriage, the White Hart landlord stared at them, astonished. "You're never leaving in this fog? Why, you'll find the dinner canceled. No one will drive from Bodmin or Truro when they see how it is."

Lewarne glanced at his wife. Linnet, unsmiling, held out her hand to their host. "Thanks for your advice," she said, "but we're not accepting it. If we lose ourselves, we'll just draw in to the side of the road and sit tight. He'll not regret it."

At this the landlord of the White Hart set up a roar of laughter, and slapped his friend on the shoulder. "Why, nor would I, in his place," he said. "Ma'am, if the dinner does come off, your husband will be the most envied man at the table."

Could be, thought Mark Lewarne, *could be*—but only if the woman he'd held in his arms last night was his alone. And that, in the morning's light, was doubtful.

"Whoa! And away there," called Tim Udy, who, at the prospect of free liquor, would have driven the horses to perdition.

He reckoned, and so had Linnet, on improving conditions, but it was one thing to climb up to St. Denis on a fine morning; another to cover the same ground in growing fog. The horses plodded on, Tim Udy peering right and left, cursing the scarcity of signposts, while within the carriage Mark Lewarne sat silent, aware of his wife's hands restless with her muff.

"He's missed the road," she kept saying. "I tell you, the fool has missed the road."

"If he has," replied her husband, "we can always turn back again."

No answer to this, save an impatient tapping of her foot on the floor.

It was nearing midday when, peering from the carriage window, Mark Lewarne discerned a river to the left of them. "It must be the Fal!" he exclaimed. "In which case we're miles off course."

"And you sitting there like an idiot to allow it?" cried Linnet. "Get out and make inquiries. There's a cottage yonder."

It was indeed the Fal, her husband told her on his return. They had left the St. Denis road some miles back, thus making a detour, but this rough road must bring them, eventually, to their destination.

"Eventually?" asked Linnet. "And what eventually?"

"Why, half past one to two," replied Lewarne.

So Deborah had been right. The gaiety of the preceding day had been a blind or, what was worse, anticipation. He felt in his pocket for the phial Deborah had given him, and held it tight.

It was close on two in the afternoon when the carriage drew up before the Indian Queen. A face showed itself at the window, and by the time Mark Lewarne had descended from the carriage the door of the inn had opened and the landlord, Bill Hext, stood before them.

"My gosh," he exclaimed, "if it isn't Mark Lewarne, and the only one to brave it! Come in, come in, and your good lady too."

Linnet, once she had entered, saw surroundings very different from her own spick-and-span hostelry. Here was nothing but a roadside inn, low-ceilinged, cramped, the rafters black with smoke, while her host, scratching his head and grinning, betrayed by his grubby linen that he had no wife to care for him.

"You'll not want company, my dears," he said, "for though none may turn up from ten mile or more, we'll get some stragglers in and the miners, and make a night of it."

Mark Lewarne watched his disdainful wife. The slightest trouble now and his own plans might miscarry. Or rather, Deborah's plans.

"Half a tumbler of cider for the missus, please, Bill," he asked. "She don't touch spirits"; and in a slightly lower voice, as though to his host alone, "To tell you the truth, she's a bit put out from the weather. She had it all planned to walk, and see the country."

Bill Hext lumbered to the bar. "Walk?" He laughed. "Well, she won't walk this day unless she wants to lose herself on Goss Moor yonder. Give her this and I'll tell your fellow when to put the horses."

Mark Lewarne, his back to Linnet, who stood warming her hands at the fire, poured into the tumbler of cider the drops of liquid from the phial he held secreted. When Bill Hext had gone outside, Lewarne carried the glass to Linnet.

She took it from him, and to his relief swallowed the draught instantly. "That's better," she said. "Your friend keeps good cider, nothing else. I'll get my walk yet."

Her husband said nothing, but watched her with curiosity.

A few moments later Bill Hext returned, slamming the door behind him. "My gosh," he said, "we'll have to bring 'em in direct!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

NEXT MONTH

There's No Place Like Home for Christmas—Except the Journal!

"I WAS MET BY A LOVELY, SMILING WOMAN BEARING A TRAY . . ."

And thus, in one household, a neighbor's thoughtfulness gave the holiday season its truest meaning, "the source of our joy." Dawn Crowell Ney writes of THE GIFTS MONEY CAN'T BUY.

SUGARED STARS! . . . THE BEST SWEETS YOU'VE EVER TASTED AND HOW TO MAKE THEM (ALSO 10 OTHERS)

They're delicious and different—Candied Cranberries, Butterscotch Coconut Balls, Sesame Sticks. And such old favorites as Christmas Fudge. With all the recipes.

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH ST. JEROME AND THE LION

Rumer Godden, whose MISS HAPPINESS AND MISS FLOWER delighted readers last year, tells the legend (this time in verse). Perfect reading-aloud-before-the-fire for the circle around the hearth. And for absolutely ALL ages.

HANG YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE WITH COOKIES

Let the whole family help bake and decorate these gayest tree trimmings. Just as good to eat or to pack as entrancing gifts. Pictures and instructions show exactly how to make them.

ON THE NIGHT MOST AMERICANS STAY HOME
50,000 ST. LOUISANS TURN OUT—

. . . To sing the well-known Christmas carols on every residential street in the city. How did the largest community-wide organization of its kind start? Read A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

ALSO a Christmas story by Dorothy Thomas; glamorous holiday fashions; a Treasury of Inspired Gifts to buy and to make; five delicious puddings, each with a special sauce, to give your feast a happy ending.

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BRONZE FIRE BURNT PINK ALADDIN'S FIRE

NORTHAM WARREN DIV., NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

with a bugle. There's nothing else will do it." Reaching up to a nail above the bar, he brought down a battered brass horn and put it to his lips.

"Spare us, for heaven's sake," cried Linnet, putting her hands to her ears. "Blow it after dinner if you care to, but not now. Where's Castell-an-Dinas, Mr. Hext, and how far from here?"

Their host stared in surprise. "Some three miles if you go direct," he answered, "but there's nothing to see there, even in fine weather. Just a hill with ditches around it."

Linnet stood for a moment uncertainly. "Show me the road," she said. "I don't care how far it is. Show me the road." Now, though, her voice faltered, and moving a step toward the door, she stumbled. "I must go there," she cried. "I have to go there."

Her husband caught her as she fell and, gathering her in his arms, he stammered, "She's not quite herself; that's the truth. May I carry her upstairs?"

His host, dumfounded, nodded. "Why, certain sure. But to faint like that, so sudden. There's family on the way, I take it?"

Mark Lewarne did not answer. The question had never been put to him before, but it sounded bittersweet, now it was said. Let Bill Hext think what he had a mind to think. He laid Linnet down on the bed in the small bare room over the bar and covered her tenderly with the rough, gray coverlet. Then he turned the key in the door and joined his host downstairs.

When Mary, glancing over her shoulder in St. Columb Church, saw that Amyot was no longer with them she knew that something was amiss. She went to the door and saw his back disappearing up the narrow street to the right. Instinct made her wary; he must not know that she was following him.

He continued past the shops and houses until St. Columb itself lay behind and there was nothing before them but the open road. Now Mary paused, for the signpost had marked upon it "Truro," which she knew lay in the opposite direction from the farm. The weather was worsening, a fine rain falling, and Amyot striding away into the mist ahead of her would soon be lost to sight. She began to run, calling to him. "Amyot," she cried, "Amyot, wait for me."

She saw him turn and stare and when she reached him he did not smile at her, but stood watching her in an odd, grave fashion.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I saw you had left the church and I had to follow you. There's something wrong."

He did not answer her immediately, and when he did his voice was harsh, the voice of a stranger. "You'd best go back. There's nothing you can do."

He turned on his heel and was walking ahead again. She caught at his hand, running beside him. "Amyot," she said, "you promised father. You gave your word to father!"

He tried to shake her off, his face pale. "I gave my word to another before I gave it to him. It's something stronger than myself. Go back, Mary, before you make me angry."

"No," she sobbed, "no, I won't. It's Mrs. Lewarne, isn't it? That's why you're running away. You're going to meet Mrs. Lewarne. The letter was from her."

"Call her that if you like," said Amyot. "I never have. She's dearer than life itself, that's all I know."

Then Mary knew that nothing she could say would deter him. He spoke almost as if he were in some dream. "Yes, Amyot," she said, "I understand. You love her and I'm not blaming you. Let me come with you till you find her."

It seemed to her she had grown suddenly old and wise, and he was a little child, younger than Johnny, in need of protection.

"She'll never find her way in this mist. That's what worried me," he said, looking beyond them up the road. "She'll step out bravely and lose herself and come to harm. That's why I've taken the Truro road, which should bring me to the Indian Queen before three miles."

"The Indian Queen?"

"Yes, the name of the inn where they'll be lodging. She asked me to meet her at Castell-an-Dinas between one and two."

He strode off once more and she was obliged to hasten her steps to keep pace with him. Mary, who had already walked from Tressadern to St. Columb, was becoming footsore and more than a little weary, with anxiety adding to her distress. For what would Mr. Tregentil think of them both? Would he search for them, then call the police, and Amyot be seized and put into prison again?

They came at last to a cluster of cottages, at the first of which Amyot asked his way. When he returned to Mary he was smiling. "We're not far now," he told her. "The next turning to the left should bring us to the inn. The woman in the cottage thought I was bidden to the dinner."

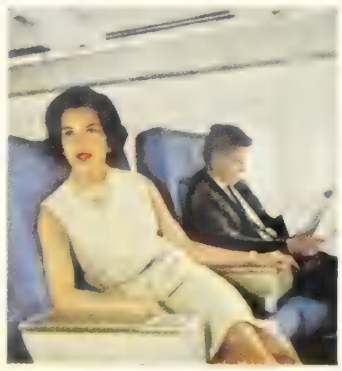
Mary's heart began to beat faster, for what in the world was his intention when they reached the Indian Queen? To go boldly in and ask for Mrs. Lewarne, with the landlord there himself and other company?

They soon emerged onto a highway, with a dwelling across the way. That could be none other than the Indian Queen. But what a fine and mighty name for so humble a place! As Amyot and Mary stood there, they heard the sound of wheels coming out of the mist, and voices. Swiftly Amyot drew Mary beside him into the ditch and they crouched there, waiting for the vehicle to pass. It hove into view, a wagonette laden with a group of laughing, singing men, and drew up before the inn.

"They've come for the dinner," whispered Mary, "though it isn't half past two yet and we don't even know if Mrs. Lewarne is there."

Amyot put up his hand, warning her to silence. The men climbed down from the wagonette, shouting. Then the door of the inn opened. There was more laughter, more clatter and some seven or eight men crowded their way inside. The driver of the wagonette





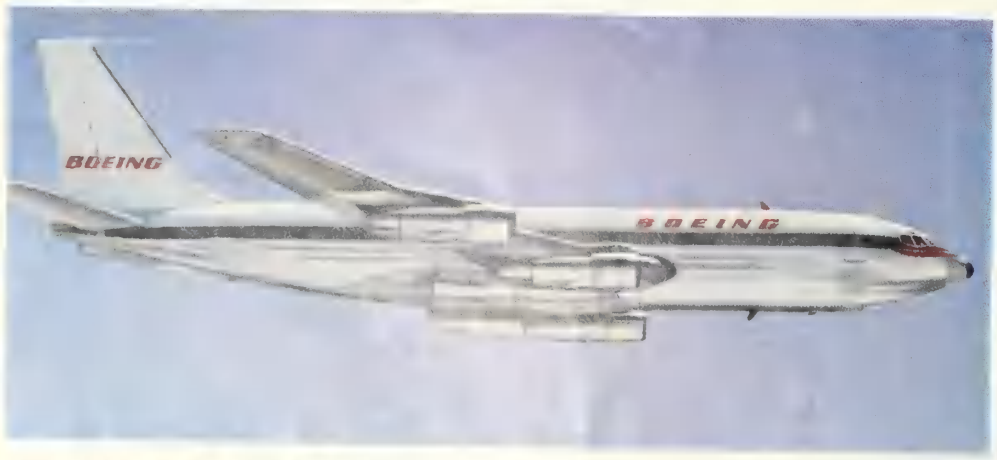
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his horses and drove back along the

"What are you going to do now?" asked

Amyot looked down at her. "Wait here," said. "I'm going to see if there are stables the inn. If so, the horses may be there their barouche." He was soon back. "The are there, and the barouche," he said. a plan, Mary, and I want you to trust He was smiling again, and confident. "I you to wait in the stables, near the It's warm there, and you'll be safe Wait until I return. I can't promise ing I shall be. But first, have I changed earance since a year ago?"

"How do you mean, changed?" Mary was "You're taller and broader and, the way you are, it would take a friend recognize you today."

"That's what I thought." Amyot seemed pleased than ever. "He only saw me when I flung myself before this carriage. knock on the door and ask if they want cian for their dinner. I have no instru- but I can sing for them. I'll say I'm a ag player who's lost his way."

Then he disappeared again, to the front of , and she crept into the dark stable, he horses, and flung herself down the straw. She was hungry and tired, ne of this mattered. Her fears were all nyot.

An hour passed, and he did not come. Then. ng to the yard, she could hear the sound

...en must be permitted to do creative ...s in their own way rather than ours. ...get nearer seventy, I realize that ...s always another perfectly good way ... almost anything. A dog scratches ...lf with his hind legs, a pig does it ...bbing against a post; but they are ...good scratchers. If your child insists ...e can make better mud pies with hot ...than with cold, for heaven's sake let ...oil some water and find out if he is

CHARLES KETTERING

...ging and laughter. Greatly daring, she ...nearer to the window and she saw a ... of men drinking and laughing, while ... them, not Amyot, held a great brass ...et to his mouth. Then she saw him. His ...as off, and above him, suspended from a ... lamp, there was an apple on a string. ...ve this way and that, trying to bite the ... while the men rocked with laughter and ...ded. Then she remembered. It was ...ween. These were the games they played ...e on Halloween. But here at the Indian ... it was somehow frightening, and dif- ...

...denly Amyot ducked and seized the bob- ...pple between his teeth and held it, and ... was a great burst of cheering.

"...'s won the queen," someone yelled and ... warmed about him. Amyot himself, with ... eyes, crunched the apple in two, ...ing one half over his shoulder. It hit the ...ord of the Rose & Anchor between the ...e advanced, shaking his fist, half drunk. ...er man caught hold of him and cried, "...your turn now, Lewarne, for the four ...s. If you choose aright, then you can up ...in your sleeping lady."

"...four choices. Yes, that was a custom, ...ut one their mother never let them play, ... wasn't seemly. Four bowls must be placed ... four corners of a room. One bowl filled ... pebbles, the second empty, the third ... with clean water and the fourth with ... The test was for someone to be blind- ...d and to creep upon all fours. He who ... the pebbles would be wealthy and he ...found the empty bowl would end a ...r. The bowl with the clean water fore- ... faithful marriage partner, but the bowl ...ty water signified adultery. This was why ... Bosanko forbade them to play the game. ...w they were blindfolding Mr. Lewarne ...orcing him upon his knees. There he was, ...ing like a beast, not knowing which way ...n. There was a sudden hush as he made

for the left-hand corner, and coming upon the bowl, dabbled his hands in it.

A yell of laughter broke from the crowd when the landlord of the Rose & Anchor, sitting back on his haunches, tore the bandage from his eyes. "He's found the muck," they shouted. "He's put his hands in the dirt."

As Mark Lewarne rose, dazed and shaking, his eye fell upon Amyot and he lunged toward him. "It's you that's done it. It's you that's played the trick." He seized the bowl and flung it toward Amyot, but it shattered the lamp instead.

The oaths and laughter and breaking glass that followed were like all hell let loose, and Mary, terrified, ran out of the yard and into the road.

A horse and carriage came toward her and she ran toward it, crying at the top of her voice, "Come quickly! They're fighting!"

Then she recognized the horse, Captain, and Mr. Dingle, the coachman on the box, and the man who stepped out of the brougham and put his arm about her was Dr. Carfax.

Mr. Tregentil did his best to answer the doctor's questions before they set forth together in the brougham en route for the Indian Queen. All, he insisted, had gone well with the excursion until Amyot and Mary had disappeared from St. Columb Church. No, he knew nothing of any message from Mrs. Lewarne. Although now it seemed, from what Mrs. Polwhele told them, Amyot had received a letter. The whole party had been tired and retired early to bed.

Doctor and patient stepped into the brougham and Mr. Dingle coaxed Captain to step bravely through the mud.

"I really must tell you, Carfax," began Mr. Tregentil, "you've been talking to me in riddles."

"I know that," snapped the doctor, "but you must accept it. Tell me, there are two distinct versions of the death of Tristan, are there not?"

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"Yes, but I can't for the life of me see ——"

"Then don't attempt it. One version, that he married King Hoel's daughter, was wounded in some fight and, dying, sent for the queen to come to him, which she did, but arrived too late. The second version has the maid Brangwyn betray her mistress to King Mark who, coming upon Tristan, wounds him with a poisoned spear. Tristan flies to his friend, Dinas, and dies at his castle, the queen arriving too late to bid him farewell. In both cases Tristan dies from a poisoned spear. The question is ——" He broke off, for the brougham had drawn in against the hedge and the coachman was descending.

"What's the trouble now?" called the doctor in exasperation.

"Captain's gone lame, sir," reported Dingle in a voice of studied gloom. "It's only to be expected, seeing the state of the road. I must remove the stone."

Dr. Carfax, already out of the brougham and taking his clasp knife from his pocket, went forward to give the coachman a hand with the job.

The stone proved hard to extract, and when it was finally drawn, and they were on their way once more, time had been lost. Further consultation as to the best road to take wasted more minutes. The brougham finally emerged from a devious lane a quarter of a mile from the Indian Queen and so to the running figure of Mary Bosanko.

It was only a matter of moments then before Dr. Carfax, after a few words of reassurance to the child, thundered with his stick on the door of the inn and burst inside.

The scene that met his eyes was one of complete confusion. A broken lamp, a table overturned, glasses and bottles strewn about the floor, and a bunch of hilarious men too helpless with drink and laughter to clear the mess. At sight of the doctor there was a sudden hush and one fellow, holding a bugle, advanced toward him.

"And who may you be?" asked this individual.

"My name is Carfax, and I'm a doctor," called loudly. "A terrified child has just out from here, seeking protection. Wha you think you're doing, behaving like a of beasts?"

His accusation was met with silence. T the fellow with the bugle said, "We was having a bit of fun. I'm landlord of this p I know how to keep the peace."

"It would seem so," replied the doc "Hearken to that."

In the room overhead there were stumb and shouting, the crash of furniture splintering sound of breaking glass.

"By gosh, they're at it again," exclaimed landlord. "Come on, we'd best stop them fore more blood's spilt. Lewarne's a pr devil when he's roused."

"Lewarne?" uttered the doctor, and flash he was at the stairway and up it, with landlord and a handful of others close at heels. As they paused at the stairhead, warne staggered from the broken-down d of a bedroom.

"This way," he roared. "He's jumped fo I hope to God he's broken his neck."

Dr. Carfax strode into the room. There two windows smashed to pieces. And t below him, having leaped the distance, was flying figure of Amyot, heading for the sta

"Stop him!" cried the doctor. "But w out, he's not responsible."

There was further clatter on the stair three or four men tumbled over themselve reach the yard; but by the time they clear, Amyot, astride one of Lewarne's hor was riding out into the yard, obliging pursuers to scatter and let him pass.

"*Ho-la!*" called Amyot. "*En avant!*" A he was away, down the road, and out of sig

Dr. Carfax turned back and looked dow the sleeping figure on the bed. It was Lin and her husband was kneeling beside her.

The doctor, stooping, felt her pulse, t turned her eyelids. "Drugged," he said, " with what?"

Mark Lewarne rose slowly to his f "'Twas only a sleeping draught to keep quiet," he answered. "Deborah, the ma gave it to me."

"What sort of sleeping draught?"

The landlord of the Rose & Anchor drew small phial from his pocket. "There's n left," he said. "Deborah said to give her all it." He handed the phial to the doctor, who moved the stopper and sniffed.

"Apple juice," he declared, "or n enough." He put one finger within the ph and tasted it, and was instantly reminded the evening a year ago when he and Le had been given a stirrup cup by Linnet hers "Do you know where the maid found th Have you stuff like it in your cellar?"

The landlord shook his head. "No, doct not to my knowledge. She's going to be right, isn't she?"

Dr. Carfax, seized with a strange misgivi gazed down at the sleeping Linnet. "I do know," he said slowly. "You remember how spasm of the heart took Professor Le beneath your very roof? We must get her t hospital, and Bodmin must be all of th teen miles." He leaned out the window a hailed the coachman. "You've a long dri ahead of you, Dingle," he called, "and a s woman as passenger. Please request Mr. T gentil and Miss Mary to step down, and gi place to Mr. and Mrs. Lewarne." He turn to the landlord. "With your permissio Lewarne," he said, "I'll couple up your r maining horse to your barouche and drive myself. I have two other patients in my ca and must get them to their lodging."

Mark Lewarne, his face crumpling in gri plucked at the doctor's sleeve. "Don't lea me alone with her, doctor. You're not drivi all the way to Troy this night, surely?"

"No," said the doctor. "Perhaps we wou do well to keep in company."

Ten minutes later two equipages drew aw from the now silent Indian Queen

Dr. Carfax, glancing behind him, saw th the brougham was following some twen

CONTINUED ON PAGE

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

MIDWINTER BASIC

Barbara J. knows the importance of a wool dress. She knows it would be the perfect addition for office wear, for after-work holiday parties (she can change accessories quickly beforehand), and it will go on into seasons ahead.

With her beige suit from September, her red coat bought last month, the dress will complete her wardrobe for daytime. Barbara J. carefully contemplates the plus points of these two:

Red wool-jersey dress will go prettily with her coat, has pleated skirt and pleats at front and back from yoke to waistline too. Neckline and waistline have unlimited possibilities for accessories. Dress by Grace Lacy, $22.95.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

yards in the rear. Lewarne must have given his orders to the coachman, preferring even the hazards of this detour to continuing alone with his drugged wife to Bodmin. A mile or two out of the way, did Linnet's husband but have the sense to realize it, might make all the difference between her life and death, yet Carfax had not the heart to rein in and tell him so.

Reason and judgment had played little part in the happenings of this day and it could well be that at some point on the drive Linnet would wake from that deep sleep and, with a return to consciousness, struggle to be free and so condemn herself.

Somewhere in the mist ahead her lover rode. Once found and apprehended, he could perhaps, with persuasion, be sent back to Tresaddern in charge of Tregentil, and Carfax would conduct Lewarne and his wife to Bodmin.

The barouche had nearly covered the second mile when Merlin, the landlord's horse drawing the vehicle, pricked his ears, paused in his stride and whinnied. An answering whinny came out of the mist ahead and, as Dr. Carfax drove the barouche to the side of the lane, Merlin's stable companion, Merman, came charging down the road toward them. He whinnied again on sighting his partner, pulled up short and stood motionless. He was riderless. The doctor descended and, with the aid of the coachman who had drawn up the brougham alongside, coupled the frightened animal to the shaft of the barouche with his companion.

"He's thrown his rider," observed Dingle.

"Or been set free," returned the doctor.

He stared at the country on either side of him, or rather what he could see of it through mist. Casting his mind back to the morning's walk, he recollected that the lane they were now upon touched the road beneath Castell-an-Dinas within a hundred yards or so of a tin mine. He had noticed the chimney and the sheds, and now, peering through the murky dusk ahead, it was that same chimney he could make out, but seen from the opposite side.

At Tresaddern he had glanced at Tregentil's map and he had seen the name of the tin mine, Royalton. This, of course, was modern English for Tre-kyning, or ruler's town. It might be that a tin mine, constructed on the site of the ruler's house beneath the fortress, would carry the ancient name of its former splendor and so be Royalton. Thus, if his surmise was correct, would not a friend of that same ruler, seeking sanctuary, look for his friend in his house and not his fortress?

Blot out the centuries, accept the fact or the fantasy that time—at any rate for Amyot and Linnet—was then, not now, and it would not be beyond to the castle where Amyot would descend and dismiss his horse, but here, at Royalton mine. The doctor left the barouche and went to the brougham. Linnet was still lying as he had seen her last, wrapped in the blankets, sleeping. Mark Lewarne, white-faced and drawn, held her close.

"She hasn't stirred, doctor," he said. "Is she any worse?"

Dr. Carfax felt his patient's pulse. "No change," he said. "Keep her warm."

"You're not going to delay things by searching for that rogue?" asked the landlord. "Let him break his neck. I'll bear him no further grudge if we can but get Linnet to hospital."

"Have patience, man," replied the doctor. "If I see no sign of him within five minutes, we'll drive on."

Leaving the two vehicles and the horses, Dr. Carfax walked up the lane, his eye on the ground for hoofmarks. And here they were, leading off the road to the broken ground that formed the back premises of the mine.

The hoofprints ceased, the muddied ground was trampled as if the horse had taken fright and fled. And straight to the shaft through the furze lay the new-beaten track. . . . Nor was the fencing rotted. The posts leaned sideways because they had been smashed.

"Amyot," called Dr. Carfax, "Amyot."

The echo mocked him, flung back from the empty sheds. It seemed to the doctor that he hovered in strange and sickening fashion on the threshold of another world. Whatever he said or did in the present time would only be repetition of a day gone by, and anyone who listened to his voice calling in the darkness would hear it as the voice of another, dead these thirteen hundred years.

"Trestane," he called. "Trestane!" and the sound of the changed name was not foolish in his ears but strangely ominous, for the echo came back to him and the echo was a whisper scarcely louder than a sigh.

Then, holding his breath with wonder, Dr. Carfax watched a figure rise slowly from the pit beyond him, climbing hand over hand from the depths. There was black mud about his head and shoulders and blood upon his face and the eyes were wild and staring, the eyes of Amyot.

"Who calls?"

The voice was faint and breathless and the doctor, knowing that one false step would send the climber back to the depths from which he struggled, remained motionless.

"It is I, Dinas," he said softly. "Dinas, your friend."

The boy stared back at him without recognition. "You've played me false," said Amyot. "You, or some other. The stairway's gone. They've dug a pit to trap me, and I'm held."

The doctor, leaning forward, saw that the lad's left foot was enmeshed in wire and if he bent to clear it he would fall.

"Steady," he said. "Hold fast with both your hands. I'll come and free you," and was moving toward the brink when Amyot shouted:

"Keep back, for I'll not trust you."

Suddenly, with a supreme effort, he kicked his foot clear from the tangled wire and, grasping the edge of the pit, dragged himself to safety.

"Good lad," cried the doctor. "Here, seize my stick." But his leap forward into time proved his undoing, for Amyot, taking both words and gesture as hostile, sprang sideways and in a second had flung his whole weight upon his unsuspecting ally. Together they wrestled not three yards from the open shaft and Carfax knew that unless he overcame his assailant, death would take him.

Already Amyot, in his blind rage, had seized the clasp knife from the doctor's pocket. Already it lay open in his hand and pointing at the doctor's throat when the older man threw his opponent on his side, driving the knife into his shoulder by mischance. The blood spurted and, as Amyot cried out in pain, the cry released his anger and his fear. He ceased struggling and was still; then, drawing the knife from the swift-bleeding wound, stared back at his late enemy in wonder.

"Dr. Carfax," he said, "what have you done to me?"

The doctor did not answer but, flinging off overcoat and jacket, proceeded to divest himself of his own cambric shirt and tear it into strips to stanch the wound.

"There, lad," he said. "Keep still, I'll bind you." But even as he spoke and applied the dressing the dark stain spread down the forearm, and Amyot fainted.

Dr. Carfax stared down at the lad who now lay white and lifeless in his arms. It was not the depth of the wound that bothered him, nor the loss of blood that must inevitably follow before the proper dressings could be applied, the fact that it was his own clasp knife, barely an hour ago to take stones fro horse's hoof, and grimy still with mud grit, that had pierced the tender flesh Amyot Trestane; thus playing the role long-vanished poisoned spear.

The mist had lifted. The track to Castell Dinas wound away in the distance above road. Dr. Carfax knelt once more on the fl of the brougham and felt for Linnet's puls

"She hasn't stirred?" he asked.

"No, doctor. Once I thought she mad movement with her lips, but no more t that. It was when you were away there, by mine." Mark Lewarne searched the doct eyes. "They'll be able to waken her, they, when we get her to hospital?"

Carfax gently replaced the blanket ro the sleeping Linnet. "Everything that med skill can do will be done for her," he told husband. "Did I know what the draught c tained, I could speak with more authority."

"As to that," said Lewarne slowly, "unl she wakes to tell us, we shall never kn Deborah filled the phial from some bo which she then smashed, saying she drained it to the last drop. She swore it from some old recipe that could do no harm

No harm. Yet the same draught had ta an old man in his sleep. Carfax signaled to coachman to mount the box and went him to the barouche. Amyot, recovered from faint, but deathly pale, smiled at him.

"The strapping holds," he said. "Mary s you want to take me to hospital, but there's need of it."

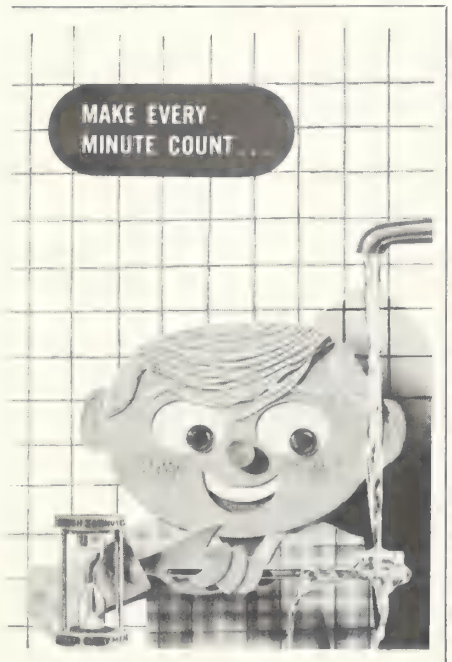
"Let me be the judge of that," answered doctor. "We'll be in Bodmin within t hours."

"What I don't understand," said Amy frowning, "is how we came to be on the mo land there, and both of us fighting. I ne touch strong liquor, but I fear I must ha done."

"No matter if you did, it's done with now If Amyot had forgotten the events of the p few hours, it was better so. Dr. Carfax climb once more to his seat and took the reins.

Mary, tucking the carriage rug about h charge, saw that he had once more closed h eyes. Presently, his voice coming as from distance, he said, "We made a pact once lo ago, she and I. If I ever needed her, she swo she'd come to me. When she wakes, no matt who tries to prevent it, she'll follow me."

"You're dreaming, Amyot," Mary sai "Mrs. Lewarne is sleeping safe and sound her bed and doesn't know of your accident



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ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

A young boy was "garaged" when he was heard to say, "It'll take my father thirty minutes to drive home and I'll be back with the car in fifteen."

A mother's Achilles' heel is her heart.

If a woman stacks unwashed dishes, very soon she will stack unironed clothes. From this, she comes easily to not wearing a clean house dress (or slacks) and, first thing you know, she won't have time for anything except to stack her weight.

The high-school principal in our neighborhood declares there's no such thing as laziness. "At our school, we attack non-accomplishment as lack of interest."

Raw meat and hot flame produce excellent-flavored food; raw child and heated parent often produce well-done progeny.

Some persons seem to practice never eating on an empty stomach.

Parentdox: when the child you have just punished turns to you for consolation.

Nothing takes away from a housewife's leisure as much as a man's.

Some children observing the canning fruit questioned why the knife was us against the jar before sealing.

"To let out bubbles of air," explained the mother.

"Oh," observed one, after a moment silence, "a little like burping."

In a well-managed family, the discussio was about which parent worked harder. "Th way I see it," said the oldes "dad works hard to make th money, but mother work much harder shopping to sav it."

From a newspaper seria "When she saw the letter un der the door her heart beat s fast she couldn't open it."

One woman to another "I'm glad summer is over; it al ways seems to show more c me than there is."

Psychiatry: seeing oneself in a two-wa mirror.

Any woman who freely reveals her age i probably concealing it.

The best news heard
In quite a while
Says "going steady"
Is out of style.

He opened his eyes. "I swear I
heard her call to me just now."
Mary smiled indulgently. "It's just
your fancy. Don't fret yourself, but
..."
It seemed to her that he was listen-
ing intently, straining to catch some
sound upon the road.
"We're not the only travelers," he
said. "There are other wheels behind
us. I can hear them. Whose are they,
Mary?"
Fearing he would lean too far for-
ward, and do further damage to his
wound, Mary took his hand gently
and settled him against the cushion.
"Strangers," she answered. "A car-
riageful of folk from Truro bound for
Helmin. They lost their way in the
dark, I suppose."
"Are you sure, Mary?"
"Certain sure. They have a
brougham something like Mr. Tregen-
til's, but painted black."
But he went on holding his hand, be-
lieving in her young heart that, be-
cause it gave her comfort, it brought
him strength. She did not know that
the hope that had been his for a brief
moment, on hearing the sound of car-
riage wheels behind them, was now
dying, like the life within him. The
lie spoken to spare him distress, had
failed in its purpose.
When presently he whispered a few
words in French she guessed him to
be wandering, in fancy, back in Brit-
tany, watching the white seas break
on the steep shore.
"*Dieu vous garde*," he whispered,
"*je ne vous verrai plus.*"

EPILOGUE

Dr. Carfax, now some eighty years
of age and retired, pulled over in his
gig to the piece of land he rented as a
garden, where most afternoons be-
tween two and four he chose to take
the exercise that suited him best, saw-
ing logs for his library fire.
Here, separated from the more pro-
saic pleasures of book and slippers or
the table—for his was no jaded palate
despite his age—Dr. Carfax gave him-
self up to that solitude and peace
which seemed to be the very source of
life itself. The pleasing rasp of the saw,
the rhythmic movement induced a
sense of well-being, pervading his whole
nervous system. This, he told himself,
was surely how man was meant to live
from the beginning: making use of
the fruits of the earth, the timber, all
that sprang from the soil.

The fretting that turned man sour
and lost him Paradise. Not tasting
forbidden fruit like Eve and Adam,
nor stealing fire from heaven, as
Prometheus, but striving to seem im-
portant before his fellows; buying,
selling, building, destroying, laying
waste a countryside in the name of
progress.
To one thing only he granted full
respect: the advance in medicine. To-
day the young fellow he had trained,
and who was about to take up prac-
tice in Troy, knew more about mi-
crobes and how to combat them than
Dr. Carfax, had ever dreamed would
be discovered. What made a good
physician? Understanding of human
nature, yes. The ability to make a
quick decision, yes. And, furthermore,
imagination in full measure. Young
Johnny Bosanko had all three quali-
ties, the last especially. Young Johnny
would go far healing the sick in body
and in mind as well. And Mary, too,
might up in the same desire to lessen
pain, turning nurse at seventeen and
now in one of the big London hospi-
tals, would one of these days, if she
did not marry meantime, become
matron.
Curious how both those children
had dedicated themselves to the same
cause: to save life and prolong it. Sometimes, when taking a glass of wine with his ex-patient, Tregentil, doctor and patient would discuss the careers of their protégés, dating this same dedication of two children to the moment when they first were shocked by death.

Old men forget. Mr. Tregentil had little interest now in legends or etymology, or even his own ancestors. But Dr. Carfax, whether browsing over books and papers or sawing logs, would feel at times nearer than he had ever been to solving the mystery of man and maid, and how love caught them unawares and made them one.

From the minstrels down, poet after poet had attempted to explain the genesis of love, and had failed; still it loomed larger through their failures.

Nurtured on this soil, his young eyes having fed on this very landscape, he had not been able to stay a senseless repetition of one of the saddest love stories in the world. His own roots made him participant. Senseless perhaps, yet not entirely so. The pleasure and pain of love, once breathed upon the air, rose but to fall again, like blossom or like rain, infecting all things living with pain and ecstasy.

Because of this a boy now healed the sick. Because of this a girl brought consolation to the suffering. And he himself, an old man near his time, uttered eternal thanks for the redemption that had swept him like a tide some years before, when the hapless Amyot laughed at the wound that killed him and the dying Linnet stirred in her sleep and smiled. END

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"WHO SAID WE COULDN'T STOP SMOKING?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

but I hope those who are quitting tonight—Mr. McCluer, and maybe Dr. Gruber?—will inspire others to take the plunge. Good luck."

Robert McCluer, who had stamped out his "last cigarette" on his way into the meeting, went home feeling confident. During the next days he chewed gum, drank tea instead of coffee (which he associated with cigarettes) and tried to take one crisis at a time. But on Thursday a three-hour phone call wrecked him—before it was over he had smoked six cigarettes. He came to the second meeting more determined than ever to quit.

Thursday, Second Meeting:

The nervousness of the group was, perhaps, even more noticeable than at the first meeting. Several were chewing gum or sucking hard candy. Those who had not attempted to quit smoking had evidently done some hard thinking about it, and the atmosphere was rather a sober one.

Mary Jo Reilly: "I'm on a cut-down campaign. I smoked seven cigarettes Tuesday, five Wednesday and four today. By Monday I'll have quit completely. I haven't felt so bad, not smoking, except not knowing what to do with my hands. I fiddle with my bracelets, my hair, pencils."

Dr. Lawton: "One of the reasons people often give for smoking is 'It helps me to do nothing gracefully.' Maybe we should all practice sitting still for five minutes twice a day."

Mary Jo Reilly: "Oh, no! The only thing that helps is to keep busy every minute."

Ann Boyle: "Even that doesn't work for me. The only time I don't smoke is when my hands are in dishwater."

Jake Gruber: "That's your answer. Get a job at a diner."

Frank Healy: "I smell coffee—I have to have a cigarette. The phone rings—I light up. I can't even drive without smoking."

Robert McCluer: "It's business crises that bother me. When I'm home, it's easier."

Connie Pierce: "It's harder when you're at home all day! In the mornings when your husband goes off to work and your child leaves for school and you settle down with the paper and a second cup of coffee—*that's* when you want a cigarette."

Ann Boyle: "Or late in the afternoon when the children start murdering each other."

Dr. Lawton: "People say they smoke to ease tension. Maybe housework and child care make women nervous, just as men feel most anxious at work."

Sammy Heidelberg: "I work part time as a legal secretary and I smoke much less at work than when I'm home alone."

Frank Healy: "Whatever I'm doing, I go into the third pack."

Dick McNaul: "Mr. Healy, smoking that much, do you ever have chest pains? Sometimes I have awful chest pains."

Frank Healy: "All the time. I can diet, I can give up liquor, but I can't give up cigarettes."

Tony DeMeno: "That's the way with me. I know smoking has damaged my health. I believe I could do 10 per cent more work a day if I could stop smoking."

Jake Gruber: "Oh, you're right. But do you *want* to do 10 per cent more work? I've managed nicely for years doing this much ——"

Dick McNaul: "I'm not sure I want to quit completely. I'd like to cut down ——"

Tony DeMeno: "You can't."

Parke Ulrich: "I don't see why it isn't possible to smoke in control."

Dick McNaul: "Or switch to a pipe or cigars. That's not harmful, is it?"

Dr. Lawton: "Pipe and cigar smokers don't get lung cancer as often as cigarette smokers—but not many pipe and cigar smokers inhale. Pipe and cigar smokers get more cancer of the lip and tongue."

Tony DeMeno: "We all know smoking is harmful. I think we ought to quit stalling and swear off right now, tonight. Here, Dr. Lawton, catch my cigarettes. I'll never smoke another one as long as I live!"

Jake Gruber: "All right, I'm with you."

Tony DeMeno went home in good spirits, and told his wife and children that he had the habit licked. This high resolve carried him safely through the next two days. But Sunday morning he was so nervous that he could not concentrate on reading the papers. Ironically, it was several hours later, having got through the "worst part," that he accepted a cigarette from a friend.

"I could have done without it, it didn't even taste good," he said later, sounding somewhat surprised. "Why did I do it? I just suddenly gave in."

Anthropology professor Jacob Gruber, on the other hand, did better than he expected. Friday, while talking with a colleague between classes, he extended an elaborately casual (if shaky) hand toward the colleague's pack of cigarettes—only to have it jerked out of reach. "He didn't want to corrupt me," he explained ruefully. "Eventually I got one of his cigarettes though."

That night he smoked two more. But Saturday morning he got a grip on himself and arrived at the third meeting "miserable—but pure."

Monday, Third Meeting:

The third meeting was enlivened by a discussion of the symptoms Dr. Lawton called "the terrors," and the introduction of a new member. Anthony Biscotte, a pleasant-spoken businessman in his forties who gave the impression of outer calm, inner turmoil, was accompanied by his wife, also a smoker.

"I run a one-man business. I'm salesman, manager, mechanic, advertising agent, the whole works. My wife's my assistant. I've been working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. I am on a low-cholesterol diet. On top of all this I'm a very nervous individual.

"So Friday night I stopped smoking. Man, Saturday! I bet I lost $1000 in business. A customer came in and I just about threw him out the door! That night I woke up at three A.M. I had cramps in my legs and couldn't stand the sheets' touching me. I never thought I'd live through that night.

"Sunday morning I went to church. I don't smoke in church anyway, so that was all right. But then—it's like a lost day. I felt drugged—I had pains in my chest and legs. I'd say something and it was like somebody else said it. I'd be driving along and instead of automatically braking at a stop light, I'd have to *tell* myself, 'Tony, there's your foot, now put it on the brake.' If I ever *start* smoking again, I'll certainly never *stop* again."

Anthony Biscotte's outburst was received with mixed amusement and sympathetic agreement. "The first days are hellish. I fight with my wife, my secretary, my clients." . . . "I can't sleep." . . . "My wife smokes and I find myself giving her a wide berth." . . . "Is it worth it?"

Jake Gruber: "I've smoked only three cigarettes since Thursday, and feel righteous as all get out. Once in a while it crosses my mind that I can never smoke a cigarette again. That bothers me."

Dick McNaul: "Oh, man! That's negat thinking. Take it a day at a time!"

Frank Healy: "I've cut down to two pa a day. For me that's progress."

Betty Ulrich: "I haven't smoked since F day night. But I have to keep busy—my ho is cleaner than it's been for years."

Ann Boyle: "My house is cleaner, too, b I still manage to light that cigarette!"

Parke Ulrich: "Betty and I went to a pa Saturday—I felt that getting through a soc occasion without smoking was a kind of mi stone."

Connie Pierce: "We had guests on Sat day, both heavy smokers. By the time th left I was smoking again."

Dr. Lawton: "Would it help to make a l of dangerous situations, and prepare for the Company for dinner, parties, business crisi Has anyone sneaked a cigarette? The nig after I quit I smoked one in the attic so m wife wouldn't know. That made me hate m self enough to quit for good."

Jake Gruber: "If you've never risked humi ation before, it's a good gimmick. The trout is, after you've been humiliated a few time you get used to it."

Parke Ulrich: "Telling people you've qu helps; if you can talk a good game you c play a good game."

Tony DeMeno: "It's just a question of w power."

Jake Gruber: "It's a question of why y want to stop. And I'm not sure I know. There no strong public feeling against smoking; for lung cancer, circulatory diseases, bronchi trouble, I'm not that concerned about m health. Sure, I believe the statistics. What it—a smoker has ten times more chances dying of lung cancer than a nonsmoker? B if I keep smoking, and keep crossing Broa Street twice a day for the next twenty year my chances of getting hit by a car are probab greater than my chances of dying of cancer."

Parke Ulrich: "I'm not so worried about m health either. It's more—egotism. I look myself in the mirror and I look at thes damned little things and think, 'I'm bigge than they are.'"

Dick McNaul: "If it weren't for the healt angle, I wouldn't think of quitting. Why smoking is a wonderful, relaxing habit!"

Ann Boyle: "Mr. McNaul sounds like cigarette ad!"

Jake Gruber: "My point is that unless you doctor says that you, personally, are going t die in six months unless you stop smoking you don't believe the statistics apply to you. Why else do people who know the facts con tinue to smoke?"

Dr. Lawton: "Maybe they're willing to play the odds for the pleasure. Maybe you have t ask yourself: Am I the sort of person wh values risk and indulgence more than safety and denial?"

Anthony Biscotte: "Yes, maybe I don't *wan* to add five or ten years to my life if they're go ing to be spent in misery."

Dr. Lawton: "It's interesting that so many of you gave up smoking first, and *then* asked yourselves why."

Jake Gruber: "I think we must ask ourselves the devil's questions if we want to keep winning. We're smoking for complex and partly undefinable reasons. Unless we understand what those reasons are, the minute we get too unhappy without our cigarettes, we'll go back to them."

Robert McCluer: "I don't like all this talk about why, why, why. I want to hear about successes."

Dick McNaul: "I spent the weekend preparing myself mentally and kicked off this morning. So far it hasn't been as bad as I expected."

Sammy Heidelberg: "I've cut down, but I can't seem to give them up completely."

Dr. Lawton: "It makes Mr. McCluer unhappy to hear about failure—anybody else feel the same?"

Parke Ulrich: "Frankly, it builds up my ego to hear that some people can't quit, when I can."

Jake Gruber: "I never expected more than about six of us to make it—and you notice I say 'us.' I consider the others sort of onlookers."

Ann Boyle: "I consider that a challenge!"

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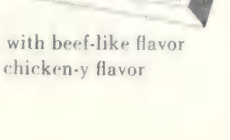
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OVEN BARBECUE STEAK



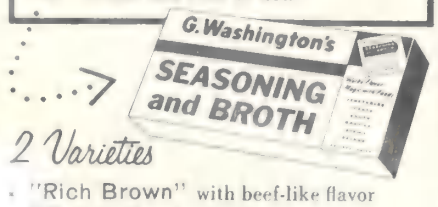
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ lbs. round steak
1 tablespoon fat
1 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons white vinegar
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 envelopes G. Washington's Seasoning and Broth, ("Rich Brown")
½ cup chili sauce
⅓ cup water
¼ teaspoon chili powder

Start oven 350° F. Mix flour, salt, pepper together; coat meat with seasoned flour. Melt fat in skillet. Add meat, brown well. Add onions to meat; cook until tender. Place meat and onions in casserole. Mix remaining ingredients together. Pour over meat and onions. Cover. Bake 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Makes 4—6 servings.

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...ke Gruber: "It was meant to be."

...nk Healy: "It helps me to hear about Dr. Gruber's doubts, Mr. DeMeno's will power, Mr. Ulrich's ego. Maybe in another week or three weeks I'll be able to quit."

...Lawton: "Tonight we've grappled with serious problems, brought some hidden feelings out in the open. Even though not everyone who 'swore off' last time has succeeded, we shouldn't be disheartened—this is just Round One."

It was too bad that, just when he was beginning to derive real benefit from the discussions, business and personal problems made it necessary for Frank Healy to drop out. Other members of the group took the loss of their fellow sufferer much to heart.

Jack McNaul had a happier experience. Having judged himself psychologically prepared, on Monday, he "kicked off" into the second stage of his Puff System—a plan that was to afford the group much amusement. Although bothered by various aches and pains, irritability and some nervousness, he appeared at the next meeting in pretty good condition.

Tuesday, Fourth Meeting

The meeting started out rather badly. Those who had lapsed were suffused with guilt. There were several absences. Then Tony DeMeno came in with a broad grin.

...ny DeMeno: "I've proved it can be done! I made up my mind 100 per cent. It's all up here"—he tapped his forehead—"and as long as you're 1 per cent undecided it's no good to be 99 per cent decided. That 1 per cent will wreck you."

...rs. Biscotte: "I've stopped too. Oh, I'm not officially a member of your group, but at the last meeting I decided it was silly to make such a fuss over smoking, so I stopped."

...r. Lawton: "Does it help you, Mr. Biscotte, having your wife quit?"

...nthony Biscotte: "I don't think it matters. I felt awful when she was smoking. I feel awful now she's not. I nibble all the time. I gained eleven pounds in the last few days."

...r. Lawton: "Most people do gain when they stop smoking, but this usually adjusts itself after a few months."

...nn Boyle: "My husband's on a diet, so there we sit at the dinner table glaring at each other—he with his cigarette, me with my big bowl of ice cream."

...ke Gruber: "Mrs. Boyle, do you mean you *quit?*"

...nn Boyle: "I decided I didn't like being called an onlooker. I haven't had a cigarette since last meeting except for three drags yesterday. But it's bad. I have a funny reaction—my eyes feel wavy."

...obert McCluer: "Just how long will these reactions continue? This is my tenth day and I'm still nervous. I can't sleep."

...ke Gruber: "You're not nervous—you're just back to normal. That is the way you're supposed to feel."

...ick McNaul: "All these years we've been numbing our nerves with nicotine. Now we can feel all the aches and pains that were deadened before!"

...r. Lawton: "The effect of nicotine on the body is quite complex, and varies from person to person. At first, it seems to stimulate the nerves, muscles, respiratory centers, and so on, but this stimulation is followed by a kind of numbing. That may explain why some people claim smoking peps them up, others that it calms them down."

...Mary Jo Reilly: "Cigarettes must have calmed me down, because I get terribly jittery when not smoking. My brothers are all heavy smokers and they say, 'Why bother?' They're no help at all."

...Mrs. Biscotte: "You don't need any help but your own."

...ake Gruber: "I think we need *all* the help we can get."

...Parke' Ulrich: "I still have three or four cravings a day, but I think I've got it licked. Only sneaked one the other day, but *just* one."

...Connie Pierce: "Away from home, I'm free, but when I'm alone with a pack, I can't resist. I had three cigarettes today."

...Ann Boyle: "I can't relax. I've done mending today that's been lying around the house for three years."

Dick McNaul: "You know, what this country needs is a good five-cent vice."

Dr. Lawton: "Some scientists *have* given thought to a 'vice' less harmful than smoking. Smoking has become a sort of national tranquilizer and it's quite possible that the whole character of this country would change if all 58,000,000 smokers quit at once. Unfortunately, nothing has been found to replace cigarettes."

Connie Pierce: "When my sister quit, her doctor put her on tranquilizers."

Tony DeMeno: "I'd rather smoke than take those things!"

Mrs. Biscotte: "It seems to me we're going about this the wrong way. All our lives we're warned not to be quitters. I think it has a bad psychological effect to talk about 'quitting' smoking. Why not say we're 'winning'?"

Sammy Heidelberg: "No matter what you call it, I can't do it. I've cut down to about six a day, but I can't cut out those last six, I can't break the habit."

With this, Mrs. Heidelberg got up and hurried from the room.

When she left the meeting so abruptly, Sammy Heidelberg was not, as most of the group thought, discouraged; she was angry. "If all those people can quit, so can I," she told herself. Within minutes she was provided with an excellent excuse for changing her mind—her car stalled, and she had to wait an hour and a half before her husband came to rescue her. Six times she reached in her pocketbook for a cigarette, and six times resisted. After this trial by fire, she was confident of success.

But Ann Boyle, who had managed to get through nearly a week without smoking, faltered on Saturday afternoon. All day she had felt tired and ill, resentful because abstaining from cigarettes had not improved her physical condition. Her husband was away, the children made her nervous.

The end came when the bag flew off the vacuum cleaner she was putting away, burying her and her clean living room in a cloud of dust. "I just sat on the floor and cried," she said later. "Then I piled the children into the car and drove to the store and bought a pack of cigarettes."

Monday, Fifth Meeting

Exchanges at this meeting were fast, sharp, lively. Robert McCluer and the Biscottes described an evening they had spent together with Mrs. McCluer, a nonsmoker.

"Usually we linger over dinner a couple of hours," Anthony Biscotte said. "This time we all sat down and, zip! we're finished in twenty minutes. No fun without cigarettes!"

Robert McCluer: "My wife had a miserable evening. She wishes we'd all start smoking again!"

Connie Pierce: "A nonsmoker has no idea what it's like to quit. They think you're exaggerating wildly."

Dr. Lawton: "It's perhaps even harder for an occasional smoker—the rare kind who can smoke or not, as he likes—to sympathize. He thinks, '*I* can take them or leave them—so could that guy if he wanted to.'"

Mrs. Biscotte: "I have more sympathy for Tony since I stopped. But I can't really remember *why* I stopped."

Dr. Lawton: "If you quit to give your husband support, then your motivation would automatically cease as soon as you felt he was over the worst. Or if you stopped just to see if you could, winning the battle might start you smoking again."

Parke Ulrich: "We're all weakening. I slipped and had a cigarette after being off for almost two weeks."

Dr. Lawton: "Did you figure out what made you smoke it?"

Parke Ulrich: "Yes. I thought I had it under control, and could smoke a couple a day. But that one cigarette taught me I couldn't. It was all I could do to resist smoking another."

Sammy Heidelberg: "Well, I have an announcement. I haven't had a single, solitary, stinking cigarette since I walked out of here Thursday. Of course I don't get any sleep, I broke a dish tonight and burned my fingers; I'm miserable and I fight with my husband—but I've quit smoking. Mrs. Biscotte, I was inspired by you!"

Mrs. Biscotte: "I'm the one who needs inspiration tonight. Am I supposed to feel *worse?* I expected to feel *better.*"

Ann Boyle: "I haven't heard of anyone who feels better. Does anyone?"

Tony DeMeno: "My cough's disappeared."

Dick McNaul: "My nerves are unraveling ——"

Bob McCluer: "I'm worried about overweight and I don't enjoy sitting around without a cigarette—it takes all the joy out of conversation."

Dr. Lawton: "Many people seem to need a cigarette in their hands in order to talk to another person—even their own wives. Socially, cigarettes are a great help: lighting up gives you time to think of an answer if you're momentarily at a loss; offering a cigarette to someone can be a gesture of friendship; smoking with someone is a form of communication."

Robert McCluer: "Maybe it's a stupid thing to stop something that gives you so much pleasure—half the things you do aren't fun any longer."

Dr. Lawton: "That's just temporary. After you've drunk coffee, taken a break from

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work, gone to a meeting or a party a few times without smoking, you'll no longer associate cigarettes with these activities and you'll enjoy them again."

Sammy Heidelberg: "If you don't have cigarettes on hand, you have a fighting chance to talk yourself out of smoking while you're on the way to buy them."

Dick McNaul: "I have to keep a pack because of my Puff System."

Robert McCluer: "Puff System? I thought you'd quit."

Dick McNaul: "According to my planned campaign, I've had five puffs this week, one puff a day. Next week I'm going to puff every other day."

Jake Gruber: "Have you got that system copyrighted? It might make you famous."

Tony DeMeno: "I don't understand all this talk. Why are we all making excuses, thinking of going back to smoking, taking puffs, putting it off? I've been trying to quit for forty years, and now I've done it. You could do it too, *and you ought to*, because smoking is bad for you, and I'll prove it!"

Tony DeMeno produced some literature describing the harmful effects of tobacco, from which he read at length. Most of the group listened with mixed amusement and respect, but it was plain that Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Pierce and several others were chagrined at the increasing pressure being brought to bear upon them, and before the meeting adjourned had dubbed Mr. DeMeno "Preacher."

After the fifth meeting, both Connie Pierce and Ann Boyle made a conscientious effort to quit. Mrs. Boyle could usually get through the days but broke down and smoked in the evenings. Mrs. Pierce, bothered by a series of withdrawal symptoms including throbbing arms, sleeplessness, extreme nervousness and fatigue, managed to get through the four days on seven cigarettes. This she considered a real triumph.

Thursday, Sixth Meeting

Connie Pierce, edgy but optimistic, announced that she had smoked only one cigarette that day. "The best day I've had in twenty years. If I can get through tonight without smoking I think I'll make it, but oh, how I'd like one of my little friends!"

Anthony Biscotte observed that they were not little friends, but little enemies. "There's no excuse for it—I was at the shop, got irritated, and smoked three. I feel awful about it."

Tony DeMeno: "You'll never win out that way; you've got to make up your mind, with no reservations."

Ann Boyle: "So our preacher is still 100 per cent pure? I've had only about fifteen today—that's an improvement over forty."

Dick McNaul: "Let's count how many cigarettes we smoked today, compared with three weeks ago."

Only 4 of the 12 members present had smoked that day, accounting for 48 cigarettes (or 4 per member); three weeks earlier, the group consumption totaled 442 (over 36 per member). Encouraged, the nonsmokers urged those still smoking to help bring the average down, and offered tips ranging from "taking deep breaths" to eating small chunks of apples, raisins, stick cinnamon, hard candy and sipping water.

Ann Boyle: "I'm mad for not stopping sooner. Now we're so close to the end, it seems too late to try. I have no incentive."

Jake Gruber: "The fact that so many of us have succeeded should be incentive enough. I have more energy, I'm manic, people think I'm crazy, I'll probably flunk all my students, *but I'm not smoking*."

Robert McCluer: "Shouldn't we emphasize the positive aspects? You shouldn't make quitting sound so hard—you'll scare Mrs. Boyle so she'll never stop."

Jake Gruber: "But unless you admit there *will* be bad moments, you won't be prepared when they come."

Anthony Biscotte: "I agree, you ought to know what to expect. I went to my doctor because I had such intense chest pains, I was frightened. If I had known to expect them, I might not have been so worried."

Connie Pierce: "Why don't doctors give more support?"

TOBACCO

"Noxious weed?" or "Sweet charm of solitude?"

In 1624, Englishman William Barclay sang a hymn of praise to tobacco: "It pre pareth the stomach for meat: it maketh a clear voice: it maketh a sweet breath." King James I, however, disagreed: "A custome lothsome to the Eye, hateful to th Nose, harmful to the Braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and, in the black stinkin Fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian Smoke of the Pit that i bottomless."

From the time it was introduced to Europe shortly after it was first seen b Columbus, tobacco has had bitter enemies. Sultan Murad IV, of Turkey, in 163 decreed that smoking was punishable by death, and often slipped out at night t catch the offenders himself. Moslems caught smoking were dragged through th streets of Constantinople, by their own pipestems stuck mercilessly through thei noses. In seventeenth-century Russia, smokers lost their noses and were banishe to Siberia. As late as 1915, 9 states in this country had laws prohibiting the sale o tobacco to children *or* adults. Yet since the turn of the century, cigarette con sumption in America alone has increased 80 times—from fewer than 50 per perso per year to more than 3900 per person per year. In 1960, about 58 million smoker lighted 484 billion cigarettes. Despite the fact that 3 out of 5 adults accept the relationship between smoking and lung cancer, 60 per cent of men and 30 per cen of women over 18 smoke.

What's So Attractive About Smoking?

People say they smoke for many reasons: to relieve tension, allay hunger, steady nerves, stimulate thought, change pace, stave off fatigue or boredom, relax after mental or physical effort, because they want to be sociable; because they enjoy watching the smoke, savoring the aroma, feeling the cigarette in their lips or hand A reflective smoker may most enjoy blowing smoke rings or tracing smoke patterns the nervous smoker likes the "psychomotoricity" of lighting up, tilting the ash into the tray, stubbing out a finished cigarette. To some, cigarettes may symbolize power prosperity, virility; for others, the drawing in of smoke may hark back to earliest infantile pleasures of nursing. Aggressive tendencies may be expressed in violently puffing or putting out a cigarette; shyness or hostility may be concealed behind a cloud of smoke. To offer (or to refuse) a cigarette may be an overture of friendship (or distrust); lighting a woman's cigarette may be a man's first subtle approach to courtship.

"Nicotine is one of those chemicals which hold sufficient sway over the psyche to make it less vulnerable to the stresses and strains of life," says Dr. C. Van Proosdij, specialist in internal medicine. One interesting though inconclusive experiment suggests that man's threshold of sensory perception, *if normal*, is no affected at all by smoking; but if it is subnormal, smoking raises the threshold; if above normal, smoking lowers it. Thus, nicotine may act as a balancer, preserving the smoker's equanimity.

Just how does smoking affect the body?

Nicotine has often contradictory effects—stimulation quickly followed by numbing. It contracts superficial blood vessels, expands the deeper-level vessels, increases blood pressure and pulse rate, lowers the efficiency of the cilia which normally filter out foreign particles from the lungs. Different people react differently to nicotine: older people are less sensitive than the young; women, especially during menstruation and pregnancy, are thought to be more sensitive than men (one study showed a 33 per cent change in women's blood volume after smoking, as opposed to a 19 per cent change in men's); nonsmokers are far more sensitive than confirmed smokers. A deep inhaler, taking about ten drags per cigarette over a period of 9 or 10 minutes, absorbs about 50 milligrams of nicotine from one pack of cigarettes—a dose which, if taken at once, would be lethal. If nicotine is dissolved in water, an adult smoker can drink 15 milligrams (over a period of half an hour) before nicotine poisoning sets in; a nonsmoker shows acute symptoms at 5 milligrams. In an expectant mother, the smoking of one cigarette increases the fetal heartbeat 5 beats per minute.

Nicotine is not the only affective agent in cigarettes. Carbon monoxide may be 5 to 10 per cent higher in the blood of a smoker than in that of a nonsmoker. This is not enough to cause difficulty normally, but may under special conditions such as extreme physical exertion, high altitudes or heart disease.

At least 10 carcinogens (substances capable of producing cancer in experimental animals) have so far been isolated in cigarette smoke, which deposits, in the lungs and bronchi of a pack-a-day smoker, up to 100 grams of tar yearly. Research in carcinogens is hampered by the facts that mice and rabbits cannot be taught to smoke, and although chimpanzees *can*, they do not, so far, inhale. Animals range in increasing sensitivity to nicotine from centipedes, spiders, butterflies, fish and frogs through dogs, rabbits and (very sensitive) cats. Sheep chew on tobacco leaves without much effect; elephants get sleepy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

t McCluer: "You mean, advise you to ly doctor smokes himself."

awton: "Doctors are human and a lot have difficulty stopping smoking. It's advise someone to break a habit you eak yourself."

ny Biscotte: "My doctor is very that I've stopped smoking—this ap- elps me."

Boyle: "And disapproval hurts. That's so sneaky—I tell my husband not to y cigarettes around, and then I swipe it of his briefcase.

ie Pierce: "And I'm always up in the m blowing smoke out the window and tooth paste so my husband won't

DeMeno: "Think how proud he'd be eally quit."

ie Pierce: "Well, Ann, it appears that oiling the group's record—I guess we'll quit!"

ng the next few days Connie Pierce ly two moments of grave temptation. t near lapse was thwarted by Sammy erg, who chanced to telephone just as was sneaking upstairs to smoke a e she had hidden. "Resist, resist!" Sammy. Later that day, still plagued vailability of that lone cigarette, Con- ed Ann Boyle for support. "Bring it ere," suggested Ann. Connie walked he back yard to her neighbor's house and swapped her cigarette (carefully wrapped in tissue) for a cup of coffee. (After she left, Ann smoked it.)

Monday, Seventh Meeting:

Tony DeMeno, after 15 days of not smoking, was beginning to reap the mixed rewards of abstinence. "Food tastes better," he said. "I don't have that awful rattle in my chest. I went into a barbershop and man, what a smell! I told that guy he ought to empty his ash trays once in a while."

Ann Boyle: "Mr. Preacher, you're going to lose a lot of friends!"

Dr. Lawton: "In a survey of why people give up smoking, one man said, 'I got sick of smelling bad to other people.'"

Parke Ulrich: "What *are* the reasons people usually give for quitting?"

Dr. Lawton: "One survey showed that coughing was the reason most often given; only 1.2 per cent mentioned lung cancer. Of course 'coughing' may be another way of expressing fear of cancer. Other health reasons included shortness of breath, ulcers, asthma or hay fever, complaints in the throat, chest or sinuses, heart or circulatory trouble, poor health in general. Reasons other than physical were expense or nuisance, religion, test of will power, loss of desire."

Sammy Heidelberg: "One thing that helps me is the thought of my little girls. I don't want them to remember their mother's kisses as smelling of tobacco."



Sheila—diagnosed too late.



Kammy—caught in time.

RETARDED CHILDREN CAN BE HELPED

and Kammy Mc- are sisters, both m suffering from abolic disease that ake a child mentally retarded if isease is not caught in time. 's condition was not diagnosed she was a year old, too late to be d by the recently discovered diet that corrects the condition. y, two years younger, was ex- d at birth, and found to have the disease, but she is normal now se she was immediately put on reventive formula.

ir condition, known as phenyl- uria, or PKU, is a rare affliction, but it is estimated that it will affect about 400 American infants a year. In California, Missouri, Washington, D.C., New York City and some other areas, all babies brought to maternal- or child-health clinics for examination are screened for PKU with a simple "diaper test." All this amounts to is applying a chemical known as ferric chloride to the baby's wet diaper. A healthy baby's diaper will remain yellow, but the diaper of the baby with PKU will turn green. No brain damage will result if afflicted children begin the diet within their first month.



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BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES VERY BIG on FLAVOR

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Tony DeMeno: "I wouldn't permit my kids to smoke."

Dick McNaul: "I don't believe in ramming decisions down people's throats—not even children's."

Dr. Lawton: "But boys and girls often begin experimenting with smoking before the seventh grade. Are they mature enough by then to decide whether or not to smoke?"

Tony DeMeno: "No child should smoke. You should inform them, convince them, set an example for them, threaten them ——"

Dr. Lawton: "Or smack them? Seriously, there's much to be said for never starting to smoke at all—or at least putting it off as long as possible. Most people establish lifetime smoking habits by the age of eighteen. But those who put off smoking until their twenties are less apt to become excessive smokers."

Anthony Biscotte: "Can't a parent who smokes too much be a good influence in reverse? I tell my girls, 'Your mother and I don't *want* to smoke—we just can't help it!'"

Tony DeMeno: "Knowing how hard I've tried to quit all these years, my kids wouldn't *dare* smoke!"

Dr. Lawton: "Maybe those of you with children will find they give you incentive to quit. Now, before we break up tonight, I'd like to point out that it will be a full week before our next meeting. Does anyone feel shaky?"

Jake Gruber: "We've got to tackle a week alone someday. It might as well be now."

Parke Ulrich, who had been "off" cigarettes since the third meeting, was not much concerned about getting through the following week, and so was particularly unnerved when, at a party on Friday night, he found himself yearning for a cigarette. For a long time he resisted, watching with some resentment the happy smokers about him.

"Everybody was having a good time but me," he said later. "Finally I thought, 'Look, let's not ruin your life because of one silly cigarette!'"

Across the room Betty Ulrich, who had been similarly fighting the urge to smoke, saw her husband light a cigarette and gratefully gave in herself.

Monday, Eighth Meeting:

Parke and Betty Ulrich, looking sheepish, confessed that they had both slipped.

Betty Ulrich: "We talked each other into swearing off again, next morning. But that night we each smoked about half a pack."

Ann Boyle: "It's like a sickness, the way you can't seem to smoke just one and stop."

Dr. Lawton: "There are some interesting theories as to why some people turn into 'compulsive smokers.' A study made at Harvard indicated a connection between difficulty in giving up smoking and early weaning, suggesting that for some people smoking may be a substitute for mother love."

Tony DeMeno: "That sounds too far-fetched to me!"

Dr. Lawton: "Maybe, but smoking is a kind of oral gratification. Didn't all of you, when you stopped, mention an increase in eating, sucking mints, drinking coffee, chewing gum, talking?"

Robert McCluer: "I don't see why we have to go into all this. Talking about cigarettes just makes me want one."

Dr. Lawton: "It's certainly possible that this group method might not suit everyone. Mrs. Boyle hasn't had much success. Mr. McCluer—although he isn't smoking—isn't happy with the way we talk about failures. Next Monday will be our last meeting. After that, what? Are you all going to go right back to smoking?"

Tony DeMeno: "Not me. I've got it licked."

Mary Jo Reilly: "I think I'm safe too."

Connie Pierce: "I'm not secure, but I'm trying."

Jake Gruber: "We've got this far. I think we'll all limp along as long as we can."

Dr. Lawton: "Think of all the reasons you have for stopping: health, influencing children, expense, test of will power. Then see if you can think of any good reasons for *resuming* smoking. If you find any, you can tell us at the next meeting."

The week preceding the final meeting was rather quiet—most of the group had either given up the fight or were over the terrors of quitting. Only Anthony Biscotte was still actively engaged in the struggle. Ann Boyle, although not smoking as much as formerly, made no real attempt to quit. Frank Healy had to be counted among the lost. Betty Ulrich tried "controlled smoking"; concluded that she might turn out to be one of the lucky ones who can smoke in moderation. None of the others smoked at all.

Monday, Ninth Meeting:

The last meeting was devoted to an evaluation of the group's collective experience in stopping smoking. Some of the comments:

Dick McNaul: "What made us able to quit? Were we hypnotized?"

Tony DeMeno: "We promised each other we wouldn't smoke, so we didn't."

Sammy Heidelberg: "It was something we all did together, *for* each other."

Connie Pierce: "All these goofy faces—I couldn't stand them seeing I'd failed!"

Dr. Lawton: "Suppose you were to start a group—how would you go about it?"

Anthony Biscotte: "The group leader should have some medical training."

Tony DeMeno: "He should be an ex-smoker definitely. I'd be glad to head a group—I'd make 'em all quit!"

Parke Ulrich: "Everyone should be urged to stop right at the beginning. Let the group reinforce itself by going through the bad part together."

Ann Boyle: "It's too easy to put off making a decision for yourself."

Dr. Lawton: "Has anybody noticed ones who haven't done so well are als ones who missed two meetings or more.

Ann Boyle: "I was here every time!"

Dr. Lawton: "You can be the exceptio proves our rule: *Regular attendance is a n*

All agreed: "The group instills a feeli camaraderie."

Robert McCluer: "We need more tha team spirit, though. We came here be our own methods for stopping hadn't wo we wanted someone to *tell* us how to sto

Parke Ulrich: "Only there isn't any proof way. That's what you've got to fin yourself."

Jake Gruber: "It seems to me that fo out of fourteen to quit is quite remarka that's over 70 per cent."

Dr. Lawton: "Before we break up thi meeting, I'd like to urge anyone who shaky in the next weeks to telephone me another member of the group. I'm sure continue to help each other. You're ove most difficult time now; you know the ge danger points and your own particular falls. From now on it's a matter of time."

Editors' Note: Two months later, a chec found six of the group still successfully staining from smoking: Mr. McCluer, Reilly, Dr. Gruber, Mr. DeMeno, Mr. Naul and Mrs. Heidelberg. Of those who smoked since the last meeting, Parke Betty Ulrich and Connie Pierce expresse intention of quitting again before the checkup. The *Journal*'s conclusion: the cess enjoyed by six of the men and wo proves the group method a good, though r foolproof method of stopping smoking. Lawton's advice to those who might lik form similar groups:

1. Choose a strong leader *who has stop smoking himself.* He need not be a gr therapist—perhaps a doctor, minister, teac or any man or woman liked and respecte the community.

2. Keep the group small enough to be ef tive.

3. Urge that *every* member of the group tend *every* meeting.

4. At the first meeting, decide on the l plan for *your* group. Once the plan is set, d change it.

5. Before you try to stop smoking m sure you really want to. The undecided are most certain to fail; the totally committed, succeed. E

The Norristown experiment in the discontinuance of smoking was built around a six-weeks' program: two weekly meetings for the first three weeks, one weekly meeting for the next three, followed by two checkup meetings spaced a month apart. The total time span: three and a half months.

The original group consisted of sixteen men and women. For the sake of brevity, the *Journal* omitted four members from this report, being careful to preserve the ratio of successes and failures. Similarly, we present here only highlights, rather than full transcriptions, of the nine hour-and-a-half meetings.

Group Leader M. Powell Lawton was graduated from Haverford College and received his Ph.D. from Columbia University. He became interested in the difficulty of abstaining from cigarettes during his own (successful) attempt to stop smoking several years ago. Since then, he has written four papers on the smoking habit. Now assistant chief psychologist at Norristown State Hospital, Dr. Lawton is also associated with the Pottstown Mental Health Clinic and is a member of the American Psychological Association.

TOBACCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

What type of person smokes?

Various studies provide a mass of intriguing and indigestible information. Smokers seem to marry, move, change jobs and be hospitalized more than nonsmokers. Members of antismoking religious sects smoke the least; journalists, teachers and criminals smoke the most. Smokers dislike mathematics in school and later select artistic careers, while nonsmokers are scientifically inclined. Smokers complain 300 per cent more often than nonsmokers of coughing, 167 per cent more often of nose and throat trouble, 50 per cent more of heart palpitation, 100 per cent more of heartburn, 76 per cent more of nervousness.

Male smokers, in one study, were found to be less masculine, more inhibited and shy, less well integrated, more intuitive, creative and sensitive. They drink more alcohol and coffee, have more restless energy, excel in the arts, letters and philosophy, and dislike hard physical work.

Women smokers have a greater incidence of frigidity, sterility, menstrual disturbances and miscarriages than nonsmokers. They are more apt to be "occasional" or social smokers than men.

High-school students who smoke are, on the whole, older than their nonsmoking classmates. They participate less frequently in athletics and other extracurricular activities, and take less demanding courses scholastically. More girls than boys indulge in solitary smoking and "rebellious" smoking—against their parents' wishes: only 10 per cent of students smoke when their parents forbid it.

Why do people start smoking?

A study of 20,000 high-school students reported about a quarter of the boys and an eighth of the girls were "regular" smokers. And this average included all four grades—by senior year 35 per cent of the boys and 26 per cent of the girls were smoking. The same study showed a definite correlation between parental and adolescent smoking. The percentage is highest (boys, 32 per cent; girls, 18.5 per cent), if both parents smoke; lowest (boys, 17 per cent; girls, 7 per cent) if neither parent smokes.

Why do people stop smoking?

Mostly for reasons of health. The yearly death rate from all causes is 60 per cent higher among regular cigarette smokers than among nonsmokers; among smokers who consume more than two packs a day, the rate is 123 per cent higher. In coronary heart disease, the death rate is 70 per cent higher among cigarette smokers than among nonsmokers; the prevalence of peptic ulcer is twice as high among smokers as among nonsmokers; almost three fourths of immoderate smokers show symptoms of chronic bronchitis.

Of course, the most dramatic figures concern cancer of the lung, a disease almost unknown 50 years ago which killed 36,000 Americans last year. Death from lung cancer is ten times higher among smokers than among nonsmokers, and if the present rate continues, more than a million of today's school children will die of it. A recent sampling of practicing physicians shows that 2 out of 3 believe that smoking is the major cause of lung cancer, 1 in 5 doubts it, 1 in 7 is undecided. People present interesting arguments against this relationship (lung cancer is more common in cities than in rural areas, which suggests an air-pollution factor; its incidence is higher among low-income groups, which suggests a sociological factor; nonsmokers may be constitutionally or genetically more self-protective than smokers, and thus better able to resist disease), but so far the weight of evidence supports the cancer-cigarette theory.

Is there any way to avoid the dangers of smoking, short of quitting entirely?

Filter tips are more or less (28–51 per cent) successful in reducing the tar content of cigarette smoke; unfortunately, a third of the smokers who switch to filters admit they smoke *more* cigarettes. Smoking in moderation is of course preferable to smoking excessively.

For the present, the sensible approach seems to be a logical appeal to high-school students which could, in four years' time, prevent from smoking 20 per cent who otherwise would have formed the habit. Confirmed adult smokers will have to decide for themselves. The fact that, in a five-year period, 30,000,000 Americans switched to filters suggests that the problem of smoking is much on their minds.

When asked by his doctor to smoke more moderately, former President Eisenhower decided to stop entirely. "If a person quits pitying himself," he said, "he won't find it nearly so bad to quit smoking as he thinks he will." END

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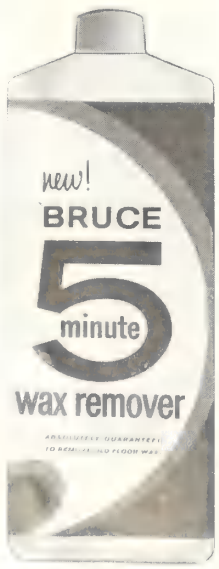
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12 RULES FOR HAPPY HOMES

Answers to common domestic problems solved by leading divorce judges.

Wives should tell

Should wives go out without telling their husbands where they go?

No, because "unexplained absences cause unendurable suffering to the normal husband," said the Tennessee Court of Appeals.

Give in

Should a husband say he is wrong even when he is right?

Yes, because "the marriage contract requires the parties to make concessions. Married life is made up of compromises, and each spouse is expected to submit to his mate's ordinary infirmities of human nature," said the Missouri Court of Appeals.

Husband test

If a husband refuses to tell his wife where he spends his nights out, can she be blamed for suspecting the worst?

No, because if a husband conceals what he is doing, it must be wrong, said the Kansas Supreme Court.

They're all alike

Must a husband stick with a wife who insists on having her own way till she gets it?

Yes, because mostly there are no other kinds of wives—or husbands either—said the Pennsylvania Superior Court.

No breaks for these clinches

Should couples separate because they never stop quarreling?

No, because that's what marriages are for—to hold couples together when times are bad, not only when they are good, said the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

Substandard welcome

Should a husband kick because his wife is not as nice to him as his friends' wives are to their husbands?

No, because "it is not given to every man to live with the most amiable and unselfish woman and he can be relieved from his contract to cherish and protect her only when his wife's lack of attention falls below the bounds of human endurance," said the Washington Supreme Court.

BY JOSE SCHORR

Happier than they think

Should one marriage partner be unhappy because he or she loves the other more than the other loves him or her?

No, because "greater happiness is derived from loving than from being loved," announced the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

Forgive and forget

Why do so many couples who love each other madly half the time fight so bitterly the other half?

Because they do not realize that "a happy marriage is dependent not only on love of the good but also on forgiveness of the bad," said the Pennsylvania Superior Court.

No rest for the listener

May a husband require his wife to keep quiet once he has gone to sleep?

No, because a wife should not be required to do the impossible, said the Maryland Court of Appeals.

For better

If a refined girl marries a vulgar man, which must change?

The husband must change for the better because "the law will not compel a sensitive girl to listen to language which would shock a woman of good taste, culture and breeding," ruled the Michigan Supreme Court.

Let her win

Should a henpecked husband keep a diary of his wife's faults to convince her how right he is?

No, because "a wife should not be 'Checked like a bondman; all her faults observed, Set in a notebook; learned and conned by rote, To cast into her teeth!' (Shakespeare)," declared the West Virginia Court of Appeals.

Poor wife

Must a husband stand for his sick wife's constant complaints?

Yes, because "wives' ailments merit more and get less sympathy than almost any other disease that flesh is heir to," said the Washington Supreme Court.

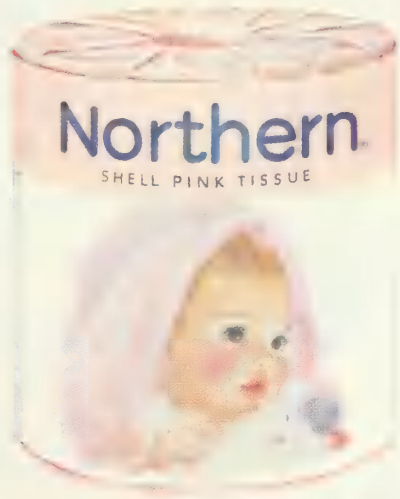


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R4

By Mary K. Blackmar

GLOVES

Plowmen wore them for warmth and protection. But for VIP's of yesterday gloves were a symbol of authority, and were often jeweled and embroidered more lavishly than any we wear today.

The glove has been known from antiquity. Specimens, sewn with thongs, have been found among the relics of cave dwellers. Gentlemen gardeners in ancient Greece wore them. In Persia they were made of fur. Early drawings show plowmen wearing them, crudely made, something like a modern mitten. Indeed, the English word *gauntlet* is originally related to the Teutonic *gant*, meaning mitten.

As social life became more elaborate and refined, gloves, like other garments and accessories, became more finished and elegant—worn as a mark of fashion, prestige, wealth or authority; often carried instead of worn, fastened to the scabbard or hilt of the sword.

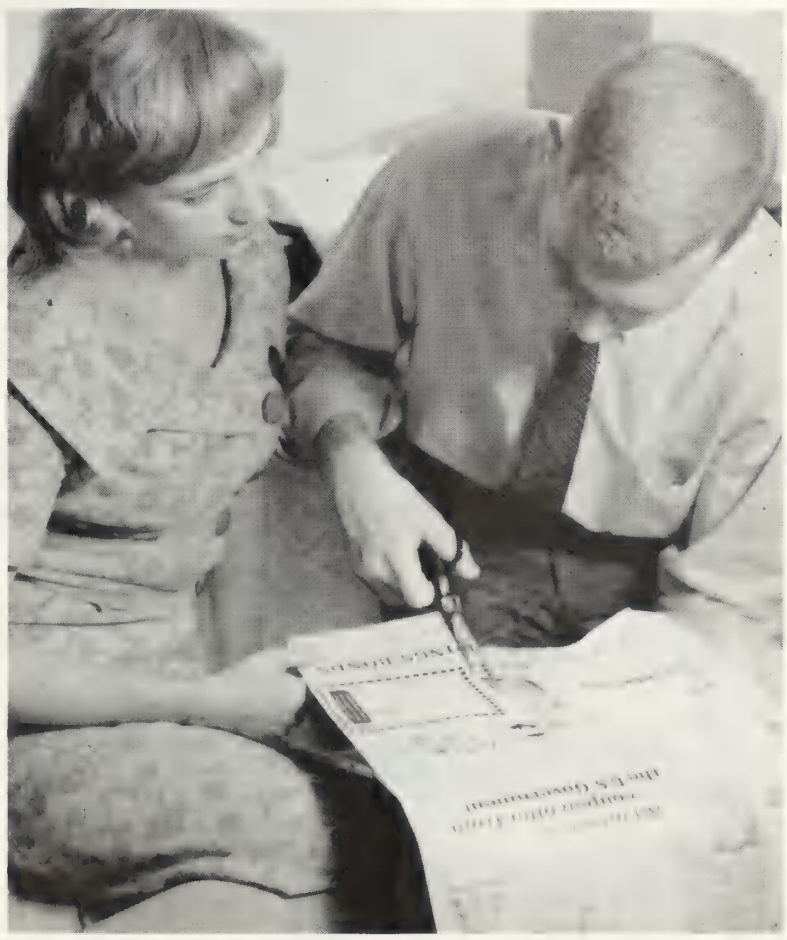
After the Norman conquest, when the art of tailoring was carried into England, gloves became important to royal and ecclesiastical dress, intricately fitted and lavishly adorned. The armored knight wore long gauntlets, in the backs and cuffs of which were sewn small plates of iron. Queen Elizabeth I was noted for the richness and variety of her gloves, which were lavishly embroidered, laced or jeweled, made usually of silk or linen and often very long. As a part of ecclesiastical regalia, gloves were an emblem of authority, worn (in general) only by popes, bishops and cardinals. They were of silk, of the liturgical color of the day or the feast, jeweled or embroidered with sacred symbols, and were worn only at a pontifical Mass.

Because of its intimate connection with the hand, that most significant, potent and subtle member of the human body, the glove as a symbol gave rise to many important customs and courtesies. It was, for instance, removed in church or before superiors. Old-fashioned good manners, even in comparatively modern times, required its removal before shaking hands. Occasionally, even today, one may hear an old-time gentleman say "Pardon my glove" when called on suddenly to greet a friend or to acknowledge an introduction. *The bare hand* is more friendly, as well as more *sincere* than the gloved; a faint aura of disguise may cling about the covered hand, as is hinted in the old saying, "An iron hand in a velvet glove."

In the Age of Chivalry, a knight might wear in his hat his lady's glove as a token of her favor and his allegiance. His glove, thrown down before an enemy or rival, was a challenge to single combat. To take it up signified acceptance of the defiance.

There is no evidence to prove that glove wearing was common in England before the thirteenth century. The French had guilds as early as 1190. The processing of the skins, their cutting, dyeing, polishing and needlework demand a high degree of skill. Gloves can now be made on special power sewing machines, but many of the finest are still hand sewn. In America their manufacture began in what is now New York State, in 1670, when a colony of Scottish glovemakers settled at Gloversville. At first a cottage industry, with the leather being processed, dyed and cut at the factory, then sent out to be sewn by the women in their homes, it grew into an extensive enterprise.

One of the most curious customs of the glove, peculiar to England and of great antiquity, is that of the King's Champion. In early England, before the coronation of any royal heir or pretender to the throne, the King's Champion, in full armor, rode into Westminster Hall and three times threw down his glove, challenging to single combat anyone who disputed the candidate's right to be duly crowned. First at the entrance door, then in the midst of the hall, then before the high dais, he cast it down, the herald each time uttering his defiance. After the third call, the unanswered champion picked up his glove. The king-elect first pledged him in a golden cup, then gave it to him as his reward. First recorded in connection with Richard II, this ceremonial was last observed at the coronation of George IV.



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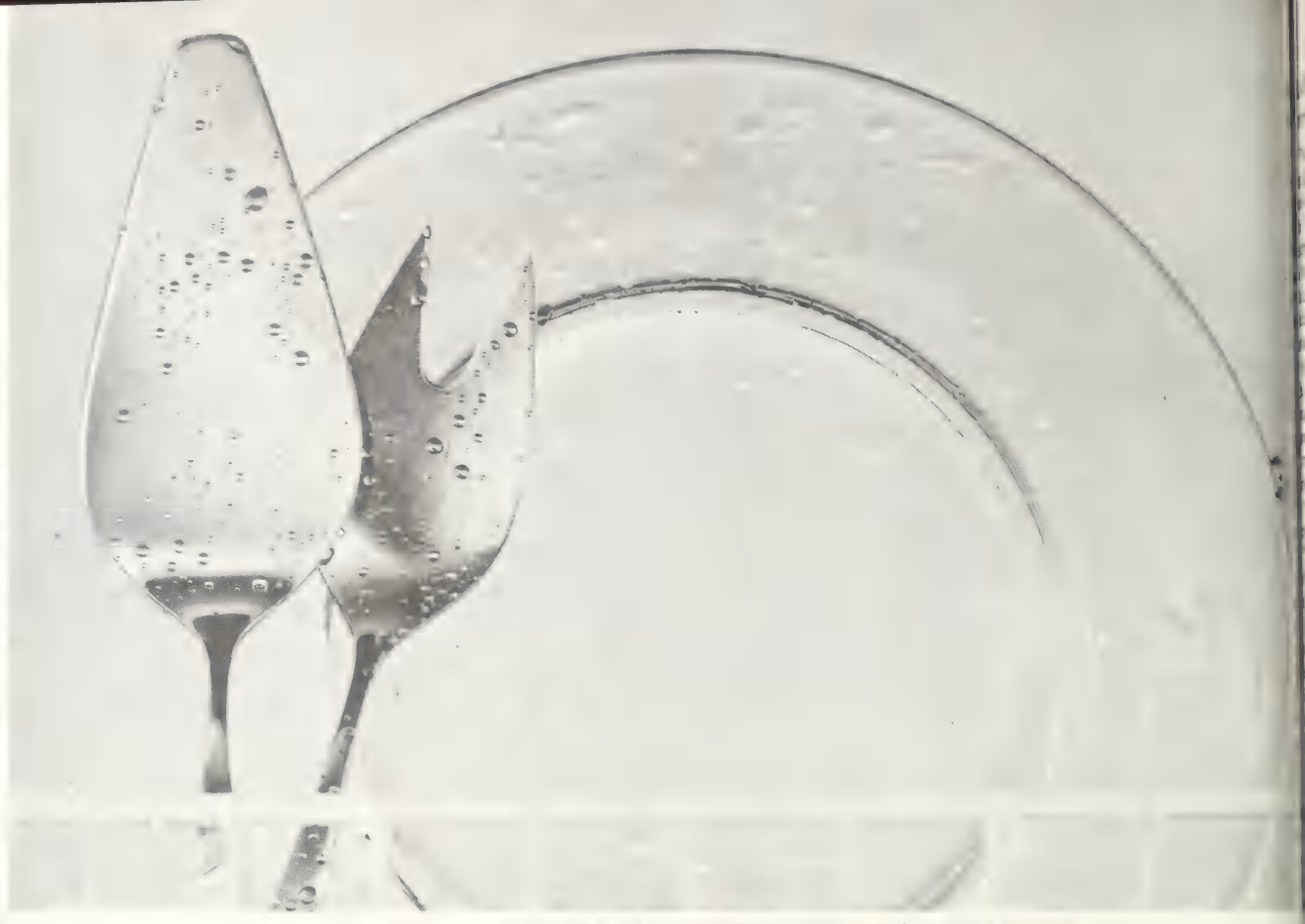
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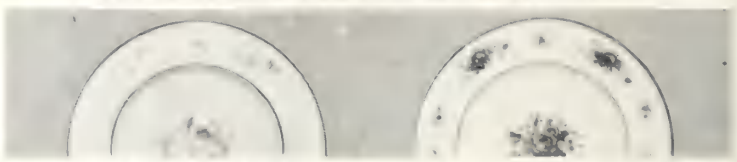
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RIM AGA KHAN

INUED FROM PAGE 44

hus it happened that one day I was stroll- down the Champs-Élysées in Paris, and ve hours later I was on the other side of world, in an air-conditioned Cadillac, ring Karimabad, the town Karim had built w miles from Karachi, the capital of stan. A crowd of followers, refugees from a for whom the town was created, pressed nd the car.

n old woman rushed forward, screaming. flattened her nose and mouth against the low, her face transformed into a terrifying arition, then fell back in religious ecstasy. moment later, other fervent eyes replaced at the window.

But you are their god!" I murmured as the d roared and clamored.

No! No! I am *not* a god," Karim insisted, e was to do over and over again on our th-long trip.

heologically speaking, this is true, but it belied at every turn on our journey. With ollowers only one thing counts: the blood Mohammed the Prophet (Karim is one th Persian) flows through his veins. He is hammed's spiritual successor.

alf an hour earlier, in a white marble ce in Karachi, Karim had said, "Come me. We will pay a surprise visit to imabad. They are not expecting me and I t to see if the orders I issued have been yed."

the moonlit desert outside Karachi, an w pointed to "Karimabad, 2 miles." im put on his glasses—the first time I had seen him with them.

uddenly a white form danced in the glare the headlights. A whistle shrilled. Another arition. Another whistle. These white ters were watchers the people of Karima- had posted to warn them of Karim's roach.

They are sly! They don't want me to catch m," Karim explained ruefully.

oon chants, cries and hundreds of flicker- lights rushed toward us. Karim snatched glasses from his nose. This is his vanity: people never see him wearing glasses.

Now," he ordered, "switch on the lights!" ike a luminous ship bearing a celestial senger from another world, the car sailed the crowd come to meet it.

ut Karim had not made this surprise visit ely to be seen or to bless his followers. From pinkish blocks which form "his" town he denly chose one house. The car braked to op and Karim dashed through the door- .

On the threshold, her hands clasped, a -clad woman trembled. Karim only nced around the simple bed/living/ ng room. Then he crossed the room with- saying a word and opened a door. By the m of an oil lamp, four small children lay ping on a threadbare carpet. Karim, no ger smiling, softly closed the door again. had seen what he has strictly forbidden: dren sleeping on the ground.

On the porch, followed by the quaking ther and surrounded by refugees for whom has made these homes possible, Karim ke slowly, like a father to his children:

No! No! I will not have it. I have told you t children must not sleep on the ground. ngerous illnesses can result. When I tell that your children should see doctors, y will see doctors. When the doctor tells that your child should be given medicine our o'clock in the afternoon, you will give o him at four and not at five or three. ur children must be clean, with washed nds. Please remember this. If you disobey again, I shall be forced to take stronger os. Good night."

narrow path opened up to the car for rim, though the car itself was still hemmed The Ismailians begged for his pardon—for mile and a blessing from their Imam. At , when Karim felt that his severity had de its point, he smiled for them—a patient, nerly smile of great tenderness.

As we drove back through the suburbs of rachi, Karim explained why he could never the entire year among the Ismailians.

"If I lived in Pakistan, my people in Syria, Iran, Kenya and Zanzibar would be jealous, whereas in Europe there is no competition. Look!"

Across the road banners were stretched, saying WELCOME AGA KHAN and LONG LIVE AGA KHAN. Underneath the banners, joyful throngs sang and danced.

"Every night that I am here they dance until dawn. It would be the same even if I stayed six months. Everyone is too tired to work the next day. Shopkeepers close up in my honor, business declines. Take my chauffeur. He has a white uniform and peaked cap and yet he isn't really a chauffeur at all. He is one of the richest jewelers in Pakistan, who dropped everything to be at my disposal. This is his Cadillac. He bought it especially for my trip."

A few days later we attended the Karachi durbar. More than 30,000 people gathered at Aga Khan Park in the heart of the city to sit, literally, at Karim's feet. Women, silk-swathed and braceleted, sat on one side, men in shirtlike pajamas and astrakhan hats on the other.

The durbar is the Imam's court, going back more than a thousand years. Except for the microphone and the "made in Japan" electric fan nearby, Karim, as he spoke from his silver throne, could have been holding court 1200 years ago.

"My beloved spiritual children," he began, looking majestic in a white robe and long gold necklace, and wearing an astrakhan toque on his head.

I was wedged between two of Karim's "children" and they were bearded seventy-year-olds who trembled at his voice. A murmur of rapture rose from the multitude.

"Islam is the great living force which unites us all in the several countries we inhabit," he went on, here as throughout our travels. "But it must be a living, daily Islam. You must make your daily prayers . . ."

Then, because this durbar was before a largely illiterate crowd, Karim stressed a favorite theme:

"Education must take first place. I insist upon that."

One of my neighbors sighed with pleasure and took advantage of a pause in Karim's speech to give a resounding cuff to an unruly urchin. Education before everything!

Next, because the average life span of the Pakistanis is thirty-seven years, Karim spoke of hygiene:

"Your health is of enormous importance. You and your children must go regularly to a doctor. You must take the medicine he prescribes. You must wash your hands before each meal."

Ecstasy spread over the faces of my neighbors.

Then their expression changed. Karim had begun to talk about money, and the Ismailians are great merchants.

He spoke of the $3,000,000 spent on the construction of an immense mosque, of $2,000,000 for a housing development, another $2,000,000 for a hospital and $1,000,000 for four schools.

Where does this money come from? Each Ismailian is called upon by the sacred books to give a fifth of his revenue to the Imam. Some are too poor to pay such an assessment, but others are so rich that they can easily pay more. Also, there are the traditional weighings, made famous by pictures of the late Aga Khan, genially corpulent in one tray of an immense pair of scales, balancing a heap of gold ingots, platinum and diamonds in another.

"The value of these precious metals and jewels, lent for the ceremony by banks, had been collected from Ismailians everywhere," Karim told me. "Not a penny was kept by my grandfather any more than I shall ever keep a penny. All is returned to the community. The $9,000,000 hospital at Nairobi, for example, first in native Africa to treat cancer with cobalt, was built with the proceeds of my grandfather's last weighing."

Karim always speaks in English and his words are then translated. He learned Arabic only after coming to America—for which the $50,000 scholarship fund he established at Harvard for Moslem students may be thanks.

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Wherever he spoke, Karim ended with a centuries-old benediction: "*Khanavadan. . . . Khanavadan.*" ("May you find spiritual and material happiness in this world.") It never failed to reassure his listeners, who are taught that what pleases the Imam pleases God.

Another precept of the faith which kings, presidents and editors may very well envy is this:

"The Imam never says a frivolous, superfluous or insignificant word. If the listener finds a word of this type in the Imam's speech, he must realize that it is his own fault—and that he is too stupid to understand the profound significance of the Imam's remarks."

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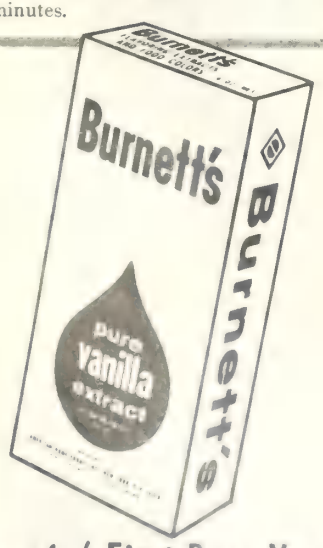
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VANILLA APPLE PIE



1 package pie crust mix
1 tablespoon Burnett's Pure Vanilla
4 tablespoons water
2 (1 lb. 4-oz.) cans sliced apples, drained
2 teaspoons pure vanilla
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup brown sugar

Follow package directions for mixing pie crust. Add vanilla. Gradually mix in water. Shape dough into ball. Divide in half. Roll out half on lightly floured board. Fit into 9″ pie plate. Roll out rest of pastry. Set oven 400° F. Put apples in shell. Mix remaining ingredients together and sprinkle over apples. Fit on top crust, trimming edge to ½″. Fold under bottom crust. Prick top with fork. Bake 45–50 minutes.



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We soon pulled out of Karachi for an eight-day trip across Western Pakistan to Lahore. Our vehicle was a train pulled by two tall-funneled, antique locomotives. Twenty-two cars were crammed with Karim's party of 500—eminent Pakistani Ismailians going along for the ride, Karim's advisers, his band, staff and chef (Karim does not appreciate Pakistan's highly spiced cooking). Two hours before departure, some 150 gate crashers took over the reserved seats and refused to move. The honor of being near the Imam, of making such a trip in his company, was for them almost the equivalent of a pilgrimage to Mecca and well worth any row.

In the end, the train steamed off with Ismailians piled high, the naked feet of one against another's nose, and with bundles of clothing and strong-smelling curry pots taking the place of pillows.

At all the small stations, the ritual never varied. When Karim, immaculate in white silk, appeared on the running board of the railroad car, an ecstatic sigh arose from the Ismailians massed in the shadow of the dais. Then the bagpipes sounded, and Karim advanced toward the throne—usually a simple chair draped with flowered muslin.

At Junghahi, for instance, Karim spoke as elsewhere in the tones of a loving and indulgent father. He reminded his people of their religious duties and of the need for daily hygiene. Then: "Has anyone any problems to submit to me?"

"There is this little girl ——"

Shy in her Sunday best, with great white bows in her black hair, and her huge eyes wide, she sat because she could not stand. An old man, presumably her grandfather, explained that there was no money to give her treatment. Karim turned to his aide-de-camp, Captain Amirali, who follows him like a shadow, and asked him to make a note. A sum would be provided for the little polio victim, who would be treated at a rehabilitation center in Karachi.

It was at the end of one such exhausting day that Karim began to talk about marriage.

"I can marry any woman I want to marry, whether she be French, Chinese, American, Moslem or whatever," he said. "I have nothing against marriage; but for the time being I have no intention of marrying anybody at all. I must travel constantly. How can I set up a real home in these circumstances?"

Outside, one sensed the night full of ancient mystery and unbearable heat. Karim's special compartment was air-conditioned, but it was the only one in this great rolling caravan so blessed.

"Certainly I will marry someday. A man—and I am a man like any other—needs a woman. A man in my position all the more so, since I must face the problem of my succession. Besides, I need a wife to assist me in my work, to deal with the problems of Ismailian women, for example. Also, of course, I need a hostess to entertain my guests and my faithful in a proper manner.

"Naturally my wife will have to adopt the Ismailian religion, since I am also the guardian of the faith of my people." Here he smiled thoughtfully as he looked at his prayer mat. This mat, an iron bedstead, a little table and two armchairs were the compartment's only furnishings. "Wherever I may be, in Cannes or Karachi, amid my faithful or my Christian friends, I say my prayers five times a day."

Karim, of course, never drinks or smokes. "When I attend official receptions in Europe, I just dampen my lips a bit with the champagne to be polite. But that's all."

Karim's courtesy extended to me also, since I am not of his faith. Nevertheless, I preferred not to drink in his presence. At times, however, I allowed his valet, Salo, to serve me a nip—a bit of intrigue that never failed to delight Salo.

As our trip progressed, I tried to pin down the rumor that Karim had inherited $800,000,000 from his grandfather. "Prince," I began, "are you the richest man in the world?"

Karim looked annoyed. "Of course not, that's absurd!"

"Wouldn't you say that you are one of the richest men in the world?"

"I don't think so. Besides, the whole concept of my wealth is based on mistaken ideas. You see, what is known as my fortune is, in fact, formed by two completely distinct and unequal parts. On the one hand, there are my private possessions—property left to me by my father and by my grandfather, personal investments, the racing stables, and so on. Then there are the funds—and these are really important—which I have at my disposal as Imam. Take, for example, the 'taxes' which are in fact voluntary contributions, collected locally. In theory I control them as chief of the whole community; but in practice, quite often, I do not see a penny. They are all used or invested on the spot. How can I estimate what they amount to? Would you expect the Pope to be able to tell you the amount of money obtained through the church all over the world? On the other hand, very large sums, such as those resulting from the 'weighing ceremonies,' are under my direct control. Power stations, housing estates, schools and, above all, hospitals are built with them with my approval."

I knew that Karim had put through an amazing number of social-welfare projects. In East Africa, for instance, he threw Ismaili hospitals and schools open to blacks. His announced goal: "A house for every Ismaili family."

Finally, our train journey ended, we were driving in Eastern Pakistan, through the heart of the Bengal country, when our car skidded to a stop, nearly hurling us into the muddy waters of the Ganges. A sacred cow had chosen to stroll directly in our path.

To Karim, a Moslem, a cow is just a cow and not an object of ruinous veneration as it is to the Hindus who abound in this part of Pakistan. "They are an absolute plague these beasts," he exclaimed as the car was being righted. "All of them sacred and all of them completely unproductive. They ruin the crops, share the meager pittance of the people, spread disease and cause countless accidents. Once, in Bombay, my brother Amyn and I had the misfortune to touch a cow with our car. We just missed being lynched. Our car was very fast and we were able to get away—but not before all the windows were broken." He laughed. "Once my grandfather found himself in a terrible predicament. He gave a gala dinner in Bombay with several Hindu maharajas among the guests. Unhappily, the servants brought to the table on a silver dish a magnificent head of veal decorated with parsley protruding from the nostrils. A yell of pain silenced the banquet as one of the maharajas slid under the table. He had fainted. Of course my grandfather apologized profusely; but the maharaja, slowly recovering, said to him sadly, 'I wonder what would have been your reaction if you had seen, carried in on a silver platter, the head of your son?' "

Shaken by the encounter with the sacred cow, our chauffeur drove the air-conditioned Cadillac with redoubled precaution. Only a thick curtain of coconut trees separated us from real jungle here—from man-eating Bengal tigers, elephants, pythons and green cobras.

To get here we had abandoned Karim's train (which had become increasingly odorous after eight days of travel with the gate crashers and their curry pots) to move on in a Super Constellation plane chartered for Karim and about fifty members of his retinue. For seven hours we flew over the vastness of India, landing at last in Dacca.

Karachi and Dacca are two different worlds. In Western Pakistan, the climate is torrid and dry. Here, in Eastern Pakistan, we were in a damp furnace. Even at night the thermometer read 86° and the humidity 90 per cent. Sickness had begun to thin our ranks. Karim himself seemed unaffected, protected, no doubt, by his youth and by the diligence with which he performed his daily calisthenics.

For eight days we hopped in a Dakota from airfield to airfield alighting to visit lost, primitive villages as well as the ultramodern jute mill. Karim made speeches, laid cornerstones, appeared before his people. He loved them, but I could see that he was impatient. The most dangerous and fascinating stage of our trip was still to come. For the first time in 1000 years an Imam was about to visit the Hunza Valley—mysterious Hunza, called by some the Valley of Eternal Youth.

Set amid the highest peaks of the Himalayan range, inaccessible except by mule or jeep, Hunza has only 25,000 inhabitants, of whom 80 per cent are Ismailians. They speak their own language, Burushaski, and are said to be descended from three strayed soldiers of Alexander the Great and an Indian girl. The valley, about nine miles from the Soviet frontier and the borders of Red China, was the final object of Karim's month-long journey.

We left Dacca in stifling heat under a blinding tropical rain. We had to stop at Peshawar to change planes—only the old Dakotas could land where we were going—and to receive on board His Highness, Muhammad Jamal Khan Mir (King) of Hunza, who wanted to share the very real dangers of this trip with his Imam.

Then it began. From Rawalpindi to Gilgit the old Dakota, coughing and wheezing, played hide and seek with the mountain peaks. The Himalayas rose here six, seven and even eight thousand meters, while the Dakota's ceiling was only three thousand meters. Thus we had to fly between the menacing mountainsides, through passes so narrow that at times the wings of the aircraft seemed to scrape the walls.

Crumpled up in my seat, I closed my eyes, mopped my brow and uttered short prayers. Karim, however, went forward to chat with the two pilots who handled their craft with all the insouciance of Moslems who, having said their prayers and "*Mektoub*," believe that nothing can happen to them and that nothing can be avoided either. So why worry? Be



"Why don't you hire someone to straighten up a little so you won't be embarrassed when Hilda comes to clean the house?"

he Imam was on board and his very
e was a protection.
n had the blood-chilling impression
w and then they let Karim pilot the
ic crate. His face was alive with happi-
oming toward me, he sang out with
nviction, "It's wonderful, isn't it?"
t have interpreted the chattering of my
a sign of agreement, because he then
to the other end of the aircraft, per-
elighted to be living the adventure of

enly the plane dipped its wing once
nd slid downward like a falling stone.
violent shudders and we came to a
ll. It was Gilgit "airfield."
s opened and a gust of icy air assailed
had been warned that the climate would
different from that of Bengal and had
pull-overs and heavy tweed coats.
at roar rose to meet us. Thousands of
ineers wrapped in white or natural-
hand-woven cloaks and wearing
hats had scaled goat tracks, negotiated
and torrents, to be present when the
nam descended from the skies. When
in necklaces of Indian pinks, appeared
op of the landing steps to bless them
wave of his hand, their shout echoed
the mountains: "We have seen the
Blessed be Mohammed and his de-
hts!"
emained at Gilgit barely an hour. The
Hunza felt restless, for an eight-to-
r jeep ride still lay between us and his
ingdom. Reports of avalanches had
hrough, and though whole populations
he route were mobilized to keep the
en, we could not risk being overtaken
tfall.
began our trial by jeep. Karim and the
veled in the first one, which was dan-
placement but protected them from
nding dust of the nine others. We
along a sort of bridle path one car
etween a wall three to four thousand
high and a precipice so deep we could
see the bottom. Above us huge rocks,
ously balanced, seemed always about
kept my eyes closed most of the time.
our later we had to alight and walk for
a mile, because our weight added to
he jeeps might have caused the "road,"
verlooked a raging torrent 650 feet be-
collapse. "You haven't seen anything
hy driver, a native of Hunza, prophe-
his virtuoso of the steering wheel spe-
in taking hairpin bends by reversing
in five inches of the precipice.
an hour later we had to alight again,
e for an avalanche. Another start. An-
andslide. I began to understand why
im had dared this trip even by mule,
mule packs are less perilous.
ousand bends and ten avalanches later
re refreshed by a charming interlude:
e government dancing for Karim. Six-
ndred feet below, in the hollow of a
little brown houses could be seen amid
ds of autumn-yellow poplars. Chalt, the
of a small royalist state with 20,000 in-
nts, enjoys, like Hunza, complete ad-
ative autonomy within Pakistan. While
ple acclaimed Karim, their mir, a small
ic man with pink cheeks, blue eyes and
light skin, invited us to breakfast.
r this simple meal served in the royal
(a small timber chalet), we emerged to
e government of Nagar assembled on
vn—ten bearded and turbaned gentle-
ressed in thick wool robes. The mir
d his fingers and the eighty-year-old
(prime minister), whose beard was
majestic, began to dance. Soon all his
ers joined him in a slow round, fol-
by vertical tremors and then dervish
all to the accompaniment of a fife band
g on the palace roof.

al hours later we arrived at the foot of
Rakaposhi, the snow-capped Hima-
peak which towers 15,000 feet over
. Before us stretched a ravine 650 feet
end over 300 feet deep. There is no bridge.
ugh night was falling, we had to cross
nall cable car with two completely open
Stationed on each bank of the ravine
wenty or so men, some to move us for-
ward on the pulley, some to prevent us from swinging too far off center and into the ravine. I crouched on a thick carpet opposite Karim. By this time, even he found it advisable to keep his eyes on the sky.

An hour later, looming out of the mountain like the happy ending to a bad dream, we saw the valley of Hunza and Baltit, its capital. The settlement was just a narrow crack amid the huge mountains. Green plots crisscrossed by little streams; luxuriant terraces with a variety of crops hugging the mountainsides; fruit trees, some drooping under the weight of the fruit, others like delicate pink clouds adrift with bloom—it was Shangri-La indeed!

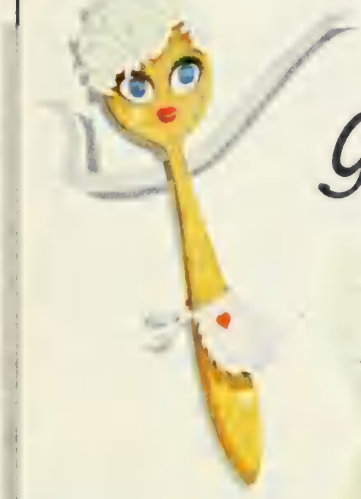
The report of a cannon! And then a clamor of joy rising from the valley. "I am really moved," Karim said, as he looked lovingly down on Hunza at last.

The whole population had lined up for him. The men, awed, kept silent while Karim's jeep passed before them. They joined hands and bowed to the ground. The women, unveiled and strangely beautiful in their red headdresses, knelt in the dust and made twirling gestures with their hands, signifying, "We crave your blessing. We offer you our vows in exchange."

As we entered the drawing room of the mir's royal palace, a shadow crossed the handsome face of Karim Aga Khan. It was incredible: there staring down at us, a thousand miles from "civilization" and its complexes, were two large, autographed photographs of Rita Hayworth and her onetime rival for the heart of Aly Khan, Gene Tierney. Never could the set smiles of these women have seemed more out of place. Neither Karim nor the mir (who had obtained the pictures in Europe) mentioned the two intruders.

Another feminine smile, but very much alive and far more appropriate, was that of the mir's wife, the rani, "our well beloved," as the mir called her when introducing us. She was waiting at the door, her hands clasped in

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To serve five: Combine 2 cups water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 1 tsp. curry and 1 cup rice. Cook to boiling, stirring. Cover and cook over very low heat about 14 minutes, until rice is tender. Meanwhile, heat frozen shrimp soup (undiluted) and pour over the hot rice. If you want to fancy it up—and make an even *heartier* dish—add additional cooked shrimp.



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a most graceful form of salutation. Her pale face and enormous eyes were surmounted by a crown of jet-black hair, and she wore the gypsylike national dress of red, green and yellow. A white shawl as filmy as a spider's web covered her head.

The mir's seven children were also present. Other families in Hunza are generally limited to two children per couple, by the mir's order, for Hunza is becoming overcrowded. According to the mir, these vigorous people remain strong and active at ninety, while the men often become fathers in their old age. No one ever wants to leave the idyllic valley, where illness is very rare for an Asian country. Consequently, the population has grown from 7000 to 32,000 in the past half century.

We tried to learn Hunza's secret while the mir, concealing a cigarette behind his back, served Karim little chocolate pastries to eat with his English-style tea. "I feel very embarrassed smoking in front of the Imam; but I just can't control myself," he murmured in my ear.

And Karim, with a smile, told me in French, "I am well aware of the fact that the mir smokes like a chimney—that he is doing so now; but I do not want to be too severe with him. In this marvelous valley, I do not think smoking does as much harm as it does elsewhere. Nor does drinking, for that matter—a little, as they do here."

Actually, only 2 per cent of the people smoke, but Hunza is the one Moslem country where wine is permitted.

From Baltit we set out in jeeps for the other small Hunza villages, five in all, to choose a site for the electrical-power station Karim has promised this primitive little nation. We rode along scented paths, through orchards of apricot, apple and cherry trees. Water whispered in hundreds of irrigation canals winding through miniature fields terraced on the steep mountainsides. The two-storied, windowless houses with flat roofs were smoke-stained (because smoke can escape only through a hole in the middle of the ceiling), but in all other ways they were extraordinarily clean for a continent where filth abides everywhere.

Wherever we went, we asked questions.

"Our secret, the secret of our health, our peace, our happiness, is very simple," we were told by the mir and, in more or less the same words, by his subjects. "We give back to the earth, the mother of us all, everything we take from it. We eat what this good earth gives us. We drink the rich water of our glaciers and never do we soil it with excrement and refuse as our neighbors do. Because our happy valley is ten thousand feet in the sky, we have been forced to hang our fields from the sides of the mountains and to breathe the crystal-clear mountain air. All day long we must climb up and down goat paths to tend our crops. We live happily because we are satisfied with what we have. If we feel like fighting each other, we jump on our ponies or mules and play a violent polo match. Blessed be the name of Marco Polo, who on his return from China stopped in our valley and taught our ancestors this exhilarating game."

A strictly enforced law forbids the importation of artificial fertilizers into Hunza. The minute fields are literally hand "dressed" with a natural compound of exceptional fertility, which each grower prepares himself. Food refuse, ashes from the home fires, vegetable mold, silt collected along the irrigation canals, animal excrement and, finally, human excrement, carefully saved in special containers and aged at least six months, go into it. The soil, thus enriched, is regularly irrigated by water that comes down from the mountains with a mineral concentration so high that it is cloudy. The Hunzanites appear to relish it, but Karim and I preferred to drink water with less apparent residue.

The basic food of Hunza is fruit, apricots above all. They eat not only the pulp (fresh in summer, dried in winter), but also the almond-like nut. In winter the dried fruit is made into a paste which is fed to babies when they are weaned at the age of three.

Grapes, mulberries, apples, peaches a nuts flourish in Hunza, as well as vegetabl which are usually eaten raw or boiled b briefly. When they boil the vegetables, thri Hunzanites drink the broth left in the pot.

Finally, there are chapatties, small pa cakes eaten throughout Pakistan and Ind but in Hunza made with whole-wheat flo that has been ground slowly and baked ve quickly. The Hunzanites eat very little me partly because they need the manure the floc produce too much to be able to butcher mo than a few beasts a year, and no sugar exce natural fruit sugar.

Though the mir firmly believes diet to be the heart of Hunza's happiness, we thoug there was something else too—something that remote, mountain air. When we went o on the palace terrace at nightfall, a fairylar spectacle awaited us. All the surroundi darkness began to flicker with lights as th people of Hunza, carrying torches, came say farewell to their Imam.

There was a long murmur of adoratio Then, at a sign from the mir, dancing cor menced—graceful dancing, savage dancing, dance of sabers in which men simulate bloo warfare known to them only by hearsay. The little by little, the lights began to move awa

We remained for a while on the darken terrace, watching the flames disappear in th distance.

"I will come back," said Karim sweetly, a dressing the mir and the rani. Their hea nodded agreement.

Two days later, at Karachi, a moder commercial aircraft waited to carry Karim t his other world—to the Gstaad chalet that his official address. Ten thousand faithf came to see him off. An almost deafening ro hailed him as Karim, from the top of the lanc ing steps, gave his blessing:

"*Ala Huma Sale Allah Mohammad Al Aa Mohamad.*" ("O Allah, may your blessin fall upon Mohammed and his descendants!"

"*Hazar Imam! Zindabad!*" ("Long live th living Imam!")

Some hours later, at Geneva, a tall, austere looking woman bearing the traces of a grea beauty walked toward Karim as soon as ou plane came in.

"Oh, darling," I heard her say in a beauti fully modulated English voice, "you have los weight! You must be careful not to catch col with such a violent change of climate."

And then I heard Karim Aga Khan, th forty-ninth living Imam of 12,000,000 Is mailians, who during the past month had bee blessing, counseling, scolding and pourin generosity upon his "spiritual children," repl gently:

"Yes, mummy, I'll be careful." EN



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"I think I'd rather die first!"

WHEN YOUR CHILD GETS ANGRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

I think it's an advantage for children to grow up with parents who aren't shocked by signs of occasional hostility. Then the children don't have to feel too awfully guilty about such feelings. A parent can help to clear the air once in a while after a blowup, especially in the case of a child who is sensitive or overconscientious, by saying in an understanding tone that all children become angry with their parents, even though they love them too; that parents know this and don't think any the less of their children for it. (The parent might even recall how mad he used to get at his father or mother in the olden days.) If a parent thinks he acted somewhat unfairly in a situation which caused the child's resentment, he can admit it frankly without fear of losing face or impairing his discipline.

But none of the foregoing implies, to my way of thinking, that a parent need permit rude exclamations of anger and hatred, or name calling, or any other form of impoliteness. A parent owes it to his child as well as to himself to maintain the dignity of his position of leadership in the family. In doing so he is not claiming to be above reproach. He is only teaching that politeness is due to everybody and that a certain respect is owed to

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In every child who is born, under no matter what circumstances, and of no matter what parents, the potentiality of the human race is born again: and in him, too, once more, and of each of us, our terrific responsibility toward human life; toward the utmost idea of goodness, of the horror of error, and of God.

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any person in a position of authority—whether parent, teacher, minister, judge, employer, lifeguard—even though he may not be filling that position perfectly. If a child cannot respect his parent's position, it will be difficult for him to learn to respect other positions—including his own—later in life. To put it more specifically, if my child were rude to me I wouldn't put up with it, nor yell at him as an equal, nor act as if he had committed an unforgivable sin. I'd just tell him, seriously and as calmly as I could manage, that I don't want him to speak that way to me; it isn't polite; it isn't right.

Before I leave that subject I want to mention also the child who has learned to say frequently, "I hate you" or "I don't love you" whenever his mother turns down a request or scolds him, because he has discovered that this makes her feel so guilty that she will almost always give in to him. You might imagine that in such cases the mother would be a highly inconsistent or immature person. But almost all those I have known were quite sensible in most respects. Their problem was that for some reason or other they doubted their adequacy as parents, at least in regard to the one child in question. A simple example that's easy to understand is the case of the mother who has adopted a child and can't get over the feeling that she's not really entitled to have him. It's as if she'd done something reproachable, to the natural parents and to the child. Or there's the mother whose child has a handicap and who is convinced, despite what the doctors say, that it must be all her fault. In a majority of cases, however, the reason why the mother gives in to the child so guiltily is not apparent. It may be some inadequacy that would seem insignificant to others but which looms large in the mother's conscience. She may be able to stand up quite sensibly to her other children. You or I would be able to detect immediately that this child was not at all sincere in his declaration to his mother that he hates her, that in fact he was putting on a rather corny piece of acting. Why doesn't the mother notice the false note? It's her own unnaturally severe conscience that is always ready to accuse her anew that she's not worthy of her child's love. The slightest reminder from him, no matter how unjustified, is enough to stir her conscience up again.

Children—even as young as one or two years of age—are surprisingly responsive to their fathers' and mothers' deep feelings of various kinds. It's the smooth working of these feelings that ordinarily does most to keep children reasonably stable and happy. When a child's behavior becomes obnoxious, the cause may lie in his relationship to school work or friends or members of the family. But one question to ask—among many—is whether the parent, without conscious awareness, is accepting the misbehavior too resignedly.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.



HOW SHOULD WE PLAN OUR SAVINGS?

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

Like many other families in the U.S. today, the Sellerses (see their story on page 68) have some "lazy money"—money that isn't working for them as hard as it should. Bettie is careful to buy what she calls "the monster box" of detergent: Ezra cannily looks for the slight defect in the sofa he expects to buy and suggests a discount. But both overlook at least two major factors in the handling of their money which could save them as much as $350 a year.

The hard-working Sellerses aren't making their savings work as hard as money can—and must if it is to provide extra income and build a sturdy defense against that day when Ezra's earning power, in all likelihood, will decrease. A second important consideration for them is whether they are paying more income tax than they need to, more than the Internal Revenue Service would require if it had all the facts. It appears that they—and a number of other families the *Journal* has interviewed—are doing just that.

The money a family *has* requires as much thought as, if not more than, the money it spends. What are the Sellerses doing with their savings? Until recently they have simply stuffed a rather large sum into a convenient bank and given no further attention to its potential employment. Though both can trace the history of art in the most explicit detail back to cave drawings, neither knew how much interest the bank was paying them on their savings. "I think it must be about 4 per cent," Ezra said. A call to the bank revealed their money was earning only 2½ per cent.

The Sellerses could increase the earnings from their savings simply by switching some to the local savings-and-loan association. It pays 4 per cent. They could even profit by paying off a part of the mortgage on their home. It costs them 4½ per cent while their savings earn only 2½ per cent. This is not to say that "money in the bank" isn't good (and a wonderful feeling!). Savings accounts *are* the best place for short-range needs. They pay full interest from the start and pose no risk.

Professor and Mrs. Sellers needed an investment plan tailored to their special basic requirements, as does every family. For the Sellerses, these are:

1. Keeping down taxes on income earned by their savings.

2. Providing funds for their children's education.

3. Providing for supplementary retirement income.

The Sellerses are now regularly depositing $50 in the bank monthly. That $50 monthly savings is far from being as large as it looks to them. It isn't much more than enough for a replacement fund for the two cars and special household equipment they own. Moreover, Professor and Mrs. Sellers are going to need more money for their three children's college education and for their retirement than they realize. They can't depend on Carol's high grades' winning her a scholarship. The trend is to provide scholarships more on the basis of family income in relation to obligations than on academic achievement. Nor are scholarships as widely available as parents tend to hope. Most of the scholarship funds are concentrated in 3 per cent of the colleges.

Professor Sellers's optimism about working after he is 65 also needs to be bulwarked by financial planning so that he is not completely dependent on that prospect. The fact is that he will need even more supplementary income than most people. When he will be eligible for Social Security at 65, his wife will be 52. She won't get the payment due the wife of a retired worker for another ten years. His $125 a month will be their only Social Security payment.

The savings plan I worked out with Ezra and Bettie uses four types of savings and investments to exploit the special merits of each. Specifically, I suggested the Sellerses distribute their present nest egg and future savings among savings accounts, E bonds, an annuity, and a mutual fund or conservative common stocks. This will give them easy-to-reach cash for short-term needs and tax-sheltered investments for long-range needs. Here is how these investments could be arranged to yield about 4½ per cent and give the family an additional $200 a year:

Savings accounts of $3000 will provide Professor Sellers with the cash he likes to have on hand to grasp opportunities to buy for cash at reasonable prices. The earnings from the savings accounts and part of the principal might also be used to pay part of their oldest child's college expenses.

E bonds: I suggested putting at least $3000 in savings bonds toward their long-range goals of educating the two younger children and retirement. Though interest rates in general may level off, the 3¾ per cent earned by E bonds is guaranteed for the next eight years. This should give them a new glamour for small savers. Because the tax on the yield of E bonds may be postponed until they are cashed, they are especially suitable for retirement saving. It would take a return of almost 5 per cent to equal this tax-postponable 3¾ per cent. E bonds are not as suitable for near-future needs, such as Carol's college expenses.

Mutual funds or carefully selected conservative common stocks are potentially the biggest earners in Professor Sellers's new plan. Over a long period stocks have earned an average of 7 to 8 per cent in dividends and increased value. This is no guaranty of what the average will be in the future, but it would be reasonably safe to figure on earnings of perhaps 6 per cent. No more than a third of the family's savings should be invested this way. A family can't delay educating its children while stock yields average out over a long period.

An annuity is the most dependable way Professor Sellers can bolster his future Social Security and accumulation of E bonds for retirement needs. He can get low rates from the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation for college staffs. If he starts now at 49, for every $1 he pays into the annuity fund each month he will get a lifetime income of $1.80 a month at 65. Thus, deposits of $25 a month now will assure him a supplementary income of $45 a month. If he had started at 35, he would have had to pay only $10 a month to get $45—a striking example of the value of starting an annuity plan early.

As the list of their expenditures shows (page 121), various taxes add up to the third largest item in the Sellerses' bill for living. Taxes take twice as much as they spend for clothing or medical care! Only food and housing cost them more. They have not only the massive Federal bite, but they also pay a state income tax and sales tax on all purchases, including food.

There are two noticeable oversights in the Sellerses' tax figuring. One is that they have not been deducting certain necessary expenses Professor Sellers has in connection with his work. I discussed this potential deduction with the local Internal Revenue and state tax offices. Both agreed that certainly the art supplies he buys are deductible, as is any nonreimbursed expense, including the use of his car, for outside talks he gives on behalf of the college.

Professor Sellers also uses one room of his home as a studio. If he can show that this use is necessary to his work, he can deduct a proportionate part of all household operating costs and depreciation of the building. I asked the college business office to give him a letter confirming that he does need this studio.

Professor Sellers also has entertainment expenses in connection with his work. Nowadays entertainment deductions get the sharpest scrutiny from taxmen, but expenses that can be proved necessary, such as transporting and entertaining visiting art experts, are a valid deduction, the tax officials agreed.

The Sellerses have not been taking all their deductions for contributions, especially small but frequent out-of-pocket donations to charities and church. Even the cost of ingredients for preparing food for charitable affairs, and of gas and oil used in the service of qualified charitable organizations, are deductible. Professor and Mrs. Sellers may be able to save as much as $150 a year on taxes. Their particular tax-deductible expenses are not necessarily deductible by other families, but many persons do have some job-deductible expenses, such as union and professional-society dues, technical books, tools and safety clothing, and—of increasing importance—expenses for education in new work skills if required by an employer. Nearly every family can realize more earnings from savings and legitimately reduce their tax bills if they make the effort and keep accurate records. END



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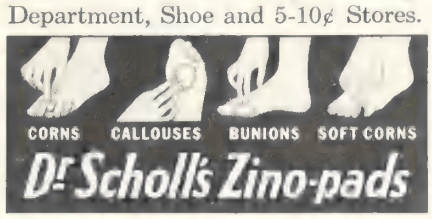
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THE RICH LIFE ON $8400 A YEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

pleasant, conventional community, neighbors confided to Bettie there had been a little apprehension about having an artist in their midst—an artist, some thought, might be an odd sort, live the Bohemian life and let his children run wild. The neighbors know Ezra better now. He draws his spiritual sustenance from "fishing, fine art and the Methodist church," not necessarily in that order, and he sometimes shares his catch with them.

He is an expert hog caller, too, and Bettie has on her window sill a tiny porcelain pig he won for this skill many years ago. She herself is an art student and a speed reader who can comprehend a paragraph at a glance. She consistently reads three or four books a week, most of them ponderous tomes related to art history. ("Oh, a chapter or two in the bathroom, another while stirring the stew—I can finish most books in an evening!") She read six or seven books a week when she was younger and less discriminating, and she claims to have been the "champion ridgepole walker and tree climber in the county" when she was a girl in Griffin, Georgia.

Bettie does the bookkeeping in the family; not because Ezra couldn't do it with equal efficiency, but because he hasn't the time. Their method of keeping track of outgo is a simple one: Ezra's pay is deposited in their bank and they pay everything by check. They have a record of check stubs dating back to 1949. They use almost no cash and keep very little of it in their pocketbooks. When Bettie shops and pays the grocery bill each Saturday morning, she makes out a check for perhaps $5 more than the bill—the balance that she takes in cash is her "spending money" for the week. When Ezra needs pocket money, he writes a check for $20, which may last him several weeks. He doesn't smoke or drink; gasoline for their two cars is charged to a monthly bill and he comes home for lunch each day. (And enjoys Bettie's cooking and talking with her uninterrupted by the children—and takes a nap!)

Each month $50 is routinely deducted from Ezra's salary and deposited in their savings account. This they do not touch. "It is for emergencies only," Bettie explained. "*dire* emergencies." This system has worked well for them, for they now have ample funds for current expenses in their checking account, and their savings account is mounting close to the $10,000 mark. A large portion of this nest egg (about $7000) was deposited after the sale, in 1959, of a 42-acre farm and house near Athens, Ga., they bought for $3500 in 1951.

The Sellerses bought the house they are now living in for $12,400 in 1956 on a twenty-year FHA mortgage, backed by the veteran's loan privilege which required a down payment of only the closing costs ($451.79). Their monthly payment is $81, including taxes and insurance. Although their major improvement of the house has been to enclose the carport, at a cost of $600, it has appreciated greatly in value since 1956, the asking price for a similar house on their street being $22,000.

The comfortable bank account is not their only financial achievement in fifteen years of married life on a modest salary.

In 1949 Ezra took an entire year off, without income, "to see if I really could paint." (Having satisfied himself that he could, he returned to teaching.)

During the summer of 1958 he spent two months in Europe, at his own expense, visiting museums in Italy, France, England, Holland, Belgium and Germany to photograph paintings and other art objects for the college slide collection. The cost to him: $1200.

With Bettie, he did the same in Mexico in the summer of 1959, a working vacation to photograph art, the college paying only for the film. Their costs: $600. ("When you travel with Ezra it's no vacation," remarked Bettie. "He takes no time off. He's in museums seven days a week—gets there when the doors open and stays until closing time.")

In the summer of 1960, Professor Sellers photographed in museums in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., this time without Bettie, because she had to stay home and take care of Molly, who had just been born. ("You see," she explained, "I *had* my vacation the summer before.") His costs for the summer's travel: about $300.

The Sellerses have two cars, the latest, a 1959 model, purchased new and for cash, which they are considering trading for a new compact.

Their home is adequately furnished, with the usual household appliances, including a new refrigerator Ezra bought Bettie for her birthday last year, and a new automatic clothes dryer when Molly was expected. (Bettie's only outside help is a laundress who comes in for a few hours once a week.)

They are buying nothing on installments. When they pay their bills each month, they owe no one for anything (except the house mortgage).

Nor do they stint on the "necessary luxuries"—their house is as full of as many books, recordings and paintings as it will hold. (They also have a collection of paintings on loan to Young Harris College, where Ezra went to prep school.) Most of these paintings he has acquired by trading his own. "They may not be considered valuable to other people, but they are extremely valuable to me. In time they may be worth a considerable amount of money, but that is unimportant. To own them gives us pleasure now."

He believes he could have acquired a fortune by this time in his life if he had tried. "Most anyone can, if that is his goal. I don't know how I would feel if I had a lot of money, but I think I would be ill-at-ease with it. I would like to have sufficient funds to travel any time I feel like it, but I'll do that anyway—only it will take me a little longer than it would a rich man. Meanwhile, I have the pleasure of planning and anticipation."

"Among our relatives, we're the rich ones," Bettie said. "Ezra has a higher income than anyone in his family or mine ever had. Oh, certainly we could use more money—more people can. We buy only what seems most valuable to us. When I buy hamburger on sale or dress material on sale, I think merely that I am saving to buy something else—a trip, painting or something Ezra needs."

For all his practicality, or perhaps—as he would insist—because of it, Ezra Sellers used to write poetry. "I suppose everybody has a period of doing that," he said. When he was dating Bettie, they used to sit in the park and Ezra would read her verse—his own or that of great poets. It was a "cheap date" that was cheap. And if any lines summarize the philosophy of household finance, it is those of the German poet Heine: *If you have a loaf, sell half and buy hyacinths.* They have always had a loaf of bread.

The Sellerses' philosophy includes giving of money as well as themselves. Because of service-incurred back injury, Ezra receives a veteran's disability pension of $432 yearly, and he also occasionally sells a painting. A part of this money he puts into a fund he has established at LaGrange College for emergency loans without interest to art students. Ezra cares little if any of the money borrowed from the fund is ever repaid. His reason: "I got a lot from other people when I was going to school. I feel I ought to give a little." He contributes to his church a minimum of $25 monthly, and also teaches Sunday school.

The children come in for a few "extras" too. Carol takes voice and piano lessons at the college. At the half-tuition rate granted to faculty families, these cost $10 monthly, plus $5 or more for sheet music. She is an advanced member of the Girl Scouts, and dues, outings and special clothes mount up to perhaps $50 a year. David takes drum lessons at school and also privately, but so far a series of ten lessons costs only $10. He is a Boy Scout, with expenses similar to his sister's. In "giving herself" to the Scouts, Bettie Sellers works with the Girl Scouts one year, the Boy Scouts the next.

She also took advantage of the half-tuition rates at LaGrange College and attended classes for two years as an art major. She received her A.B. degree with highest honors in 1958, her husband's "star pupil."

The Sellerses have long-range plans for financing their children's college education. They expect to use part of their savings for this purpose. They wanted to have their children at least four years apart so they would not have more than one child in college at the same time. If Carol stays on the honor roll through high school, her father says he will give her a trip to Europe as a graduation present. "I think travel is an important part of education, but I also have an ulterior motive. If she stays on the honor roll—and she has so far—she's bound to get a scholarship, and that will be worth more than the price of a trip to Europe. We also intend to help the children with graduate work if they need it, so once Carol starts college we can look forward to eight or ten years of school expenses. The Molly will be ready."

Such a pattern of family financing as the Sellerses have accomplished cannot be done on a college teacher's income without careful management and some bargaining ability. They practice each. Both Bettie and Ezra grew up and were married under circumstances that made a dollar seem a highly respectable amount of money, and they have not changed their point of view.

On the farm near Griffin, Georgia, where Bettie was a girl there was always plenty to eat but sometimes literally no cash—and no money in the bank. At one point during the depression, her father sold milk and eggs on the street to get a few dollars. In order to support his family he had to quit farming and take a job as a bookkeeper, but as soon as he had saved enough money he went back to farming, which he still does. When Bettie was graduated from high school, she went to Atlanta to work. After an apprenticeship in an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

HOW THE SELLERSES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

WHAT THEY GET	
Salary	**$666.66**
Veteran's Pension	**36.00**
	$702.66
WHERE IT GOES	
Federal Income Tax	**60.00**
Social Security	**12.00**
State Income Tax	**3.06**
Personal Property Tax	**2.17**
State Sales Tax	**7.85**
	85.08
FOOD (including milk, cleaning supplies)	147.50
HOUSING (mortgage payment, $68.93; property tax, $8.33; insurance, $3.17; maintenance, $7.50; heat and utilities, $26.56; phone, $5.24)	119.73
HOME FURNISHINGS, REPAIRS, GARDEN SUPPLIES	16.00
CLOTHING (purchases, $24; cleaning, repairs, $4; laundress, $8.67)	36.67
HEALTH CARE (medical, dental, $30; insurance, $10)	40.00
CONTRIBUTIONS (church, $30; other, $8.50)	38.50
CAR EXPENSES (operating, $45; insurance, $7.98	52.98
RECREATION, CLUB DUES	11.00
LIFE INSURANCE	11.79
ADVANCEMENT (children's school expenses, $15; magazines, newspapers, $4; encyclopedia, $8.33)	27.33
ART SUPPLIES, FACULTY EXPENSES	17.50
CIGARETTES	8.67
GIFTS, MUSIC LESSONS, SCOUT EXPENSES, OTHERS	39.91
SAVINGS	50.00
	617.58
TOTAL	**$702.66**

See page 122 for our financial counselor's comments on this budget.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

office of the Department of Agriculture, she got a job as a statistical analyst for an insurance company and went to college classes at night. This was her life when she met Ezra.

Ezra's father died when he was seven. His mother moved to Atlanta, where she could get work to support him and an older brother. Ezra quit school before completing the eighth grade and went to work for a manufacturing concern. After a few years, it was clear to him he could not advance in any way without further education. Having saved a little money, and encouraged by his minister and other friends, he enrolled at Young Harris College in Towns County, Georgia. It is wholly a junior college now, but when Ezra attended it was also a high-school academy. He was 21 years old and still doing eighth-grade schoolwork. He was given employment by the school and the title of "proctor," but his duties were those of maid and janitor. With some years out for military service, he worked his way, assisted by the G.I. Bill of Rights, to a Master of Fine Arts degree at the University of Georgia.

While in the Army, he purchased on monthly installments a mountain cabin and fifteen acres near Young Harris College. He paid $1500 for this and was able to sell it at a slight profit shortly after he and Bettie were married. It was this meager capital, plus additional savings, that enabled them to buy the farm for $3500 in 1951.

Bettie and Ezra met in church in Atlanta in 1945. He heard her sing one night and nudged the friend who brought him there. "If that girl can cook, too," he told him, "I'm going to marry her." In less than a year he did.

Meat was rationed at the time. After they had been married three months, they had saved enough red points for Ezra to celebrate by buying two fine, thick sirloin steaks. He gave them to Bettie to cook and settled down in a chair to read. Suddenly he realized he had not been summoned to eat the steaks, which he had been smelling for quite some time. Quickly investigating, he found Bettie had broiled them to tiny crisps, and was still broiling them, "presumably waiting for them to disappear entirely." He said very little, but in a few days Bettie received a cookbook through the mail, sent by an anonymous donor. "I cried and cried," Bettie said, "but I don't think I've ever wasted such valuable food since. How would I have known how to cook such steaks? I'd never even seen one before. All we ever did with steak on the farm was beat and batter it—and surely not sirloin."

Her present economy in the purchase of food is far from naïve, and the objective is still the same: high quality. In the summertime, she does a great deal of canning of fruit and vegetables bought at extremely low cost from friends or relatives on farms. The new refrigerator has a large freezer compartment, and she buys meat and some produce in quantity when it is on sale and stores it. Hamburger, when it is three pounds for $1, goes in there; so does chicken, which sometimes drops as low as 27 cents a pound in this section of Georgia and "you can't afford not to eat it." Ezra usually has in the freezer an ample supply of fish he has caught and they eat fish at least once a week. Bettie does all her food shopping personally, so she selects the best of exactly what she wants at the lowest price.

Alcoholic beverages are not a factor in their budget. "No drinking" is a strict rule for students at LaGrange College and honored by the faculty as well. It is still a vital part of the Methodist admonition in the South, and Ezra follows it. Nevertheless, he likes to tell about the time he made a fine batch of scuppernong wine, purely as an experiment. (Scuppernong grapes are a delicate type of white fox grape that will not ship and can only be eaten where they are grown. They are sometimes advertised for sale on Southern highways at 25 cents *per person*, meaning that for that money one person may pick and eat all he can on the spot.) Ezra had a good supply of scuppernong fermenting away in the cellar of his farmhouse when his minister, an old friend, paid him a surprise visit one Sunday. He showed him around the house and paused before the cellar door, remembering the wine. Young David did too. "Oh, don't go down there!" he warned the minister. "Daddy's got some juice athumpin' down there."

The Sellerses' expense for entertainment, except for books and records, is negligible. In Carol they have a built-in baby sitter who serves free of charge, but they do not often go out at night. If they do, it is to inexpensive church or school affairs or to the homes of friends. Most evenings Ezra reads or paints; Bettie reads or sews. David and Carol do their homework, and Molly sleeps. Carol does some outside baby-sitting at 50 cents an hour. She has a bank account of her own.

For daytime outdoor pleasure, a $4 faculty membership fee gives them access to swimming, boating, fishing, golfing, hiking and dining at Calloway Gardens, a huge private park 18 miles from LaGrange that is much like a magnificent country club. Extending for miles around a series of mountain lakes, with a well-kept profusion of hollies, azaleas, rhododendrons and magnolias, the gardens are one of the most gloriously scenic spots in the United States. While at home in the summer, the Sellerses vacation there.

Bettie's sewing is a major household economy. She makes all of Carol's and Molly's dresses and most of her own. She finds she can make a dress for $3 that would cost at least $10 in any store. Fewer expensive winter clothes are needed in the mild Georgia climate. (Their home is heated by gas at an average cost of about $100 a year.) The over-all cost of living in LaGrange is low. There are few places one can spend much money. The Sellerses do much of their buying from a mail-order company. Bettie summed it up: "I don't believe in pinching every penny twice—just once!"

The year off without income occurred in 1949 when Carol was the only child. They lived rent-free in an apartment they set up in the rambling old home of Bettie's mother near the Flint River, Georgia. Grocery bills on the farm were not high, and Bettie kept house and cooked for her father and brother as a major part of her contribution. Ezra also worked around the farm and still had plenty of time for painting.

Ezra loves to bargain and believes you can always get a better price if you have the cash in hand. He carefully inspects any commodity before he purchases it—even a can of worms. On his way to go fishing one day, he stopped to buy some worms. Red worms were 60 cents a box; pink ones, 75. He ordered the red ones. Somewhat to the surprise of the seller, he dumped them out on a newspaper to look at them before taking them. "These worms have had too many birthdays," he muttered. "I don't like them, and neither will the fish." After some debate, he settled for a can of the fatter, more agile pink worms. They cost 15 cents more, so in this case, as always, his objective was quality.

"Ezra will give you the shirt off his back if he thinks you need it, but don't try to buy it from him," a friend warned. "You'll pay double the original cost." This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but it is in line with stories Ezra tells about himself. In any event, the fish always bite on his line because he uses "only sincere worms."

Installment buying for the Sellerses is a thing of the somewhat distant past, but Ezra recalls going back to a favorite merchant in Athens, Georgia, specifically to thank him for selling them a refrigerator on easy payments when they needed it. (This was the old refrigerator; household appliances were in short supply at the time and they were keeping the baby's milk on the window sill.) Later, the merchant was kind enough to sell them a kitchen range, also hard to get, for small monthly payments and low total cost. The same man had an automobile dealership in town, and when Ezra needed a car he naturally went to him to buy it. "You know you told me to write on a piece of paper what I could pay for an automobile," he reminded the man recently, "and the monthly payments I could afford. I did so. You read it and got red in the face, but you didn't say anything and you sold me the car at my price. I just want you to know that I think you are a kind, sympathetic businessman and I appreciate all you've done for me."

The merchant replied, "In twenty years you are the first customer ever to come and tell me that—*what do you want now?*"

"Nothing," Ezra told him. "Just to thank you."

Obviously, few merchants will deny themselves the pleasure of dealing with such a customer on the lowest possible terms.

"If you've got the cash," Ezra said, "you can usually find a dent or a scrape or two on something you want to buy. Take that Swedish-modern furniture in our living room. Bettie looked it over at the store and liked it, so I went to see about it and I looked it over. I happened to find a loose leg on the sofa. I was looking for a loose leg. Frankly, I looked until I found a loose leg. They took ten dollars off for that.

"The record player we have—it's an excellent one and a handsome piece of furniture. In the store I noticed a slight dent in the lid—good for a fifty-dollar reduction. It had more dents than that after it had been in the house two weeks. When I bought this car, the dealer named his price and I named mine—a hundred dollars less. I was able to write a check for the full price. 'You've got me over a barrel,' the salesman said. But he didn't seem too unhappy to take my check."

When he was traveling alone in Europe, Ezra lived in pensions and inexpensive hotels for an average cost of $5 a day for room and board. Breakfast was usually included in the cost of the room, which was rarely more than $3, often less. He purchased bread and cheese, or some other quick-pickup food, for lunch. In the evening he ate a complete dinner in a good restaurant, but one where American tourists were seldom seen. To some extent, he followed instructions in a guidebook, *Seeing Europe on Five Dollars a Day*, and he did not engage in any expensive after-dark entertainment. After photographing in museums all day, work he found thrilling but exhausting, he was much too tired to do anything at night but go to bed. He believes he could have lived on less if he had really economized.

LaGrange College does not have a pension fund for its faculty members; they voted to rely on Social Security. Professor Sellers carries life-insurance policies on himself in the amount of $20,000—a $10,000 G.I. and a $10,000 group policy—but maintains no special provisions for old age or inability to work. He has an answer to that, however. His family has a history of longevity.

"Almost nobody in my family has ever died so young as sixty-five," he said. "That's when I expect to go to work. That's when I'll really begin to produce. Why, I'll be going great at sixty-five—and I don't care to leave my children a lot of cash when I die. I would much prefer to give them a good education and the incentive to work." Last year he refused, with barely a second thought, an offer of $10,000 yearly—$2000 more than he is making—to take a position in the East. Among his reasons: "I think I'm doing some good where I am."

That "you can't take it with you" is his view of material wealth. With this Bettie wholly agrees. She is happy to be living in Georgia, where she has lived all her life, but she insists her happiness is not dependent on place or things. "Your own happiness you do take with you," she said. EN

NEXT MONTH

"I'm young and strong and I can work," said Bonnie Crawford when she found herself a widow with five children to support. Today, five years later, she is still young and strong and working. But her normal dreams of remarriage are always stopped short by the stern question: "Who would marry a widow with five children?"

NO FATHER TO TURN TO

By MARGARET PARTON

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY
in the December Journal

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LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

telling how far Glenn might have gone. My brother David, who is three years younger than I, has chalked up all kinds of honors and earns three times my income.

"Fortunately, I had wise parents. They never allowed me to feel that they were aware of any differences between my brothers and myself. Consequently I was as thrilled by the triumphs of the other two as my mother, and she was plenty thrilled.

Mother is a remarkably unselfish woman, who subordinated her own unusual talents, brains and energy to the interests of her family. She was due most of the credit for my father's accomplishments, although she took none. Instead she saw to it that we boys recognized father was family boss, that father supported her and us, that we owed him love and gratitude and obedience. Because we knew exactly where we stood, all of us had a secure and happy childhood.

"I used to kid Lynn by saying she fell in love with me after first falling for my mother. On the surface their personalities are quite similar. The qualities in Lynn that appealed to me in the beginning were her vitality and energy, her drive. I suppose I hoped she would build me up the way mother built up dad, devote her charm and energy to promoting my welfare and raising our family. But Lynn has more important matters to occupy her than my lagging career, my unhappiness. She is an absentee mother and an absentee wife.

"I've gone to bed by myself so often these past years, I long ago began to feel like a bachelor. On several occasions when Lynn *was* at home I felt affectionate but she was exhausted with good works and rebuffed my overtures. Now I myself seem to have lost the capacity to become interested in sex; in fact, I've lost my capacity to feel anything except tension, depression and frustration.

"My lack of standing in my job and in my home has destroyed my self-confidence, sapped my manhood. It seems to me that Greg and the other children would be better off if they were freed of my feeble attempts at guidance and had just their mother to listen to. I believe Lynn should go ahead and get her divorce."

The marriage counselor says:

"I have seldom seen such discord in an educated family.

"The underlying causes of the conflict seemed quite clear. Lynn had great energy, little will power. If somebody nominated her to take office or sponsor a charity, she was too flattered to say no. As a small girl, passed around among distant relatives, she had suffered keenly from her personal unimportance in the general scheme of things. Her church and civic chores made her an important person in the community; she fed her vanity by doing her duty as a citizen and neglecting her duty as a mother and a wife.

"I believe that as a child Dick, too, felt unimportant in the general scheme of things, although he told me repeatedly that he'd never once been jealous of his brothers. I believe he was so painfully affected by playing second fiddle in his boyhood that he buried the memory of his feelings, blocked out the past. And then along came Greg, with his strong resemblance to brother Glenn, to revive all the old painful feelings.

"Until Dick went overseas he placed first with Lynn. On his return he expected to receive a loving welcome from her, and from Greg the affectionate deference he had always given to his father. Instead he was confronted with a son who plainly resented him, and a wife who refused him the authority to discipline the child. Obviously it wouldn't take him long to feel that he'd been relegated to the same subsidiary place he had occupied as a boy. Without being aware of it, Dick began to vent his bitterness and frustration at his lot on Greg. Whenever he was wounded by Lynn's indifference, absences, arguments, he translated his hurt and anger into criticisms of the boy he mistakenly supposed was her favorite in the family.

"Lynn was more lenient than Dick wi four children. Her elderly cousins, sterr ciplinarians, had left her with a horror ing overstrict. In my opinion, however, partiality that she showed Greg was prot based on guilt; she still blamed herself be she hadn't felt more warmly toward Gr his infancy.

"Lynn's efforts to deal with sibling r had been too academic and too short-l Possibly Greg did enjoy helping to refu his crib and surrender to a new baby his in his parents' room, but it seems dout The first of his physical attacks on Susa best Lynn could recall, coincided roughly the time she shucked home responsibi and tackled civic problems.

"Both Greg and Susan needed far mo tention than they were receiving from e of their parents. Their increasing battles each other to win the love of the younger was pathetic evidence of insecurity and Their destructiveness, their aggressiveness pointed in that direction. Aggressive chil are often fearful children.

"Greg came to me for therapy at the ti was counseling Lynn and Dick. Sullen an co-operative at first, he gradually revealed loneliness, longing for acceptance, his co tion that everybody, except possibly mother, was dead set against him. At my gestion he was sent to a boys' camp that mer. He didn't want to go, but to his pl surprise and the surprise of his family he his first friend.

"During his six-week absence and the parative calm that ensued, Lynn resigned most of her civic organizations, but natu maintained her church affiliation. How her minister advised her to drop comm work, reminding her that their church s for family solidarity. Dick was very grat He and Lynn now attend church togethe though as yet he isn't a member.

"Lynn and Dick had many long, frank about the children, reached an understan of each other's disciplinary ideas, com mised their major differences. They pron to discuss any future disagreements in pri and never stage an argument before youngsters. This pledge they have faithf kept.

"Dick's difficulties at work were exagger in his mind because of the stresses at h Many of his worries dissolved when Lynn gan to listen to him. After Lynn convi Dick that he had stature in her eyes, h gained his confidence in himself and in manhood. Their sexual relationship is satisfying to them both.

"When Greg came back from camp brought his new-found friend with him. weekend Dick drove the two boys miles ou the desert and there the three attempte manufacture and launch a rocket. The ro was a dud, the experiment a success. Perh for the first time since Greg was a baby father thoroughly enjoyed his company.

"Greg's surprise birthday present was a success. His parents redecorated the sha garage room in which the youngster had put upon and exiled. He then had one reason to battle with Susan. He was prou his room and soon began to relish his priv As Greg made friends with other boys he t less interest in competing with his sister an dominating his little brothers.

"Lynn and Dick by no means achi perfection. It was impossible to repair all mistakes and damage of the years. Altho Greg and Susan are older and quarrel they aren't really fond of each other an seems improbable they will be good c panions as adults. A bright future in scie is predicted for Greg, but at this point it seems unlikely he will have a warm and s fying personal life. Dick has gone on m expeditions with Greg since the desert ca ing trip, but he still doesn't feel as clos his son as he would like to feel. Nor Lynn. But she and Dick are thankful for improvements they have made in their fa life."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and densed from actual records by

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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IT YOU?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

selled of sun. He was going to have come to Pulverstown that Christmas, to see her family and make her promise to marry him. But before this could happen the war came and everything fell apart and she married some other in the Navy and went to live in San Francisco. He had sent her a wedding present.

A plump volunteer-work-looking woman, working along the benches, handed Simon a folder in green and white. It was called *Historic Pulverstown*. He leafed idly through it until "What to Do in Pulverstown" told him about the museum.

Simon had a weakness for museums. Any kind of museums. From the Vatican Museum and the Metropolitan right on down to the three-pickled-snakes-in-a-jar-and-a-stuffed-crow kind. He decided to go and have some lunch at the Pulvers' Arms (Rotary, Thurs. 12:30) and to visit the museum of Pulverstown. Birthplace of. There was no serviceable train until early evening. He hated buses worse than airplanes.

As the taxi, crowded with bad-tempered travelers, crept through the fog, other echoes dated back to him. With hallucinatory clearness he remembered the pattern of the lines in Foxie Reynard's right palm. He remembered the lettuce-green angora sweater she was always knitting, which she dragged along on every college weekend. He wondered if it had ever got finished. Pale green lint, she gave off, and a precocious odor of Chanel No. 3, and a quality of expecting everything wonderful. When anything even remotely wonderful happened, she always smiled shyly, as though she had brought it in her pocket, but didn't like to take too much credit. Her pocket, in fact, would have been full of green fluff, like the green-furred depths of her eternal knitting bag.

His lunch, when finally he got it, was Roman. He smoked a cigarette and went back into the fog. It enclosed him, and it swallowed, too, all the unfamiliar landmarks he had been told to look for. It was as though he had slipped all his moorings. A sensation of free fall (like Icarus's) began to beset him, and he clutched at the next pedestrian who loomed at him through the fog. A man in a black slicker who smelled of a good hearty lunch was lots of garlic piloted him, a short distance surely, to the steps of a building whose size he couldn't gauge. Light came from its windows like milky bars.

He went in, and immediately saw that Pulverstown did itself rather well in the museum line. He had expected Indian arrowheads and a fifty-year-old scale model of City Hall with trees made of green sponge, perhaps stuffed animals in poses of stilted menace or alarm. But there was a Calder mobile living its mysterious life high in the air of the white foyer, and an exhibition of contemporary ceramics, good contemporary ceramics, in some of the cases.

No one seemed to be about, no guard, no one. Feeling guiltily unauthorized, he walked through rooms hung with a show of Rembrandt drawings, a show of Magic Realists. Good stuff, he thought, but he couldn't look at them properly for the strangeness of the place's being deserted. He went up some curving marble steps from the foyer, and prowled through a local painter's show into a room of Georgian silver.

He positively leaped when a voice said, "It's really closed, you know."

There was a sound of steps, and a woman came from the other end of the room. He saw her through the high central case, her abstracted face moving closer above the shine of an intricate epergne. For some reason he stood where he was, and she came straight up to the case and looked through it at him, her eyes widening.

"Is it you?" he whispered, and then said quite loudly, "Is it you?"

Intending to meet her, he moved to his right as she moved to hers. For a moment he had the wild idea that there was to be a game of pop goes the weasel, but she turned and they did meet each other.

"This is me," said Kate Reynard. "Is that you?"

This sounds like a dialogue from Winnie the Pooh, he thought wildly. Something in him was panicky, and urged him to deny her, to turn and get away and leave her always wondering.

She hesitated, too, a look of fright or awe crossing her face. They were standing within two feet of each other, and suddenly her hand went out to his lapel. It was the gesture from the green-lint days. Simon threw his arms around her.

"Foxie!" he shouted. "Foxie Reynard!"

"Let me look at you" she said. "Simon Linnell. Strayed out of all probability, strayed off the map into Pulverstown. Well!"

"But what are *you* doing here? I thought you were in San Francisco."

"I was." she conceded. She had never been much of one for explanations.

"But why are you *here*?" he insisted.

"We live here now," she said. "Listen, let's take a walk, or something. This is too much." She darted to a window. "Fog," she stated. "Fogging away like mad out there."

The sensation, long forgotten, came to him strongly again, the feeling he had always had, with Foxie, that he was not so much with another person as with another of himself.

She smiled at him and perched on the window sill, outlined against the fog. She was slender still, but with a kind of neat voluptuousness that pleased him.

"Wouldn't that have been a thing?" she said. "If we had both turned turtle, each decided to run?"

"Failure of Recognition, or Mistaken Identity Among the Georgian Silver?"

"It would have been an important failure," she said seriously. "But how do you come here?"

He told her about Icarus Airlines, and she laughed. On purpose, perhaps to dispel his own lingering unbelief that any of this could be happening, he told the story, leaving off the image of the ship.

"Right down the sky into Brueghel," she said. "Not to be too obvious."

"Look," he said, his puzzlement returning, "what are you, of all unimaginable people, doing in, of all unimaginable places, a shut museum? Are you an exhibit? Do you live here, like a mouse in the wainscot?"

"I help out here," she said vaguely. She was, in fact, the director of the place. "You walked right past the sign," she said in a tone of accusation.

He could feel his head begin to spin, and even this reaction was familiar and almost comforting.

"The sign?"

"Saying 'Closed.'" She looked at him reprovingly.



"Another of the boss's dirty tricks."

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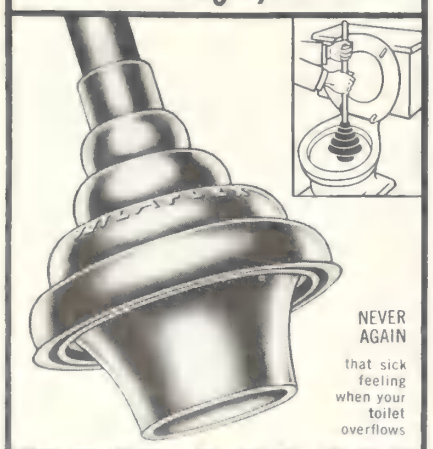


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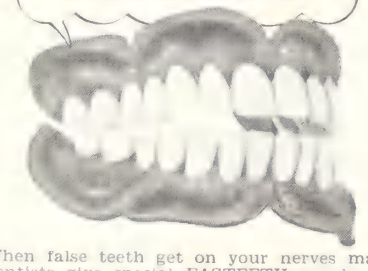
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He remembered a placard. "I'm sorry," he said.

"*Sorry!*"

"Not that kind of sorry. Ordinarily I abide laws," he told her. "I may not hold with them, but I abide them."

"I think maybe laws are suspended today," she said. "All laws. *I* know!" (She had always said "*I* know!") "Let's make some coffee and talk and then go out."

The museum office delighted Simon. He had to move the mummy of a cat and an early whale-oil lamp out of the way before he could sit down.

She was making coffee in a brass ewer of Middle Eastern design, using real coffee. Some of it went in a brown shower onto the floor, some onto a rather valuable-looking bit of seventeenth-century Spanish embroidery. Jean would have winced. He wondered whether that thought was disloyal to Jean or disloyal to Kate, but he gave it up.

He watched her, seeing the changes. That flaming bush of hair had been tamed into a knot, though it still showed signs of a life of its own in a few wandering tendrils at her ears. Its hue had calmed to the color of tea. Her

After years of living with the coldest realities I still believe that one reaps what one sows and that to sow kindness is the best of all investments.

JOE MARTIN
MY FIRST FIFTY YEARS IN POLITICS
MC GRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, INC.

eyes were exactly as he remembered them, yellow with a hint of green and brown—not hazel, but yellow. The same eyes, with more behind them now. It was as though the girl he remembered had been a hesitant suggestion, but a very good one, that had been acted on. She was over being completely beautiful, but he could not really regret this for her. He thought with surprise how many of the people he knew who, at her age, his own age, were eaten through with nervous unhappiness. She, for all her rapid, impetuous movement, had a quality of calm.

She poured out the coffee, scalding hot and powerful.

"You look just the way you *should*," she said.

"I was thinking it of you."

"It's impossible," she pronounced. "This never happens. Always the long-lost friend after twenty years turns out to be a labor racketeer, or a lush, or a selfless worker in a leper colony."

"Or, in the minor key," he said, "in the low-pitched stories, there's always the gradual erosion of the personality, the wearing away by time, so that there's nothing left but a trivial tragedy. That hasn't happened to you."

"It hasn't happened to you either. I can tell. It's uncanny, really. I don't find you disappointing. There must be something wrong with you. Haven't you got athlete's foot, or something?"

"No, but I've got a trick knee," he offered humbly. "And once I cheated on my income tax."

On an impulse that surprised him, for he was not normally garrulous, he went on to hand out details: the names of his wife and the twins, and the colors of their eyes; the name and class of his boat; the disposition of his dog—a canine delinquent; the modest pride and great satisfaction he found in his job as head of a social agency. Perhaps because she seemed not to ask anything of him, he wanted to make her a present, and offered in a sense his life.

"Ah, you're happy!" cried Foxie, with a wonder in her voice, and he immediately wished it all unsaid, an insult to any life they might have had together. Or perhaps an unkindness. Perhaps the calm she seemed to have achieved was an illusion, and the contagion of the world's slow stain had reached her in some way he had not understood. He looked at her in apology.

"Let's go out and walk," she said. "Wait till I get my coat."

They passed through the glitter of the Georgian silver, through the local painter's show (it was obvious that he had spent s time in Rockport), through the Magic R ists and the awesome Rembrandts. Simon that the placard he had vaguely noticed indeed said CLOSED.

The fog was thicker than ever. "Mour in winter," she had said it was in Pulverstc With a melancholy conviction that he spoiled everything with his parade of his b ings, he walked the street beside her, si and averted.

"What is it?" she asked. "Simon? W you worrying about *me?*"

He nodded.

"Oh, you idiot," she said. "You and y explanations. How you always had to explanations. I was just being glad you ba too, that I needn't have you on my conscie Nor *don't* have me on yours. My life has b lucky too. It's full of good things."

He looked at her to see if he could bel her, and found he could. She was leaving to imagine her good things. She had n been much at explanations. He was so relie that he laughed out loud, and she joined in the old way, without needing to know joke. They found themselves wandering the thick fog hand in hand, as though were twenty again. It would have loo strange if there had been anyone to see.

"I suppose I could ask you to dinner," said after a while. "Dan's away, but you co meet Sammy and Button."

"The train's at six," he said.

"I could even ask you to stay the night. I don't think I want to."

"No," he said, "we won't press our luc

"Don't *write* to me," she said suddenly.

"Oh, no," he said. "I wouldn't do that. me, did you ever finish that green sweat The one with all the lint?"

"Green sweater?" she asked; and then cried, "Oh, *that* green sweater." And laugh She didn't say whether she had finished it not, and he didn't ask again. The gr sweater was to lie at the bottom of his mi forever unfinished, shedding pale green fl

They lingered in the warm fog until the drew in, and then went back to have anot cup of bitter coffee and close the closed m seum, which she had forgotten. Simon pat the cat's mummy gently on the head, for lu

As they walked toward the station, Sim stopped and stopped her. "I wonder why didn't marry. Each other, I mean. God knc I wanted it."

"I wanted it too. But it would have h pened if it had been meant to, wouldn't And there was the war, and it all chang Besides," she said triumphantly, "if we h married, we'd never have had *this*."

The wildly illogical truth of her words him. The image of a whole life which had happened, the recurrent dream, had g glimmering. He had had a platonic walk in fog with an old love, with a lost possibili But he did not feel bereft. He could seld remember a time when he had been m quietly happy.

"I love you, Foxie Reynard," he said. "I ways have and I always will."

"I'll never see you again, Simon," she sa but without sadness. "But I'll know you there."

They parted in the fog, taking differe ways, as they had before.

DEAR MRS. PRESIDENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Oh, I don't have time for all that," she sa "They've been sitting over there for yea seconding each other's motions and mea while the slums and water pollution and t littering keep getting worse."

It seemed to me this was a rather curio attitude for the Chief Executive to take. guess it illustrates the difference between t male and female points of view. A man a proaches a problem by formulating a pla appointing a research committee and getti estimates. A woman's first step is to get a p of nice hot suds.

At any rate, Ethel devised this scheme whi was later known as the Mayors' Tour. S

nv ed the mayors of the thirty largest cities to
ic mpany her on a month's tour, spending
on day in each of their cities. After they had
ll cepted she sent out a casual memo saying
ho hought it would be nice to visit the jails
an mental institutions in each city, to use
ho public transportation systems and go
sw aming at their public beaches.

Well," I said, "if your purpose was to em-
ba ass thirty powerful political leaders, I
hi : you've done real well."

e made some irrelevant remark to the ef-
ec that a good housekeeper shouldn't have
an ing to be embarrassed about.

yhow, every one of the mayors was
ca d to cancel because of unusual circum-
it es of various kinds. Ethel decided to post-
po the trip for two months.

You could go without them," I pointed
ou

hat wouldn't mean anything," she said.
"Presidents are always visiting different cities.
But having all the other mayors along is going
to be like having twenty-nine mothers-in-law
in our house, poking in closets and looking
un er the rug."

didn't say anything. You don't argue with
ge us.

Ethel seems to have the knack of going right
to the point in a roundabout way. If this
doesn't appear to make sense, all I can say is
that it works. Like the time she decided that
the trouble with the country was that it didn't
know how to use up leftovers.

"People waste so much," she said. "Think
of all the dumps and junk yards you see. The
average country could run its entire economy
on just what we throw away."

I was curious about what she thought could
be done about it.

She said it was simple. "You find out what
you have too much of and what you don't have
enough of and then you try to match them up."

"We matched our shortage of school class-
rooms with our surplus of old battleships. I
started to point out all the reasons this
wouldn't work, but none of them seemed
really good.

"There's all that dormitory space," Ethel said, "even lunchrooms. I suppose it would require a certain amount of remodeling, but if everybody would pitch in — I know dad would be glad to help."

"One point you've overlooked: some people are pretty touchy about Federal control of education."

She waved her hand impatiently. "Some people are touchy about everything. Besides, the Government isn't going to tell them what to teach. Of course," she went on after a moment, "I think it would be nice if they'd teach more music appreciation, but it would only be a suggestion."

Ethel has always had her own method of bookkeeping. When it came time to balance the budget the first year, we seemed to be a couple of hundred million dollars short. This disturbed me. Always before, I had been able to cover any deficiencies in Ethel's bank account, but this was beyond me.

"I thought we had the budget all worked out," I said: "so much for this, so much for that; where did we go wrong?"

She told me not to worry. "I had a feeling something like this might happen, so I put a little something aside. All the money that came from Hawaii and Alaska. I hid it in a separate drawer."

Usually it seemed that major national issues didn't give Ethel as much trouble as some of our minor problems. Naturally we did a lot of entertaining and she was always afraid the appetizers would get soggy or the punch would be flat. And of course there was always the question of who should be invited and who left out.

"I wanted to invite Elizabeth and Philip over for a weekend," she remarked to me on one occasion. "Do you think it would be all right if we didn't ask the children? They have lovely manners, but you know how they act up when they get together with our kids. We wouldn't have any chance at all to talk."

"I don't know," I said, "it might be a little ticklish."

"I suppose I'd better ask somebody —"

"Now, just a minute. You aren't going to write Dear Abby again. You remember what happened before—you had to give Ann Landers equal time."

"I wasn't going to use my real name. I thought I'd just sign it Puzzled. That way nobody would know."

"Dear Puzzled," I told her, "there are people in this country who can put two and two together."

We finally decided to compromise. We invited the whole family, but in her note Ethel mentioned that we thought we'd let the kids cook hot dogs outside.

I think it was generally conceded that Ethel's exchange program was the high point of her Administration. There's something about the word "exchange" that puts a gleam in a woman's eye anyhow, and Ethel carried it to its logical conclusion. It started when her sorority decided to make Mrs. Khrushchev an honorary member and Ethel invited her over for the ceremonies.

"What makes you think she'll come?" I asked.

"Our sorority was considered the best on the campus," she said. "Even the Kappas admitted that. Besides, she'll probably be glad to get away from the house for a while."

Mrs. Khrushchev brought along her sister-in-law and two cousins and some of the neighbor ladies. They were a little shy at first, but Ethel has a way of making people feel at ease and they had a fine visit. They went shopping and played bingo and danced to Lawrence Welk.

Nikita kept sending his wife coded messages, but they didn't seem to bother her much. First he said that none of his socks matched and the woman was putting too much starch in his shirts. A little later he complained that the housekeeper was always clipping items out of the paper before he had a chance to read it. Then he said she'd put his membership card where he couldn't find it. By that time the ladies decided they'd better get started for home. They took back a whole crate of dress patterns and 500 old movie magazines that Ethel's mother got at a rummage sale.

By that time Russian women had had just enough taste of club life to sharpen their appetites, and garden groups, literary societies and ladies' auxiliaries seemed to spring up out of the tundra. Bennett Cerf and Cornelia Otis Skinner were booked solid as guest speakers. In the territory that Van Cliburn and the Harlem Globetrotters had scouted, Ethel's Reserves went into action.

The exchange, of course, worked both ways. Within a few months there were busloads of Daughters of the Soviet Revolution and the Young Women's Agnostic Association touring the country, visiting alligator farms and trying out on *Queen for a Day*.

Ethel borrowed the money from the space program. I warned her that this could help the Russians to move ahead of us in the exploration of outer space.

"What of it?" she said. "It's like two towns on opposite sides of the river—each one determined to build its own bridge. Why not let one town build the bridge and the other can use the money for a hospital or library?"

"That sounds fine," I said. "But suppose the Russians put a man on the moon before we do?"

"Well then," Ethel said, "we'll ask him what it was like."

It did seem that world tensions were beginning to relax a little. Maybe Ethel was right. I don't mean to give the impression that the Kremlin warmed up to any great extent. Mr. K. continued to act as menacing as ever. But as Ethel said, you couldn't take him too seriously as long as his wife's sister's girl was studying at the Pasadena Playhouse.

That's the way it ended. Of course it was only a dream and none of it could ever really happen. I wouldn't even have mentioned it except for one rather odd thing. Yesterday was Janie's seventh birthday and she was showing me a toy sewing kit she'd received. It was manufactured by Betsy Ross Ltd. of Hong Kong. END

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STUART

At the top:
Frosted Angel Food, pink with peppermint candy
Then:
Burnt Sugar Cake, laced with caramelized glaze
Last:
A Harlequin, marked with red and gold jelly

BAKE YOUR BEST CAKE FOR THE FAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

JAPANESE FRUITCAKE

CAKE

3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
5 eggs, separated
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup currants
1 cup seedless raisins
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cocoa

Divide the flour into two portions and sift the baking powder with one. Cream the butter and sugar until light. Beat egg yolks well and mix in. Add the flour and milk alternately, beginning with plain flour and ending with flour-baking-powder mixture. Add vanilla, and finally fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until soft peaks form. Prepare two 9″ round cake pans by lining them with greased waxed paper and dusting them with flour. Pour ⅔ of the batter into one pan. Mix currants and raisins in the 2 tablespoons flour, mixed with the spices and cocoa. Mix into remaining batter. Pour into the second pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 50 minutes or until the cakes are golden and springy to the touch. Remove from oven, let stand 5 minutes then turn from pans onto cake racks, and peel off waxed paper. Cool.

FILLING

¼ cup cornstarch
1 cup sugar
2 cups orange juice, strained
Juice of 1 lemon
Grated rind of 1 orange
½ cup seedless raisins
2 (3½-oz.) cans flaked coconut
2 tablespoons butter

Mix the cornstarch and sugar thoroughly in a sauce pan. Add juices, rind and raisins and cook, stirring constantly, 5 to 7 minutes, or until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add coconut and butter. Cool.

To assemble the cake: Split each layer in half horizontally, using a thin very sharp knife. Place a fruit-spice layer, cut side up, on a plate. Spread with about ⅓ of the filling. Top with a plain layer, cut side down, more filling, and then another spice-fruit layer, cut side up. Spread with remaining filling and top with the last plain-cake layer, cut side down.

GLAZE

3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon water
Few drops cooking oil

Mix ingredients thoroughly. Add a bit more water if necessary. Drop spoonfuls of glaze over the top of the cake, letting it run unevenly down the sides. Let it dry. Then repeat until all glaze is used.

BLANDINA'S APPLESAUCE CAKE

3 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
2 teaspoons baking soda
2 cups raisins
1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
½ cup butter
2 cups sugar
2 cups canned applesauce

Sift 2½ cups flour, spices and baking soda together. Toss raisins and nuts with the remaining ½ cup flour. Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add applesauce and blend. Stir in flour mixture gradually, beating until smooth after each addition. Add raisins and nuts and mix well. Grease and flour an 8-cup baking mold. Fill ⅔ full; or use any pan, filling it ⅔ full of batter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until done. Cool 5 minutes, then turn out of pan onto a cake rack to cool completely. Garnish, if you like, with small slices of candied orange peel applied with a touch of warmed corn syrup.

AMBROSIAL ANGEL CAKE

1 pkg. angel food-cake mix
Lemon spread
Lemon-butter frosting

Bake the cake, following directions on the package label. Cool completely; cut out of pan, using a thin spatula, and place top down on a board. With a very sharp knife cut cake into 3 layers of equal thickness. Place two top layers on a rack, and the bottom layer on the cake plate. Put Lemon Spread on two layers and put cake together again. Frost top with Lemon-Butter Frosting and decorate with tiny leaf shapes of lemon rind.

LEMON SPREAD

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Pinch salt
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Measure all ingredients into top of double boiler and blend with a rotary beater or whisk. Cook over simmering water or over very low heat in a heavy pan until thickened. Cool and spread between cake layers.

LEMON-BUTTER FROSTING

¼ cup butter, softened
1¾ cups confectioners' sugar
1 egg white
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons milk

Cream butter, adding 1 cup sugar. Add egg white, and beat until light, then add remaining sugar, lemon rind and milk, if needed, to bring the frosting to the proper spreading consistency.

BURNT SUGAR CAKE

BURNT SUGAR SYRUP

½ cup sugar
⅓ cup boiling water

Heat sugar in a small heavy skillet, stirring as it melts. When it is dark colored and smooth, slowly add boiling water, and stir until dissolved. Cool.

CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, separated
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure flour, add baking powder and salt and sift together twice. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add 3 tablespoons of the burnt sugar syrup and blend. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beginning and ending with flour. Beat until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, and stir quickly and thoroughly into the batter. Turn into two waxed-paper-lined 9″ layer pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 25–30 minutes. Let cool 5 minutes before removing from pans. When cold, frost; garnish with walnuts or burnt sugar glaze.

BURNT SUGAR CREAM FROSTING

½ cup butter
1 egg yolk
1 box (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar
2–3 tablespoons burnt sugar syrup
2 tablespoons light cream

Cream butter well. Add egg yolk and continue beating. Gradually add sugar and 2 tablespoons burnt sugar syrup; then add cream and beat until frosting is smooth, light, and will keep its shape when spread. *To make glaze:* Cook down the remaining syrup until it will spin a thread. Cool almost to room temperature and then spoon in an attractive pattern over the top of the frosted cake.

POUNDCAKE

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
3½ cups sifted flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift the flour, divide into two portions and sift the baking powder and salt with half the flour. Now alternately add milk and flour, beating well, plain flour first; end with the flour/baking-powder mixture. Add vanilla. Pour batter into two 9¼″x5¼″x2¾″ loaf pans which have been well greased and dusted with flour. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour and 20–25 minutes or until cakes have pulled from the sides of the pan and are golden brown. Remove from oven, cool 5 minutes, then turn out on wire racks to cool. Decorate surface with a few strips of angelica held in place with warm corn syrup. Then dust lightly with confectioners' sugar. Makes 2 loaf cakes.

DEVIL'S FOOD SQUARE WITH FUDGE FROSTING

3 cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons salt
¾ cup shortening
2½ cups sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup cocoa mixed with 1½ cups hot coffee
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1½ teaspoons baking soda
¾ cup boiling water

Sift flour with salt. Cream the shortening until light, then add sugar gradually,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

the modern way to cook with tomato...

Just pour in Hunt'sauce

for Quick Homemade Chili



Pour in Hunt'sauce and you pour in a pound of whole, ripe tomatoes simmered to a thick, smooth sauce —spiced just right. It's the modern way to cook with tomato!

QUICK HOMEMADE CHILI

2 tablesp. Wesson, pure vegetable oil
½ clove garlic, minced
1 lb. ground beef
1 15½-oz. can small red beans or kidney beans, undrained
½ cup chopped onion
½ medium green pepper, chopped
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 teasp. salt 1 to 2 teasp. chili powder

Cook and stir garlic and meat in hot Wesson in large skillet until meat loses its red color. Add beans with their liquid, onion and green pepper. Pour in Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Add salt and chili powder—and stir. Simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, until chili is desired thickness—about 45 minutes. 4 servings.

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

beating all the while until mixture is fluffy. Beat in th eggs, one at a time, then the cocoa-coffee mixture. Add vanilla and then carefully bl thoroughly fold in the flour. Last, dissolve the soda in the boiling water and m into the batter. Pour batter into two 9″ square cake pans which have been lined wi waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 50 minutes or until cak springs back when touched. Let cool 5 minutes, then loosen with a spatula, and tur out on wire racks to cool completely. Frost with Fudge Frosting. Garnish wit coconut, if desired.

FUDGE FROSTING

6 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 box (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup hot water
2 eggs
4 tablespoons softened butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Heat chocolate over simmering water, just until melted. Remove from heat and m in sugar and hot water. Add the eggs, then beat in the butter, a tablespoon at a tim Add vanilla. Chill mixture in refrigerator for about 30 minutes, then beat vigo ously until it thickens and reaches spreading consistency.

OLD-FASHIONED JELLY ROLL

SPONGECAKE

1 cup sifted cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder
5 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 cup currant jelly

Sift the flour with salt and baking powder. Beat egg yolks until thick as mayo naise. Stir in lemon rind and juice and beat well. Gradually add sugar, beatin until very thick. Whip egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add the flour to th yolk mixture alternately with egg whites, in three additions, folding in gent and thoroughly. Pour into a 15½″x10½″x1″ jelly-roll pan that has been light greased, lined with waxed paper and greased again. Spread batter evenly and bak in a hot oven, 400° F., for 12–14 minutes or until it springs back from the touc Turn cake out onto a cloth that has been dusted with confectioners' sugar. Quick remove paper and trim crisp edges. Roll up in towel and cool. Break up jelly in bowl with a fork. Unroll cake onto waxed paper and spread jelly evenly. Roll u again and place on serving plate seam side down. Glaze and decorate as desire

SUGAR GLAZE

1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons light cream
¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Few drops cooking oil

Stir lemon juice and cream into sugar and beat until smooth. Spoon over cake. T decorate, make "flowers," using half a filbert as the center and red and green cher slivers as the petals.

PEPPERMINT ANGEL CAKE

1 pkg. pink lemonade angel-food-cake mix
1 pkg. pink lemonade frosting mix
½ cup crushed peppermint candy

Bake cake in a 10″ tube pan, following package directions. Cool as directed an remove from pan. Place on cake plate. Prepare pink lemonade frosting, followin package directions. Frost top and sides of cake and sprinkle with the candy.

COCONUT MARBLE CAKE

¾ cup butter
2½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1⅔ cups sugar
¾ cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 eggs, unbeaten
2 tablespoons hot water
1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted

Stir butter just enough to soften. Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, teaspoon of the soda, salt and sugar. Add to butter with the buttermilk and vanil and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes on low speed of electr mixer (or 300 strokes by hand). Add eggs and beat 1 minute longer. Combine h water, ¼ teaspoon soda, an additional tablespoon sugar and melted chocolat Remove ¼ of the batter to a separate bowl. To this add the chocolate mixture. P large spoonfuls of these batters alternately into two 9″ cake pans which have be greased and lined with waxed paper. Then with a table knife, cut through batt once, in a zigzag pattern to distribute color a bit. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F for 35 minutes. Remove from oven and cool for 5 minutes. Then turn layers ou onto racks to cool. Frost with Mile High Frosting. Garnish with flaked coconu

MILE-HIGH FROSTING

1 jar (7-oz.) marshmallow cream
3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine ingredients in top of a double boiler, stirring until sugar is dissolve Beat with rotary beater over boiling water until the mixture forms stiff peak

HARLEQUIN SURPRISE CAKE

Mix and bake 1 package coconut surprise-cake mix, following the package dire tions for two 9″ layers. Prepare 1 package fluffy white frosting mix, following th directions on the label. Spread frosting smoothly between layers and over the to and sides of the cake, reserving ¾ cup for decorating. Place the reserved frostin in a pastry bag with a small plain tip. Pipe lines across both ways of the top to for squares; then pipe decorative edgings around the top and bottom of the cake. F every other square on the top with softened currant jelly or apricot preserve

HINGS HAPPEN HEN YOUTH CARES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

erates much like the older set's Youth Council, Junior Rec has monthly dances and a iety of special activities, including some nmunity work. Typically, a Junior Rec nmittee member will run for Youth Coun- when old enough.

Being on Youth Council is both demanding l rewarding. To run for election, a boy or must have a petition signed by his parents, high-school counselor and 50 members of Rec; if elected, he must attend weekly ncil meetings to plan activities and, unless has a valid excuse, be on hand for all nts, from the regular Friday-night dances he Southern California Youth Conference, d each summer on the seaside campus of Santa Barbara University of California. special Rec work (decorating for dances, ing tickets, cleaning up after parties) a mber collects points which may result in being named "Most Valuable Member" l receiving a plaque engraved with his me. If, however, he is uninterested in the ncil, inclined to skip meetings or slide ng without contributing ideas, he is merci- ly thrown off the council. Needless to say, ncil members are expected to set an exam- for others. When a council member turned at a dance faintly redolent of whisky, his

ange is our situation here upon earth. ch comes for a short visit, not knowing y, yet seeming to divine a purpose. ere is one thing we do know: Man is e for the sake of other men—above all, those upon whose well-being our own piness depends . . . and for the count- s unknown souls with whose fate we are nected by a bond of sympathy. EINSTEIN

ow members were sad but stern. He was spended for three months, not only from the ncil but from all Rec activities.

Rec rules are few, but strictly enforced. perintendent Bergman says, "We're not too eful about who gets in—although we'd just soon not have real juvenile delinquents!— b we're very strict about who *stays* in." A thirteen-to-nineteen-year-old who pays fifty cts for a Rec membership card agrees, in ct, not to gamble, drink, deface property, erfere with others' enjoyment of activities, o let a friend use his card. If he is caught aking one of these rules, his card is "picked " by Mr. Bergman or one of the council mbers, and he must appear before Youth ncil to plead his case. Depending on the ousness of his offense, he may be assigned work detail or suspended—either for a ple of months or indefinitely. Boys and s thoroughly dislike having to appear be- e council and do their best to avoid it; if y do get into trouble it's usually for minor nes such as smoking on the dance floor or ding a Rec card to a friend who wants to into a dance without paying the extra fee rged nonmembers.

Youth Council plans all activities at weekly etings; if any Rec member is dissatisfied h the program, he is free to sit in on the etings to offer suggestions or criticism. n grownups sometimes come to council etings: The Rec has traditionally taken an rest in community problems, and it is not usual for the chairman of a drive or charity gram to ask the council for help. Every ristmas, for instance, teenagers collect ned food from all over town for needy fam- s, finishing up the campaign with a "Can- " dance. They take part in Santa Barbara's ual "Semana Nautica" and its Old Spanish ys Fiesta. Once a month the council holds a ner meeting at which it honors the man or man who has, in its opinion, contributed st to the young people of Santa Barbara.

The city Recreation Commission specifies t at least six Rec activities during the year st be free; for most of the others there is a nation" of 35 cents for members and 50 cents for nonmembers. The council does not expect to break even on all activities, but a poorly attended hay ride or beach party is usually balanced out by the ever-popular dances. The council manages its own finances (under the supervision of Mr. Bergman), has its own bank account, and, if the balance descends too near the danger level of $250, a special money-making project is undertaken to build it up again—perhaps a talent revue, or a "Miss Typical Teen" fashion show. If the Rec gets *too* rich, the council votes to splurge a little on parties, donate to a worthy cause or buy some new equipment. Last year, for instance, the boys and girls decided they had outgrown their old lounge, spent $900 converting a rather run-down gymnasium into an attractive youth center equipped with a television set, hi-fi record player, tennis table and piano, as well as a soda fountain and a "workout room" for the more athletic.

By far the most successful Rec activity is the weekly dance, held every Friday night throughout the year, unless there is a serious conflict with a school function. Since 1949 the Rec has sponsored a fifteen-piece teenage orchestra, the Starlighters, which plays at most dances for 60 per cent of the ticket sales. Other dance expenses include small fees to the soft-drink seller, the police officers on duty, and two supervisors—usually Mr. Bergman, assisted by Youth Worker Lael Winter. If the dance is exceptionally large, parents are asked to help chaperon; but except for occasional pranks such as firecracker tossing or trying to sneak in "over the fence," there is rarely any trouble. "People sometimes ask me how we can have eight hundred kids dancing in here without having fights all the time—especially since we have such a mixture of race, color, creed and economic levels. Well, maybe they fight outside the Rec, but when they come in that door they're all buddies. The last fight we had was three years ago; we called the boys' parents to come down and get them and the boys never got over it. They'd rather have us call the police than their parents!" One Rec member has a theory that Officer Sesma, a stern but very likable police officer who has been standing duty at Rec dances for nearly twenty years, is the principal deterrent to potential troublemakers. "He likes kids and he knows them—he brought up five children of his own, and adopted seven. Everybody's crazy about him and knows he'll be disappointed if they get in trouble—so usually they don't."

Mr. Bergman feels that the success of the Rec is due, largely, to its dances. "When you're working with kids, continuity is the big thing. If we skip having a dance one Friday night, there's a noticeable drop in attendance the next Friday night. If we skipped two Fridays in succession half the kids would probably be out at the Blue Onion or the bowling alley the *next* Friday!"

Joyce Gardiner, who retired last August after having worked with the recreation department for twenty years, agrees that continuity is important. "But not mere continuity of *programming*—such as the weekly dances and the spring fashion show. It's important, too, that we've been in the same building for fifteen years, and have had very few changes in supervisors. The boys and girls themselves tend to be links from year to year. If a girl's older brother was a Rec member, she's far more likely to join A lot of children you see stopping in the lounge after school got the Rec habit as preschoolers—they came first to the cottage, to learn how to make puppets and put on shows in the park; later they took folk dancing or ballroom; then they went on to Junior Rec and finally Senior Rec."

Patty Dorsey, a junior in high school, is a good example of "continuity." Youngest of ten children, she watched her brothers and sisters move, step by step, from puppetmaking in Miss Gardiner's workshop to full participation in Rec activities. This is Patty's first year on the Youth Council, but she will probably run for election again next year.

Sandy Patten, a vivacious brunette with a quick smile, echoes Patty's pattern in reverse—she had no older brothers or sisters to follow into the Rec, but her younger sister will probably follow *her*. A former chairman of the council, Sandy is now a playground worker

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- ⅛ teaspoon basil
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- 1 can (1 pound) tomatoes, drained

In skillet, cook beef, onion, salt, pepper, and basil until meat is brown and onion is tender; stir to separate meat particles. Add macaroni and tomatoes. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.



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and a firm supporter of Rec activities. "It's really great for kids to have a place where they can be themselves and feel—well, not *rowdy*, but comfortable. And not have the feeling someone's watching them every minute, the way they do at school or at home. I started out on the Junior Rec Committee in the eighth grade, was chairman next year, and was elected to Youth Council in the tenth grade. Working on the committee and council was a wonderful experience. I was always headstrong, impatient, and wanted my own way. The Rec taught me you can lead and still be co-operative and aware of the other person's viewpoint."

One of the most important functions of the Rec is to give youngsters a chance to develop initiative and qualities of leadership. Several years ago Supervisor Bergman was surprised and not too happy to learn that a certain boy intended to run for Youth Council. "Jack's mother was an alcoholic, his father was a drifter who was always talking about the big deals he was going to bring off—but which never worked out. Jack himself belonged to a 'car club' and was always in some kind of trouble: the very night of the election he got into a fist fight. But he was elected, and almost overnight began to change. He was responsible, polite, full of interesting and practical ideas. After he finished high school he went into playground work, and plans to make it a career in city recreation."

Mr. Bergman leans back in his chair and smiles. "Our main purpose is simply to give teenagers a place to go, something to do, to keep them off the streets, as the saying goes. But it's interesting to watch real leadership developing. And it's good to know that a few kids can plan a program of fun and service that their whole age group can enjoy."

A PLACE TO GO

In crowded cities, quiet farming towns, shiny mushrooming suburbs, there is one wish most teenagers share: they want "a place to go," a place of their very own, a place for dances, games, socializing.

In many a diverse community, youth centers and recreation programs attempt to give it to them. Not all teen clubs are so successful as the one in Santa Barbara, featured this month. What makes one wax, another wane, depends on many things. Basic is the extent of real need, plus a sometimes delicate balance of youth, initiative and adult help.

In Logan, Iowa, there were no recreation halls, no bowling alleys, no Y's, "no outlet for pent-up energy and certainly not much of a place to escort a date." Because a group of teenage boys turned to members of the town's junior women's club, the S.O.S. Club, Logan youngsters now have twice-monthly record dances in the Masonic Club room, with special holiday parties including a "live" orchestra, hats, horns, confetti, refreshments. Youngsters advertise the dances throughout the town and surrounding communities, often bring their own favorite records. Three parent couples serve as chaperons. Attendance has been so high (from 100 to 150 at every dance) that out of 10 cents per person admission fees a hi-fi record player and a microphone have been purchased. In summertime, a cement slab in the city park is cleaned by teens and firemen, and turned into the floor for dancing "under the stars."

Standards of behavior are also important to success—especially when enforced by the young people themselves. Some centers spell out specific regulations—no smoking, drinking, blue jeans, slacks—and limit the number of times youngsters may leave the center and be readmitted during an evening; use membership cards and required registration discourage gate crashing.

The Youth Center in Orlando, Florida, serving Orange County, with a population of about 275,000, has one overriding rule: the teens act as ladies and gentlemen. When they don't, a Youth Council of representatives from ten schools is their jury. "They're tough, believe me," reports executive director J. Wilson. Drinking and fighting, minor problems when the center was established three years ago last June, are now practically eradicated. Belonging to the center are about 300 tenth-, eleventh- and twelfth-graders each of whom pays (or some civic organization pays for him) a fee of $1.00 a month.

The center was built entirely with private funds, including $28,000 from the Junior League. Teenagers helped by washing cars, collecting old clothes and holding rummage sales. The center is a reality today "because the kids and adults did everything possible to get it."

BY MARGARET HICKI

MINA'S MAN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

earn a little money; and she's doing it more, we think, to attract a beau, a young minister. Dear girl, with her bashfulness that may not be too easy. I think those Shepherds put her up to this. I hope it works!"

The Shepherds had planned well and it was not long until young men were stopping by with mending and darning for Mina to do. My parents were agile, bringing coffee and cookies and trying to kindle conversation, then leaving them to study Mina's downcast eyes and lively needle. Mina kept her earnings in a spout-mended teapot in the kitchen. Father would take it up and shake it before, on the sly, he added a dime or a few pennies. "You might try to talk to them, just a little," he urged. "You know, 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

"I try," she told him. "You can't know how hard I try. The words won't come. Perhaps when the right man wants to talk with me they will."

Early in November, Mina put another sign on the bulletin board: MITTENS, GLOVES, CAPS AND MUFFLERS KNITTED TO ORDER. I would wake to the sound of needles clicking and see Mina, sitting up in bed, knitting. And mittens had to be tried on, measured and talked about.

"I want you to look at that now," father whispered and nudged me toward the living room one evening where a young man sat holding a hank of dark blue yarn for Mina to wind. "Third one this week!" he told me. "Looks as if she's going to have young men aplenty to pick from!" He chuckled. "Pretty picture, eh?"

My John was waiting in the living room, too, smiling on Mina and her yarn-captive preacher. The young man was turning and dipping the yarn skein while Mina wound and cleared the tangles. She managed to speak an occasional word, too, aiding and abetting her guest in his naming of the major and minor prophets.

John and I went out to walk to the senior class meeting and I told him more about Mina and her devout ambition, feeling out his possible willingness to help.

"Nothing doing!" he said. "No matchmaking for me. Besides, isn't she too bashful to make a good minister's or missionary's wife? How could she stand up behind a pulpit and lead a choir or a meeting, introduce a delegate at a convention or do any of the things you do well without batting an eye?"

"Am I so overbold?" I asked, pretending to be miffed.

"You're just right," he said, "except for your disinclination to leave lovelorn gals to their destiny."

As my parents and I grew more and more fond of Mina, we discussed among ourselves ways and means of helping her to her heart's desire. "It is touching to think of those two old saints at home, planning strategy for Mina to carry out, and more touching that she's so trustful that it will all work out right," my mother deplored.

Seems to me their strategy's good," father
d. "Let her mend, sew and knit, wait and
y. Bess tell where the honey is and this fel-
she's set her heart on will come zooming
und in time." We all knew by then that he
s in Prophecy class but that she'd not yet
ken with him.

Does he sit near her?" I asked.

No," mother said. "He sits in front of her.
re's the pity. And though they have not
ken, there is something between them, a
e like a response in church, she's given us
understand. He will say, 'I quite agree with
ss Finletter,' and fill in, develop her thought
er the teacher has pried an answer out of
. And since he said, 'As Miss Finletter
ught out so originally in her paper.' At
st, she feels, he knows she's there, in class."

nother letter came from Mina's accom-
ces which made her eyes sparkle with new
e. Next morning the bulletin board pro-
med, APPLE PIES TO YOUR TASTE. *Order
m Miss Mina Finletter.* And there by the
letin board, bright-cheeked, wordless but
ndful, stood Mina with pencil and pad taking
ers. The young men for whom she had
ned socks were her first customers.

came home at noon to find our house
grant with cinnamon and apple, and pies to
w on the hall table. "If Mina can get up at
to peel and slice the apples her folks sent
make the dough, and your father is really
vest in the flour, sugar and lard, I can
ly see to the baking," mother defended
s enthusiasm. "Mina phoned me from
ol that she has orders for twelve. She is
charging enough to make much, but she's
ing the orders. Now I want you to take a
when you go to your Botany lab after
ch and pass it out as samples. I'll cut the
es small."

If I knew which of the guys in her Prophecy
s she has set her heart on I'd waylay him,
him a whole pie and win him for her," I
d.

Now that I can tell you," mother said, and
"You are not to let on that you know.
She's not told us in so many words, but it is
his name that comes up oftenest when she
speaks of the men in school, when she's talking
with your father when they're getting breakfast
together."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear it's Tom Willard!" I
said. "Half the girls in school are in love with
him. He's good-looking, a brilliant student
and on the debating team. He didn't go out
for football this year with all the extra work
he has to do, finishing in three years to get on
to the College of Missions to train for going to
Africa. He hardly ever takes a girl anywhere
and never the same one twice. He's dedicated
to his life plan and would never notice a little
dove like Mina. Never!"

"Why, he sounds made to order for her," mother said, not in the least dismayed. "Oh, here she comes with half a dozen young fellows stopping by for their pies. Is that cagey young missionary among them?"

"He is not," I said, standing on tiptoe to look out between the fern fronds.

I took a pie to Jab, but was waylaid in the hall and not a crumb of it was left by the time Tom Willard came hurrying in, just as the bell rang. I told him I'd tried to save a piece for him, but he was getting books from his locker and scarcely heard me.

"Have to go home," he said. "My uncle has sprained an ankle and I'm needed on the ranch. Should be back within two weeks. I'll have time to study, but of course I'll miss out on classes and lab. Be seeing you!"

I didn't have the heart to tell Mina that night that he was gone—and gone without even tasting the pie she had baked. But she came home from school the next day, having heard but seemingly not cast down by the awful knowledge.

"Maybe she's going to write him a letter," I suggested to mother.

"Never," mother said. "Mina's not a girl to write first. How can you think such a thing?"

"It's ironical," father said, "the pies paying off as neither mending nor knitting did and the bird that they were to bait has flown the coop!"

Mina baked pies three mornings a week and, unless she set one by, there was seldom one left for our supper. The teapot was getting heavy and father pretended that it was all he could do to lift it.

The first Sunday after the pie parade a junior, an earnest yet highly presentable young ministerial student, came to take Mina to Christian Endeavor and evening church service. When he brought her home she asked him in, and mother, wanting to be helpful, suggested they go out in the kitchen and make cocoa.

"May we popcorn?" Mina asked.

"You could, but there's none in the house," mother lamented.

Father was reaching for his hat to go to the neighbors to borrow, but Mina said, "I have some in a tea can in my dresser drawer upstairs. My folks sent it, from their own patch, and it pops nicely."

When I told Mina that night how pleased I was, she thanked me and said, "It is only practice. I saved half of the popcorn for when he comes home."

The junior was only the first. After that other young men called and asked to take Mina to church, to one of the three literary societies and, on the streetcar, to the then-silent picture shows in town. Mina went and somehow found time to bake her pies, to mend, to knit and to keep up with her classes. She was staying more and more at the college building now, studying in the library, we thought.

One night I asked, "Are you sure you're really in love, Mina?"

"Yes," she said without need to consider. "At first I was only in love with the idea of being a minister's wife. Now I'd not care what Tom wanted to do, though I'm happy in his wanting to be a missionary." She had come to speak his name freely. "When he's returned to school, discovered me and has come to love me, too, I believe I can find the courage to take Public Speaking next semester. I must keep on mending, knitting, making pies and do my utmost to save enough money to stay on. Your father and the Shepherds say that I am not to lose faith, that he will seek me out in time." She sighed happily, tonefully. "And ask me, before Christmas!"

"Have the Shepherds suggested another plan?" I asked.

"Yes, several," she said. "But I'll first try one I've thought up in my own head and heart. It is something I am so glad to attempt, for him."

"The time is getting so short," my mother sorrowed one morning. "And before she had any notion what love was she promised that boy, George. At home that if there wasn't someone else before Christmas, she'd come home and marry him. Thus she hasn't yet money enough to stay on in school is of little consequence to her. She has been brought up in the true missionary belief that the Lord will provide if one does his best to help himself. She's up to something she has not chosen to confide in us yet."

Mina was getting quite pale from all the activities aside from her housework and regular schoolwork.

"I have a notion she's maybe tutoring someone prior at school," mother said. "She's there so much of the time."

Sunday night before the day Tom Willard was expected back I had a quarrel with John on Mina's account. I had long since confided to him our concern over Mina and her unrealistic approach to her problem. We were lingering on the porch to leave the living room to Mina and that evening's escort. I urged, "Can't you say something to Tom Willard tomorrow? Ask him over here for an evening or for Sunday-night supper? It would be the easiest thing in the world for you to say something quite casually in admiration for her struggle to get an education. Simply bring her to his attention as the lovely and intelligent girl she is."

"Why?" John protested stubbornly. "He has eyes. He can see that she is nice-looking. He's in one class with her where, you tell me, she has his admiration for the papers she writes. He's tasted her pies ——"





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"He has *not!*" I cried. "I took one to lab, but it was gone before he came in the day he left to go home."

"He'll not be wearing mittens and mufflers in the Congo. Why should I try to sell him Mina? And why can't she settle for one of the bird-in-hand preachers, like the one who's in there now trying to get a word out of her?"

"Because she loves Tom. And because I *ask* you to," I said and turned from him. "I can't ask you in tonight. And don't come over tomorrow night. I have to work on my American History paper!"

"Suits me," John said. "I've plenty to do myself." And, without a good-night kiss, went his way, whistling furiously.

Before my eight-o'clock class the next morning I went to the library to get a book I needed and there saw Tom Willard, studying. I remembered my father's scriptural "A word fitly spoken ——" and did not stop to plan. I sat down beside Tom Willard. He greeted me with the quiet smile he had for everyone and helped me off with my coat.

I opened my notebook and wrote, "Isn't it a pity that a gifted student like Mina Finletter cannot afford to stay in school and is going to have to quit at Christmastime?" and slid the book toward him

Tom read, with concern, and wrote, "I am sorry to hear that. She *is* gifted. Pretty too. Her people cannot help her?"

"She has no people other than her very old foster parents. And worst, there is a young man she promised to marry if she has to quit at Christmas and go home. And to Mina, a promise is a promise."

Tom Willard studied my message, then whispered, "Something must be done. Through the Student Council perhaps. I'll give it thought and see you this afternoon in Botany lab. I've a mountain of work to do to catch up."

In the interval between nine- and ten-o'clock classes I overtook Mina on the stairs, her chin high, her step resolute with faith. Alarmed for her and vexed with myself for quarreling with John and for getting nothing more promising than possible action by the Student Council when I'd approached Tom Willard, I grabbed her by the arm and said, "Mina, wake up! *Heaven helps those who help themselves.*"

She turned, smiled and said, "Yes, I know and I am about to help myself, heaven helping me," and went forward toward Prophecy class and Tom Willard.

"Good morning, Mr. Willard," Mina said, first very pink and then so pale I feared she might faint. "I thought of how much work you would have to do when you got back and of something I could do to make it a little easier." She held toward him, though not offering to give them to him, a sheaf of stenographic notebooks. "I asked to be excused from my two classes that conflict with the classes you take, while you were away, sat in on them, and have taken down all the lectures and discussion, in shorthand." She took a quick breath and went on, "Unfortunately, I have not had time to type my notes, so I must ask you to let me read them to you, at your convenience."

Tom Willard stared at her, too astonished to speak at once, and then said, "That's the kindest, most wonderful thing I ever heard of one student doing for another." He took the topmost of the notebooks, and turned back the cover. A look of amazement came to his face and he swore, in the only sort of oath a student missionary would reasonably allow himself, "Well, I'll be ding-busted! I thought this sort of shorthand was extinct, other than between my uncle and me. He taught it to me when I was riding herd with him, as a kid. I can *read* these notes."

I had stood there, eavesdropping. Now I saw them look at each other in the way two people do when they have just discovered the miracle of having something very out of the ordinary in common. He was asking if he might see her that evening, and they would read some of the notes together. He began to thank her, when I turned, unnoticed, and went my happy way to class.

That afternoon when I took another pie to lab Tom Willard was waiting in the hall.

"I've been hearing about these pies fro my roommate," he said. "I want this one And went right on, "With her background, don't see it as necessary for Miss Finletter stay here after this year. I think she ought go right to Missions College, get in the field soon as possible. I mailed my uncle, who h helped half a dozen young people in scho a letter telling him all about Mina this mor ing. I'm sure he will agree."

With his penknife he cut the pie into qua ters and went on, after he had taken a bi and sighed his appreciation of its goodnes "Isn't it strange, how one comes on a new ar beautiful word, the meaning unknown, an after he has looked it up, comes on it often his reading? Or he finds a new flower, ide tifies it, and then finds it growing by ev path he takes? Or he hears a strange bird sin ing, follows to see it, and thereafter sees hears it frequently?"

I had no notion what he was talking abo and was impatient to get back to Mina. He had he discovered her interest in our missi in the Congo? Had Mina found the coura to tell him?

He went on, "While I was home, I was te ing my uncle about this pretty, bright fres man student in my Prophecy class who h such a quiet genius for keeping her own cou sel. Then this morning, first thing, you t me of her financial problem, the possibility her having to quit school and the unthinkab

A recent analysis states: "If you ha reached your 70th birthday, this m startle you; if you are not yet 70, perha these figures will encourage you to ma some changes.

"Statistics show the average person of has spent: 3 years in education; 8 years amusement; 6 years in eating; 11 years working; 24 years in sleeping; 5½ years washing and dressing; 6 years in walkin 3 years in conversation; 3 years in rea ing, and 6 months in worshiping God

DR. HENRY EDWARD RUSSE

possibility of her making an unsuitable ma riage. When I came from my eight-o'clo class I met our mutual friend John, who spo of her, too; told me all she is doing to try make enough money to stay in school, these wonderful pies and of her wanting to to the Congo as a missionary. He asked abo the four of us going into town this com Friday night to see Nazimova in the mo *Stronger Than Death*. Of course I am all for And last, Miss Finletter herself telling me this wondrous kind thing she had thought do to help me. You see? The beautiful wo the flower, the bird song?"

When the bell rang at two for the ten-min break I went out into the hall, hoping Jo might come sauntering by, as he had a way doing on lab afternoons. I ran to meet hi and we kissed, longer than was prudent i college hallway, our quarrel forgotten, f given. Then I asked, by way of beginning thank him for trying to help Mina:

"Do you think a fern can hold on throu four years at the College of Missions a weather a sea voyage and flourish in t Congo?"

"What leads you to think that fern headed for the Congo?" he asked, grinned.

"Plenty," I said. "The way Mina hugged folks when she came home to lunch. T shorthand post card she gave dad to mail the Shepherds. And the way Tom Willard his microscope three times to tell me t Mina's pie is the best he ever tasted, that has the bluest eyes he has ever seen, and, minutes ago, to ask whether I happen to kn what class she'll be getting out of at three t afternoon."

"I can't tell you how glad I am, for Mi and for everybody," John said, "but I c show you." He looked one way and I look the other. The hall was still empty and kissed me again before he asked, "A chance that any of Mina's apple pie y brought to lab is left?" E

ES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

DECEMBER 1961

JOURNAL

THE CHRISTMAS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
Gifts · Fashions · Sweets · Stories · Decorations

POPE JOHN: What Is He Like?

DW TO LOOK GLAMOROUS
n Practically Nothing

UEEN MOTHER ELIZABETH
er Real Self

EARL BUCK
CONDENSED BOOK
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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Who said investing is a man's world?

More women than men own stocks

o invest or not to invest: that is the question. The answer is not easy. Or quick. Or fool- ro re's a right way and a wrong way. Y ht begin by having a chat with our hat do you need for living ex- ens emergencies? Do you have a rpl r that, even a small one? This is om might consider for investing. N 'll want facts and advice. And he p go for help is a Member Firm of he N ork Stock Exchange. Ask to see a egis Representative. He's met the xch requirements for knowledge of ves

Th u'll want to talk about yourself. What ou want your invested money to o for If your goal is income during the ear, hing to discuss is stocks with a od of paying dividends. If you want our to grow for future use, you'll want to consider stocks which appear to have a reasonable chance of increasing in value over the years. For greater safety of income and principal you might find your best investment in bonds. There's also a Monthly Investment Plan which lets you invest with as little as $40 every three months.

Sound interesting, this idea of investing? It is. And it can be rewarding. But remember, nothing is for sure. No one can predict the future with certainty. Stocks go down as well as up. Your money deserves to be treated with care. Turn a deaf ear to tipsters. Use the same good sense and care you use when you make any important purchase.

Studies have indicated that more women than men own stock. If you believe that you are one of the many women for whom investing wisely can make good sense, start right—with the help of a Member Firm broker.

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the natural mate for every meat!

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VOL. LXXVIII NO. 12

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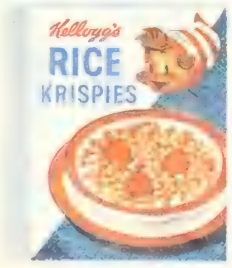
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marshmallow treats

¼ cup butter or margarine
½ lb. regular or miniature marshmallows
5 cups KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

1. Melt butter in 3-quart saucepan. Add marshmallows and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows are melted and mixture is well-blended. Remove from heat.

2. Add Rice Krispies and stir until well-coated.

3. Press warm mixture lightly into buttered 13x9-inch pan. Cut into squares when cool. Yield: 24 2-inch squares.

NOTE: 2 cups (one 1-pint jar) marshmallow creme may be substituted for marshmallows. Cook with butter over low heat about 6 minutes, stirring constantly.

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cooking with Kellogg's

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OUR READERS



"HERE COMES THE TOY LADY"

Dear Editors: Six days a week I have only three grandchildren halfway across the continent and my arms are much too empty. But every Tuesday afternoon I have a dozen grandchildren to love, spoil, "do for." And the most satisfying moment of the whole week is when I walk into the hospital ward in my pink smock, and they grin and call out, "Hey, here comes the Toy Lady!"

When a friend first told me that volunteers were needed to help in the hospital wards, I objected. "Work with poor little kids that are hurting?" I said. "It would break my heart." But somehow I did go. And when I passed a little girl in a cast staring at the ceiling and looking just plain lonely, it suddenly struck me. These small people needed grandmothering and I had it to give.

Since then, I have spent every Tuesday from two to five with the children. There are some days, of course, when the wards are quiet and restful—when a good many mothers are sitting by the beds. But there are others when every



"Grandmother" on the job.

single boy and girl is restless. They whimper, and I go from bed to bed, taking orders for toys, checking with a nurse to see if a tiny girl with rheumatic fever can ride in the wheelchair, taking time to hold tearful three-year-old Emily, whose arms are in splints to keep her from putting anything in her mouth. I start out doing things for the children and they end up doing more for me. I feel wanted and useful; and for a woman past her prime, that is like champagne.

Volunteers for ward work come from churches, sororities and women's organizations; and often there are mothers who have had children in the hospital. Two women who have worked for thirteen years remember when they had to bring books from home; now there is a toy library, with gifts from hundreds of people. (Every December a check "to buy presents" comes from a man whose son once spent Christmas there.)

Of the ten hospitals in our city, four use ward workers. To organize such volunteer groups is not difficult. A takes is the wisdom to see the need the desire to help! Since

Omaha, Nebr. ELEANORE MOOBE

WHY SOME SEX CRIMINALS GO FREE

Dear Editors: I read Dr. Wertha article on sex-crime prevention wit a great deal of personal interest; but neglected one reason why so few offenders are ever arrested, much prosecuted.

When our kindergarten-age daug was molested by a neighbor, we mediately went to the police. When learned that she would probably h to tell her story in court, however, decided to check on the effect this m have on our child. The physician, chiatrist and minister we consulted w unanimous in their opinion that should be allowed to forget the exp ence as soon as possible. Acting on advice, we decided against signing complaint.

This man is still walking the str because the law makes no special vision for the delicate handling w must be exercised in such a case as t

Sacramento, Calif. *Name With*

JOURNALS NEEDED IN AFRICA

Gentlemen: Do you know any indi uals or groups who would be willin finance free *Ladies' Home Journal* s scriptions to African secondary schoo Giving young Africans a clear view American life seems a crucially nee investment not only in Africa's futu but in ours as well.

For information, please write to:

Books for Young Africa
64 Hoitt Road
Belmont 78, Mass.

Sincere

Belmont, Mass. LOUISE K. EBE

DOES THIS SUBURBIA EXIST?

Dear Journal: I am a Trapped Hou wife. Not by my family and house, by *Suburbia*. To be an acceptable mem of this clan, one must:

1. Always be pleasant.
2. Join the P.T.A. and clubs.
3. Go to church.
4. Play bridge.
5. Drink martinis.

But *never:*

1. Bring up a controversial subject.
2. Have opinions of your own.

I feel like a lost mind in the wild ness. And it's all so *boring*. Must I j talk to myself—or write to the *Journ*

Your frie

Overland Park, Kans. W.

GIVE WHEN YOU TAKE

Dear Editors: We often quote, "It more blessed to give than to receiv But have we learned the art of *accept* gifts and favors graciously, so as to g others the pleasure of giving also?

The pleasure is gone when a pers says, "Oh, you shouldn't have done th it's too much," implying that you are busy, too old or too poor to give suc gift. How much greater joy it brings say, "You're always doing the nic things for people. *Thank* you."

It is never too early to cultivate art of receiving! Sincere

Lee's Summit, Mo. MAURINE CLEMEN

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Spaghetti's great when the *sauce* is great. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti sauce. Prepared from an authentic Italian recipe. Seasoned and simmered with the exacting skill of a great chef. Full of all the fresh, good ingredients you use yourself. And it's all yours in minutes for only pennies a serving. Try all four of these zesty sauces, soon.





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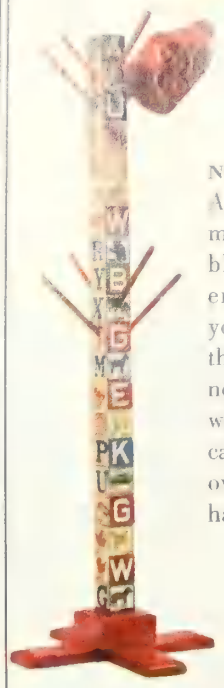
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15
GOOD BUYS
FOR CHILDREN



NEAT HELPER: A clothes stand made of child's blocks should encourage the younger set in the paths of neatness. $5.25. A warm red wool cap to pull down over tiny ears, hand-knitted, $1.

FUTURE HEIRLOOM: Between generations of youngsters, this handsome adaptation of an antique high chair could fill a decorative spot by the fireplace. Pecan with a rush seat. $47.00. Its occupant is a rag doll filled with Dacron polyester so that it can be machine washed and dried. $5.25.





FOR THE BIRDS: Whole family can share an interest with a bird feeder to hang outside window. Redwood with glass sides. $5.95. *Field Guide to the Birds*, by Roger Tory Peterson, $4.50 (available for various areas of the country). Bird watchers are pair of stuffed cotton cats from Malta. $2.50 each.

PUZZLERS: All ages love a jigsaw puzzle. Very young learn to spell with a set of 36 easy words that fit pictures. $1.10. For everyone over age ten, famous painting of a Civil War scene. $1.





WEATHER WATCHER: Among the many new science toys is one that deals with an everyday interest, the weather. With the help of professional equipment, this set actually measures the rainfall, gauges wind speed and direction, checks up on humidity, and so on. $19.95.

SET TO SHOW: Ready to assemble, a replica of an old English stage should give young Thespians many hours of fun. It comes with two scripts and casts of paper characters, here enacting Aladdin. Made of paper, wood and plastic in England. $11.50.



STUART



YOUNG COUTURE: Miniature machine, fitted with needle guard, can really sew. Plastic on steel base, it comes in plastic carrying case. $14.95. Ready to sew clothes for an assemble-yourself doll, $5.50.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: Exotic vehicle for children on the go is a rickscha that seats two while a third pulls. Made of wood and metal with a canvas awning, $19.95. For travel-aloners, small plush burro, 17″ high. $5.50.



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COLDS: a new step forward ?

Today there are all kinds of new remed for a cold: new sprays, new salves, r brightly colored pills, new multi-laye tablets.

Which will cure your cold? None of th Because there is still no cure for colds.

However, leading medical journals port certain cold-producing viruses hav last been isolated.

This important step forward may so day lead to a cure, and if it does you can sure your doctor will tell you about it.

Until then, all you can do is relieve many *discomforts* of a cold. For that, want a modern drug that can do *many* jo

You want a pain reliever that will w fast, and fight a fever, if it comes. One t will help you rest, and most of all, one can take without suffering an upset stoma

You want Bufferin®. Because Buffe acts *twice as fast* as aspirin for millions. brings fast relief for headache pain . quickly reduces fever . . . eases the "ac all-over" feeling of a cold. And—very portant—Bufferin helps you sleep by h ing you to relax without unpleasant effects.

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So until your doctor can offer you a true cure for the common cold, take Bufferin for fast, safe, gentle relief.



*Bristol-Myers registered trademark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, Tell Me, Doctor, *Dr. Schauffler will discuss problems sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but the names are fictitious.*



TELL ME DOCTOR

BY GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"It looks as if I'm going to have twins, and I hope I am! What causes twinning, Doctor? And why did my own doctor think I ought to have a specialist?"

"I'm the patient Dr. Bellows sent to you because he thinks I'm going to have twins," Millicent Harris announced cheerfully. "He says I'm pretoxemic, too, whatever that means."

"Dr. Bellows has had to take things a bit easy since his coronary, and twins *are* rather more of a problem than babies who come one at a time. On what did he base his diagnosis of twins?"

"Just look at me!" Millicent replied, glancing down at her bulging outline with an air of pride. "And I'm only five months along! I've had two babies already, fairly large ones, and I was never this big before, even in the ninth month. Besides, twins run in the family—both mine and my husband's."

"You don't seem very dismayed at the prospect."

"To tell you the truth, Doctor, I'm thrilled to death! I'm hoping they'll be identical twins—that would be such fun. Can you tell now if they are?"

"You are certainly approaching this in the proper spirit," the doctor said, smiling at Mrs. Harris's enthusiasm. "However, there's no way I know of to detect identical twins in advance. The only thing I can say is that identical twins—the scientific name is monozygotic—the ones produced from a single ovum, occur less frequently. Those produced from two ova, called fraternal, or dizygotic, are much commoner. That is the kind that more often runs in families."

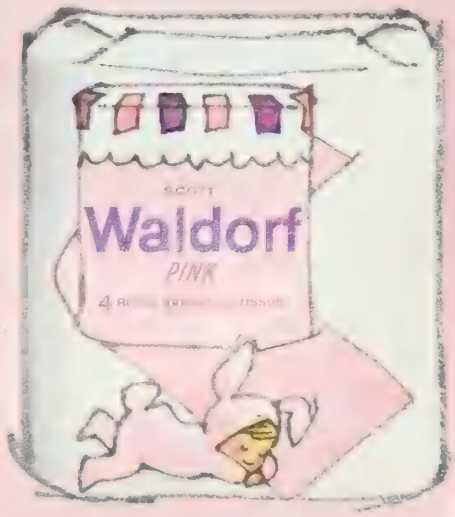
"How does it happen that there are two different kinds of twins, Doctor? And why do some babies come in twos and threes and up, to begin with?"

"We don't have the basic answers yet. You know, of course, that ordinarily only one human ovum is produced each month. If fertilized, an ovum is penetrated by only one spermatozoon out of millions. The two-ovum twins I mentioned, the commonest kind, occur when for some reason two ova are produced at one time—one from each ovary, or both may come from a single ovary—and are fertilized by two different sperm.

"The identical, or monozygotic, twins come from a single ovum, which has been inseminated by a single sperm. But something peculiar happens when the ovum starts dividing. That's the way the embryo grows, the original cell splitting into two, the two into four, and so on. It is believed that identical twins occur most often from subtle irregularities in the very first cleavage of the ovum. Each of the two cells thus

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produced has the capacity to grow into a complete individual, though we still don't understand why this is so. Some scientists talk of insemination by a sperm with two heads. Such sperm aren't uncommon, actually, and the theory is interesting, but not well documented.

"Judging by experimental work, changes in the environment of the fertilized egg may have something to do with it. Heat or cold, for example, or the amount of oxygen allowed to reach the egg, can cause monozygotic twinning in certain insects, at the will of the experimenter. This is one of many strange and wonderful effects scientists can create by tampering with egg cells."

"How about triplets and quadruplets and the like? Do they come from different ova, or a single one?"

"Not enough of these higher-multiple pregnancies have been studied to give us reliable over-all statistics. It's believed that the Dionne quintuplets all came from the same ovum. But in most multiple pregnancies from triplets up, two or more ova are involved. Many triplets, for example, come from two or even three ova.

"But it's time now, Mrs. Harris, to find out whether these things have any bearing on *your* case. You certainly look opulent, if I may use the word, for a five-month pregnancy, but there can be other reasons than twins for that. You say that with your previous pregnancies you were not as large as this even at the end?"

"No, Doctor. I gained under twenty pounds each time. This time I've gained twenty already, with four months to go."

The doctor studied his patient as he took her blood pressure and weighed her, checking fingers, ankles and general contour. "One thing is certain, young lady, you are too fat. You may have a certain amount of edema—extra water in the tissues, that is to say. Pressure on your flesh leaves a little pit. Edema is quite common with twins. But I'll wager most of your excess weight is just plain, everyday fat."

"I do have quite an appetite," Mrs. Harris admitted. "But *shouldn't* I eat more, with more than one baby?"

"The answer is 'no!' I'll have more to say about it presently. Your blood pressure is up a little, I see. That goes along with the edema, and is probably why Dr. Bellows considered you pretoxemic, which means that you could develop toxemia if we're not careful. This sort of thing occurs rather characteristically with twins, and earlier and often more severely than with a single baby. To return to your question about eating more—we don't even know yet that you are carrying twins! Won't you please go along the hall to Mary Ann now, and we will check you over carefully."

Contrary to his usual custom, the doctor chatted with his patient during the examination. "Your uterus is half again as big as it would be ordinarily," he said, after explaining to Mrs. Harris that he was "palpating" it—feeling the contents with his hands. "That could indicate one of three things—twins, or extra fluid in the uterus, or an awfully big baby for five months. It's hard to distinguish in your case because there's so much fat in the way."

"Can't you tell by listening to the heart tones? I read somewhere that if it's twins, you should be able to hear two separate sets of heartbeats. And how about taking an X ray? Or is that too dangerous, when I'm pregnant?"

"Heart tones are often very difficult to catch at five months, even in a thin abdomen, which yours is not. Besides, if it's twins, they are doubtless smaller than average—twins nearly always are—so the heart tones are still less likely to be audible. As for X ray, we might not be able to get a clear enough picture because of smaller babies and a thick wall. X rays cost money, and there is no reason for them at present except to appease your curiosity. They give much better results after the seventh month, but there's no danger."

"But you *can* tell me then?" Millicent pleaded. "So I'll know how many bassinets and things like that to buy?"

"Yes, provided you get rid of that fat!" the doctor said with mock severity. "I'm going to put you on a thousand-calorie-a-day diet temporarily, one that's low in salt and potassium, and give you some amphetamine pills to help you control your appetite. A diuretic will get rid of excess fluids and salt. I'd like you to study the list of 'forbidden' foods and medicines here with particular care. People often don't realize that certain foods and medicines are high in sodium or potassium, even though they don't contain 'table' salt. Such foods should be avoided when there is a water-retention problem.

"Report to me at once if you gain more than a pound in any three days. And let me know immediately if you have any dizziness, or spots in front of your eyes, or unusual headaches. I want to know at once, also, if you start getting puffy, especially in your ankles, wrists or fingers."

Millicent followed her diet and medication so faithfully that by the end of two months most of the fat had disappeared, and the doctor was able to obtain excellent X-ray pictures. They distinctly revealed two babies, one with its head well downward into the birth canal, the other a little higher in the uterus, and with its head upward.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Millicent softly, when the doctor showed her the film of her as-yet-unborn babies. Then she looked perplexed. "But Doctor, isn't that a queer position for them to be in? I would have imagined they'd be side by side, snuggled up against each other."

"Actually, this is about the best position for twins to assume. The first baby is likely to come head first in the proper way. As with



any other small baby, it should come quite easily, especially since you have already delivered two good-sized babies. The canal will have been well prepared so that when the second one presents as a breech, it should deliver quite easily too. If the second twin doesn't come along of its own accord within a safe interval, we can rupture the membranes of the second sac and extract it whenever we like. Sometimes twins get sort of mixed up with each other and make the delivery more difficult. But that is rare, and the way these little fellows are placed, it doesn't look as if they have any dire intentions of that kind."

"Wouldn't the second baby be born spontaneously?"

"It probably would be, in time. But there is the placenta to be considered. Identical twins usually have one placenta, and fraternal twins two, one for each baby, though this isn't absolute. In any event, the placenta most often looks like a huge, single one. Whether it is actually single or double cannot be determined in many cases without dissection and examination under the microscope. It very rarely comes with the first baby, though. It's amazing how Nature can accommodate to these irregularities. However, that can happen. It's one reason why we have a kind of rule of thumb that, other things being equal, it is better not to wait more than fifteen minutes, perhaps even less, before expediting the delivery of the second baby. Of course we keep careful track of the second baby's heartbeats the whole time."

"Why are so many twins born prematurely?"

"We don't know for sure. Some authorities think that the uterus just gets tired of being overly stretched. Others think this pressure causes the formation of a toxin which irritates the uterine muscles—it's similar to the substance which is believed to cause mothers of twins to have a greater tendency toward toxemia.

"It must be admitted that, all told, there is more bleeding, and more chance for trouble, with multiple pregnancies than with single babies. There is no getting around that. But it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Revlon introduces a brand-new texture in lipstick!

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

Side dishes can glorify a meal—like artichoke hearts or mushrooms with nuts in sauce; especially if you have plenty of meat and potatoes.

My Dream Girl mentions it each time we go to a party, so I'm now convinced that women *do* prefer men in dark suits and white shirts.

If you carry your library card in your wallet, it might do you more good than any credit card; you could read upwards of a thousand dollars' worth of books in a year, for free.

A pretty girl almost biffed me at a party when I ventured absentmindedly that people shouldn't wear specs in photographs. I didn't notice she had hers on.

A hero in our town lost fifty pounds by eating lean meat, skim milk, mushrooms baked in foil, cottage cheese and salads with slimmer flavors. (Plus an occasional binge of chocolate pie à la mode.)

My favorite matron with brave-new-world nerves is our only friend who uses the word "teenangels" for teenagers. "If and when they're messy brats," she argues, "they're our brats."

I've borrowed from the British the idea of a diagonal safety belt for our car (shoulder to hip) to save the driver's face from hitting the wheel in collision. (And the belt is red, to remind me to buckle it on.)

Where do the cherubs next door get their stamina? They swarm on the swings and Jungle Gym five or six hours a day. A decathlon athlete couldn't keep up with 'em: it's a way of life.

Reminder for 1,250,000 teachers: your pupils will bless you someday if you arrange a group photograph of each class, this year and every year. How I cherish my sixth-grade photo with teacher Kate Donovan!

"Another way we can help pay for our 1961 cruise," muses Peter Comfort, sorting out his shirts and underwear, "is to give away as Christmas gifts the fantastic souvenirs we brought home."

I wish a lingo genius would devise precise words for various kinds and degrees of "in-laws." Every marriage results in dozens of 'em, and you don't know what to call 'em. Around our tree for Christmas we'll embrace our young flier-navigator and his blond wife and their two blond cherubs, but we share 'em with her parents who live two hundred miles or so away. (To make up for years in Japan they get *two* Christmases.)

. . . When our versatile son-in-law designs a hoist in our garage to elevate the top of our sport car.

. Or Junior detects traces of fatigue in my voice after a 600-mile drive, over 1000 miles of long-distance wires,

. . . And our older granddaughter starts to kindergarten, proudly holding the hand of her seven-year-old brother,

. . . Or our daughter-in-law declines to turn on her house cooler in hot weather because she wants to hear her two boys playing in the garden,

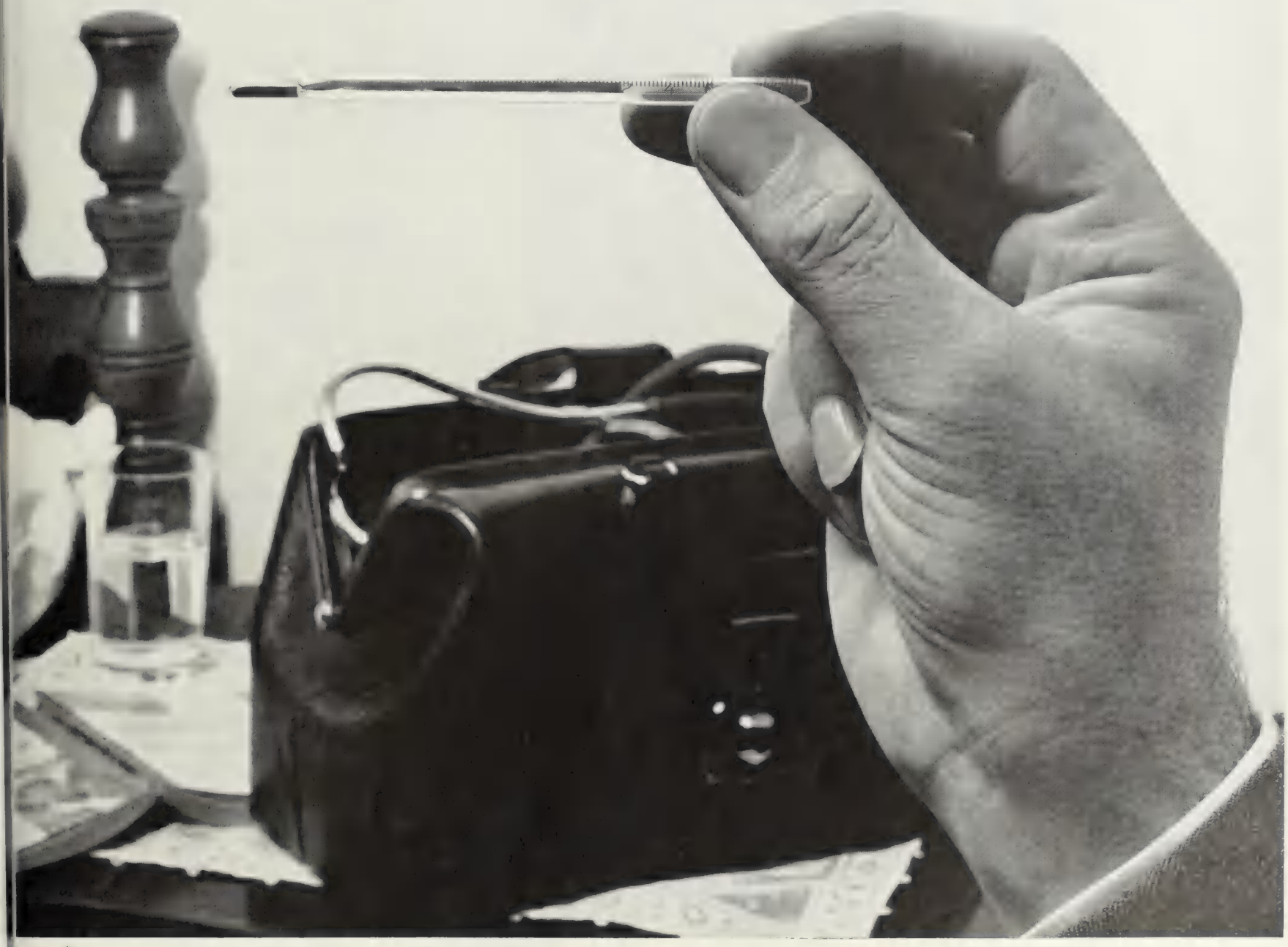
. . . And my Dream Girl jots my notes and drives as I type, or types as I drive, to visit our brave-new-world youngsters on both coasts.

Then I wish they'd create a Federal Bureau of Romance to help the 30 per cent of our people who never find wives, and husbands, and fulfillment.



"This party had better be a *lulu!*"

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HAROLD HALMA

"unto us a son is given..."

See him? That one, *that* one. That's Ronny, that's my son—the beautiful one, the one that's singing. My, he certainly holds that choir up, doesn't he? He looks so terribly clean. Is that because I'm used to seeing him grimy? I'll bet he isn't wearing any underwear.

Watch over him carefully, Lord—he may have a turtle in his pocket.

I shouldn't be thinking this. I should be just listening, just listening. Or silently praying. Well, I *am* praying. I pray all the time. That's enough. I wonder if Ron is too hot. After the service, he'll take off that robe and run around naked in the dressing room and freeze to death. Ron will die and there's nothing I can do about it. I can feel the fever in his cheeks. He eats too much junk. He eats continuously—never the right food. I can feel his stomach aching right this moment.

He does sing beautifully, doesn't he? You can hardly see the bruise around his eye. Why do boys always have to wrestle and scramble around so? Said he hit his own eye with his elbow. I don't believe it. I don't believe a word of it, but I pretend to. You should hear *some* of the stories he tells me. With a straight face. With a sweet smile. Not a word of them true, yet they are a kind of truth. He's as honest as the weather.

Singing, singing, singing—how glorious! His voice will change soon. It's changing now. This is the end. It is the end. He will grow whiskers, a mustache, a vandyke, a full-length beard. He'll be a bearded boy—imagine that! He'll find a girl. *Find* one? He can't escape. I cannot hide him. I cannot keep him, singing, singing.

I do love him so. His father says I must never say that where anyone can hear, or hug him much when anyone can see. I cannot say I love him—it would disgrace him. I can say, "Ronny, wash your feet! Ronny, *did* you change your underwear? Won't you *please* wear your raincoat? It might very possibly rain . . ."

O God, when You made boys and fitted each into his proper little niche in our hearts, I would Thou hadst made mine just as he is, just as he is: and may he, too, one day know the proud, the joyful, the sweet and sad agonies of parental love and have the wisdom to control it. Amen. G. M.W.



You set the time.

Any hour will do. Morning, night or afternoon, these can go with you. They're just as right with a sweater and skirt as they are with a party dress. Why? Because they're wearing pearls—simulated, of course—and *they* are never wrong. (Worth noting too, the textured leather.) Pearlette by **LADY BUXTON**

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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

IS DIVORCE EVER THE ONLY ANSWER?

"Martin and I have been married just over three months. Last weekend he ordered me out of the house because I refused to make love when he came home half drunk at three in the morning. I drove my own car the forty miles to my parents' home. Next night Martin telephoned and said if I didn't come back at once, he would see a lawyer about a divorce. I hate the idea, but I dread going back without some hope for the future."

Dorothy maintained her composure as she talked, though she was near tears. She is an attractive, pleasant young woman of 26; Martin is 31. Both are college graduates. They dated regularly for a year before they became engaged, and were married two months later. They met in the city where they worked, and during their courtship usually had one midweek date. Most Saturdays they played golf, and on Sundays they drove to his home town or hers to visit their parents. They rarely spent time with other young couples and Dorothy knew few of Martin's friends. Thus, she did not realize that Martin was a heavy drinker, as are most of his circle.

"He seldom took me out before we were married, or since, but he goes out several nights a week drinking. He criticizes me about everything; he says I'm extravagant. He peeps under the bed to see if I've vacuumed. He says I'm tied to my family, though it's his parents we visit. He doles out the money because he says I'm irresponsible. I'm afraid to do anything because he flies into a rage if I try to defend myself, let alone make a suggestion. There's no such thing as compromise. Our physical adjustment is satisfactory, though he thinks affection should be confined to bed. I'd like to make a go of our marriage, but I don't think I can unless Martin will co-operate."

A series of telephone calls followed. My suggestion of a conference with Martin brought a sneering refusal, plus the news that he had already seen a lawyer. Martin's attorney told Dorothy that he had already recommended counseling, without success. Next day Martin called to tell (not ask) Dorothy to come home for a month on his terms (*i.e.*, no counseling, no concessions on his part) and he would then decide whether he wanted to go on with the marriage.

The results of our tests indicated that Dorothy was a stable and mature person, well adjusted, with more of the qualities and attitudes associated with happy marriage than four out of five college women have. These findings, plus the information I had gathered about her background and my own observation of Martin's attitude, forced me to the conclusion that the difficulties probably stemmed mainly from her husband.

Sooner or later, problems arise in every marriage. The first crisis may be very disturbing, but if the couple face the situation and resolve it to their mutual satisfaction, the marriage is actually strengthened. But Dorothy and Martin are handicapped because:

Solving problems requires co-operation, and thus far Martin has shown no inclination to co-operate, let alone compromise.

Communication is essential, since each partner must try to understand the other's point of view. But Martin's outbursts of temper completely disrupt communication in any controversy.

Wide differences in fundamental values are difficult to reconcile, and should be thoroughly explored before marriage. Dorothy is an idealist, while Martin lacks standards and ideals of his own, and fails to respect or appreciate them in Dorothy.

Many marriage counselors believe that when serious problems in marriage arise from emotional difficulties too deep-seated to be resolved or relieved, the only alternative is separation or divorce. This may be such a situation.

I have advised Dorothy to remain with her parents for the time being, leaving it to Martin either to initiate divorce action or to suggest a realistic basis for resuming their marriage. In three months (earlier if necessary) we will see her again.

Though the outcome cannot be foreseen, it is doubtful that Martin will make any overtures or compromises to save his marriage. The tragedy would never have occurred if Dorothy had taken steps really to *know* her husband during courtship. For instance, just by getting acquainted with his friends, she would surely have learned about his drinking.

Dorothy is paying a heavy price for her mistake. Perhaps her example will save some other girl a similar experience.

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND HAPPY

Sarah W. was an attractive, well-mannered woman nearing 50. She had traveled 1000 miles for four conferences, because her marriage of 27 years was rapidly deteriorating, and she wanted desperately to save it.

She and Tom met as seniors in college, and married two years later. "The first six years, Tom's business demanded long hours, and I was wrapped up in home and babies. We pretty much led our own lives, but we were fairly happy. I did keep trying to get him to church with me, and I wouldn't let him come near me with liquor on his breath (he still drinks a lot, though far from an alcoholic), but otherwise things went smoothly, and we never quarreled.

"Then Tom went into the Army. After three years' separation, we drifted farther and farther apart. Tom worked even longer hours, often didn't get home to dinner. Because he disturbed me when he was late, I installed twin beds.

"I went back to working to help finance our two sons' education. School affairs kept me out many evenings, and some days we hardly saw each other. But we were always polite, and Tom never complained. I did know that Tom was quite friendly with a secretary in his office, but she moved away, so I forgot it. Then six months ago I learned he was having an affair with this woman. I don't think it's a very profound attachment, or Tom would have asked for a divorce long before.

"Still, I was terribly hurt, and I asked Tom to explain. He said I left him neglected, lonely and shut out of my life, especially since he got out of the service. He thought the [illegible] I wanted nothing to do with him. But he doesn't want a divorce either. I insist.

"What I want is a real marriage, and my own husband. We're too old to change our personalities, but I'll try any change you suggest."

Improvement was not likely unless Sarah developed real insight into the causes of her difficulties. Together, we reviewed the facts and established the problem areas.

Too little companionship. Right from the beginning, Mrs. W. and her husband found it difficult to share and identify with each other. Circumstances had combined with innate differences of temperament and taste to increase the difficulty as time went by.

Too little communication. Sarah and Tom never learned – indeed, seldom attempted—to talk out their difficulties. Though filled with frustration and resentment, they bottle up their feelings—they "never quarreled" . . . "Tom never complained."

Both sought release in outside activity which separated them further. The triangle situation grew out of these basic difficulties. Finally,

Tom sought another woman. Ironically, it was the affair which opened Sarah's eyes to Tom's dissatisfaction, to her own inadequacies, and which brought about the first frank discussion they had had in many years.

Since Sarah wisely did not want to force Tom into making commitments or far-reaching decisions, she decided to assume full responsibility for initiating efforts to improve their relationship. Instead of dramatic changes we planned a simple program of day-to-day attention to little things. Sarah would:

1. Revise the household schedule to accommodate Tom's needs first and foremost. Her conflicting outside activities would be sacrificed. Tom was not to come home to an empty house or a makeshift meal.

2. Become more demonstrative. This change was to be gradual, for both she and the counselor felt Tom would be skeptical if she suddenly overwhelmed him with caresses and expressions of love.

3. Encourage conversation, about Tom's work, on the day's news, interesting experiences of her own. But this change, too, was to be gradual. She was not to engulf Tom in a sudden flood of talk.

4. Cultivate common interests. Instead of trying to draw Tom into her activities, she would try to share some hobby of his. She found it, in his interest in attending auctions and collecting antiques and curiosities.

We arranged that Sarah would report regularly, and further steps would be suggested as results indicated.

Sarah's last report (after two months) is encouraging: "Tom and I are definitely going to stay together. Our marriage can and will survive this affair. But I want a husband who wants only me, and that means I must meet his needs. I think the time will come when we are more truly married than we have ever been."

Even after a quarter century of tolerable survival, a serious threat can rise in marriage, as Sarah's story proves. But with patience, courage and new understanding the crisis can be met, and the couple can attain a stronger relationship than ever before.

ASK YOURSELF:

Can I Make My Husband Happier?

Every loving wife wants to please her husband. But absorbed in the needs of her family, she may become less watchful of those attentions that enrich marriage. Ask yourself if you couldn't, with just a little more effort, add much to your husband's happiness with you.

WOULD YOUR HUSBAND BE HAPPIER IF YOU WOULD:

1. *Be kinder and more affectionate?*
2. *Pay more attention to your appearance?*
3. *Improve your cooking skills?*
4. *Spend money more carefully?*
5. *Complain less about your hard life?*
6. *Give him more praise and recognition?*
7. *Share more time with him?*
8. *Become a tidier housekeeper?*
9. *Keep your temper under closer control?*
10. *Take better care of his wardrobe?*
11. *Be more tolerant of his foibles?*
12. *Show greater interest in his business?*
13. *Learn to like one of his hobbies?*
14. *Be more loving and responsive?*

You may already be doing your utmost toward making your husband happy. But if you answered any items "Yes," this Christmas season should inspire you to try harder to please your husband. If you succeed, both of you will be happier and dearer to each other.

I couldn't find a thing



until . . .



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This case unscrambled my life. Now beads no longer tangle. (No more broken strands.) The biggest necklace fits neatly. The tiniest earring can't
de. Stones stay in their settings. Dust stays safely out. There's more than enough room for every piece I own. And I dress in ten seconds flat!"

Jewel Case by LADY BUXTON

best for your money



High Fashion at Sears ?

Sears, Roebuck and Co. does not pretend to sell *High* Fashion in the sense the term is often used—to describe wild *extremes* of styling. What Sears does give you is *Good* Fashion; well-designed, well-made clothes in perfect taste—at remarkably modest prices. Today, in Sears dress departments, the fashions may surprise you!

THE other day, a well-dressed customer came in to buy a refrigerator at the new Sears store in Boston. Having turned down the wrong aisle, she found herself in the dress department.

One suit and three dresses later, she expressed her surprise and delight by exclaiming: "*Just imagine—High Fashion at Sears!*"

Sears is grateful for the compliment. But please don't let this shopper's words mislead you.

This was just her way of saying how completely she'd had to change all her previous ideas about Sears' fashion sense. A great many customers, lately, have been telling Sears the same thing.

The fact is, Sears doesn't pretend to sell *High* Fashion in the sense the term is so often used. At Sears, you won't find *extremes* of fashion—impractical creations deliberately designed to startle. Sears would hate to sell the sort of dress a woman wears just once, and then leaves neglected in her closet.

What Sears does give you is *Good* Fashion—and tremendous *values*. A wide variety of well-designed, well-made clothes in perfect taste—and in tune with modern living habits. Dresses that any woman will feel proud to wear, knowing how well they reflect the season's newest style trends. Classic knits of great distinction—like the one in the picture on the left. Many Sears clothes are styled by "name" designers.

Who recommends what styles Sears will show in its stores and in the Sears catalog? Most suggestions are made by the Sears Fashion Board, which was founded in 1956 by Mary Lewis, famous for her many innovations in the world of fashion.

This committee of fashion experts, now headed by Jane Bown—and with Miss Lewis still active as Consultant—guides the Sears apparel buyers.

Members of the Board read and analyze the fashion news. They attend the main Fashion Shows in New York and other U.S. cities, and the *Couture* Openings in Paris, Rome and London. They watch fashion where it starts—and its trends as they develop.

Once the Board has made its recommendations, the Sears buyers take over. Working closely with many different suppliers, they purchase in tremendous quantities. This reduces costs and effects significant savings—one reason why Sears is able to give you such startling values for your money.

Next time you visit a Sears store, don't miss the dress department. *The fashions may surprise you.*

Sear's versatile version of a classic. A slim skirt coupled with a mildly easy top—plus a sleeveless jacket. It all adds up to one marvelous costume, adaptable for many occasions. In beige and black jersey knit, 80% Orlon acrylic, 20% wool. Retail price: $19.98 (pin excluded). *Du Pont reg. T. M.*

A Light In The Window

AL FRANCEKEVICH



It was the coldest Christmas Eve any of the children could remember. Snow crunched underfoot and an icy wind stung their cheeks as they crossed the Grace Hill House grounds, and started up a dark street lined with small brick houses. A six-year-old wearing a battered leather jacket jammed bare hands deep into his pockets and stamped his sneakered feet to keep the circulation going; a teen-aged girl pulled her scarf more snugly around her ears. Few of the children were dressed warmly enough, program director Fred Vincenzo observed with familiar concern; but they all seemed happy, and chattered excitedly as they walked.

"Sh-h-h-h." Two little girls at the head of the line motioned for silence. With a few giggles and shoves, the children bunched up near the door of the first house and, after a wavering hum to get on pitch, burst out with fervor:

"Here we come a-caroling,
among the leaves so green!
Here we come a-caroling,
so fair to be seen ——."

While they sang, an angular woman in a threadbare pink bathrobe came to the door and stood there, shivering a little, but smiling. "Merry Christmas!" she said when they had finished, dropping a coin into the can held by the smallest caroler. "But aren't you all freezing*?"*

"Yes!" chorused the children, laughing. They were *cold (one little boy didn't even have socks) and before they had sung* Silent Night *at the last house on their list, they were a lot colder. "But a blizzard couldn't have kept them from singing tonight," Fred said proudly later, shepherding his little band into the Grace Hill House to join nearly a hundred other young carolers for refreshments, games and a Christmas skit. "Grace Hill is in an underprivileged area, and the children are used to* accepting *help—not* giving *it. They're glad for a chance to do something for others, for a change."*

The enthusiastic boys and girls from the Grace Hill neighborhood weren't the only volunteers out singing that frosty night. In the fashionable suburb of Ladue, twenty or more young married couples and their children, bundled up in furs and mittens, started off along Black Creek Lane. "It came upon the midnight clear!" they caroled, standing in the drives of large, graceful houses decorated with showy lights and holly wreaths. In nearby Kirkwood Mrs. John D'Arcy arranged cookies and cakes on platters, poured hot chocolate into silver pitchers, in preparation for her twenty-fifth after-caroling party for the girls of Meramec Hills, a home for delinquent girls. And along the icy country roads chugged an open truck, loaded down with boys and girls who filled the starry silence with "Hark, the herald angels sing!"

On a night when most Americans stay home, hanging stockings and trimming the tree, 50,000 St. Louisians turn out to make sure that every residential street in their riverbound city is visited by a band of children or adults, singing the well-loved carols that make Christmas a happier and a holier time.

How did it all start? Mrs. Albert Toma, executive director of the St. Louis Christmas Carols Association, explains how the caroling custom grew from modest, almost accidental beginnings into the largest community-wide organization of its kind in America. It was back in 1911 that two thoughtful young women realized that caroling (such as they had organized in their own neighborhoods) might prove a wonderful source of help for their struggling new Children's Aid Society. They found some willing volunteers, a few collection cans and a pitch pipe, and started out. "That Christmas Eve," Mrs. Toma tells, "when the little band of carolers took up their lanterns and set off, the snow was knee deep, and the first house they sang at was dark. A frowzy man came to the door and asked what they wanted, and when they told him—whatever he could spare for needy children—he went to the kitchen and returned with a basket filled with six potatoes, a few beets and several onions. 'There's my bit for the poor,' he said. 'Now move on!' That first season the carolers collected barely $50, a few vegetables—and a lot of good will!"

The idea caught fire. By 1924 there were 3000 carolers. That year the Christmas Carols Association CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



Yardley has it all wrapped up this Christmas!...

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

He: "Julie's just no fun any more; she's always whining and fussing."

She: "I'm desperate for love, but his business always comes first."



DON ORNITZ

"After jumping on me for my faults, she hopped out of the car in hysterics."

JULIE TELLS HER SIDE: "Arthur and I were dirt-poor our first five years and were marvelously happy," said thirty-two-year-old Julie, ten years married and the pretty, dark-haired mother of three sons. "In the last five years Arthur has achieved most of his ambitions, has more than made the grade financially, and I've been absolutely wretched.

"I'm not necessary to Arthur any more. He's too tactful and smooth to admit it, but the truth is he thinks I've turned out to be dumb. It's no wonder. I think the same thing myself. I never get through with my housekeeping—I'm sweeping, dusting, cleaning, loading the washer and dryer from morning until night. I'm a failure at managing my own children. Jimmy and Tommy, the older two, get the best of me all the time.

"Arthur is a much better cook than I am and he shines in an emergency. Last Saturday he surprised me by walking in late to dinner with four business acquaintances—Arthur and the telephone are mortal enemies—half an hour after the stores were closed. There was nothing in the refrigerator except two potato cakes and two measly lamb chops.

"Arthur rose to the challenge like a skyrocket. He whisked steaks from the freezer, whizzed them out to the barbecue, mixed a passable salad from a few scraps of cabbage and a tired nubbin of lettuce, and even produced some luscious hoecakes from a box of corn meal, bacon drippings and water when he discovered there was no bread.

"Naturally the guests thought he was spectacular. Apparently they had a dandy time. Nobody, except the one woman in the party, seemed to notice that all three of our youngsters, who whined and misbehaved until I had to hurry them off to bed, were filthy dirty or that the house was a mess. The morning newspapers were still strewn around the living room, the ash trays were still overflowing from the night before. I hadn't even dusted.

"I *had* washed and dried the forty diapers our children seem to use every day—the boys stair-step in age from two and a half years to five months, and not one of them is toilet trained. My sister had her children perfectly trained at fifteen months. My forty diapers were piled helter-skelter, unfolded and in plain sight, in the corner of the kitchen where I wash. To make matters even drearier, Jimmy, our eldest son, had dragged out the vacuum-cleaner attachments to play with and Tommy had got into the pots and pans. My kitchen was a disgrace.

"By the time the crowd finally went—it was midnight then—I had a thumping headache and was a nervous wreck. The minute the door closed and Arthur and I were alone, I burst into tears. He didn't take me in his arms, apologize for being late to dinner and bringing along four unexpected guests. He didn't treat me as his wife and equal; he didn't explain who the guests were or how they figured in his plans, although I used to receive a blow-by-blow account on every detail of his business and every move he intended to make.

"I was desperate for some little sign of sympathy, affection, understanding. I hadn't seen him since early that morning. And then he had forgotten to kiss me good-by. It had been weeks since we'd had a real talk. I tried to put my arms around him. He brushed me off, yawned and sat down. He acted as though he was bored to death with me and didn't want to hear a single word about my problems with our sons and our home. They're his sons too. It's his home. When I kept on crying he tossed me his handkerchief, suggested I wipe my eyes, and tried to fool me into thinking he was sympathetic. He said I was silly to allow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Competent housekeeping is not the beginning and end of successful marriage and family life, but it certainly does help! The women who learn to keep house most successfully also learn the secret of how really to relax every few hours during the day, instead of merely lying down for a few minutes and worrying because they are not at work. They find their whole outlook on life is changed. It is no wonder that a class on "Less work, more fun in the home" is a popular part of the Education Department's offerings at the American Institute of Family Relations. The counselor in the case here described was Dr. E. W. Raab.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *President*



Elegant Bond Street Toilet Water and Dusting Powder, 4.35.



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A trio of luscious Red Roses: Cologne, Talc, and Soap, 3.75.
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beautiful things to splash on, puff on, bathe in...in Treasure Boxes by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, New





"While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads." The Sugar Plum Fairy sits on her throne in the Kingdom of Sweets . . . and Tchaikovsky captures the magic of Christmas in his Nutcracker Suite. For a fanciful "sugar plum" canapé, spread cream cheese on crisply-thin, wheat-flavored Wheat Thins. Top with rich, smooth plum preserves and chopped walnuts.



HOLIDAY CUSTOMS BRING PARTY CHEER WITH NABISCO SNACKS







"All hail the shining holly, all hail the mistletoe." According to an old Scandinavian myth, mistletoe means "give me a kiss." So hang high the mistletoe and give your love away on the wheaty, nutty flavor of crunchy, buttery Triscuit Wafers. Spread with cream cheese, top with heart-shaped Dromedary pimiento.





"No Santa Claus?...he lives, and he lives forever." He's known as Sanctus Nicolaus, Sankt Nikolaus and Sinter Klaas, but to the children of the United States he's their own Santa Claus. Here he is on savory-good, bacon-flavored Bacon Thins. (Bacon was never so crisp!) Give him capers for eyes, Dromedary pimiento for a mouth and a flowing cream cheese beard.





"See the blazing yule before us." What a rollicking good time it was to drag home the Yule log! They sang gay songs to the log and were happy, for the log flames would protect them. And everyone will be happy with a Yule log made of salami on the new, new, oh-so-good taste of oniony-good French Onion Thins (with Dromedary pimiento flames).



anciful paper creations, a Cheddar wedge star (on pedestal plate), a "snow" dip of cream cheese, Tabasco, orse radish, garlic salt and a wide selection of crisp, delicious Nabisco Snacks make happy holiday parties.



"Ring out the old, ring in the new." Since bells began . . . they tolled to tell of the passing of time and to ward off the evil spirits and ring in the good. That's why we ring the New Year's bell. Ring in a happy year with a bell of salami and a cream cheese clapper. Especially good on Ritz Crackers —crisp, richer tasting, so delicious!





hen the first star appears, e feasting begins." In Spain Italy, the first star in the sky on Christ- s Eve is the signal for the celebration egin. Cut star shapes out of American ese slices. Place mound of red iar on potato-fla- ed, chip-shaped ppers . . . uniquely ! . . . for delicious istmas canapés.





"Candlelight gleaming...lights the way." Placing a lighted candle in the window on Christmas Eve is a wonderful old Christmas custom. Make believe! . . . with a Dromedary pimiento candle holder and a cream cheese candle crowned with a dab of red caviar on the slightly spicy vegetable flavor of crisp Vegetable Thins. Distinctively different!





"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter!" The beautiful, glowing Christmas tree first appeared in Germany. It was introduced to our shores by homesick Hessian soldiers during the American Revolution. Create a Christmas tree! Arrange chopped olive-cream cheese spread in tree shape on crisp, brisk-tasting Triangle Thins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY®



STIR UP A SENSATION WITH

Peter Pan Peanut Butter



P-NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH CRUNCHIES



Just blend Peter Pan Peanut Butter with Nestle's Butterscotch Morsels, stir in chow mein noodles, spoon out Crunchies. Serve them for snacks or parties and hear the cheers.



COMBINE in top of double boiler
½ cup Peter Pan Peanut Butter
1 [illegible] pkg. (1 c.) Nestle's® Butterscotch Morsels
Place over hot (not boiling) water till Butterscotch melts. Stir till blended.
ADD and stir till well-coated
1 can (2 c.) Chow Mein Noodles
Drop teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper-lined cookie sheet; top with candied cherry. Chill till set.

A Lady Of Quality

A lady who never grows old doesn't mind telling her age. The *Journal* is seventy-eight years young this month. This is the 946th issue of the magazine. The Curtis Publishing Company's presses will soon turn out the two and one half *billionth* copy.

An editor—or anyone else—can hardly imagine in a single mass the many millions of women who purchase the *Journal* each month (and we know that the *Journal* is read by about four times the number who purchase it). It is impossible to visualize and, fortunately, it is unnecessary. The *Journal* is read by only one person at a time. What it has to say, it says silently, personally, directly to one person. It has the reader's undivided attention or it cannot speak. The *Journal* is a lady who simply cannot intrude where she is not wanted.

The *Journal* does not and cannot reach millions of women unless millions of individual women reach for it. The only important person reading this birthday editorial, for example, is one—*you!*

We, the editors, hope the magazine makes your life happier, some of your tasks lighter, and your judgment steadier. We hope that it sometimes helps to solve your personal problems. From your letters, often by action in your own community, by visible changes in homes and even in the nation as a whole, we know that it does. This is our great and continuing reward.

Over the years, the *Journal* has developed a life and personality of its own, a life and personality that is far more important than that of any of its editors. The magazine has outlived many of its editors since its first great editor, Louisa Knapp Curtis, its second great one, Edward W. Bok, and will, we are confident, outlive many more. It is the nature of a great lady to be astonishingly durable while she passes on her good qualities to others.

It is a pleasant duty to work for the *Journal*. No periodical ever had more responsive readers. On this anniversary we want to thank you for making possible all that the *Journal* is. If we, as editors, have not lived up to our opportunities, it is certainly not due to lack of generosity on the part of readers who have come to the *Journal* in such vast numbers, and who are so constant in their loyalty. We will continue to express our thanks by trying to make it an even better, wiser, more vigorous *Journal* in the years to come.

THE EDITORS



They won't go home until morning... when the dips are by you and Lipton

Try these zesty ONION and smooth TOMATO dips!

Before the party, combine a package of Lipton Soup Mix and a pint of sour cream. Use Onion for famous CALIFORNIA dip; Tomato for new, talk-of-the-town SUNSET dip. Keep refrigerated until the gang arrives.

Be imaginative . . . add chopped olives, crumbled bacon, a dash of mustard . . . experiment! You'll be famous for your party-dip creations!





Get your double dip server for only $2.00!

Party-size, 13"-diameter bowl in golden or silver anodized Alcoa aluminum made by Color Craft. Two polystyrene dip bowls snap in place. $4.50 Value! Just send $2.00 (check or money order preferred), and front panel of either Lipton Onion or Tomato Soup Mix to Lipton, Box 5940, St. Paul 4, Minn. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Money back guarantee. If not satisfied return server for full refund. Offer good only in U.S. and Puerto Rico. Void in any State, Territory, or Municipality where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted.

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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

THE CREATIVE USE OF TOYS

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

This is a good month to talk about toys and other playthings. As a matter of fact, I like to talk about them and play with them any day of the year, never having outgrown childhood in this respect.

The most important general principle about toys, I think, is that children love to use them creatively. They aren't satisfied for long merely to obey directions and use them as the inventor and the manufacturer intended. They want to follow their own personal interests, express their own feelings, create their own dramatic situations, make their own inventions. The more a toy is limited by its nature to one particular activity, the sooner it palls. The less specific it is, the more it stimulates a child's imagination. This is why I feel that, for most young boys and for many girls, blocks are the most absorbing and stimulating plaything of all. My sons had a large chest full of them which they began using at the age of one and played with frequently until twelve or so. They made Empire State Buildings, garages and ramps for cars, bridges and tunnels for trains, corrals for farm animals, forts for soldiers, whole cities for pretend people. All nursery schools have blocks and consider them basic equipment.

The most satisfactory blocks are the relatively large wooden ones which come in a set in a variety of related shapes. The shape which has most uses for buildings is $5\frac{1}{2}''$ x $2\frac{3}{4}''$ x $1\frac{3}{8}''$, but there are others which are only half as wide (for pillars), or half as long (squares), or twice as long (for planks) or cut diagonally (for ramps) and so on. The original cost may seem high, especially for hardwood blocks that do not splinter. But blocks never break or wear out or lose their fascination. A handy father may save some of the cost by sawing and sanding the blocks himself.

For boys of all ages, cars and trucks and buses and trains have a fundamental and everlasting appeal, partly because they are symbols of masculinity, and also because of the variety of ways and levels in which they can be used. Two-year-olds push them clumsily along the floor. Six-year-olds build road and track systems. Twelve-year-olds create elaborate, realistic layouts. Sixteen-year-olds build their own railway cars and model automobiles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



"The less specific a toy is, the more it stimulates a child's imagination. For most children, blocks are the most stimulating playthings."



FRANCEKEVICH

ONLY $14.95 Matching Chairs $9.95

they'll never stop enjoying

SCANDA

he newest design in folding furniture that says Merry Christmas all year 'round!



Scanda adds to their pleasure. This inspired furniture gives entertainment a graceful lift ...gives you convenience. Patterned soft vinyl top wipes clean with a damp cloth. Finish is chip-resistant baked enamel. Hidden telescope safety locks release at finger touch.



Scanda adds to their play...Scanda's beauty is more than skin deep. It has sturdiness hidden under its light lines. Makes it perfect for youngsters, for her sewing machine, for his typewriter. Scanda Chairs match the Scanda Table in design and color, only $9.95.

Say Merry Christmas with a Scandinavian touch . . . give Scanda—the folding furniture with a gentle new bowed design that sweeps and curves into stunning high fashion. This is the shape that you can use in so many ways all over your home. Can you think of a lovelier gift to say Merry Christmas?



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FOLDING FURNITURE

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan. Manufacturers of Samsonite Luggage. Available in Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario, at slightly higher prices.

bringing up baby

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5



Think all babies develop certain skills at the same stages and ages? Not so, say the experts. Repeated studies have shown that development patterns vary so much, few general conclusions can be drawn. Reassuring to remember that your baby will keep pace with his capabilities . . . and no matter what they do when, most babies catch up with each other in the end.

Another developing idea. Your baby's growth and muscle development get a big boost from protein. Gerber Strained and Junior Meats are protein-rich; offer certain B-vitamins, too. Made from selected Armour cuts, they're specially processed to remove most of the fat and preserve a high degree of precious food values. All are 100% pure meat, with just enough broth to brighten flavors and give a smooth, moist texture.

Developing Ideas For Your Darling

*Armour Meat Protein is complete protein, supplying all the essential amino acids that build and re-build vital body tissues.

Variety review. In addition to the meats, Gerber offers a wonderful variety of strained fruits, vegetables, dinners, high meat dinners and desserts to stimulate interest. All are prepared by specialists for special goodness and good nutrition. For older tots, Gerber offers a wide range of flavorful junior foods.



Toy talk. Toys represent more than play value for your baby. They're important tools for developing visual, mental and manual skills. When buying toys, it's wise to choose for stages of baby's development. (By watching baby, you'll know when he's ready for what.) Generally speaking, these are the stages:

- Look and listen stage • Grasp and hold stage
- Cuddle stage • Push and pull stage
- Take-apart, put-together stage

Cereal story. Whatever the stage of your baby's progress, cereals are pretty much a part of his daily diet. Gerber Cereals aid in baby's nutritional well-being by providing iron, calcium, B-vitamins.

Here at Gerber *we carefully prepare over 100 cereals, strained and junior foods to meet your baby's nutritional needs. We're proud to say:*

Babies are our business ...our only business!"





PLAY BRIDGE



By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON

WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ 6
♥ K Q 10 2
♦ Q J 9 6
♣ A Q 10 4

WEST
♠ K Q 9 4 2
♥ A J 9 8 5 4
♦ 3
♣ 7

EAST
♠ J 10
♥ 7 6 3
♦ 7 4 2
♣ 9 6 5 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A 8 7 5 3
♥ None
♦ A K 10 8 5
♣ K J 8

Both sides vulnerable
Dealer: South

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♥	Double	Pass
Pass	Pass		

North opens the ♣ 6

Do you believe that men are the stronger sex, in bridge as well as in life? We refuse to get into this controversy, but one thing is sure: nobody—man, woman or child—can play a good game of cards unless he has the courage of his convictions. All too often, particularly when the partnership consists of two members of the opposite sex, one or the other will lay down a list of rules and regulations so rigid that they prohibit the use of logic and judgment.

Consider this deal. Here, a burly gentleman of our acquaintance, Mike, was playing with his timid little wife, Mabel. (In most cases, it is the male member of the combination who is the bully.) Mabel opened the brief bidding festivities with one spade. West, vulnerable, overcalled two hearts. Mr. M. sat up in his chair (all 200 pounds of him) and uttered a resounding double, so loud that a couple of neighbors heard it. South fingered her cards longingly. S wanted to show her diamonds, finally passed.

If North had opened his diamo queen in an attempt to cut down clarer's trumps, it is conceivable t West might have gone wrong. In t event, we would have a more drama report to present concerning the pl Mike, however, led his singleton sp After that, the defense was routi Mabel won the initial trick with her and obediently returned the suit (it w obvious that hubby was short in t spade department). Mike ruffed, as pected, but capturing the second tr with his heart deuce helped his ca "like a hole in the head." At trick thr the diamond queen was played North, producing a winner. A seco round of diamonds was ruffed by W and trumps were now tackled. Ev though Mike collected two more tric there, it was relatively simple for W to cash his long hearts and good spad He eventually conceded a club, since this was his sixth loser, he w down one. As her husband smugly corded the 200-point-plus score, his lady said timorously:

"I don't think this was a very go result for our side. I believe we cou make quite a few diamonds. May about seven or so?"

"Diamonds!" roared Mike, as thou these items were to be found only Tiffany's. "How many did you ha and just what *was* in your hand?"

When she told him, he really e ploded. "Well," he shouted, "w didn't you show your second suit?"

"Because, darling, I was afraid to so. You have told me emphatical never to take you out when you make business double. And after all, I have two aces and two kings."

The moral is, of course, that at t bridge table, as in all endeavors, y just have to think things out for you self. You must solve each situation as arises, no matter who your partner i There's a well-known adage: "If you afraid, stay home."

If South had elected to open with o diamond, she would have set the cour straight from the beginning. Actual there is distinct merit in bidding t minor first. It permits both suits to shown at a low level. We frequent make this choice when the spades a ragged, as they were here. What wou *your* opening bid have been?

The Solomon System of point cou for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singl ton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (D not count tens in an original no-trum or for evaluating a slam.) Generally holding of 13 points is required for a opening bid.

THE CREATIVE USE OF TOYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

When I was a boy, toy trains were large and expensive and I was never lucky enough to own any. But whenever I had the invitation, I helped a friend play with his. As soon as I had a son out of diapers I began buying trains for him, first the wind-up kind, later beautiful replicas of real locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars, in HO gauge. In my enthusiasm, I was always years ahead of him, sug ing arrangements that were too complica interfering, taking over. Needless to say got little pleasure from them, and no ben I saw eventually that I had gone at it all wr but this realization didn't keep me f making exactly the same mistakes with second son. A child, in order to enjoy and to mature from it, must be permitte take the initiative himself and to follow own imagination. It's all right for parent

CONTINUED ON PAG

Carter's topper sets are captivating—and practicality is only one of their charms. These soft cotton knits know all the ins and outs of machine washing, know how to hold on to size and shape, how to avoid ironing. No wonder mothers rate Carter's first for good looks and good behavior!

BOYS' SET. IVORY/SAGE. WHITE/RED. GIRLS' SET. IVORY/AQUA. WHITE/RED. 6 MOS.-2 YRS. EACH $5.95

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS 94, MASS.

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100 Tums in a Family Bottle!



IT HOLDS RELIEF FOR EVERYONE

One hundred fast, sure ways to freedom from acid indigestion, heartburn and gas. A welcome addition to Tums familiar roll and 3-roll pack. You'll want the Tums family-size bottle for your home. Only 83¢.

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STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

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POCKET SIZE 39c

BEST FOR COLD SORES, CHAPPED LIPS, FEVER BLISTERS

HIGHER IN CANADA

BUYING GIFT WRAP?

FOR QUALITY, BEAUTY AND UTILITY BUY IMPERIAL PERMASHEEN, PARK LANE, AND RIB-N-TYE® BRAND AT YOUR LOCAL STORES

SUPREME RIBBON AND PAPER, Syosset, L. I.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

be assistants when asked. But it's almost impossible for some of us to accept this subordinate role, at least in certain activities.

After the age of eight or ten some boys—not all—become fascinated with building model cars, planes, trains, boats. This kind of activity develops not only manual skill, interest in mechanics, sense of history, but also basic creativity. I always loved model building and so did my sons. It's a great temptation to make a gift of a model kit to a boy who is known to be an enthusiast, and the kits are relatively inexpensive compared with the beauty of the finished product. But I've noticed that the kits that are given as presents are much less likely to be completed than those which the boy has chosen and bought himself. So I'd give money to buy kits, not give kits.

Woodworking tools appropriate to a child's skill and discretion make wonderful presents but are too seldom thought of by adults. The cheap, flimsy hammer-and-saw sets sold for small children are a fraud because even a skilled adult can't accomplish anything with them. A hammer has to have enough weight to drive a nail, and a saw has to be sharp and of moderately good size to cut wood. So buy adult tools. Lots of mothers worry that all tools are too dangerous for young children. Some tools are, including power tools. But hammers and saws cause only minor injuries when used with a little supervision, and I've seen four- and five-year-olds using them happily and productively in nursery school. At a slightly older age children can make use of a screwdriver, a plane, a square to mark a right angle, clamps to hold glued work together until dry. Mothers and unhandy fathers need to be reminded that sawing and many other woodworking operations can be carried out only when the wood is held in a good-sized vise, attached to a workbench that is solidly enough built so that it doesn't move or sway. Workbenches can be bought or built.

Building sets made of wood consisting of round sticks (like lollipop sticks) that plug into the rims or centers of wheel-shaped pieces will keep children between three and eight busy for hours creating carts, windmills and endless other structures. For boys six and older there are absorbing construction sets consisting of metal girders to be bolted together, axles, wheels, pulleys.

In fairness, I ought to turn for a while to girls' playthings. The overwhelming favorites throughout the world are dolls, dolls' clothes and equipment, housekeeping equipment. Baby dolls nowadays not only close their eyes and cry, but drink and wet. Modern girls become inflamed with the desire to own the latest type, in order to be in the swim, but these fancy attributes are not what give the long-range satisfaction. That comes from the infinite variety of imaginative caretaking activities which are possible: dressing and undressing, changing diapers, bathing, grooming, perambulating, feeding, putting to bed. With dolls of older years, the child can play out a thousand dramas of parent-child relationships, friendships, school life, adventure, romance, domestic existence. Since dressing and undressing are so appealing, I applaud the manufacturers who have put out a wide variety of modish costumes of standard size to fit a standard doll. Then there are dolls' cribs, buggies, bureaus, china and cutlery. Child-sized stoves, refrigerators, dining tables, laundry equipment are exciting to own; but a child can get as much long-term joy from cardboard cartons serving as imitations of these.

Needlework sets, handlooms, bead-stringing sets make splendid gifts for girls who have shown enthusiasm for such work. They are entirely uninteresting to others.

All children of both sexes crave a tricycle or bicycle. This is as basic as the car for adults. Almost as important are an express wagon and roller skates.

About table games I have various impressions. There are certain old stand-bys like checkers and parcheesi and Monopoly which begin to challenge competitive children by the age of eight or ten, at least on rainy days, especially if there are older brothers and sisters or parents who enjoy a contest. Every year there appear on the market at Christmastime elaborate new scoring games which are based on football or war or geography or history. They are equipped with dice or spinning dials or flashing lights or buzzers. They look exciting in the store. In my own family, though, most of them did not hold the children's interest nearly as long as other kinds of playthings. One trouble often is that the rules are complex and time-consuming to learn, except for game fiends. Perhaps another handicap is the demand, which such a narrowly specific game makes, that everyone must immerse himself completely in the atmosphere of football or history whether it is appealing to him or not.

I've had a similar experience with a majority of indoor games of skill—target games, for instance. After a while they stayed in the closet. The exceptions I've seen have been darts and table tennis. These games have proved and built their popularity over the years. So there is a chance that older members of the family will want to participate and this is what stirs and holds the competitive interest of the younger members.

While I'm expressing reservations, I'll mention the toys that will do one remarkable thing, such as a propeller wheel that spins high in the air or a plane that flies or a rocket that shoots. They are thrilling for a while. Then they often get lost or broken. If not, they may lose their appeal for the same reason that certain other toys pall: there's only one thing you can do with them. This is entirely different from the situation of the dexterous adolescent who spends dozens and dozens of hours making a plane which will fly with an elastic or a gasoline engine. If it fails to function or breaks, he spends dozens of more hours remaking it. The apparent climax of all the activity is the actual flying. But the true satisfaction is in the construction. This would be demonstrated if the same boy were given a factory-made plane ready for flying. It might soon become boring unless he could invent new ways to fly it or decided to try to make improvements in its design.

> A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy. LORD HALIFAX

I have one strong indignation to express. It is against television and radio hucksters who have recently been taking advantage of the trustingness of children by misrepresenting toys and describing them in such glowing terms that children are in a frenzy to own them. The most effective way for a parent to prevent a repetition of such a fraud is to write an indignant note to the local station itself, with copies to the Better Business Bureau in town and the Federal Communications Commission in Washington. It doesn't take many complaints to make an impression on a responsible station official.

How do you deal with a child who insists on a toy which you feel is beyond your means or which you believe the child will find disappointing? I don't think a parent should ever let himself be bullied or nagged into giving a present which is unreasonable. All he has to do is say firmly that it is too expensive and quietly stick to his guns. (To vacillate is to surrender; and to become cross at the child is to betray uncertainty whether one is entitled to deny the present.) But if my child or adolescent wanted to buy with his own money a possession which I felt was likely to prove unsatisfactory, I'd be inclined, after advising him, to let him go ahead, as long as it was not a dangerous possession. The only way he will learn to balance craving with caution is by a few bitter experiences at his own expense.

What about toys of mock violence—pistols and machine guns and daggers? In earlier years, when I had learned how natural and wholesome it is for even the best of boys to express their aggressiveness in play form—as soldiers and cowboys and robbers—I used to emphasize only this side of the picture to idealistic parents who were inclined to forbid such possessions and games. More recently, bothered by the extremes of violence to which television, movies and comics have gone, made uneasy by certain parents who have interpreted modern concepts of child psychology to mean that almost no limits should be set on children's expression of aggression, I've tried to present both sides of the issue. I believe that children, especially young children, should be surrounded by predominantly constructive, civilizing, loving, respect-creating influences. Parents should set an example, correct and guide their children's behavior in no uncertain terms, select stories, shows and programs that conform to the parents' ideals. Naturally these will be different in every family. I, myself, would allow a small son to have a toy pistol or two, and to play cowboy or soldier or robber. But I would worry if he wanted to play nothing else, and I would certainly interfere if I saw him threatening to hurt another child or being mean in any way.

Backyard play equipment is not only good for children's bodies and souls but fosters neighborhood sociability and aids a mother's supervision. For young children there are the old-fashioned platform swing with two seats facing each other, the jungle gym which will keep a crowd imaginatively and acrobatically busy for hours, the sandbox which is as endlessly fascinating as blocks, the rope swing. (A swing for small children can sometimes be hung indoors, too, in a doorway, for instance.) For older boys add a basketball basket at the correct height above the driveway. Badminton makes a fairly successful activity for both sexes and is relatively inexpensive.

I've neglected babies and one-to-two-year-olds. The biggest development in playthings for infants, before they can sit up, has been the use of bright-colored birds and other mobiles that dangle and sometimes jingle. Babies watch them with delight for hours. There are also rings and bars which can be progressively watched, reached for, batted at and finally handled at will. Then there are the old favorites: rattles, teething objects, strings of giant beads, woolly animals. Floating toys are important at bathtime.

With the age of walking come the push and pull toys (cartons are as satisfying as the store-bought types), xylophones, hammer-and-peg sets, rings that go on a peg, cloth or cardboard picture books. This is the age when the most fun is putting one thing in another, so kitchen utensils and cardboard cartons are as fascinating as the most expensive toy. The first two or three years are the age of rhythm. A jouncing chair is very satisfying from the age of six months, and a jouncing horse from one year on. My daughter-in-law has taken advantage of the one-year-old's joy in climbing by having her husband build a small platform, with steps and railing, just the right height for a mother to change a climber's clothes without breaking her back.

I'll never be able to complete this list of playthings. But I do want at least to mention a few other activities that have long proved their popularity and creative potential. Collections of stamps, of rocks, of butterflies are engrossing to many children after the age of seven or eight. I've observed in a number of families, though, that the idea must start in the child's own head. And most of the building of the collection must be by the child's own efforts. Nothing kills the collecting craze faster than for a child to be given a large collection already made by somebody else.

There have been painting and crayoning sets since the time of the cavemen. Poster paints in jars (and large sheets of paper on an easel) have been found, in nursery schools, to be much more inviting for young children than the hard little pellets of paint that give up their colors so reluctantly. A stack of sheets of paper of many different colors, a pair of scissors and a pot of library paste open up endless possibilities for designs, pictures, greeting cards, chains, paper dolls, houses, farms, theatrical scenery. I wish I were a child.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

Christmas is the smell of pine, the rustle of wrappings, the glow of candles, the bustle of preparation. These are its outward and visible signs.

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A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

There's no doubt it's the Christmas season — the celebration is in the air and all around us. You can hear Christmas in the simple beat of *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer* or in the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel's *Messiah*. You can hear it in the jangling bell of a street-corner Santa Claus or in the soul-penetrating chimes of a great cathedral. Christmas is here — in sight. Behold its lights of many colors, dazzling to the eyes, or face a single melting candle in a quiet place and watch the halo form around it. You can taste Christmas, in cookies spiced with orange rind and aniseed; smell it, in boughs of fragrant pine, and cranberries simmering on the stove. Oh, there is Christmas — everywhere! But where is Christmas really? All the sensual delights of the season do not make or keep the day. They are but Christmas decorations. To "keep Christmas" — what does it mean? Isn't it more likely that Christmas keeps us?

Behind all the festivities and decorations of the Christmas season is the birth of one whose life from first to last was tragic glory. Through the birth of Jesus we are able to believe that "in a certain sense every human soul has more meaning and value than the whole of history with its empires, its wars and revolutions, its blossoming and fading of civilizations." The meaning of Christmas is never outside us — in fact or myth or word or deed. It is ecstasy caught within us as mortal human beings.

Bounded by the mysteries of birth and death, conscious of good and evil, we of little minds and only slightly larger hearts live out our lives locked in five senses and hope. We can search, through science, and we can create, through prayer. And though evil abides and death awaits us, the human spirit is at least as immortal as the mind can conceive. It will not be stilled. In the lovingly arranged words of Don Marquis, the birth of Jesus "befell upon a night when all the Syrian stars swayed themselves before one lordlier orb that rose in gradual splendor, paused, flooding the firmament with mystic light, and dripped upon the breathing hills a sudden music. . . ." Breaking through the centuries at Christmastime comes that "sudden music" of Christ's birth, stronger than the strongest, wiser than the wisest, lovelier than love, the faith of faiths.

At Christmastime, and at all other times when the birth of Christ is celebrated in our lives, this ecstasy is ours. To believe in powers beyond one's own is faith. The essential message of Christian faith is "take up your cross and follow me" — to goodness though you walk in evil, to brotherhood though you live in loneliness, to peace on earth though your steps falter and the earth itself may crumble.

Good will prevail. To triumph over evil requires an endless battle, but the victory is also endless. We may sometimes choose to pray or not to pray, but our choice is always answered: you must find the courage to live! Christmas is the celebration of a way of life which accepts evil among free men as inevitable, and in that acceptance discovers personal forgiveness, the courage to fail and a joy in trying for the right that is beyond all fear of failure.

This the meaningful heart of Christmas. This is the source of our joy.

— THE EDITORS



It was two years since the Captain had spent Christmas with them. "Dear stranger," she thought, begging him wordlessly to know his children as she knew them. She was mother, father, doctor, lawyer, merchant chief—with little chance to be a wife.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

As of ten this morning the Captain was in residence in his own home. It had been eight months since his family had seen him. It might have been said, so frequent were his absences, that he was visiting, but the Captain was a man to be master of his own house the minute he stepped inside the door. He was a big man who carried the presence of command on his shoulders. He walked confidently, his voice was pleasant but firm. He listened, he thought, and then he decided; and what he decided was not open to review.

The Captain's wife, standing at the window in the dusk, looking into the December afternoon, thought about him now and shied away like a girl. His chin was rougher than she remembered, his hair more grizzled, his movements more abrupt, his eyes more ardent. She loved him, and she lived apart from him for long periods of time. "If you *will* love a venturesome man," her Aunt Tib had said, "you can't expect him home washing dishes every night."

(*Every girl should have an Aunt Tib*, the Captain's wife thought now, *elegant and rustling and austere as gray taffeta, the complete maiden lady, given to dishing up pithy little truths like sunflower seeds*. It was not a thought she would have spoken aloud for fear the very truth of it would shine so that the Government would establish a Bureau of Maiden Aunts, a situation which would work a great number of injustices, as Government bureaus always do.)

"I do not expect my husband to wash the dishes," the Captain's wife had said

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by Gwen Walker



"We had the biggest crowd in the store," Jaime crowed. "Even bigger than Santa Claus."



"I am in the right place, no?" Angelique asked, smiling hesitantly

the foof

By IRENE KAMPEN
ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

As soon as I heard Walter drive up and park in front of the house I knew that in about a second my father would come tearing into the living room from his den.

I was right.

"Is it beyond the realm of possibility to expect a little peace and quiet around here?" my father asked. "Every time I reach the middle of a particularly complicated series of figures, something slams or rings or crashes or is hurled." He winced.

"It's only Walter, father," I told him.

"Impossible," my father said. "One human being, unarmed, is not capable of creating that much of an uproar. If it is Walter, then he has met with some dreadful accident on our very doorstep—an accident involving, I would estimate from the noise, several tons of sheet iron, the engine of a jet-propelled aircraft, a herd of wounded moose ——"

"The muffler of his car is loose," I said.



"You are in the right place, yes!" Stretch said as Walter closed in.

Walter came in wearing his new varsity sweater and carrying a copy of the Central Valley *Weekly Clarion*.

"Hello, Mr. Paddington," Walter said. "Do you happen to have a French dictionary? I promised Mr. Billman I'd print a sign to put up on the classroom door welcoming Angélique."

"No, we don't have a French dictionary," I said shortly. "We don't have the sheet music of the *Marseillaise* or a photograph of General de Gaulle either, so don't bother to ask."

Walter frowned at me. "That's a fine attitude for an American girl to take," he said with disapproval. "If we—the citizens of Central Valley of tomorrow—fail to extend the hand of friendship and international understanding ——"

"Oh, foof," I said and my father asked: "What's all this about international friendship?"

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Walter decided nobly it was his duty to make the French blonde with china-blue eyes feel—somehow—eh—at home here.



"Tell the story of how our Christmas will be," my sister begged. . . . "We woke and dressed before the fire," I began. But I could not bear to think about the tree, or the disappointment that surely awaited us.

Christmas Lost, Christmas Found

By DOROTHY THOMAS

At eight I was secretly disillusioned in Christmas and dreaded its return with its publicly proved, imponderable disfavor with God and man. That first Alberta winter of 1906, as the others reconciled themselves to being so far from Kansas and our mother's people, I found myself secretly glad we would be alone in the log cabin father had built for us in the timbered wilderness where we now lived; and that there could be no church program with its giant tree of sparkling hope and final naked sorrow.

"Yes, of course Christmas will come," mother said with patient cheer. "Papa will read aloud the Bible story and we'll sing songs. Possibly ma's package will come in time. Christmas Day we'll have stewed partridge with dumplings, and we'll open the little wooden bucket of wild strawberry jam and have it with hot light rolls. We'll keep Christmas."

"Can you *keep* Christmas?" our little brother asked.

"Yes, Si." Kennetha said. "Christmas is a night and a day that come in the dead of winter and is for keeping Jesus's birthday, and for surprises and presents. Papa will go to the store and bring home letters and cards from the States, and corn candy and gumdrops, and of course new pencils. It is the very best day in the whole year!"

I, on the window seat, lightly traced the fern-and-forest patterns on the cold-breathed pane and added, "And it should be nicer than any old Christmas down in Kansas. Truer too!" I spoke softly and was relieved that no one heard me. The lot of us were well aware that the riches of a minister's family were of the sort to be laid up in heaven, and I was embarrassed that I remembered my Kansas Christmases bitterly.

Down in Kansas before we left the parsonage for the church program mother would gently remind us that the presents we received at home—the eventually beloved rag dolls and stick horses—were the only presents we were to get. We were to expect nothing, save the common candy treat, from the church tree. This was so bitter a slight, from a sparrow-minded Giver of all good gifts, that I could not take even my mother's word for it. Even remembered disappointments could not quench my faith. Seated on the

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My sisters lay dreaming of their dolls. Through a crack in the floor I could see the happy room below. Never again, I knew, would I dread Christmas.

POPE JOHN XXIII

Known as an accomplished conciliator, this wise, sunny and modest man was elected Pope in the hope that he could heal some of the rifts within the church. Now he is ready to go on to a greater work—helping to heal the rifts of a troubled world. By ALICE-LEONE MOATS



It was the day of the coronation of Pope John XXIII. The five-hour ceremony at St. Peter's was over. The twelve silver trumpets that had announced the pontiff's arrival in the church were back in their cases, the last notes of the Sistine Choir's chants had died away. But the newly crowned Pope had not finished for the day. He wanted to thank each person who had assisted at the ceremony. He even expressed his gratitude to the eight men who carried him in the *sedia gestatoria*, and added, laughing, "You should really be paid double for carrying us, since we weigh twice as much as Pius the Twelfth."

This kind of personal touch had been lacking at the Vatican for nineteen years, and caused as much pleasure as astonishment.

Next came the turn of the diplomats to be surprised. After the election of a new Pope, the ambassadors and chiefs of missions accredited to the Holy See must present their credentials to the new sovereign. One of the first ambassadors to present his was a South American who thought he knew what to expect. The ceremony is ruled by strict protocol. Dressed in white tie and tails and all his decorations (unless he represents a country that permits the gold-braided uniform and plumed hat), an ambassador is conducted to the papal throne—a large, carved, gilded chair upholstered in red damask, placed on a dais. Then the Pope enters and takes his seat, while the ambassador makes three genuflections if he is a Catholic, three bows if he is not. He then either kneels or bends low, and hands his credentials to the Pope, who passes them on to his Secretary of State and makes a short speech of welcome. After that the pontiff retires to the private library, as his office is called, and is followed by the ambassador for a private talk that lasts no more than five minutes.

On this particular morning all went according to plan until the ambassador was greeted by the Noble Guard. Then, instead of being ushered into the throne room, he was waved toward the private library and told that the Holy Father awaited him there. His credentials clutched in one hand, he opened the door with the other, and found himself nose to nose with the Pope who, at the same moment, had opened the inner door. The ambassador barely had time to sketch out one genuflection when the Pope extended his hand for the ritual kiss on the big topaz ring containing a piece of the true cross.

His Holiness murmured a few words of greeting, then, cassock skirts flying, he led the way to his desk with the fast, bouncy walk that characterizes him and sat down, motioning the flustered diplomat to a seat on his left. Leaning back, hands folded, feet clearing the floor by about two inches, as they do in all the big Vatican chairs, he dropped his head toward his left shoulder in a way he has when conversing, and fixing the ambassador with an intense, encouraging look, said:

"Unfortunately there has not been time for us to be given a briefing on your country. You will have to tell us about it. For instance, how many parishes are there in such-and-such a diocese?"

The ambassador had to confess his total ignorance of diocesan statistics, but he offered to send His Holiness all the information the next day. The Pope cried, "Don't bother! Don't bother! We can get it right now." He jumped to his feet, crossed the room to a bookcase, took out the Roman Catholic Church Directory and brought it back to the desk, where the two men leafed through the pages until they found the right one.

All this time the ambassador had been holding his credentials, awaiting the right opportunity to present them. As it never came, he finally blurted out, "Your Holiness, I have something here for you," and held forth the documents. "Yes, yes, of course, your credentials," the Pope said, and tossed them on a pile of others on the desk.

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Would John XXIII, age 77, turn out to be "a Pope in bedroom slippers"? The world found out differently, even before his coronation took place at St. Peter's.





"How quickly, in one instant, years of happy life become only memories! The day I had dreaded w
Here is a profound

A BRIDGE FOR PASSING

By PEARL S. BUCK

I remember the day I decided to make the picture in Japan, a day a year ago, like this one on which I begin the story of my return to Asia. I have always known the return was inevitable; not a permanent return, for I am too happy in my country to live elsewhere, but a return nevertheless. One does not live half a life in Asia without return. The friendly country of China, the home of my childhood and youth, is for the time being forbidden country. I refuse to call it enemy country. The people in my memory are too kind and the land too beautiful.

China is not the whole of Asia, however, in spite of being most of it. Japan, I suppose, is the country I know best after China. Logically, the return would be there, but when? I do not enjoy visiting a country merely to see the sights. When I return to Japan, I told myself, it will be for a project, a piece of work, something interesting to do.

Quite unexpectedly one day it was proposed to me that I go to Japan to work with others on the filming of my book, *The Big Wave*. The work would be new and therefore exciting. I am long past the conservatism and caution of youth. I have arrived at the adventuresome age and *The Big Wave* is an adventurous book. It involves a remote fishing village, a tidal wave, a volcano, none of which I had seen for decades, and which I hankered to see again. The questions were answered. It was Japan; it was now.

No, not quite answered, for there was my family to consider. Could I, should I leave them at such a time? We went into family consultation. Apparently I could and should. The family doctor assured me that there was no reason to delay going. The children, grown and half grown, were hearty and healthy. And he? He was as he would be always now. Six months ago I could not have left him. But in the brief interval there was for me all the difference between day and night. He had slipped into a world of his own. I had not yet learned to bear what was and must ever be.

"Go," the doctor said. "You must have a change. You have a long road ahead."

"Go," my responsible daughter said. "I will look after everything."

Thus encouraged, contracts were signed and tickets bought. . . .

Japan had been a near neighbor all my years in China. It had been, too, a country of refuge when revolutionary wars drove us out of China. I once spent many months in a small Japanese house in the mountains near Unzen. I had taken a motor trip in that same year around Kyushu, and had stopped briefly in Obama to bathe in the hot springs. In mind I now saw my fishing village somewhere in that region of glorious seacoast, green mountains and smoking volcano.

"I shall recognize it the moment I see it," I told my family. "It will be a little village hugging a rocky shore, a sandy cove between mountains, a few houses of stone behind a high seawall. I see it as though I remembered it, but I do not know its name."

If Japan had been near and familiar in the past, this time it seemed just outside the gates of my home in Pennsylvania. I reflected on the incredible span of my life. Though, God willing, I have decades more to live on this beautiful globe, yet in experience of life and peoples I began in the middle ages. As a child I traveled by wheelbarrow, sedan chair, mule cart or in a boat pulled along a lazy canal by men walking the towpath. I was twelve years old before I saw a railway train in China, and fifteen before I rode in it. I did not see or ride in an automobile until I was in college, and after that not again for years until I returned to my own country. Then I became a modern woman and traveled by air as a matter of course.

When the jet lifted me from the earth to the sky that May morning in New York I confess to an elation all but unique. Part of the elation was perhaps a reckless awareness of my own complete helplessness as we soared into the upper air. I had committed myself to the machine. No decisions faced me, for there was no way to go but up. An old Chinese proverb says that of the thirty-six ways of escape, the best is to run away. I do not know what the other thirty-five ways are—curiously enough, I never thought to inquire in all those years in China.

Random thoughts fluttered through my mind while through the tiny window I watched the globe circle away from me. When—and if—I returned to it a few hours later the wide continent of my native land and the blue stretch of the Pacific Ocean would be between me and home. We floated over a sea of silvery clouds, and I settled back in my chair to work on the script of my picture. . . .

I had expected a quiet arrival in Tokyo. The hour was between two and three after midnight and I could not imagine anyone at the airport to meet me. I thought of one or two business associates, a few friends, perhaps, then a quick ride through dark streets to the old Imperial Hotel, and a bath and bed. It had been a long flight, after all. Outside the window I saw only a cluster of flat buildings and men scurrying.



"I had come from China, shy and frightened. He met me—and my life was changed."

"I'm glad we are arriving at such a ghastly hour," I had said. "There can't be anyone to meet us."

The great aircraft had trembled as it descended and the lights of Tokyo glittered out of the darkness.

A man in a white uniform stepped forward. "Welcome to Japan," he said. "I am

ome. The final loneliness was here."

ersonal testament by America's foremost writer for all those who have asked: "Is there life beyond?"

with Japan Airlines. . . . Just a moment, please—photographers and reporters."

We paused. Lights focused us in the darkness and cameras snapped. Reporters crowded around us with questions.

"Thank you," the man said when we showed signs of exhaustion. "Your friends are waiting for you."

Waiting for us? We were speeded through customs, and our friends overwhelmed us indeed with greetings and flowers.

How did I feel? In a way as though I had come home after a long absence and in a way as though I had come to a new and foreign country. The smiling faces, the warm voices, sometimes the eyes brimming with tears, these claimed me for their own. Men and women I had known as young in my own youth were there looking as changed as I do, and with them were children and grandchildren like mine at home.

"My daughters rose at one o'clock so that they could wear kimonos to welcome you," a friend said proudly.



ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

I know how long it takes to put on a kimono properly. The girls were beautiful and I was glad they and others wore kimonos to make me feel at home when I arrived. When I lived in Japan before the war, all my women friends wore kimonos. Now Japanese women wear Western dress except for the few formal occasions of life when they put on their kimonos. There are exceptions, of course. Old women wear kimonos, and certain distinguished women, even in business, wear kimonos always. My special friend wears a kimono because it is becoming to her. She has reached the position and age when she can wear what she likes.

Behind the friendly crowd that night with its flowers and photographers, I was aware of Tokyo itself. I knew how severely it had been bombed in the war, and that now it was rebuilt, new and prosperous, a symbol perhaps of the Japan that was strange to me. Yet even the people who came to greet me seemed changed for the better, I thought. I heard ready laughter, but spontaneous and real. Everyone talked freely and without fear. That was new. The sweet courtesy remained, but life and good spirits bubbled through.

We moved en masse at last into waiting cars and were driven at breakneck speed to the Imperial Hotel, that haven where Japan meets the world with her own grace and style. An hour later we were asleep in air-conditioned rooms, surrounded by flowers in Japanese baskets. . . .

The little secretary was at my elbow. "We have time to go to the old Meiji shrine before you must go to the office and I want you to see it, please, first," she told me. "Tokyo is too new, because of bombing, but Meiji shrine is old and you will feel better to see it."

She summoned a cab and we were whisked through the city, so changed that I would not have known it, new and busy and not beautiful. The palace, however, remained as it was, untouched, and I saw its curved roofs rising, as of old, behind the moated stone walls. Then we entered the Meiji shrine and into the ancient peace. I wandered about the paths, Sumiko tactfully quiet at my side, and came to rest beside the lake. It is as it was when I was a child standing there with my Japanese nurse. The same fat carp, enormous in size, moved lazily among the water lilies. I told Sumiko this.

"Not the same, please," she said in reply. "In the war many hungry people coming here by night to catch carp and eat them."

I maintained, however, that some of them were the same. Otherwise even in many years they could not have grown so big.

"Perhaps," she said politely. "Anyhow, it is time we will be going; office waiting."

We walked to the gate and entered another taxicab and were whirled to the offices of the big Japanese motion-picture company.

Here I pause for a brief interlude.

The most astonishing aspect of new Japan is the Japanese woman. My first Japanese friend was the wife of an Englishman, who lived in a big house on the mountainside near my childhood home in China. I must have known other Japanese women in our goings to and comings from Japan, but none made so deep an impression on my memory as the lady in the Englishman's house, and this, I think, because I saw her only as she passed by in her sedan chair, borne by four uniformed bearers.

She wore a kimono always, and her hair was brushed in the high lacquered coiffeur of the ladies of ancient Japan. Her face was powdered white, and her onyx eyes gazed blankly ahead of her until she saw me standing in the dust of the road. In summer she held a small parasol, white silk painted with cherry blossoms, and in winter she wore a brocaded coat over her kimono. We exchanged looks, hers sad and incurious until she smiled at me, and mine wide with wonder and admiration because she was beautiful. It was as this that I remembered her, and because of the smile, somehow my friend.

In later years I knew more intimately as friend an occasional Japanese woman. She seemed, whoever she was, always remote, somewhat sad, overburdened with duty, and this was true whether she were the wife of a farmer or of a man of wealth and position. One had always to cross a barrier—disappointment with life, it might be, if not a personal sorrow—before one could reach the inner woman. Perhaps she was never to be reached.

None of this is true now. The old-fashioned woman, or so it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED BOOK © 1961 by Pearl S. Buck. A BRIDGE FOR PASSING is soon to be published in book form by The John Day Co., Inc.

A moment before they'd been laughing gaily, the two of them. Sally could be very funny about people. So the thought *I'd like to kill her* flashed through Marion's mind like lightning in a cloudless summer sky. It didn't seem possible to be laughing in such a civilized way one minute and shaking with murderous rage the next.

One sentence did it.

"Well," Sally said, "we've decided to sell the house."

Marion heard herself: "Is that so? You've really made up your mind, have you?" and the naturalness of her voice surprised her. The lightning *I'd like to kill her* was so ridiculous she couldn't take it seriously. *Who, me?* she said to herself. *Don't be silly.*

A woman like Marion Ten Eyck, living happily with her husband in a charming apartment, a wonderful wife—everybody said that—a famous cook, one of the best workers on all charity drives, a minor-tournament bridge player; a woman like that couldn't be tempted to murder her young daughter-in-law, could she? A matter of semantics, like *Drop dead* or *I'm absolutely mad about salted peanuts*, for emphasis, too absurd for reality. A wave of horror shuddered through Marion. Prayer wasn't part of her weekday life the way it was with some women she knew; she went to church, of course, and when Hap had been in the Navy during the war she'd prayed for him; she prayed now because she had to find some way to stop the knife-edged pain before it cut ulcers in her duodenum. "Lead me not into temptation ——" *Just the same, I really must find some way, some equivalent:* the sight of Sally curled up on the divan in the sun porch like a Siamese kitten licking her whiskers, her eyes hard and bright and triumphant, heated up all the old, familiar exasperation, the justifiable dislike until it began to boil.

Get rid of her. Whether Clete liked it or not. Children often didn't know what was for their own good. Before she destroyed him utterly.

We've decided to sell the house. A lot Clete had to say about it.

Probably this—what was it they called it now?—not crisis—climax—*moment of truth*, that was it!—this life-or-death moment of truth was bound to come between two women, a young man's wife and his mother, who would never have seen each other a second time if that young man hadn't been the emotional center of both their lives. As it was, they saw each other almost every day. Everybody in San Diego knew how close Clete Ten Eyck and his mother had always been and how keen she'd been on his painting. Everybody had seen what she'd done for those kids from the day they eloped to Tijuana, nearly two years ago; why, she'd persuaded Clete's father to move into an apartment and *give* the bride and groom that lovely old house out on Point Loma. "I couldn't separate Clete and his studio," she'd said at the time; "he must have a place to paint." A girl like Sally certainly ought to be grateful to Clete's mother. "He's just crazy about her, isn't he?" her friends said CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



the wrong wife

Did Marion hate her because she'd married her son? Or because he hadn't become the man Marion wanted him to be?

by Adela Rogers St.Johns



A Poem for Older Children

ILLUSTRATED BY Roy McKie



SAINT JEROME & THE LION

By Rumer Godden

To Bethlehem, with its white stone and towers;
its brown hills where larks sing; and its unexpected flowers,
iris, anemones, scillas and cyclamen,
that scatter the bare gullies; to Bethlehem,
where Christ was born, came the great saint, Jerome,
with his red hat[1] and his Bible, seeking, far from the stir and dust of Rome,
peace for holiness and study, and built a convent[2] on a hill to be his home.

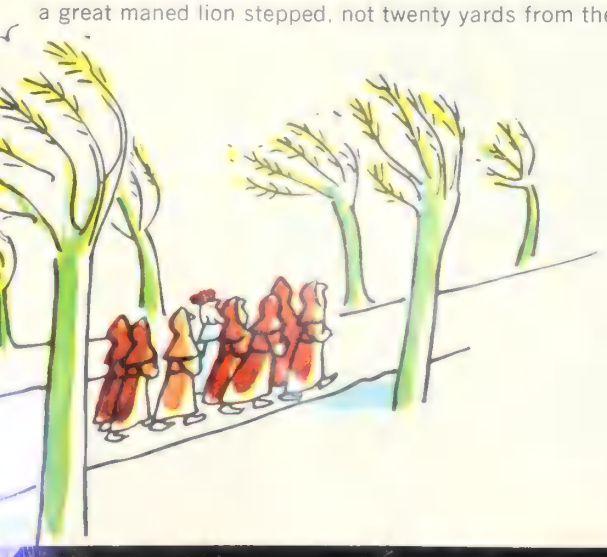
With him came brother monks: some wise in books:
some farmed, wheat, vines, olives; some were gardeners, cooks,
or wove wool for the monks' habits[3], or cured leather
for their sandals; but all together
kept the strict rule: "We work to live and live to pray."
Even the hens were trained to lay
eggs clean enough for angels, while at break of day

the cocks did duty, crowing three times to wake
the brothers. The ass was panniered and, though naughty, learned to make
useful journeys; oxen plodded, turning the wheel
to mill the grain; the lambs gave their fleece wool;
even the fish were caught for Fridays; none was idle
and, burning his light all night, Jerome kept vigil[4]
as into the people's Latin he transcribed the Bible.



One February, there came an afternoon
when the hill villages and fields around the convent shone
painted with light. Each cypress threw its shadow: the clear
young blue of the sky was shrill with larks. In this springtime of the year
the brothers took their recreation out-of-doors
(they needed recreation just as you need yours)
in the long day of work and prayer, an hour's welcome pause.

They walked down the lane, chattering at their ease
and watching the wind blow green and silver in the olive trees,
when all at once there came a dreadsome sound
that broke the air and shook the ground
rolling from hill to hill; it seemed to hem
the world in thunder and, onto that quiet path that led to Bethlehem,
a great maned lion stepped, not twenty yards from them.





Prrt! The brothers scattered like swallows; their cries came
back on the wind as they ran, calling sweet Mary's name
to save them. Nor did one wait
to help another but, pell-mell, in at the gate
they tumbled, and slammed it fast with bolt and lock.
St. Jerome was left outside; unmoved as a rock,
he stayed as a good shepherd stays who has to guard his flock.

"God be with me," he prayed, but still the lion came on,
roaring to split the sky, but now his tone
seemed to the saint more hurt than angry; and then he saw
this lion limped on three legs, one front paw
hung swollen, bleeding, and misery
had so furrowed his face that the saint could see
he had not come to devour but to ask for charity.



For three nights and days the lion had not slept.
His flanks were thin, his gold eyes wept
as he wandered in pain and fever, roaring, as if asking why
a lion should suffer. "A weasel or goat or bad serpent, but I
the King of Beasts to find a thorn such woe!"
(He had fallen into a thicket of thorns a week ago
and one had festered.) All this St. Jerome seemed to know

and laid his hand on the hot snuff-colored brow.
"Lord Jesus is the King of Kings," he said, "but I shall read you ho
He suffered with a hundred thorn-wreath pricks."
The lion listened, thoughtful, gave the hand lion licks
to show his pity, and tried to sink his roaring to a moan.
"Lord Jesus! Then His beast is not alone,"
and he limped up to the convent gate with St. Jerome.

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ıey knocked,
ıd smiled at one another now to find it locked.
ıe brothers opened trembling, but when they saw Jerome come
alking in with the lion, they were dumb
ith amazement—and shame at leaving their master outside.
"unish us," they implored him, but Jerome only cried,
"ring herbs, hot water, linen." Then with as much fuss, as if a pride

lions were wounded, they set about
athing the paw. First they pulled the long thorn out.
ıe operation was painful, the lion could not help a howl
hich, looking up into Jerome's face, he hastily sank to a growl
ıd, as pus streamed out, to a whimper;
ıen, when the paw was poulticed and dressed, came a sound that made a stir
ırough the whole convent; a contented happy rumbling that was the lion's purr.



gentle time passed that helped to heal the paw.
ıe lion was given a cell with a bed of the cleanest straw,
ıd kept the convent hours and shared the convent food.
hen the brothers sang in choir or said their Mass, he stood
uiet outside the chapel door, or else he lay
ith his front paws put together, as if to say,
am a Christian lion now and I too can pray."

ut a day came that made the heart of every brother grieve.
ıe paw was healed and the lion was well enough to leave;
o they blessed him and set him free, opening the convent gate,
ut he did not go but flattened himself at St. Jerome's feet
ıd wagged his tail[5]. When they tried to make him move
e growled under his breath but, at once to show his love,
atted the saint with a paw made soft as a velvet glove.



low for a solemn conclave, Jerome put on his red hat,
nd round him in the choir[6] the other brothers sat.
hat we admit the lion," said one of the monks, "I move,"
ut a crabbed old monk got up and said, "I don't approve.
lion is always a lion. This is a wild beast still,
ot to be trusted with lambs or chickens, for he has to make his kill."
trust him," said St. Jerome and the lion thumped his tail.

JEROME AND THE LION IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY VIKING PRESS

He was admitted, but now there arose a new
problem: what work could the lion do?
If he lived in the convent, he must keep the convent rule,
but lions cannot lay eggs, or be ridden, or sheared for wool.
For two days the brothers debated, but the lion was quite content
to attend on St. Jerome wherever he came and went
(artists have always painted him in every picture of the saint).



At last the youngest brother came, hands in his sleeves, to ask
permission to speak: "We are shorthanded, yet it is still my task
to take the ass each day to pasture,
watching over her there, for you know ass nature
is willful indeed. Then to fetch firewood we go on
to the woodsman. If the lion could guard her, my task is gone."
"But would he agree?" asked the saint and stopped,
for an affable rumbling came from the lion.



Summer and autumn and winter and spring,
after Mass had been said, each pleasant morning
the ass went to graze, most modestly,
for she respected the lion's eye
(he had only to rumble and bristle his whiskers)
and, though there were still those baneful whispers,
he trotted her back in time for vespers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



1. Though St. Jerome was not a cardinal—there were no cardinals then—he is always shown in paintings with a cardinal's hat, so that I, too, have given him one.
2. In Italy the religious orders have some things the other way round from us; monks live in convents, nuns in monasteries.
3. A habit is the name given to a monk's or nun's clothes.
4. It is to Jerome that we owe the "Vulgate," the first "people's" Bible completed in 405.
5. I do not think lions wag their tails when they want to please, rather the reverse, but the legend says this so did, so I have let him.
6. In small convents in the old days, business seems to have been done in the choir.

The World's Most Famous Grandmother

Taxed roundly for spoiling her grandchildren, the Queen Mother says, "That's half the fun of being a grandmother!"

By RALPHE M. WHITE
FOURTEEN YEARS ON THE ROYAL FAMILY'S PERSONAL STAFF
AS TOLD TO
HEATHER AND GRAHAM FISHER

At the Duke of Kent's wedding last June, twelve-year-old Prince Charles sat in the front rank of the wedding guests, regally sandwiched between his parents and the Queen Mother. As he took his seat, the world's most famous grandmother bent over and whispered something to the world's most famous schoolboy. Obediently, Charles ran his hand through his rather unruly brown hair, pushing it back clear of his eyes.

On such occasions it is invariably left to "Granny," as Charles and Anne call her, to keep a watchful eye on her royal grandchildren. She sees that they are neat and tidy, tells them what to do, explains what is going on around them. At the Kent wedding she was especially busy answering questions which Charles, who has an inquiring mind, fired at her in murmured asides.

With her husband dead, her daughters married, these days the Queen Mother's zest for living has found a fresh outlet and expression in her small grandchildren, Charles, Anne, Prince Andrew and the most recent addition, Princess Margaret's first child.

At Christmas I have seen Charles and Anne racing about the vast rooms of Sandringham House, the royal country residence one hundred miles from London, with the Queen Mother joining in their games of tag. Then she (61 last August) will sit with them in the royal nursery, with its cutout model of the Nativity, playing such quieter children's games as ludo, snakes-and-ladders, patience.

Even on a tight-scheduled official visit to Lundy Isle, off Britain's western tip, she took time to mail Charles and Anne post-cards, bearing the island's special postage stamp with its puffin (sea bird) emblem. On her visit to the United States some years ago she managed to make shopping expeditions to two New York toy stores. Anne received a teenage doll and a miniature washing machine, while Charles was given a working model of a steam shovel.

Over the years she has showered them with gifts—dolls, golliwogg, a toy cooker and a plastic tea set for Princess Anne among other things. On Andrew's first birthday she gave him a toy trumpet. As Charles and Anne have grown older, toys have been replaced by gifts of more lasting value—a silver-framed miniature portrait of herself for Charles, a diamond-and-ruby brooch for Anne (which Anne chose herself).

Though she cannot resist spoiling her grandchildren ("That's half the fun of being a grandmother!"), she expects them to be every bit as grateful for a picture post-card from Lundy Isle as for an elaborate toy from Fifth Avenue. "I don't want them to get a wrong set of values," she says.

It was "Granny" who took Charles and Anne to their first pantomime—Cinderella. She bought them their first prayer books. She took Charles to his first concert. (He was very young and shuffled so much that he had to be taken home.) Later, when the Bolshoi Ballet visited Britain, she took him to see that. ("It was jolly good," he told a school friend later.) She also took Anne to her first ballet. When Andrew was born, the Queen Mother was the first person Philip called up to pass on the good news. She was also the first person to visit the palace to glimpse the new royal arrival.

It is an open secret that the Queen Mother is well pleased that the increasing activity of the royal round involves so many overseas tours and state visits for the queen and Philip. Such trips mean that "Granny" can have the grandchildren to herself.

During her visit to Australia the queen was asked if she and her husband did not miss their children when royal duty took them away from home.

"More than they miss us, I'm afraid," she replied with a smile. "You see, they have a doting grandmother."

The Queen Mother's deep affection for her small grandchildren comes back to her in full measure. Last summer when Charles and Anne went to spend a few days with their grandmother at Sandringham House, they arrived to find she had gone across to Sandringham Park to look at a local flower show. Promptly they hurried after her. She was surrounded by a dense crowd at the flower show. Oblivious of the onlookers, the children raced toward her, threw their arms around her and greeted her with hugs and kisses.

"Going to stay with Granny" is always a treat for Charles and Anne. They know she will serve their favorite CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Visiting "Granny" means favorite food, extra spending money, later bedtime. Birthday callers are Charles, Anne and merry Ana



HOME IS THE PLACE FOR A PARTY

By WILHELA CUSHM
FASHION EDIT



s year's party girl looks golden, glows with sunset-orange shades, throws in a contrast n snow white and now and then a dress of night black. Left to right below: Merrymaker dy with the drumsticks wears a sleeveless ey skillfully shirred to give a new shape to a th, by Anne Fogarty, a triple golden-chain klace, cloth-of-gold slippers for dancing feet.

bie at the right of the drum goes in for gold net over white wool, sophisticated coat dress nd with the white, buttoned down the front gold buttons. This dress is slightly shaped at the waistline, slim but easy to move in, a pretty but not too dressed-up fashion by Anne Fogarty. She wraps a strand of "globby" pearl and gold beads round and round her wrist for a bracelet, also wears Cinderella slippers of gold.

Putting words to the music, Carol could dance all night in a flame-color brocade with scrolls of gold, a dress with the bow neckline and curved-out skirt the girls adore, by Eloise Curtis. She pins a topaz sunburst just below the waistline, considers gold kidskin the "only" slippers. Carol can also go on to a more formal party in this brocade dress.

Bonnie could start partygoing before sundown in her white dress with little sleeves and the crystal-beaded collar, newest princess silhouette in silk-and-alpaca faille by Anne Fogarty. Satin slippers.

Barbara is wearing her gala basque dress with pleats from the hipline made of gilded orange lamé, fabulous dress for dancing, by Anne Fogarty. Her bare-heeled sandals are gold mesh.

Barbara's three-strand gold acorn necklace by De Mario, Sandy's chain and Carol's pin by Sandor Goldberger, Debbie's bracelet by Scaasi.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELBURN





HOLIDAY GLAMOUR

TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

's the fun of fashion? Barbara J. knows
of it, a lot of it, is being an evening
y. With a never-a-worry-of-what-to-
daytime wardrobe, Barbara J. splurges on
n (with a minimum of $'s) for Christmastime
ur. White crepe separates are the basis
all. Barbara J. knows they will go prettily
her bright red coat; they'll be as fashion-
t in July as in December. Aqua jersey
, a trimmed sweater and a white fur
are her other additions to vary the
ates theme. Her final fashionwise step
onderful hairdo. For partying, for enter-
g at home, Barbara J. knows that these
ll add up to bright holiday glamour.

ng, partying, having a wonderful time.
e crepe blouse is sleeveless. Cut high in
it wraps and dips to a beguiling low V in
ack. Skirt is full with a myriad of tiny
ssed pleats. Skirt, $11.95; blouse, $6.95.

ra J.'s new slacks are aqua jersey, lined
ep their shape. To wear with them, she
a white sweater with turquoise; two
s of it in grosgrain ribbon outline the
e. Slacks will be perfect with her black
ter, white fur collar too. Slacks, $9.95.

tions on the separates theme. Tonight
ra J. wears her new white crepe skirt,
oise-trimmed sweater. Perfect for party-
, it's an ideal combination for receiving
s in "at home" too. Another evening,
eveless sweater or a bright shirt in almost
olor would be a plus for fashion glamour.

ra J.'s holiday hairdo is the pretty, final
for a Christmas beauty. Smooth fullness
er, soft upswinging ends are its essentials.
white collar is added to a black wool
gan already in her wardrobe. Barbara J.
ombine it with her new white skirt; accent
hole with a bright pink rose. Fur collar
her $5.00. Holiday hairdo, after the all-
rtant first cutting and set, costs her noth-
t all. (For setting directions, see page 81.)

by
BET HART

Hair design by Pierre Henri
Crepe separates and slacks by Jeanne Essig
Photographs by William Helburn

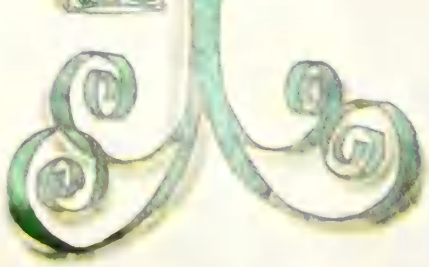






Beauty Gift Tree

Our tree is gaily decorated with trimmed Christmas Tree balls   filled with tiny bottles of perfume  and cologne.  Cylindrical shapes of purse-size hair spray  and lipsticks  make twirling decorations like icicles. There are scented sachets  trimmed with tiny Christmas flowers, and soaps  and powder puffs  with Christmas ribbons. For a party, trim a tree with beauty favors to give away... or add them to the "big tree" to give to friends who stop by throughout the Holidays. For special giving, try our dressing table tree made of roses  and roses. It can conceal perfume,  a jar of miniature soaps  or countless other gifts for Christmas beauty.



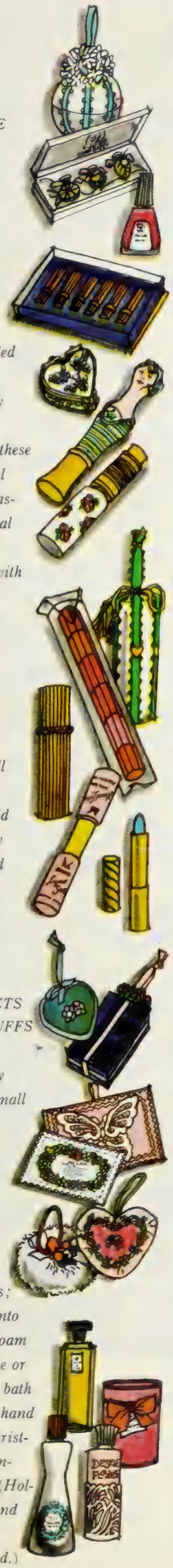
T'MMINGS FOR T'E TREE . . . I'AS FOR THE I'SIDE . . . H'W TO DECORATE T'E OUTSIDE

CHRISTMAS-TREE BALLS: V'ling, bright ri'ons, stickers and f'ers are used to d'rate papier-m'hé or Styrofoam b's. They can be filled w' lipstick, nail p' sh, as well as tiny b'les of perfume c' cologne. (Many of these c' e packaged several t' box.) A Christmas-t' ball for one special g' might contain a L'oges heart filled with r'e, a novelty case f' lipstick, a small r' bud atomizer.

CYLINDER SHAPES: S'cked lipsticks, s'ay perfumes, small c' bination vials of h'd lotion and liquid s'p, and eye-shadow s'ks can be wrapped w' colored ribbons a' stickers to make t'ling decorations.

SOAPS, SACHETS AND POWDER PUFFS n'd no wrapping at all. Add a few tiny a'ificial flowers, a small b' or only a slim g' or ribbon cord t' ang them by.

DRESSING-TABLE TREE i'ade of pink or r' roses, green leaves; th' stems inserted into a' me-shaped Styrofoam b'. Besides perfume or s'p shown, cologne, bath p'der, bubble bath, hand c'm are fun for Christ-m' beauty giving con-c'led under the tree. (Hol-l' out base to size and s'pe needed. Cover b'om with cardboard.)



The Gifts Money Can't Buy

Gifts that truly charm—the "special somethings" that spring from an imaginative mind and a tender heart—are always, quite literally, priceless. Wearing their beguilingly telltale signs of your time and thought, your love or gentle humor, they are as rewarding to give as they are to receive. Here are some examples of such warmly personal gifts.

By DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR

A BASKET OF FOOD, bountiful, beautiful, purposeful. A working mother with four little children was distraught over her husband's sudden illness which required a hospital stay. The only time she could visit him was after office hours, which meant a hasty scramble to do this and also get home in time to fix dinner for herself and the children. Returning exhausted from the hospital one evening, she was surprised at her door by a festive, flower-bedecked basket. Inside there were a number of hearty and luscious home-frozen meals for five. Accompanying the easy-to-heat-and-serve dinners was a little note from the friend who sent the thoughtful gift saying, "Here are some tasty timesavers. Bon appétit to you and the youngsters, and good wishes for Bill's quick recovery."

Another housewife, Jacqueline Kennedy, was disturbed to learn that her husband's days were so jam-packed with work he wasn't taking time to eat lunch. No number of wifely admonishments could budge the President from his office at noontime. Undaunted, Mrs. Kennedy simply arranged to have delectable hot lunches delivered to him. This compromise arrangement proved to be so successful that now "extras" are sent whenever Mr. Kennedy's midday office work involves hungry business associates.

Even the simplest gifts of food can be a glowing success. A mother recalls: "On one bleak winter morning Jim and the children and I moved from our home in the country to a city apartment. As the chaos and exhaustion of moving day piled up, the dismal prospect of settling into what we believed to be the gray, indifferent atmosphere of apartment dwelling intensified. At the peak of our apprehension, when the moving men had gone and we were huddled on trunks wondering where things were and what to unpack first, our doorbell rang. Answering it, I was met by a lovely, smiling woman holding a tray on which there were a large pot of fragrant, steaming coffee, a pitcher of hot cocoa, and a dazzling array of buttered toast and breakfast pastry.

"'Welcome!' she greeted us in a cheery voice, setting the tray on the nearest crate. 'I'm Mary Raymond, your next-door neighbor. This should warm you up a bit, and if there is any way we can help later just ring our doorbell.'

"Amidst our exclamations of appreciation she departed, leaving us to relish our first 'city breakfast.' If she had brought a bag of gold it couldn't have been as welcome, nor have done as much to touch our hearts and make us promptly revise our views on city hospitality."

THE UNUSUAL AND UNEXPECTED invariably enchant. One Christmas morning a mother opened a gift-wrapped box from her twelve-year-old son. Inside, she found a smudged and dog-eared copy of her favorite Shakespeare sonnet. As she started to puzzle over the meaning of the disreputable-looking gift her young son stood up and with the pride, precision and good expression that could result only from hours of private rehearsal, recited the sonnet which he had memorized just for her.

The mother says, "Dick's recitation was the most wonderful gift I have ever received. Beyond having my favorite poem commemorated in such a personal way, my son's thought in presenting it to me sweetly illustrated his budding awareness that the nonmaterial things in life have lovely and lasting values all their own."

Such "memory work" on behalf of another person has proved popular in world-famous households. When Jacqueline Kennedy was ten years old she memorized and recited "The Vision of Sir Launfal" as a surprise birthday gift for her mother. As a bride she duplicated this delightful gesture for her husband, learning by heart "John Brown's Body," one of the President's favorite poems.

Generosity of spirit can charmingly manifest itself at even the earliest age. A seven-year-old girl, having gone through a session with her dentist as dry-eyed and courageous as a general, was rewarded by being told by her mother she could have a dollar to spend on anything she wanted. Awed by the novelty of the occasion, the little girl eagerly disappeared into a store to make her purchase. Within minutes she reappeared with a box containing a pretty lace-trimmed hanky for her mother. "But honey," the mother explained, "I meant for you to buy something for yourself." The youngster replied, "I know, but you were so generous to give me the dollar, I decided it was my turn to do something for you!"

One not-so-young lady—eighty-one years old—refuses to let her scanty income keep her from offering holiday gifts to her relatives and closest friends. With no money to spend on new things at Christmastime, this young-in-heart charmer personally cleans and polishes all her decorative crystal, brass and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



A TREASURY OF INSPIRED GIFTS

"Communicated to the spirit"—that is the dictionary's definition for the word "inspired" that describes the well-chosen gift. As examples consider the choices in our collection of over forty house presents for Christmas, here and on the next two pages.

(1) Spun out of glass in Venice: an angelic candlestick, $13.50; small size (n shown), $8.50. (2) Neat cover-up for 12 issues of the *Ladies' Home Journal*: b disguised as a leather book, $2.50 each; available for other publications to (3) To keep up with a changing world: a new atlas, $35 leather-bound, as her cloth-bound, $15. (4) Folk art for colorful decoration: a papier-mâché figu from Taiwan, $3.50. (5) To dress up a door: ornamental pulls—a Mexican bro star paved in malachite, $7.90; an Indian marble disk with brass doves, $ (6) Pet of a decoration: a pottery quail; $5. (7) Classic vase, the urn, now frosted glass for a cool look, $6. (8) Pretty paperweight: an alabaster butter



comes in a flock of colors, $4. (9) Wall decoration: a Spanish wood sunburst, $10. (10) Heritage of beauty: pewter coffeepot and sugar bowl inspired by eighteenth-century designs; pot, $39.50; bowl, $12.50; matching creamer (not shown), $9.75. (11) To organize a desk, accessories covered in marbelized paper: paper basket, $1.50; inside it, pencil caddie, $1.98 with 12 matching pencils; under it, address book, $2.50. (12) To hold a fortune in pennies: a Mexican terra-cotta bank shaped like a head, $4. (13) For amateur archaeologists: copies of ancient Egyptian mice, $1 each. (14) Endlessly useful: crystal compotes that can stack to make an epergne; large, $24; medium, $15; small (not shown), $9. (15) Velvet fruit and vegetable pincushions, $2.50 each. (16) For an elegant finish to dinner: demitasse cup and saucer in china with a raised blades-of-grass pattern, $5.95. (17) Americana for moderns: sterling flatware stamped with an eagle on each handle; six-piece place setting, $51.25, Federal tax included. (18) To enchant a woman who sews: a china thimble painted with a lifelike bird, $4.50. (19) For windowsill gardeners: earthenware cachepot with an eighteenth-century pattern; large size, $10; small (not shown), $6.25. (20) Symbol of hospitality, the pineapple shapes an earthenware coffeepot, one of the new copies of antiques in Newport, R. I., $13. (21) Color for a coffee table: a green alabaster box, $6.50.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION WRITE TO: MISS JUDY WATERS, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN KARLSON

21 MORE INSPIRED GIFTS

(22) Ready to frame: a picture made of cutout colored papers, a Polish art [illegible]. (23) Ready to finish at home: a carved wood eagle, $20; in a gilded version [illegible] shown, $60. (24) Always ready with the time: a cordless, battery-run clock fr[illegible] in cherry veneer and brass, $29.95. (25) The comfortable look of homespu[illegible] produced in a woven coverlet with a starry pattern, $37.50 to $39.50, dependi[illegible] the area of the country. (26) An old favorite updated: an Indian print st[illegible] wonderful for curtains today, brightened with modern colors and a simplified pa[illegible] pattern, $1. (27) Practical luxury: a jewel-toned blanket bound in velvet bor[illegible] of easy-to-wash, waterproof acrylic fiber; twin size, $22.50; full size, $27.50. [illegible] Stand-by for buffet service (an electric tray), $27.50; with a new plastic dome [illegible]



eps foods doubly warm, $14.95. (29) Glowing decoration: a candle ball cradled teak base, $2.50. (30) A nineteenth-century delight returns: the portable plant nd, in a modern, painted-wood version topped with a glass jacket for a plant , $13. (31) Comfort underfoot: ▫ Verel-modacrylic rug flowered in blue and k, $7.98. (32) Personalized gift for booklovers: walnut bookends in the shape of nt initials; two initials, $10. (33) All set for the table: fiber place mat, flowered ton napkin and fiber napkin ring, all keyed to the same hot color; $7 for 4 s. (34) To dish up steak in style: ▫ silver-plated tray with a removable carving ard so the tray can be used separately, $22.50. (35) Graceful modern design: rling carving knife and fork, $37.50. (36) Handmade decoration for ▫ wall or bookshelves: two men-on-a-horse "sculptured" of bread, an Ecuadorian craft; $8.50. (37) Brighter than ever: traditional silver-plate bowls with modern linings of color; the 4 here, $12.95 to $27.50, according to size. (38) Collector's item: ▫ pitcher of salt-glaze pottery made in Williamsburg, $2.50. (39) Fun for the cook: a brass grater from India shaped like a turtle to hang on the wall between chores, $10. (40) Indispensable for the hostess: a silver-plated chafing dish to give a gourmet touch to the most modest fare; 2-quart size, $38.50. (41) More useful than ever: an old Dutch flower "brick" that accommodates flowers in the holes in the top, copied in Delft; $12.50. (42) Companions for salad: plates patterned with herbs, $1.65 each; matching bowl (not shown), $6.50. All prices include Federal tax.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN KARLSON



Santa's Cooky Shop



GINGER CUTOUTS

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon dark corn syrup
1½ teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour with baking soda. Cream the shortening and sugar together until light. Mix in the corn syrup, ginger and cinnamon. Blend in flour thoroughly. Wrap the dough in aluminum foil or saran and chill overnight. Roll on a well-floured board, a bit at a time, about ⅛" thick. Cut into small shapes and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–12 minutes or until firm. Cool slightly before removing to a wire rack. Makes about 3 dozen cookies. Decorate as desired: ideas on page 96.



SUGAR CUTOUTS

3½ cups sifted flour	1 cup shortening
1 teaspoon baking	1½ cups sugar
[illegible] powder	2 eggs, well beaten
½ teaspoon salt	1½ teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cream the shortening and sugar until light; beat in eggs and vanilla. Work flour into creamed mixture. Wrap dough in aluminum foil or saran and chill until firm. Roll dough on a floured board, a bit at a time, about ⅛" thick. Cut into desired shapes and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 5–8 minutes or until firm and golden at the edges. Cool slightly before removing to a wire rack. Makes about 6 dozen cookies. Decorate as desired; ideas on page 96.

Pudding . . . . . a happy ending!

To the dinner, certainly. Or to the late supper when everyone gathers in the kitchen, hungry again! Why not serve pudding then? Let them watch you loosen the firm shape from the mold, let them sniff the fragrant steam that follows it, imagine the subtle blend of fruit, spice, molasses and sugar that only steaming can create. Here are five superb recipes for this traditional dessert, each with its complementary sauce.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

2 cups seedless raisins
3 cups currants
⅓ cup chopped candied citron
⅓ cup chopped candied orange peel
⅓ cup chopped candied lemon peel
4 cups soft bread crumbs
¼ cup chopped blanched almonds
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup (¼ lb.) ground suet
¾ cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup orange juice or, if you prefer, ½ cup brandy

Toss the fruits, bread crumbs, nuts, sugar and spices together. Wash suet if necessary. Remove all fibers and strings. Put through meat grinder and add to fruit mixture. Stir in the milk and eggs. Add the orange juice or brandy and blend well. Pack into a well-greased 2-quart pudding mold and cover tightly. If your mold does not have a cover, place several pieces of aluminum foil over the top and tie firmly with a string. Place mold in a deep kettle on a rack and add hot water to half the height of the mold. Cover kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for 8 hours, replacing water, as it boils away, with boiling water. Then remove from the steamer, uncover and allow to stand 10 to 15 minutes. Loosen pudding around the edges with a knife. Plunge the mold quickly into and out of cold water, unmold and serve with Orange Hard Sauce. If made ahead, simply uncover, cool to room temperature and chill in the mold. To serve, cover and return to the steamer, fill with hot water as directed, and boil for about 1 hour. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

ORANGE HARD SAUCE

¼ cup butter
2 cups confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 tablespoon orange juice

Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add the salt, orange rind and juice and beat until smooth and fluffy. Chill until firm. Makes about 1 cup.

Note: Brandy Hard Sauce—omit orange rind and juice and substitute brandy and light cream to taste.

STEAMED MARMALADE PUDDING

2 tablespoons grated orange rind
¼ cup orange juice
1 cup orange marmalade
1 cup (¼ lb.) ground suet
2½ cups soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs
½ teaspoon baking soda

Heat the grated orange rind, orange juice and orange marmalade and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Wash suet if necessary. Dry, pull off fibers and strings. Then put through meat grinder. Toss the bread crumbs, suet and flour together. Add eggs beaten with the baking soda; then orange mixture. Pour into a well-greased 1-quart mold and cover tightly. Set mold in a deep kettle on a rack and add hot water to half the height of the mold. Cover kettle and bring water to a boil. Boil for 3½ hours. Remove from steamer, uncover pudding and allow to stand for at least 5 minutes. Loosen pudding at edges with a knife; plunge mold quickly into and out of cold water, unmold and serve with Foamy Eggnog Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

FOAMY EGGNOG SAUCE

1 egg
½ cup sugar
½ cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring

Beat egg white until frothy; then gradually add ¼ cup sugar and beat until mixture is glossy and forms stiff peaks. Whip cream, adding remaining ¼ cup sugar. When quite thick, gradually add the slightly beaten egg yolk, and flavoring, then fold in the egg-white mixture. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING

Wash, pare, quarter and slice 3 apples. Cook with ¾ cup molasses over low heat, until tender. Add ⅛ cup butter.

BATTER

2½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice
1½ teaspoons baking soda
½ cup water
1 egg, slightly beaten

Sift all the dry ingredients together. Add the cooled molasses-apple mixture, water and egg. Stir well. Turn into a well-greased 6-cup mold. Cover tightly. Place mold in a deep kettle on a rack. Fill to half the height of the mold with hot water. Cover kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for 1½ hours. Remove from the steamer, uncover and allow to stand for at least 5 minutes. Loosen edge of pudding with a knife, plunge mold, quickly, into and out of cold water: unmold. Serve with Lemon Sauce. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup sugar
Pinch salt
1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt together very well. Stir in the water. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring constantly, then simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and rind. Serve warm. Makes 1 cup sauce.

WINTER FRUIT PUDDING

½ pound dried figs
2½ cups fresh bread crumbs
¾ cup milk
1 eggs, slightly beaten
⅓ cup (1½ oz.) ground suet
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
½ cup chopped seedless raisins
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Slit the figs, scrape out part of the seeds, remove the stems. Chop figs coarsely. Add bread crumbs to milk and eggs, then figs and other ingredients. Blend well and pour into a greased 6-cup mold. Cover tightly. If your mold does not have a cover, place several pieces of aluminum foil over the top and tie firmly. Set the mold in a deep kettle on a rack. Fill to half the height of the mold with hot water. Cover kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for 3–3½ hours. Replenish water with more boiling water if necessary. Then remove from the steamer, uncover and allow to stand for at least 5 minutes. Loosen pudding at edge with a knife, plunge mold quickly into and out of cold water, unmold and serve with Ambrosia Sauce. Makes 8 servings.

AMBROSIA SAUCE

4 seedless oranges, washed
1 can (3½-oz.) flaked coconut

Peel oranges, and section as for salad. Then cut into bite-size chunks, retaining all juice. Add coconut, stir and chill. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

STEAMED GINGER PUDDING

2¼ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
⅓ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup milk
¾ cup dark molasses
⅓ cup chopped crystallized ginger

Sift flour, salt and baking soda. Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Thoroughly beat in the eggs and add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Stir well after each addition. Add the molasses and ginger. Pour into a well-greased 6-cup mold. Cover tightly. If your mold does not have a cover, use several pieces of aluminum foil and tie it with a string. Place mold in a deep kettle on a rack. Fill to a height of half the mold with hot water. Cover kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for about 2 hours. Then remove from the steamer, uncover and allow to stand for at least 5 minutes. Loosen edge of pudding with a knife, plunge mold, quickly, into and out of cold water, unmold and serve hot with Peach Sauce. Makes 8 servings.

PEACH SAUCE

1 cup heavy cream
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons honey
1 can (1-lb.) cling-peach slices, drained and cut into pieces
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Whip cream until slightly thickened. Beat in egg yolk. Drizzle in honey and continue beating until sauce is thick and creamy. Fold in peaches and almond extract. Chill. Before serving stir sauce well. Makes about 1 quart

In this kitchen, English Plum Pudding, dark with fruit, bright with flavor.



KUMQUAT BASKETS

1 jar (12½-oz.) preserved kumquats
Sugar
½ cup chopped crystallized ginger

Drain kumquats, cut them in half and carefully remove inside pulp. Arrange on sugar in a small pan and sprinkle sugar very thickly over them. Allow to dry. This will take 24 to 36 hours. Shake off excess sugar and fill each half with chopped crystallized ginger. Makes about 48 filled kumquat halves.

ROYAL BRITTLE

1 cup walnut halves
1 cup pecan halves
1 cup almonds
½ cup pistachio nuts
1 cup filberts
¾ cup candied red cherries, cut in half
¾ cup candied green cherries, cut in half
1½ cups candied pineapple, cut into chunks

Prepare nuts, if necessary, by shelling, blanching or toasting. Toss the above ingredients together and spread on an oiled pan about 15″x10″x½″ or on a marble slab, in a layer about ½″ thick. Then cook the following syrup:

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
¾ cup light corn syrup
½ teaspoon orange flavoring

Mix the sugar, water and corn syrup until sugar has dissolved and cook slowly, without stirring, to 300° F. or when a small amount forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and add the orange flavoring. Pour the hot syrup evenly over the mixture of fruits and nuts, making sure that all are well coated. Do not scrape the pan. As soon as the candy becomes almost firm, cut with a sharp knife into bite-size pieces. Then allow to become completely cooled. Store in closely covered containers until needed. Makes about 5 dozen 1½″ pieces.

CANDIED ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

3 thick-skinned grapefruit
6 seedless oranges
Water
2 tablespoons salt
Sugar

Wash fruit very well, then remove peel in quarter sections. Soak grapefruit and orange peel overnight in 2 quarts cold water to which the salt has been added. Drain, place in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Repeat this process three times, then cook until peel is soft. Drain and cut with scissors into petal-shaped pieces or diamond shapes. Weigh the peel, put an equal weight of sugar into a saucepan and add a cup of water. Bring syrup to boiling point, add the peel and cook gently until it is transparent and tender. Remove each piece separately and put on rack to drain. When cool, roll pieces in sugar and spread out on trays, one layer deep, to dry. Store in a tightly covered container. Makes about 8 dozen pieces.

Serve this delicate leaf-shaped sweet with vanilla-ice-cream desserts; pass it with tea in place of a cooky; or use it to dress up a gift box of Christmas cookies.

SUGARPLUMS

FILLING

1 egg white
¼ cup cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1¾ pounds confectioners' sugar
¼ cup softened butter
¼ cup chopped candied cherries
½ cup chopped candied pineapple
½ cup flaked coconut

Beat the egg white, water, vanilla and cream of tartar until frothy in a large bowl. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until the mixture is very thick and smooth. Work in the butter with your hands or a wooden spoon, and then the fruits, drained if necessary, and coconut. Cover very well and store in a cool place for several days.

DRIED FRUITS

On the day you plan to make the sugarplums, steam 1½ pounds large dried prunes in a little water for a few minutes. They should be softened, but not soft. Drain and dry. Cut each open just enough to remove the pit. Place a generous spoonful of filling in each, fold the prune halves tight around the filling and garnish the top of each with a sliver of candied cherry. Store in an airtight box. Dates, figs and apricots are excellent filled this way too. Makes 5½–6 dozen candies.

CANDIED CRANBERRIES

1 cup fresh cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
Sugar

Select firm red cranberries; wash, dry and prick each with a needle two or three times. Mix 1 cup sugar and water in an 8″ skillet. Heat until sugar has dissolved. Then cook until syrup spins a thread, about 238° F. on a candy thermometer. Add cranberries and cook very, very gently until berries are glazed and translucent. Remove berries, one at a time, to waxed paper and let stand until dried, about 24 hours. Roll in granulated sugar and use as a garnish for any holiday food. Only a small amount of the syrup will be left. Use it to color fruit punch or glaze sweet potatoes.

GREENGAGE-PLUM PASTE

2 (1-lb.-1-oz.) cans greengage plums
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water

Drain syrup from plums and place in a heavy saucepan with the sugar. Remove the pits from the plums and rub fruit through a food mill. Mix into syrup. Cook mixture over medium heat, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. When mixture begins to thicken, lower heat and stir more frequently. Meanwhile, soften gelatin in water. When plum mixture drops like thick jelly from the spoon, and holds its shape when a little is tried on a cold saucer, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour into a lightly buttered 8″x8″x2″ pan. Cool, and chill several hours. Turn onto a heavily sugared surface. Cut into small shapes and roll in sugar. Let dry. Store in an airtight container with waxed paper between layers. Makes about 1 pound.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Delicious and different—these sweets are the best we've ever tasted. You will have to try them, too, to realize how well they fit into the Christmas feast days! Beginning at the lower edge of the picture we show candied kumquat shells, filled with chopped crystallized ginger; a plate of sugared stars, made of greengage-plum paste; the most delicate candied peel, both orange and grapefruit; then comes Royal Brittle, a cheerful jumble of red and green crystallized cherries and nuts; sugarplums next—plump with a coconut fruited fondant; and last, filling a white cup with their color—bright candied cranberries!

Fruit & Nut Candies

NORMAN KARLSON





NORMAN KERLSON

BY ESTHER FOLEY

these meals are just plain good

to eat! Here is simple, substantial food with no claims to elegance but with plenty of the hearty, filling goodness that husbands and hungry children appreciate. Some of our "family-appeal" recipes: glazed veal chops simmered to juicy tenderness; a beef-kidney-and-vegetable stew deliciously seasoned; a tender, delicately flavored Chinese pork casserole. Recommended for dessert: familiar favorites like red-cherry pie or baked apples, or vanilla pudding spiced with candied ginger.

◀ MENU I CRISP CELERY—OLIVES
VEAL CHOPS WITH GLAZED ONIONS AND POTATOES
STEWED TOMATOES
TOASTED BISCUITS—GRAPE JELLY
FRUIT COCKTAIL SET IN LEMON GELATIN

VEAL CHOPS WITH GLAZED ONIONS AND POTATOES

4 veal chops, 1″ thick
¼ cup flour
6 tablespoons butter
16 small white onions, peeled
8 small potatoes, peeled
⅔ cup beef consommé
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ cup chopped parsley

Trim fat from chops. Use 2 skillets, one 12″ and one 8″. In the smaller one heat 2 tablespoons butter; turn chops in flour and then brown slowly on both sides. Cover and cook over very low heat about 20 minutes. In the large skillet, melt 4 tablespoons butter. When just turning color, add onions and potatoes and cook until golden, shaking the pan often. Pour off all fat. Add the chops and ⅓ cup consommé. Season. Sprinkle sugar over the vegetables. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Uncover, turn vegetables and chops over. Add remaining consommé. Cover and cook until chops are tender. Remove cover and let juices cook down. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 servings.

MENU II CHICKEN BROTH WITH PARSLEY
CHINESE PORK ON RICE
WATERMELON PICKLE
VANILLA PUDDING WITH CHOPPED CANDIED GINGER

CHINESE PORK ON RICE

1 pound lean pork shoulder
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 onions, peeled and thinly sliced
3 cups chicken broth
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup julienne strips of green pepper
2 cups coarsely shredded Chinese cabbage
1 cup thinly sliced celery
1 can (1-lb.) bean sprouts, rinsed
2 tablespoons diced pimiento
3 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water
3 tablespoons soy sauce

Trim any fat from meat and cut into julienne strips. Heat oil in skillet and brown meat slowly. Add onions, cook 5 minutes. Add chicken broth, salt to taste, and cover. Simmer until meat is tender, about 20 minutes. Prepare vegetables. Add to meat and bring to a boil. Stir in cornstarch that has been mixed to a paste with the cold water. Cook a few minutes or until sauce has thickened. Add soy sauce. Serve with rice. Makes 4 servings.

MENU III TOMATO ASPIC WITH CELERY CURLS ON LETTUCE
BEEF-KIDNEY-AND-VEGETABLE STEW TOAST
DRIED FRUIT COMPOTE—prunes, figs, apricots
CRISP COOKIES

BEEF-KIDNEY-AND-VEGETABLE STEW

3 beef kidneys
2 green peppers
3 tablespoons butter
4 cups consommé or 4 cups water and 4 bouillon cubes
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon celery salt
½ teaspoon marjoram
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 carrots, scraped and quartered
8 small white onions, peeled
4 tablespoons flour
½ cup water

Wash kidneys, tear off outer membrane and fat and split through lengthwise. Cut out white membrane and tubes. Cover with cold water and bring just to a boil; drain. Repeat this twice. Drain and cut kidneys into small pieces. Wash, quarter and remove seeds from green peppers. Chop or chip, then cook in butter until just tender, about 5 minutes. Add kidneys, consommé or bouillon cubes in water and seasonings. Simmer until kidneys are tender, about 30 minutes. Then add carrots and onions and simmer until vegetables are done, about 20 minutes. Mix flour with water and stir slowly into the hot liquid. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Adjust seasoning to taste. Serve on toast points or mashed potatoes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

MENU IV MIXED-VEGETABLE SALAD
SAVORY FRANKFURTER-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE
MUSTARD PICKLE
RYE BREAD AND BUTTER
BAKED APPLES WITH RAISIN SAUCE

SAVORY FRANKFURTER-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

Cover frankfurters with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Drain. Place a layer of sauerkraut in a casserole. Arrange frankfurters on this, and cover with sauerkraut. Top with strips of lean bacon, and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., until bacon is crisp. Turn bacon strips once if very crisp bacon is desired. Allow 1 or 2 frankfurters for each serving.

MENU V CABBAGE-PINEAPPLE SLAW
HEARTY BEEF CASSEROLE WITH POTATOES AND CARROTS
BROWN BREAD
RED-CHERRY PIE

BEEF CASSEROLE WITH POTATOES AND CARROTS

1½ pounds beef chuck cut into 1½″ cubes
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup flour
6 tablespoons bacon drippings
1 large onion, peeled and sliced
2 cups water
1 beef-bouillon cube
1 teaspoon savory
1 teaspoon marjoram
1 teaspoon basil
1 can (1-lb.-13-oz.) whole tomatoes
6 carrots, scraped and cut into slices
6 small potatoes, pared and quartered

Trim any fat from beef. Mix salt and pepper with flour, and dip beef cubes. Heat fat in a skillet and brown beef slowly and well. Add onion and cook until golden, about 5 minutes. Put the meat and onion in an ovenproof casserole, leaving the drippings in the pan. Stir any remaining seasoned flour into the drippings. Add water and bouillon cube. Cook until thickened. Add herbs and cook a few minutes longer. Pour over meat; add vegetables. Cover and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 2½–3 hours. Makes 6 servings.





TOMATO SOUP MADE WITH MILK adds so much to a simple sandwich lunch. The goodness that comes from whole, fresh, vine-ripened tomatoes. The added nourishment of fresh milk. The wonderful flavor that makes Campbell's Tomato Soup America's favorite. Serve it with a cheese sandwich, and there's a good hot meal! It's hot and ready in just 4 quick minutes!





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CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP MADE WITH MILK gives you cream in the soup as it comes from the can plus the extra nourishment of the milk you add. Gives you tender chicken, too, and wonderful flavor. Have Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with a peanut butter sandwich—or any favorite sandwich—to make a quick, simple lunch a hot, nutritious meal.



A BRIDGE FOR PASSING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

seems to me, has simply disappeared from Japan. We had no sooner stepped into the offices of the big Japanese motion-picture company than I was astounded by what I saw. In other years I would have been greeted by a young man. The office would have been staffed by young men. Now, however, it was staffed by young women, all in smart Western clothes, and several of them speaking good English. I had the impression, too, that all of them were efficient and pretty. One of them came forward when we appeared and she was certainly very pretty. Her hair was cut short and curled—and let me say here and now how I deplore the permanent wave in Japan. The smooth straight black hair which was once the glory of Japanese women is now usually cut short and tortured into tightly curled wiglike shapes. I confess that it was reassuring to see my special friend sitting behind a very modern desk, to be sure, but dressed in a silver-gray silk kimono and a pale pink obi. She rose to meet us, bowing deeply with all the old-fashioned grace. Her English is perfect, and I knew she spoke French and German and Italian as well, for part of her work is travel in European countries for Japanese films. There is really nothing old-fashioned about her except her dress. She has a full partnership with her husband and two other associates, both men, in the business.

The office was a handsome one, modern to the last chair. My friend invited us to be seated, and two or three of the pretty young women brought green tea in Japanese bowls. We sipped and made small talk. She invited me to come and spend a weekend at her country home in Kamakura. We did not stay long, for it is never good manners in Japan to stay too long on a first call. In fifteen minutes or so the pretty young woman directed us to the office of the head of the company, a handsome tall man, neither young nor old.

He sat behind his desk and when we entered he rose, bowed and invited us to be seated around a wide, long table. He did not speak much English, and his secretary, another pretty young woman, translated for him and for us.

In an amazingly short time the details of our co-operation were fixed—if anything can be said to be fixed in the fluidities and exigencies of film making. The amenities, at least, over, this head of a great triangular company invited us to meet with the remaining third, the production manager. To meet him, however, would not be possible until after the weekend. The weekend in Japanese society has become as important an event as in the most Western country. It was the ideal time to accept the invitation from my friend.

Not far from the huge and modern city of Tokyo is the quiet town of Kamakura. It is famous in Japanese history, but famous now because it is the home of some of Japan's best-known writers. My friend's husband was in Europe, but she herself came for me in her comfortable and chauffeured car.

I greatly enjoyed the drive, not only because it gave me the opportunity to see the general outlines of the amazing new Tokyo, at least in one direction, but because I found that I could really talk with the equally amazing new Japanese woman at my side. I asked hundreds of questions, I fear, and was delighted by her frank and informed replies. Two hours slipped past like minutes.

"I have invited some of our writers to meet you," she told me. "We will have dinner at a famous inn."

When we arrived at Kamakura, we went directly to the inn. We entered a wooden gate, and steppingstones led us across a garden to a wide lawn, lighted by stone lanterns. The low roofs of the buildings nestled beneath great trees, climbing the abrupt slopes of a mountain behind the inn.

We were late and the guests were waiting for us, a few of Japan's best-loved writers. They all wore dark Japanese kimonos, and they sat on a long stone bench, sipping tea. I was introduced to them, one by one, and recognized especially Mr. Kawabata and Hiro Osiragi. Mr. Kawabata is president of the P.E.N. Club of Japan.

We sat for an hour, admiring the moon and enjoying cool fruit juice. The conversation was in English or in Japanese translated for my benefit. Then we were summoned into the restaurant, took off our shoes at the entrance and walked into a large room, open on two sides to the garden.

While we talked, one dish after another was served. It was the season of sea trout, the first good season in a long time, I was told, for sea trout has been destroyed in recent years in some fashion not clear to me, perhaps by atomic waters. At any rate, it was evidently a delicacy now. When it was taken away, there came a length of green bamboo, split, and steamed inside was the tender flesh of young quail. And so on until the end of the meal and we went back to the garden again. The evening passed, too soon the hour of separation arrived. We said our farewells and went our way.

My friend's house is a large one, a combination of ancient and modern Japanese architecture, set in a huge garden and surrounded by a stone wall. As we entered I caught a glimpse of a big living room furnished with Western chairs and couches and next to it a room in the Japanese manner. It was too late to linger, however, and I was taken to an upstairs room where a mattress and spotless sheet and pillow were laid on *tatami* on the floor. She showed me the private bath, felt of a Thermos teapot to see if it was hot, and bade me a kind good night.

When we had parted I slid back the shoji and found beyond it a wide veranda overlooking the beautiful garden, just now drenched in golden light from the moon. The scene was one of ineffable and eternal peace, the moon riding high over the treetops as it had for unnumbered years. God send that it may ride the same path across the sky for centuries ahead!

I turned from the moon and went into my room and to bed. The ancient lanterns burned in the gardens all night and the crickets sang while I slept.

In the morning my friend declared that I must see the famous Kamakura shrine. We left the house after a late breakfast and were driven to this ancient shrine, built in the period of the Meiji, 750 years ago. It was Sunday and a crowd of sight-seers was already there. Young Japan sauntered about, boy and girl, hand in hand, to my astonishment—shades of old Japan!—or side by side, with lunch baskets. Country folk had come into town and the elders walked sedately, here woman still a few paces behind man.

The day spent itself in pleasant peace. I rode back to Tokyo alone in the evening in the comfortable, air-conditioned, made-in-Japan car and reflected on the weekend. One small incident stayed above all others in my mind. In the quiet luxurious house there was a younger sister, gentle and unobtrusive and no longer young. I had refrained from asking questions about her. But my inveterate, uncontrollable, insatiable novelist's curiosity got the better of me just before I left.

"I am ashamed to ask so many questions," I told my friend. "Yet if I do not ask how shall I know?"

"Ask whatever you like," she told me kindly.

I asked, "Please, has your younger sister never married? It is so unusual."



Nobody loves him.
He's thinking of hiding
under the table . . .
that's how a cold and fever
affect this small boy.
Reach out and tell him:
there is a way to relieve his distress.

Help him! Give the one aspirin children's doctors recommend 4 to 1 *over any other brand*

elief for him can be sure and uick, with St. Joseph Aspirin For hildren. It's the aspirin made *specially* for childhood miseries -for the distress the hardiest oungster feels when he has a old or fever.

Notice each tablet is tiny. Has grains — the exact dosage octors favor for children. That eans you can give aspirin to our child just as the doctor or-ers. And in a form he'll *accept*. oungsters don't balk at taking . Joseph Aspirin For Children. ney like its special blend of pure range flavor—and its soft, reamy grit-free texture. And, of ourse, this aspirin has a safety cap that discourages opening by children, but that *you* can open easily.

Is it any wonder that doctors prefer an aspirin with so *many qualities* exactly suited to your child's needs? Prefer it so overwhelmingly, that in a nation-wide survey, children's doctors recommended this aspirin 4 to 1 over any other brand!

When you go shopping be sure to look for, and insist on, St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. Always have it on hand.

• • •

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For sure, fast adult relief get regular, 5 grain St. Joseph Aspirin. You'll find its Triple-Aid Action remarkably effective for pain, fever, headachy tension.



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MISS JUDY WATERS
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

re was an instant's hesitation on that older sister's face. Then she answered, did marry once, twenty years ago. He good man—an old friend. . . . Four days he wedding she came home."

aited and hoped that I would not ask er question. But no, it came rushing to os. "Why did she come home?"

elder sister answered quite simply, "We know. We have never liked to ask."

sked no more questions. Twenty years ney do not like to ask! The answer re- l the exquisite reticence of an entire peo- . . No, not new wine in old bottles. se the metaphor—old wine in new bot- he difference is subtle but profound.

next morning we met by appointment oduction manager. He is an important

in any film company, but in that Japa- company he held the position of prime ter. Everything was referred to him.

ile the production manager was fulfilling omises about helping us to find our cast, cided to set to work on locations. Sea- , fisherman's house, farmhouse, a gentle- s home and a live volcano were the sets eded. We hoped to find everything near o, for the studios are in Tokyo. Privately no such hope, for in my memory I saw a village set in a wide cove beside the sea, rraced hillside of a farm above it, and where near it Old Gentleman's house. a landscape was not, I was sure, to be near Tokyo.

e volcano, however, was another matter. trange black island of Oshima is not far from that city—only a few hours by little coastal steamer, and forty-five min- by air. We decided on the ship, still hop- hat as we sailed along the indented shores ight discover a fishing village to which we return. .

skirted the superbly beautiful coastline rning without seeing a village that looked ble, and drew up at last at a wide dock ound ourselves in the port. We were to spend the night and we went at once to the ho tel. We then engaged a car and were driven around the island and to the volcano.

Oshima is black. The entire island is the overflow of the volcano, and this means that the soil is lava, crushed by time and weather. There are no farms, but the valleys and lower hillsides are green with wild camellias. When they are in bloom in early spring the island is transformed into a bower, famous in all Japan. The livelihood of the people depends, however, not on the flowers but on the oil extracted from their seed pods. Camellia oil—how luxurious it sounds! Actually it is a thin liquid, as clear as water and as scentless. It is used for everything from tempura cookery to hair oil.

A few fishing villages cling to the coast of the island and the population is small because of the poverty of the land. The coastline is wild, and I stopped the car often so that I might enjoy the fearful beauty of high white surf crashing against the ebony-black cliffs.

The roads were rough and we were glad to give up our search at last and go to the volcano. All day I had seen it smoking and steaming above us and rolling out its clouds of sulphur-yellow gas, an awesome sight. When we reached its base we were really appalled. The mountains were smooth and black and completely devoid of grass or even of camellia trees. Smoke and gas and steam had killed everything for hundreds of square miles and the gaunt mountains encircling the volcano raised their black crests against the brilliant blue sky. So may the moon look when the first astronaut descends. The winding road, I was told, was seven to ten miles long. It was not necessary for us, however, to climb the volcano to know that we had found what we were looking for. I stood for a long time on top of a bare black hill at the foot of the volcano and saw the setting sun redden the swirling white steam until it looked like flames of living fire.

And—shall I ever forget?—before we returned to Tokyo we saw unexpectedly, that afternoon, the snowy cone of Mount Fuji, rising above the clouds and halfway up the sky. Visitors in Japan may stay for months and not see Fuji. It is entirely by chance and the grace of God whether the sacred mountain appears before human eyes.

We were driving on a hillside road. Suddenly I saw it, the perfect crest white against a field of sudden blue sky. A few, a very few famous sights are better than the rumor of their beauty. The Taj Mahal is one of these and Fuji is another. We stopped to gaze in delight and awe. Then clouds hid again the majestic shape.

I opened my eyes in Tokyo the next morning at five o'clock, widely awake, totally aware. I had been summoned in some way, not by a voice—or at least I did not hear a voice. I was simply conscious somehow of having been summoned. I lay motionless in my bed, listening, waiting, convinced that someone was trying to reach me. Slowly the impression faded away and I was alone again.

At quarter to six o'clock the telephone rang. I knew immediately what the message would be.

"Overseas call, please," a voice said. "From the United States, please, Pennsylvania calling. Are you ready?"

"I am waiting for it," I said.

My daughter's voice came to me over the thousands of miles of land and sea between us. "Mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"I have to tell you something. Are you ready?"

"Yes, darling."

"Mother"—the clear brave young voice faltered and went on resolutely—"mother, dad left us this morning in his sleep."

"I thought that was what you had to tell me."

"How did you know?"

"I just . . . knew."

"Will you come home?"

"Today—on the first jet."

"We'll meet you in New York."

"I'll cable as soon as I know the flight," I told her.

A SAD CHRISTMAS POEM FOR ALICE

By ZOË AKINS

The day has passed when little
lyrics sprung—
All music and full-spoken from
some sense
Of beauty touched, or love
remembered and intense,
Or drama from some incidental
wrung.

The day has passed when ecstasy
was flung
Upon romantic altars; when
immense
The future loomed with all its rich
suspense—
And you and I and our dear friends
were young.

Instead, as rushing rivers come to
peace
On flats along the near-engulfing
sea,
Spreading in silver twilight as they
run
Becalmed, unhurrying, toward
release—
So runs the silent stream of
memory
Through windless landscape in the
fading sun.



Boy or Girl?

Only a short time ago this baby's parents were wondering what seemed to them one of the world's most important questions: What will our baby be—a boy or a girl?

Now it matters not at all that they were blessed with a son instead of a daughter. And questions of a far deeper concern are on their minds—how to insure his steady physical and emotional development, how to spare him illness and protect him from accidents.

Every new baby has one basic need—the loving attention of both mother and father. This makes him feel secure. And security is the foundation for a friendly disposition and the kind of character and personality that all parents want their child to develop.

Particularly during the first year, he should have monthly check-ups. During these visits, your child's physician can follow the baby's progress, advise you about the use of vitamins and when to introduce new foods.

At about three months of age, the first shots against diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and polio are usually started. If he's a little fretful and feverish following his shots, this usually means that he is building up immunity. Keep a record of his shots so you will know when it's time for booster shots.

Though you may not realize it, accidents take the lives of many youngsters, especially when they begin to crawl, stand and climb. Medicines, poisons, cleaning materials and the like must be kept beyond a child's reach. Cover unused electric outlets and put away knives, needles and scissors.

Watching a baby grow and develop is one of the most heartwarming experiences of parenthood. Each has his own characteristic pace of development. It is not important how your child compares with another, but whether he is well and happy and progressing in his own best possible way.

How your baby will behave, what he will need from the time you bring him home from the hospital until his first birthday is told in an attractive 30-page booklet from Metropolitan Life, called "Your Baby." Send in the coupon below for your free copy.

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By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

We exchanged the few private words, heart spoke to heart, and I hung up. For a moment there was the longing: oh, that I had never left; oh, that I could have been there when he went. I put it aside. I had discussed this very moment thoroughly with our family physician. Years ago he had said in answer to my question, "It may be many years away, it may be tomorrow. You must continue to live exactly as you have. His heart is strong, his digestion is perfect—I think he will live a long time. But remember, whenever it comes, you can have done nothing to prevent it. Even I could not, though I might be sitting at his side."

He had hesitated, then continued, "The brain is severely damaged. Of course you must expect a total change in personality—we don't know ——"

That brilliant brain, responding so quickly to my every thought—yes, there had been a change in personality. The man I knew so well, the wise companion, became someone else, a trusting child, a gentle helpless infant, whom no one could help loving. We were fortunate, even so. When the brain fails and only the body is left, it is true that there is sometimes a terrifying change in the personality. It was not so with him. He continued what he had always been, lovable, patient, unwilling to cause trouble, as always, except that slowly there ceased to be communication. Language was lost, eyesight failed, the brain ceased to live except in sleep.

It was too early to wake anyone with the news and there was no one, in any case, who could have shared my thoughts or my memories. Within an hour the telephone was ringing and friends were at my door. None of it seemed near or real. I heard their voices asking. I heard my own replies: "Yes, it is true and I must get the first jet home." But the first jet was to leave at midnight and I had the whole day to live through somehow. The kindness, the rising sympathy became too much to bear. I knew that I must get out of the city, away from telephones, and where no one could knock on my door. At that moment Miki said, "Come to my house for the day."

Miki, my friend, lives about two hours from Tokyo. We went in her car. When we reached the little town near which she lives, we drove straight through to the foot of a steep hill that is not quite a mountain, and the gate opened to admit us.

"From here up you will have to walk," Miki said briskly.

There was comfort in that confident, practical voice, relief in knowing that Miki would conduct herself exactly as though I had merely come to spend an ordinary day. I had never, as a matter of fact, seen her home. She had been to my home in Pennsylvania more than once. I knew about her work for the half-American children born in Japan. She is unique among Japanese women. Why do I say Japanese? She is simply unique. She belongs to one of the great families of Japan and her husband has held many honored posts. She has lived in Europe and she visits the United States once or twice a year. She wears Western dress because she can move more freely in it, but anywhere in the world she could only be Japanese.

One day, during the most rigorous period of the war, she entered a train to go to the country and hunt for food. As she sat down a bundle fell into her lap from the baggage rack above her head. It was wrapped in newspaper and the papers were loose. She unwrapped it in order to wrap it again more tightly and there before her horrified eyes was a little new-born baby boy. He was dead. At that moment military police came into the car to search for black marketeers. They immediately arrested her for trying to dispose of a dead child. They thought the child was hers. She had a bad few minutes until an old farmer spoke up for her.

"It is not her child. A young woman came in and put that bundle up on the rack and went away again."

The police were finally convinced and she was saved. But, as she tells it, she never forgot that little dead baby. "I feel the weight of that dead baby on my knees forever," she says.

Days later, as she was walking in her beautiful garden in the early morning, she noticed something moving under a big bush. It was, she thought, a rabbit. She stooped to see whether it was injured, and discovered a tiny baby. Some desperate young mother had left him there. She drew the child out and took him to the house and cared for him. From then on she has devoted herself to the half-American children born in Japan. She has organized an adoption agency and has placed more than a thousand half-American orphans with American parents in the United States. But many of them live with her and will continue in her home until they are grown and able to take care of themselves.

On that day as I climbed the hill I heard their voices from above, shouting, laughing, screaming in play. "How many children have you here, Miki?" I asked, merely to have something to say.

"One hundred and forty-eight," she said.

One hundred and forty-eight! They were scattered everywhere in the fine old Japanese buildings and gardens of Miki's ancestral home. She has built some modern houses, too, utilitarian for school and dormitories.

We came to an enormous Japanese house, built of aged wood, and open along one full side to what had once been a garden but was now a dusty bare baseball field. A group of boys had eaten their food in a hurry and were back on the field with bats and balls. We circled them and entered the house, taking off our shoes on the lowest step. From there it was only one more step into Miki's beautiful big living room. It has the same cosmopolitan mixture of East and West that Miki herself has. At the far end of the room was a low dining table, long and wide, and two polished antique cabinets.

"I know you like Chinese food," Miki told me. "So I have invited a Chinese general, my old friend, and best restaurateur in Tokyo, to provide our luncheon."

The general appeared from a distant corner of the room and presented himself, an extremely handsome man, white-haired and looking fit and slim. It is quite usual Chinese generals, euphemistically "retired," become restaurateurs in the capitals of for countries. They are men of taste, but perhaps, they have prudently kept with t their own private cooks, on the theory th a man is assured of fine cookery he can enc anything, including defeat in battle.

I wish I could convey the exquisite tac my hostess and of my fellow guests during delicious Chinese meal. Each of them k what had happened to me, and yet no spoke of it. They did not, on the other ha pretend to a false cheerfulness. They tal with quiet interest of various subjects. I car recall what the conversation was about. I tened and smiled and made what I think suitable replies.

When the meal was over Miki told n call had come for me from overseas. She with me then into a small room and closed door and handed me the receiver. Across thousands of miles of earth and sea I he my daughter's voice again as clearly as tho she were in the next room.

"Mother, we have planned everything, we want to know if you approve. The ser will be day after tomorrow and our minister, of course, will take charge. thought it would be best to have it in library because he loved that room, you kn And nobody there except the people from farm and the house—and the nurses who t care of him—and all of us. Then we'll t him to the family cemetery—no flowers, thought, but asking people to give the mo to Welcome House."

The children had planned everything would have done and now it remained o for me to get home quickly. I said yes, yes, over and over again and gave my love thanks to them all. Then when I had hung the receiver, it was suddenly all too much. the first time I let myself feel, and ackno edge, that it had all been too much from t day, seven years ago, in a sunny park Sheridan, Wyoming, when the first blow fallen. Such a little blow it had seemed at

—no more than a mild heatstroke, we ight. We had planned a family summer to Yellowstone Park and then into Oregon Washington. "The trip will be good for ," our family doctor had said, "if he does do the driving."

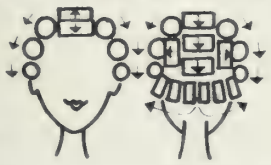
o it had seemed, until that sunny day. The day we were to go on to Yellowstone. ead, he and I stayed in a pleasant ranch se while the children went on and came k and we all went home, still thinking it nothing, but that we had better be near own doctor. The Sheridan doctor had not n quite sure it was a heatstroke. Later we w it was not. But he seemed as well as , as vigorous, still carrying on his busy life he New York offices and at home.

hid my face with my hands when I put up receiver and struggled with myself. And i, with that delicacy so natural to Asia, ent and accustomed to human sorrow, beside me in silence, not putting forth her

HOLIDAY GLAMOUR



nstructions for Barbara J.'s Holiday Hairdo, page 62. . . . Set the top center section on five medium-size rollers. The first roller goes toward the face, the rest are rolled away from the face. Set hair at sides on three rollers, rolling the hair under. (The top two rollers are the same size as those used to set the top, the one just above the ear smaller.) In the back, one section of hair remains on each side of the top five rollers. This is set on the medium-size rollers, toward the ears. Place six small rollers in the back, perpendicular to the hairline. If any (excess) strands of hair remain along the nape of the neck, they may be set in pin curls. For comb-out: Brush hair away from face, then brush ends up. Brush hair at sides into soft waves. Bring hair at crown forward, back-comb and brush back lightly. Brush bangs softly forward.



d to touch me, knowing that all comfort vain, except the comfort of a friend sitting tly beside me. I struggled through and ed my eyes and Miki rose.

The children are waiting for us," she said. hose were her words, but what she really I was that I must live and begin now to live. ath must not interrupt life. There were ers waiting for us. I followed her out of the ll room and she led me to the theater.

he audience was the older children, the ff and ourselves. The entertainment was cing and music, the music a jazz band and singing. What interested me was the dren. They were strikingly beautiful, with- exception, and obviously talented. The s in kimonos did Japanese dances with fans flowers in the ancient style. The jazz band made up of boys, most of them half gro, and they were handsome indeed.

confess on that day, when I sat looking at ki's children and listening to them, it med to me that I could never smile again. the children brought me their own com- and in love and determination I decided t, insofar as I was able, I would help Miki nd families for them.

The afternoon came to an end. It was time to go back to Tokyo and time to go home. Miki refused to leave me until the last moment.

The jet took off at midnight. Friends came to see me off and their kindness and affection wrapped me around. But they had to return to their own lives and I had mine to face, and there was a certain comfort in being at last among strangers, to whom I need make no response. I found my seat, fastened my belt and leaned back and closed my eyes. It was the first moment that I had been totally alone since the moment that morning when the world had changed. Long ago when I knew my child was to be permanently retarded, I learned that there are two kinds of sorrow: one which can be assuaged and one which cannot be assuaged.

This one was not to be assuaged. Nevertheless, years ago, too, I had learned the technique of acceptance. The first step is simply to yield oneself to the situation. It is a process of the spirit, but it begins with the body. There, while the aircraft rose into the black sky of night, I consciously yielded my body, muscle by muscle, bone by bone. I ceased to resist, I ceased to struggle. The aircraft contained me, controlled me and isolated me.

I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock in the morning. Time was meaningless in this swift flight and the sky was already light. I had left Tokyo the night before, Sunday, but I would reach New York on Monday morning, after another day and night of living, if not of time.

I was beginning to understand the relativity of time to space and speed. What miracle that Einstein was born in coincidence with the practical experience of jets and rockets in space! My mind, unable as yet to face the profound change in my own life, explored the meaning of eternity, time without beginning and without end. Whatever exists now has





Mrs. Ann Cockburn made her first Boeing jet flight recently. She says . . .

"It's the only way to travel with children!"

"When we flew by Boeing jetliner," says Mrs. Cockburn, "I never needed the toys I took along to 'distract' my five-year-old. Our Boeing jet traveled so smoothly and quietly, and arrived so soon, Kim didn't fuss at all. In fact, she enjoyed the trip as much as I did. There was so much to see that she wasn't bored for a second. If you ask me, going by Boeing jetliner is the *only* way to travel with children!"

More than 6,000,000 women have already flown by Boeing jetliners. Boeing jets are the most proved, most popular jetliners in the world.

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BOEING Jetliners

LONG-RANGE 707 · MEDIUM-RANGE 720 · SHORT-RANGE 727

famous
Parker Games



always existed and always will, the universal and eternal law only that of change.

And yet change can be frightening. If death is only a change, then what is the change? He knew and I did not.

Where is he now?

Einstein proved to us that mass is interchangeable with energy. This sentence, so simply written, resulted in the awakening of my own mind to the new age. It was more than an awakening of the mind. I had a new conception of death, a new approach to life. Like Saul of Tarsus, I was proceeding on my way when a light broke upon me, a burning illumination that changed my course. This equation, which Einstein crystallized into a few brief symbols, is the key to our universe and doubtless to many more beyond. What was once mass can become energy, is potential energy even while it is mass. Is this the scientific proof of what we call soul?

Where are you? Do you know I am here high above the earth? Are you here too? How quickly does the change come? Does the energy you now are transpose itself instantly to some other place? Do you live beyond the barriers of airless space? We are out of communication ——

Communication—this is now to be thought of, wondered about, investigated. When he was here we often laughed because our thoughts broke into identical words, the same thoughts at the same moment. Yet he was skeptical of any notion of the supernatural.

"We know nothing of the future," he said. "I shan't fool myself or allow myself to be fooled."

"But not knowing doesn't mean there is nothing to be known," I said.

"Whatever there is," he retorted, "I shall know in due course—or not know because I shall cease to be."

That was the great argument between us, Hamlet's question asked in universal terms. Are we to be or not to be? He said we are not to be. I denied such positive belief. How could we say no, when we did not know that yes was impossible? Now he knows and I do not.

It is rather unfair of you, I told him in my mind. *I thought we would always know together. You might find a way of telling me. Are you or are you not?*

I pressed the question into the night and then withdrew it in a panic. I really do not want to know the truth. If he exists it will make the waiting alone intolerable. And I cannot bear to know that he does not exist. Let me wait until I find out for myself, through experience. If I am right, my first words to him as I step over will be spoken in love and triumph:

"Here I am. Now we know."

Until then I continue as we were before, he doubting, I believing. Yes, I think I still believe, although I have not yet discovered how to know. Faith, the saints have told us through the ages; possibility, the scientists are saying today, because so much we once thought impossible is now possible. Saints and scientists ——

The light of dawn that permeates a jet aircraft is wonderfully beautiful. We were flying into the sunrise, into a fountain of light, glorious and majestic, rising over the curved edge of the globe. People woke and stirred and gazed out the small windows. Now day had begun, the first day of my new and solitary life.

There is a comfort at once superficial and organic in the necessities of washing and clothing the body, in eating and drinking. It seemed to me when I faced the mirror that never again would I care about how I looked, since I would never again hear his words of appreciation and praise. I knew, of course, that I could not trust him for truth on that score. As a woman, nevertheless, I liked to hear even what I knew could not be true; and so long as he believed it, what did it matter?

Was this same face the one I had been compelled to look at for so many years? I was another person, and the face must belong to someone else. Nevertheless, I washed and made it up as usual and took the habitual care with my long hair.

When I returned to my seat, the stewardess gave me breakfast and I could smell the coffee and bacon and toast. Though the spirit was remote and took no part in any of this, the body performed as usual. O cruel flesh!

The usual bustle of disembarking and lining up for customs inspection took place in Honolulu but I do not remember that. What I do remember was again an experience. For while I waited, deeply aware again of being alone, a customs official came to me and asked me to step aside.

"I don't want to hold you up, but there's something I want to talk about, confidentially."

I was surprised out of myself again. I had never seen this man before, a big burly fellow, a kind round face, very American.

"You see," he said, his voice low, "I have a retarded daughter."

Ah, now I knew why he had drawn me aside! I am accustomed to having people take me aside and tell me this. Everywhere in the world, wherever I have gone. I have had the same experience.

"Tell me about her," I said.

I listened while he talked, and though I heard every familiar word, I was filled with inner wonder. How could it be that at this very moment when I needed desperately to be made to want to live, this man should be here, recalling me to life? For much of my life has been spent in working with and for those who are the parents of retarded children and for their children. Yet ever since my daughter's voice had come to me over the telephone in the early morning in Tokyo, I had not once remembered this part of my life. Now here it was, claiming me again.

"You see," the man was saying, "my wife and I are having an argument. She says that Americans always put their retarded children into institutions because it's better for them. And she says that we ought to be doing what Americans do, now that Hawaii is a state. And I say that our girl is no trouble—and she'd be lonesome in an institution."

"Would your wife be happier if she there?" I asked.

"No; she cries when she talks about it, she says it would be better for the girl."

"Do you want her there?"

"Me? It would break my heart."

I considered. "What would happen if of you happened to die? Who would take of your daughter?"

"Plenty! My wife's Hawaiian. She's got of these big Hawaiian families. They'd all care of our girl. Matter of fact, they get when we talk about an institution. It's that my wife ——"

"Tell your wife she is wrong," I said. "Y daughter is lucky. She has a family who w to keep her. I am sure that American par in your circumstances would wish they as lucky as you and your wife in having s family."

His honest face cleared. "Thanks." He me back to the luggage station. "Anything declare?"

"Nothing," I said. It was true. I had nothi

"O.K.," he said, and marked my bags w chalk and smiled at me. "So long," he s "I'll never forget you. Wait till I tell my w She won't believe me. It's a miracle."

It was a miracle for me too.

An hour passed and the voice came over loudspeaker bidding us take our seats in jet again.

Night fell once more. I did not know w night to call it, a nameless night, since t had stretched itself longer than its name. I lived twenty-four hours beyond the span tween Sunday night and Monday morning had made the initial step into my future This night I slept, fitfully but without fear.

When next dawn came it was to pour golden light on the landscape of America. T voice on the loudspeaker announced that would now begin the descent over the city Allentown in Pennsylvania. Allentown is o a few miles from my farmhouse home. Did



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len dream that I was passing by, but far them in the clouds? I made a hasty toi- rank coffee, and then we came swiftly and down, and I saw the gleaming tow- New York. Now friends had to be faced and family, and for a moment I dreaded ad been easier here in the shelter of those new nothing about my journey and why e it. It was time now, however, to meet hildren and especially to accept their In comforting me, they too would be orted.

e morning was fair. Sunshine poured gh the mists as I walked across the air- nto the port. There inside the door my lder daughters waited, and with them the ul Pennsylvania Dutchman who has n my cars for many years. I looked into face and whatever I had dreaded melted . I had been wrong—it was good to be those who knew me and loved me and n I loved. I am rich in three sons and six nters; of these six the eldest, the child who grew, to whom I owe so much, and five s, ranging from my competent profes- l occupational-therapist daughter to the e half-American child of eleven, who came from Japan. Each son has his individual gth, each daughter her peculiar grace, an indispensable place in my life. But to- I was glad the three younger daughters at home and that the two older ones, g and understanding women, were here eet me.

course we were close, closer than we had been even in our happy life together. His h strengthened every bond between us. few minutes we were on our way home, ugh the streets of New York to the Lin- Tunnel and the turnpike. It was all famil- nd safe, a journey I had made hundreds mes through the years, at first always him, and in the last five years alone. It taken seven years for his strong body and brain to end their span on earth.

nd what fun it had been from the very be- ing, how satisfying the years together! We had begun in New York, where his life had been for thirty years before we met. The first winter we lived in a cosmopolitan hotel in a suite of pleasant rooms. The next year when we adopted our first two babies, we moved to a terraced apartment, and began our life as parents. He had always wanted a big family and how we enjoyed its gradual accumulation!

Two years slipped by, and they held nothing but joy and content, and we took two more babies. Then his next dream, which was to live in the country, became a necessity. We moved to our farm home, and he devoted himself, as he had always hoped he could, to editorial work.

As the years passed, the farmhouse developed into a rambling comfortable home for an increasing family. He taught the children tennis and baseball and golf and they learned early to swim and to ride. I was busy at my own work, but the big window of my study opens toward the swimming pool, and I could see by instinct when a child grew too adventuresome. Our life was organized casually around work and children and we lived deeply. Our pleasures were in music and people and children and books and the world of woods and mountain and sea.

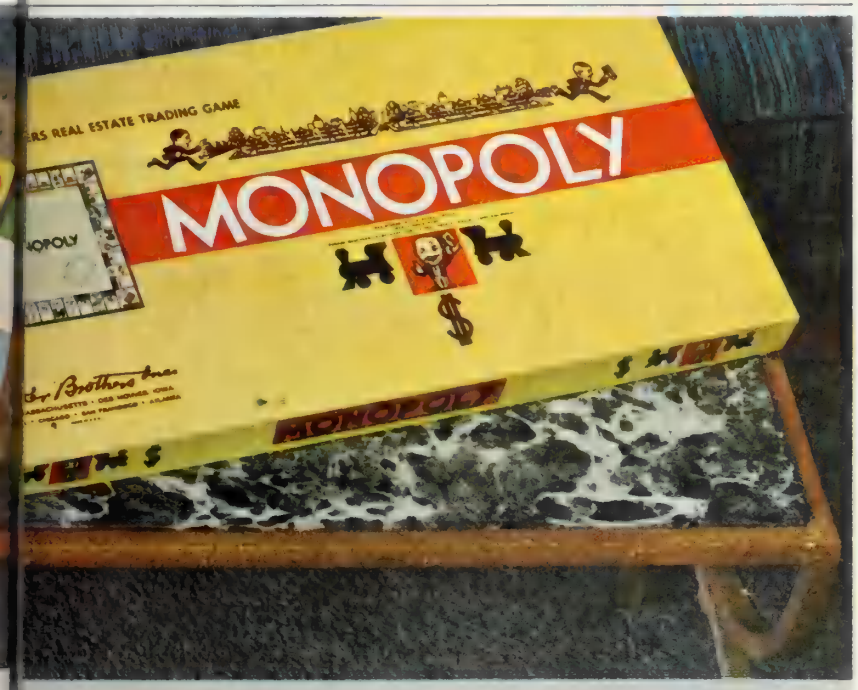
I do not know whether it is easier to have the end come suddenly or gradually over the years. I think, if I had been given the choice, I would have preferred a sudden end, shock and all. Then memory would not be entangled with the slow and agonizing fading of perception and speech and at last recognition even of those loved and near. There is, however, one balm. He did not know of his own decline.

Slowly, slowly the change came. When his eyes failed and he could no longer read, we sent for the records of books. I must here express my permanent gratitude to the library of Books for the Blind. They kept a continuing stream of records coming into the house, free of charge, and his brain was kept alive and stimulated beyond what we had feared. But this, too, came to an end. The day came when words ceased to have their meaning, and even music faded, and he was content merely to exist. He would have suffered had he known, and I thank a kind intelligence, wherever it is, that he never knew.

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The end had come quite unexpectedly. I listened as my dark-haired daughter talked while we drove homeward through the green countryside. Everything had been the same with him until two days before. She came across the brook with her three little children after breakfast, on her morning visit. She found him awake and ready for the day. The children climbed on his bed and kissed him and stroked his cheeks. He provided, I think, an element of total security in their lives. He was always there in bed, and they had no memories of his being different. They went away again, and when she returned a little later he was gone. For a long time he had not known he was living and he did not know when he died.

"There was nothing anyone could have done," my daughter told me.

"I know," I said. "I have known that for a long time."

The next two days center on three events. We went, all of us, to tell him our last goodbye. Of course it was only his body we saw. He was not there. But the body is precious. I remember my mother one day when I was a small child, not more than seven. I was desperately ill with diphtheria in a Chinese city. My younger brother had just died of the same disease, and they were burying him that day, and my mother was sobbing. A friend, well intentioned but without understanding, reproached her.

"It is only his body," she told my mother. "His soul is in heaven with our Lord."

My mother flew into anger, sobs and all. "But his body is precious," she cried. "I gave it birth. I tended it and loved it. Wherever his soul is now, it is out of my reach, and they are taking his body away, and it is all that I have."

These words came back to me as I stood by his beloved body. He lay on a couch, his eyes closed and his hands loosely at his sides. He wore his tweed suit, the one he liked, a blue-gray, and the dark blue tie I had given him last Christmas. His beautiful hair, only partly white, was brushed as he always wore it, back from his forehead. His face was young again, the lines gone, the lips tranquil. I kissed his cheek. I touched his hand that had always been warm and quick to respond. The flesh was cold.

The next day we had the simple service that the children had planned. When I came downstairs our household people and those on the farm, the children and their families and the nurses who had cared for him were waiting for me. The men had set his coffin before the chimneypiece. The lid was closed. Our family minister read aloud from such books as he deemed fitting. Then he spoke a few words of friendship. I do not remember what he said. I sat thinking of the many hours we had spent in this room. It had first been the children's playroom. Then when they grew big enough to want basketball and roller skating we made the barn into their play place and designed this room into the family library, lined with bookshelves.

As for the books, he took great care that they were properly classified in their own alcoves: fiction, social science, biographies, children's books, travel books, new books, and so on. He was a lover of books, a cultivated and world-minded man. Well and deeply as I knew Asia, he could tell me facts that I did not know. He was a charming and interesting companion at home and abroad.

Everything was ready for us when we arrived in the quiet place. The birds were singing and flowers were blooming. It did not take long to perform the final ceremony of giving his body back to the earth. Our minister had come with us and he spoke the final words of peace and acceptance. My sons and my stepson stood beside me, strong young men, the stepson to carry on his father's firm. My daughters walked with me back to the car and we drove away. . . . But oh, that silent last moment, when he must be left behind, and the

arrival at the house, now empty! Of these I cannot speak.

To other women in like circumstances, who may read these pages, I can only say there is no escape from such moments when they come. They must be lived through, not once but many times in memory. I have been told that they grow easier. I do not find it so. I come back to my home as to a haven whenever I leave it, but it is not the same, and it will never be the same. I know that now. Since there is no escape from the fact, there can only be acceptance. And acceptance comes at last, but not at once—oh, never at once.

I should not, I suppose, have gone to Vermont. But we have always gone there when the summer gets too hot in Pennsylvania. Perhaps I felt that I could escape, somehow, from his continuing absence. At any rate, after a few weeks I took my three younger daughters with me to Vermont.

Years ago, when it became settled that ragweed and I could not exist together, I built a three-room house for him and for me—two bedrooms and a big living room which was also dining room with a cooking counter. The children had rooms over the garage for their own. Into this house that had been his and mine I now went alone, and the girls took the rooms over the garage. I set myself to writing and I practiced my piano, and spent hours on the high terrace facing Stratton Mountain.

I do not know why I imagined that anything would be easier here. For one thing, I could not write. My mind, lost in thought and memory and question, simply would not busy itself with the creation of other people's lives. No, it would not do. Vermont was not the place. And for once I needed another employment than writing. I needed work that I had to do, work with others, compelling me daily to rise early and go to an appointed place where it was my duty to be.

When this conviction dawned upon me I made up my mind. I would go back to Japan and resume my work on the picture. My coworkers had been busy. They were ready for me to return to the job. When was I coming? I said immediately. The girls would go back to school soon, and they could live with their elder sister. There was no family reason to hold me at home and I welcomed the thought of work and Japan.

The atmosphere into which I descended once more from the jet on the airfield near Tokyo was one of welcome and quiet unspoken sympathy. The deeper the feelings, the Japanese believe, the less should be spoken. We Americans find it necessary to speak, to send letters and cards of condolence.

In Tokyo nothing was said, yet everything was conveyed. Consideration was delicate but complete. My room in the hotel was bright with flowers and baskets of fruit. I understood, for in Japan even love is not to be expressed in words. There are no such words as "I love you" in the Japanese language.

"How do you tell your husband that you love him?" I once asked a Japanese friend.

She looked slightly shocked. "An emotion as deep as love between husband and wife cannot be put into words. It must be expressed in attitude and act."

Our locations were set, although I had not yet seen them except on film. The next task was to find our cast. Since the story of *The Big Wave* is altogether Japanese, the cast was to be Japanese, and we had already engaged a Japanese crew and cameraman.

I enjoyed sitting in on the casting. We were given office space in the handsome building owned by our Japanese coproducers, and each day I went there early and stayed late, looking, listening, judging, disapproving or approving, while those in command gave auditions to actors and actresses, adults and children.

In such diverting work the day passed until evening fell, and the trouble with every day was that at the end of it there was always night. I went back to my hotel rooms, unlocked the door, went in and locked the door again.

Flowers were fresh, the rooms cool, letters heaped on the table—letters from no one. The one letter I longed for could never be written because he was gone. I did not open the others. Let them wait until my Japanese secretary came and I was forced to work in order that she could work. Invitations were many, but I had no enjoyment in accepting them. A few I must accept; those which had to do with the sad and anxious parents of retarded children, a few others from old friends for the sake of past kindness. I fell into the habit of having dinner sent to my rooms and of eating alone, so that I need not be compelled to smile at strangers who might approach me with questions and praise. When night came, life was suddenly meaningless.

Had he been with me, it would have been the best part of the day. It always was the best part. Much of our life had to be spent in separation during the hours of day, for each of us had a profession, a work. But how eagerly we looked forward to the evening, and to what lengths we went in order to spend it together! In the twenty-five years of our married life we did not spend a night apart, until it became necessary for him to live and work entirely at home. Even then I refused all invitations that kept me away for a night, until he ceased to know whether I was there or not.

I have discarded those years of not knowing. When I think of him, I think of him as I knew him, vivid, alive, dominant, invincibly prejudiced in some matters, as I used to say impetuously when we disagreed, and he smiled and accepted the accusation with amusement and no intention of changing himself. But he knew I did not want him changed. Whatever he was, he was himself, and I liked that. For example, he could not drive a nail without pounding his thumb and therefore wisely he refused to drive nails. He took no part in household matters, however busy I was. He would not eat what he did not like, no matter how good the dish might be for him.

At the same time he disciplined himself in amount and quality of what he did eat. When he spoke, none of us interrupted. He was the father as well as the husband, and yet he refused to have any part in disciplining our big family. I am no disciplinarian myself, being given to laughter over naughtiness unless I am angry, and neither mirth nor anger is the right atmosphere for discipline. Teachers of our nine children were unanimous in one comment, always made sooner or later to us, but particularly to me, for he would not attend parent-teacher meetings and I had to go alone. The comment was simple: "Your children are spoiled."

I agreed helplessly. How could it be otherwise when they had a mother who laughed too easily; and if she did not get angry easily, nevertheless, when she did, she was in such vast temper that the child looked on astonished and thought she did not mean it? As for him, the extent of his discipline was to stare at the refractory child with cool disapproval and then turn to me with a remark made so casually that it stunned me unfailingly into feeble retort.

"Do you allow this sort of thing to go on?" he would ask.

"Do you?" I would retort.

Silence after that, and the child, isolated by our silence, usually subsided after a few minutes of trying to maintain independence. Looking at these same children now, I can only say that so far as I know, they have turned out well. That is, none of them is delinquent or has been in jail. Of course there is still time for jail, but I doubt they will ever come to it.

Am I being quite fair to him as a disciplinarian? Perhaps not, for there was one offense which he would not tolerate from any child, and this was act or word which he considered a sign of lack of respect for me. If a child so behaved, his response was instant, invariable and thunderous:

"Don't you know your mother is the greatest person in the world?"

The absurdity of this remark wilted me at once into a state of embarrassment, which the children understood and suffered with me, especially as they never intended disrespect. I enjoyed free argument and spirited disagreement and his outburst killed communica
If we were at the table, our appetites f
and we sat in silence. What he thought o
silence I do not know, for he allowed no
test or discussion on the subject of respec
me, even from me myself!

As for me, I obeyed him far too literally
this for two reasons. I had spent my li
China until we met, and I had been taught
woman should obey man, if possible. Sec
I was disgracefully ignorant about my
country. I was born a late child and my pa
had lived decades in China before I appe
in their life. When I came to live finally i
own country he said that among other er
ments it was fun to be married to me bec
I was so ignorant that he could tell me al
old American jokes and they were new to
This was true, and he should have lived
them all, for he never got to the end. At
moment he would tell something that sen
into healthy laughter.

In only one family decision was he wr
and I know now that I should have disob
him for practical reasons. Even at that he
right in principle. Here it is: he did not be
in homework for children. He believed
family life in the evenings should not be
stroyed by the child's having to work on
time school tasks. As usual, what he di
proved, he ignored. I had not been educate
the American school system, and knew no
ter than to agree with him. Consequently w
enjoyed our evenings together in music
games and reading aloud. The result sho
alas, in the children's report cards. I sh
have gathered the children around the
table at night and seen to it that they did
homework, until they were old enough to
sume responsibility for themselves. . . .
what would have been his fate, in that c
Lonely evenings and no happy evening m
ories, and I am glad that we lived as we

In such half-smiling, half-tearful rem
cence I relapsed too easily and it was ne
cary to take myself in hand. So, when din
was over, and the little Japanese waitress
removed the table, I sauntered again into
streets of Tokyo. I went often to the Gi
market, bazaar and amusement place, alw
diverted by the variety of people who cam
enjoy the gaudy scene. Flags, balloons, pa
flowers of every color tied to the eaves of
roofs floated above the streets and sh
Bicycles dashed madly through the swarm
crowds and women clattered along on woo
geta, their babies strapped to their backs.

Most significant of all were the young
and women who wandered hand in hand
state of dazed happiness, window-shopp
or just wandering. It takes getting used to,
hand-in-hand business in modern Japan.
something entirely new. In old Japan lo
met in secret and climbed volcanoes and th
themselves into the fiery craters to signify
depth of their hopeless love. Nowadays t
walk hand in hand in the Ginza or go
picnics to the famous spots where once t
committed suicide together. Have the pare
changed or is it the young who have lear
to demand their rights? Certainly there is s
change in the parents. The four chief catast
phes of old Japan, if we are to trust an anci
Japanese saying, were "earthquakes, fi
floods and fathers." Earthquakes, fires
flood are still to be feared, but fathers?

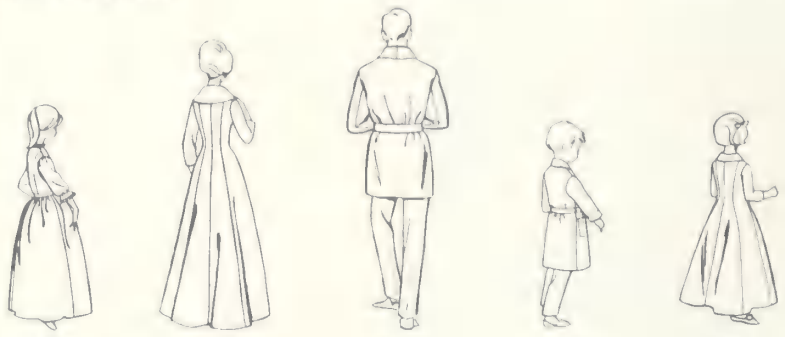
There is a change in fathers certainly,
the greatest change is in the mothers.
mother in old Japan would have dreamed
allowing her daughter to walk hand in h
with a young man in the Ginza or anywh
else, nor would the daughter have drean
of disobedience. But I must take this cha
in the Japanese woman gradually and bit
bit. It is profound and overwhelming.

One night when I went to my hotel room
was raining, the streets were deluged w
flood waters and the rain thundering do
enclosed me in a box of sound. I am claust
phobic and I escaped through the silent c
ridors of the vast new part of the hotel, wh
my rooms were, to the old building put up
Frank Lloyd Wright. It is a curious heap
tessellated edges and corners and overdeco

CONTINUED ON PAGE

WRAPPED IN LUXURY

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 80



5404 5403 5300 5392 5393

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5404. *One-piece dress or housecoat: Subteen sizes 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54" fabric with nap and 1 yard of lace edging, size 12.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5403. *Robe: Small (10–12, 31–32), Medium (14–16, 34–36), Large (18–20, 38–40), Extra Large (40–42, 42–44); 75c. Version shown requires 8¾ yards of 39" fabric with nap for robe and ½ yard of 54" fabric with nap for collar, Medium size.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5300. *Men's robe or smoking jacket; Small (34–36), Medium (38–40), Large (42–44); $1.00. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap for jacket and 1¼ yards of 39" fabric with or without nap for collar, facing, cuffs and belt, Medium size.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5392. *Boys' robe; boys' sizes 4–8 (23–26); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 6.*

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5393. *Girls' robe; girls' sizes 4–8 (23–26); 75c. Version shown requires 1½ yards of 39" fabric with nap for robe and ¼ yard of 54" fabric with nap for collar, size 6.*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

tion. Its glory is that it has stood through all earthquakes and this because the architect discovered that Tokyo itself was built on a quivering sea of mud. Into this sea he sank thousands of Oregon-pine logs and on that foundation built his monstrosity. It actually floats and can therefore adjust to anything.

Does floating lead to adjustment? I pondered on the question as I sought one of the many corners in the dark old lobby. If so, then I must be adjusting. It seemed to me that I was not living, not even existing, only floating on the surface of time. To rise in the morning and work, to walk alone at night, to sleep briefly and get up at dawn, not thinking of past or of future, but only of this one day, this one night; and pondering on men and women, I was reminded how rare an experience of marriage mine had been. I am not an easy-to-marry woman, or so I imagine. I am divided to the bottom of my being, part of me being woman, the other part artist and having nothing to do with woman. As an artist I am capable of cruelty, for artists are ruthless and must be.

"Can you bear it," I once asked him, "if you see yourself in a novel? Not just as you are, of course; I always create my own people, but I steal whatever I need—the ways in which you asked me to marry you, for example, which I am sure no man ever used before. I might need a few of them sometime for other men and women."

He smiled. He had a wonderful smile. "Take them," he said. "They're yours anyway. Take anything I have to give."

He had presided over press conferences for me in many parts of the world, the first one when I came from China, shy and frightened enough to determine in my secret mind that whatever lay ahead, I would not allow my life to be changed. It was changed, of course, the moment he met me in Montreal. I had come from Shanghai and, although I knew him somewhat through his letters, I saw him for the first time, sun-browned with eyes of a startling blue. I was speechless, but he set us all at ease and I found myself answering questions frankly. Too frankly, he told me afterward, for when I was asked my age it did not occur to me not to tell it, since in China every year was considered an added honor.

The unique attribute he had was that he understood an artist. I doubt he understood women or cared to understand them. He had a low opinion of women in general. He did not dislike them, but his attitude was impersonal and somewhat condescending. When I complained that he was unjust he replied calmly:

"I don't look down on women at all. On the contrary, I think they could be much more than they are. They rate themselves too low if they are content to be cooks, cleaning women and nursemaids."

What was precious beyond diamonds to me was the fact, indisputable, that he enjoyed my mind. He liked profound conversation on abstruse subjects. He enjoyed repartee. And far beyond diamonds and life itself was the fact that he understood I had to be alone when I was writing. He never asked what I was writing or even what the book was about. When a novel was finished and ready to be given to the publisher I took it to him myself and presented it formally, Chinese fashion, with both hands. He rose when I came in with the finished work and received it gravely.

"This is a big day," he always said.

A big day it always was, and he put aside everything else and sat down to the task he loved, he told me, above all others, the reading of a manuscript I had written. He edited carefully but sparely. I do not remember that he ever made a change involving anything more serious than a misplaced preposition or a time confusion. The Chinese language has few prepositions and I have never quite learned to manage these refractory and precise little English words. As for time confusion, it was something from which I had always to be saved. I have no sense of time. I do not mean that I am unpunctual. On the contrary, I learned early to be punctual to a fault—I say to a fault, for I am too punctual and waste my own time waiting for other people. No, I mean that I pay no heed to what year it is, what month or what day. I cannot remember birthdays, anniversaries or any of the important dates women are supposed to remember. He, on the other hand, had the disconcerting habit of perfect time recall. On any morning at the breakfast table, or at any time during the day, he could look at his watch and ask:

"Do you remember what we were doing ten—twenty [and so on] years ago at this moment?"

At first, wanting to be perfect, I tried to remember. Later, resigned to myself, I said boldly that I did not remember. Then he would tell me.

"It was the first time I kissed you . . . or proposed to you . . . or you said you wouldn't have me . . . or I took you by surprise in Yokohama," and so on and on.

The chase had indeed been a long one. We were past our first youth when we first met, each resigned, we thought, to unsatisfactory marriages, and each well known in our own fields. I had firmly refused him in New York, Stockholm, London, Paris and Venice, and then had sailed by way of India for home in Nanking, China.

In six months he cabled me to meet him in Shanghai in order to hear "No" again and this time forever. I went alone after that to Peking for some months of research and had been there less than a week when he appeared unexpectedly. We parted again eternally and he went to Manchuria and I home again to Nanking to pack my bags for a summer visit to the United States to see that all was well there with my retarded child. I had my younger daughter and my secretary with me, and was in a resigned state of mind when I left, so far as he was concerned. I had, I thought, made the wise decision. I did not want turmoil in my life.

It was a fine July morning, I remember, and we were docking at the pier in Yokohama. I had planned not to go ashore. Instead I would work on my translation and my secretary would take my little girl to the park. I had no sooner settled myself to my lonely task when I heard the voice which was now the one I knew best in all the world.

"I've turned up again; I shall keep on turning up—everywhere in the world. You can't escape me."

There he was, lean, brown and handsome, and smoking his old brier pipe. . . . In spite of that, I said "No" every day on board ship and again in Vancouver and all winter in New York. But spring in that magic city was my undoing and we were married on the eleventh of June and lived happily ever after, together as man and wife, separately in our professional work.

He was a great editor. He was a genius of his own sort in coaxing books out of writers who did not know they were writers. A notable example was a short manuscript that came to him one day from an American woman in Siam. It was entitled *The King's English*, and the King was the King of Siam. The author had done a nice little piece of research into the King's vernacular English.

NATIVITY

By RHINA P. ESPAILLAT

How shall I fashion for my boy
The marvel of that winter night?
His reason shall deny its joy,
My very breath blow out the light;

And yet that haloed head, absurd
As winged children treading sky,
Is truer than the seen and heard
Within whose nets we daily die.



vich was fearful and delightful. But he saw rich more than the light little essay. He saw character and a man, and he invited the merican woman to write more about this ig. The result eventually was a fascinating ok which he called *Anna and the King of am*, and this book later became a fabulous usical on Broadway, *The King and I*, by dgers and Hammerstein.

t was he who saw something in my first all book, a tentative effort rejected by all her publishers. His staff was equally divided ainst the book, and it fell to him as the esident of the company to cast his vote. He ed for it, and on that narrow chance my began.

Ah me, it does not do to dream too long. e lobby of the old Imperial Hotel in Tokyo s empty except for a sleepy clerk. The rain d stopped and a new moon was swinging bve the clouds when I walked outside to athe the cooled night air. The new moon? had been in Tokyo for three weeks. For two nths I had been alone.

We arrived at the delightful town of Obama er a seven-hour journey by plane, train and r. It was midnight when we reached our el, and our beds, made Japanese fashion the *tatami* mats on the floor, looked and re comfortable. It was a real Japanese tel—food, plumbing and all, a big hotel, d in its way comfortable to the point of me luxury.

slept well but woke early, eager to see the ations chosen for the filming of the picture. had been late when we arrived, and I did t know what the views would be from the le windows of the small veranda upon vich my room opened. They faced south on a curved bay, the bay surrounded by gen mountains. The street lay between hotel d sea, and beneath my windows was a large ol of steaming-hot water, natural heat, for Cama is a famous spa, with natural hot sings.

As soon as I stirred, the paper-covered oji slid back and a pleasant little Japanese maid in a gay *yukata*, or cotton kimono, came in, knelt and bowed, and chattered in Japanese while she put away the bed. In a few minutes my bedroom was a sitting room, a low polished table in the center. The *tokonoma* alcove held a graceful vase of fresh flowers and a landscape scroll by a good artist.

"Breakfast," the maid told me in gestures, "very soon."

I nodded, and went down a flight of stairs to my private bathroom, and had a Japanese bath. The water in the little pool was the natural hot water and very refreshing. And breakfast was an egg, some fruit, salt fish and rice. The mineral bath had made me hungry. After breakfast we set forth in a car.

We drove for an hour through fantastically beautiful country and all my memories came alive. How well I remembered these sharply pointed mountains, accustomed to sudden mists of rain, and these indented shores and water-worn rocks, these villages sheltering in coves. Nothing was changed. I put out of mind the bomb-wrecked city of Nagasaki, which was very near, because the Japanese have put it out of mind, too, and have built a new city.

I cannot deny that my heart beat faster as we approached the village of Kitsu, which was where our fisher boy, Toru, lived. Two hundred years ago Kitsu was wiped clean by a tidal wave. It was easy to see how it happened, for this small fishing village lies like a saddle between two mountains, the lesser one terraced straight up to the top and over. I must have been thinking of Kitsu when I wrote *The Big Wave*, so perfectly did this village fit the story.

Not far from the back door of the hotel, down a narrow cobbled street, I discovered the motion-picture theater. It was the only one in town, and a very good one, the stage spacious, the seats comfortable. As a courtesy, the owner had sent word that we were to enter without tickets so long as we were in Obama, and as the days passed I grew into the habit of slipping across the street in the cool of the night, and choosing a seat beside a red-lacquered pillar. Around me were the Japanese crowd, mostly men, since there were no bars in Obama and this was perhaps their only relief from crying children and overburdened wives.

The pictures were revelatory. The mildest and most artistic films made in Japan, I fear, are those sent abroad for foreign consumption. The real stuff is kept at home and especially for the remoter areas, of which we in Obama were certainly one. Emotions on the screen were violent, primitive, repetitive and for me highly amusing. Everything was overcolored, literally as well as symbolically.

Reflecting on the raw emotions I observed without sharing, it seemed to me that jealousy was the predominant passion, with rape and murder the inevitable result. I would laugh at this, except that I recall an incident in my own household, known as the Affair of the Wooden Plate.

We went to Scandinavia one year, he and I, and stopped in Copenhagen to visit some friends. At dinner on our first night I admired some beautiful wooden plates and expressed a desire to purchase a dozen for our Pennsylvania home. This I did, the very next morning. When we reached home the twelve wooden plates were already there, unpacked and waiting, and they were even more beautiful than I had remembered, and we used them at our first breakfast. The children had got up earlier that morning and had breakfasted with their nurse. There were only the two of us then, he and I.

For years after that breakfast my children, my housekeeper and other odd persons persisted in asking me why there were only eleven wooden plates and for years I was vague in my replies. Eleven plates? Were they sure there were only eleven plates? I must count them myself.

The truth is that I knew there were only eleven wooden plates. When he and I began breakfast that morning there were twelve, but when we finished there were eleven. This is how it happened—and I begin by saying that it is wonderful and by the grace of God that a fault in one's beloved is no impediment to true love. Thus I acknowledge that this was his only fault—or nearly his only one. This only fault then, was . . . jealousy! At first it made me laugh, since I have never understood jealousy. If he, for example, had fallen in love with someone other than me, or had simply been temporarily attracted, I cannot imagine myself being jealous. If the beloved can find something better than he already possesses, how can one have the heart to deprive him of that joy? As for temporary attraction—well, one can always think about something else while it goes on and there are many enjoyable pursuits for which life provides all too little time. Music can fill twenty-four hours a day; so can sculpture and gardening—especially roses and camellias; so can reading and writing and swimming and sailing in ships and, above all, conversation with interesting persons.

Alas, it was the last occupation which caused the trouble. I cannot resist interesting persons and some of these are men, though whether they be men or women is not the point with me. A good mind is equally fascinating to me whether the containing skull box be male or female. Not so with him. He, the calmest and coolest and wisest of men, could be absurdly jealous if the brain that attracted me was in the skull of a man. This astonished me and then annoyed me, but I concealed my annoyance as gracefully as I could.

During our journey in Europe he had been better than usual, and I had talked with many interesting people without thinking of consequences. On that particular first morning home we talked as we ate, laughed over certain past events, and enjoyed ourselves as usual. It was a lovely morning; the sun shone on our breakfast table, the bowl of roses spread their fragrance, and we had our own fresh eggs and homemade bacon. I had just admired the effect of the bacon and eggs on our Chinese-blue plates under which were



the wooden plates we had bought in Copenhagen, whereupon that dear and usually predictable man looked at me across the table and stopped laughing. I looked at him, surprised.

"What is wrong?" I exclaimed.

"These plates," he said. "They remind me of that day in Copenhagen."

"So why ——" I began and was stopped.

His voice was steel-cold. "The way you talked to—the way you smiled at ——"

Now I stopped him, but not by words. I was far too furious for that. True, I did not speak in anger because I was too angry to speak at all. I went blind and dumb with anger and purely by instinct I lifted the wooden plate with blue china plate, and my bacon and eggs upon it, and smashed it on the floor. The destruction was total, for our dining room has a brick floor. Then I walked out of the house and across the meadows and down into the woods. There I sat on a log by the brook. I sat there for three hours and thought over my whole life, examined my marriage, and weighed the advantages and disadvantages of being in love. By that time all anger had departed, I could laugh and was fit to live with again. I walked back home refreshed and hungry, since I had not eaten my breakfast. I found him sitting grimly at his desk, trying to work. We flew into each other's arms, he stammering something about forgiveness, but I would have none of that. When we were calm again, he said so humbly that my heart half broke, for humility was never a part of his nature:

"Shall I write to ——"

"Don't mention his name," I said.

"But shan't I order another wooden plate?"

"No," I said. "Let there be eleven wooden plates forevermore. Because if you should, just once, forget, I'll count the plates out loud for you—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . . *eleven!*"

The end of this story is that we lived happily ever after and I never had to count the plates again, not even once. And I have continued all interesting conversations everywhere in the world and with anyone.

Our days fell into the pattern of work. We rose early, breakfasted and left the hotel at seven. A quarter of a mile away we took ship, and were carried swiftly to the village. Once there, each person proceeded to his individual preparation for the day's scene. For an hour there was no need for me and I walked along the beach, past the stone breakwater to the foot of a steep hill. Stone steps led up this hill and at the top was a little empty stone temple, once a Shinto shrine. A low wall surrounded it, and the view was sea and mountains and sky. I found my own niche, however, behind the shrine. At the edge of the high cliff there was a hollow in the rocks which exactly fitted my body.

There I went every morning and, held in this hollow as though in his arms, I lay at rest. It was not the rest of sleep. It was the rest of the mind emptied, the spirit freed. I cannot pretend that I heard his voice or even was aware of his presence there. What did take place gradually as the days passed was a profound insurge of peace. The warm rock bed in which I lay, the wind rising cool from the sea, the sky intensely blue and the drifting white clouds, the gnarled pine tree bent above my head—of these I was a part, and beyond these, of the whole world. Myself ceased to be, at least for a time, a lonely creature with an aching heart. I was aware of healing pouring into me. It is a fact that at the end of the hour when the conch shell blew, I was able to rise refreshed to join my fellow workers.

The stone steps? I saw them again last night in the dark theater. Yes, those are the same steps I climbed every morning, thirsting for the peace I found in the shelter of the rock. Then I discovered that something of each day's peace was left as residue for the night. I was able to miss a day, then two days, then more. I was able to manufacture peace within myself merely by recalling the sweep of sea and mountain and sky and myself curled into the hollow rock. I do not know how this healing came about. I did not pray, if prayer be words or pleading or searching. It was simply that I gave myself wholly to a universe which I do not understand but which I know is vast and beautiful beyond my comprehension, my place in it no more than a hollow in a rock. But there is the hollow and it is mine and there is the rock.

We were so near the end of the picture now that we could plot the design of our days. After Kitsu came the empty beach of Chijiwa and here was the great shark-catching scene and the last scene with the children now grown and finding love and life, joy and sorrow. After that there remained only the volcano scene at Oshima to be shot and inserted at its proper place in the film.

Oshima had looked hellish enough on our scouting trip in May, but now it was October and the volcano had been active and rebellious. Even in Tokyo the weather was ominous. We had planned to go by air and had chartered a plane, but the morning dawned somber and gray and the pilot refused to fly. We took passage on the night boat. A typhoon was in the offing and even a ship had its hazards.

I shudder as I remember that fearful night. The sea was vicious, the wind and rain contending enemies. Dawn came at last, a weak wet dawn, the pale sun fringed with mists, and the ocean still growling and snarling.

The dim outlines of Oshima appeared from nowhere and we struggled into our clothes. We could not dock, it appeared, because the sea was too rough. We would be compelled to go to the other side of the island where there was an inferior dock. Then we got off and went through rain to the hotel.

We had a quick breakfast and set out by car to the foot of the volcano. There horses waited for those who wanted to ride. I chose to walk, for it had been some years since I had been on horseback. On foot, therefore, I climbed the black volcano, ascending a dark and barren landscape spectacularly, horrifyingly beautiful.

Streamers of white steam flew from every crack and cranny of the volcano and the surrounding high mountains. These I had not seen on my previous visit, and were to be explained by the typhoon, I found on inquiry.

The crater of the volcano is very large, and had in the last few days become larger, for under the torrential rains the walls had crumbled at various places. Wherever there was a surface it had been dampened and choked and the steam thus held back had forced its way through channels in the mountains. Hence the ribbons and banners of steam. Again and again I stopped on my way to look at the spectacle, for spectacle it was. I have seen some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, but for splendor and terror I put first the volcano on Oshima island that day.

Two days we spent there, reckless, wonderful, unforgettable days. Only a short time before we came the volcano had erupted, throwing great rocks into the air and gnawing at the mountain. Guards stood everywhere now to forbid us passage, but we pushed our way to the very edge of the crater in spite of them. I confess my heart lost too many beats as I watched the crew leaping across great cracks, sinking into soft ashy soil, standing at the very edge of the abyss.

We were glad when the two days were ended, the work finished, and yet we would not have missed the experience. I shall never forget the landscape, black as the other side of the moon. And we flew across the water on the third day under a clear sky and arrived at Tokyo airfield in exactly forty-five minutes.

Five days later the volcano went into eruption and the lava-black soil upon which we had stood fell into the abyss.

So the picture was made. My hotel room had become a sort of home, and I felt loath to leave it, yet I knew that my life in it was over. Now the old dread of facing another life without him and of returning alone to the places where we had always been together was with me again. It had to be done, however.

"Come back, come back soon to Japan," my dear friends said, and I promised that I would and went alone into the jet plane that was to carry me back to New York.

I say New York, although of course New York is only on the way to my farmhouse home in Pennsylvania. But I have a stopping place in New York, that city of wonders and grief. He and I always kept a place there. It is not the same place we shared for so many years. The building in which we had made a city home was to be torn down. I found a place farther uptown in a new building, where there were no memories except the ones I carry hidden wherever I am.

And here I tell a story that has nothing to do with the picture. When I was looking for the new apartment a daughter helped me by sorting out the impossibles and bringing me at last to see the two or three possibles. It was night, I remember, when I looked at these places. We entered bare unpainted rooms. I saw a wide window and through the darkness I discerned dimly a building whose roof faced my window, a school, my daughter said, and fortunate, for there would be no high building to cut off the view. I did not care very much about that, for when do I have time in New York to look at a view? Besides, I have plenty of view in the country. So I decided on impulse. "I'll take it." The choice was haphazard, I would have said. But I am beginning to believe that there is no such thing as pure chance in this world. For here is the preliminary to this closing story:

When I was a child and often reluctant to do my duty, my father used to say to me firmly but gently, "If you will not do it because it is right, then do it for the greater glory of God."

For the greater glory of God then, and for my father's sake, though still reluctant, I did do what had to be done, at least as often as possible.

Now to return to the apartment. I did not see it while it was being decorated. When all was finished I opened the door and went straight to the big window. It was a bright day, I remember, one of New York's best, the air fresh from the sea and the sky blue. And facing me, across the building, under the eaves and along the roof, I saw these words carved in huge stone letters:

"*Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam.*"

They face me now as I write. To the greater glory of God! What does it mean, this voice from the grave, my father's grave? He lies buried on a mountaintop in the very heart of a China lost to me. I am here and alive and thousands of miles away. Are we in communication, he and I, through my father? It is not possible.

How dare I say it is not?

Someday we shall know. What day? That day perhaps, when saints and scientists unite to make a total search for truth. It is the saints, the believers, who should have the courage to urge the scientists to help them discover whether the spirit continues its life of energy when the mass we call body ceases to be the container. Faith supplies the hypothesis, but only science can provide the computer for verification. The unbeliever will never pursue the search.

There are no miracles, of that I am sure. If one walks on water and heals the sick and raises the dead to life again, it is not a matter of magic but a matter of knowing how to do it. There is no supernatural; there is only the supremely natural, the purely scientific. Science and religion, religion and science; put it as I may, they are two sides of the same glass, through which we see darkly until these two, focusing together, reveal the truth.

On the day when the message comes through from over the far horizon where dwells "that great majority," the dead, the proof will reach us, not as a host of angels in the sky but as a wavelength recorded in a laboratory. Then the scientist, recognizing the wavelength, will exclaim, "But that's someone I know! I took his wavelength before he died." And he will compare his record with the wavelength just recorded and will know that at last a device, a machine, is able to receive a message dreamed of for centuries, the message of the continuing individual existence, which we call the immortality of the soul.

Or perhaps it will not be a scientist who receives, but a woman, waiting at a window open to the sky. END

NEXT MONTH

Like a Giant Wonderland—New York
In the pages of the January Journal

On a midwinter afternoon, the nation's No. 1 city glows its brightest, rumbles and zooms beneath the Journal Workshop windows. Join us in a seeing, hearing, tasting tour.

Where you can see Elizabeth Taylor (and maybe a Journal editor) . . . and such food!

In New York's eight greatest restaurants you're likely to bump shoulders with world celebrities. The Journal takes you to "21," THE FOUR SEASONS, and six others where the company is fabulous, the food exciting. As souvenirs: recipes for such masterpieces as Duckling Casserole, Frozen Soufflé with Hot Strawberry Sauce. EATING IN NEW YORK IS AN ADVENTURE.

New York executive:

She's pretty, 27, uses a turquoise telephone. Carol Breckenridge, sportswear designer, set up in business for herself one year ago, took in $10,000 in six months. What's it like to be young, pretty and competing in this highly specialized industry? Read SINK OR SWIM.

How do you tell a child he is "Undesirable"?

Dr. Spock considers the parent who must tell his son (at 4 or 5) that, no matter how good he behaves, he will have to be prepared for slights and insults. PREJUDICE AND CHILDREN.

"Fall in love, that's what it was. A stumble."

They had known each other only a few hours—Cammie on a holiday in Tangier, and Joseph, handsome, charming and Arab. Nancy Dughi tells the story of an American girl who walked straight into an Arabian Night's Adventure. STRAIT PASSAGE, condensed novel complete in this issue.

And also, Making Marriage Work: Tell Me, Doctor; many short stories, articles and other features.

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3M

TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

needn't apply in your case. I think we've headed off the tendency toward toxemia. Your babies aren't going to be unduly small, there is nothing now to indicate that they will be premature, and they are in excellent positions. One of the best things of all is that you have an ideal maternal temperament. I know you'll do everything you can to help them along."

The doctor's prediction proved accurate. Millicent carried the babies to two weeks before term, which the doctor assured her was doing very well, then gave birth to fine healthy, plump girls, as like as peas in a pod. Millicent, herself, with no anesthesia except a sac block at the last, had done most of the wor delivering both babies. The doctor congra lated her on her achievement.

"Even with the second baby, I hardly ha help at all. The natural process is always l ter, and that's doubly true with twins. D anesthesia, especially ether or even gas, r be hard on these smaller babies, and mother can't help when she is unconscio Nature has indeed been kind to us in this c Now I am going out to tell your husband news—and I only hope he comes through ordeal as well as you and your twins hav

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses dangers of diab in pregnancy.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

myself to get upset over a trifle. Then he turned on the charm. He said that the house had looked fine to him and the others, that the dinner had been a big success, that everybody had complimented him on his attractive wife and smart, well-mannered children.

"But then he muttered something about putting the car in the garage. Once he got outside, he was gone like the wind. He joined up again in a downtown club with the same crowd who had already barged in on us. He didn't come back home until broad daylight on Sunday morning. He came in whistling. At that point I had hysterics.

"All night long I had walked the floor wide awake and in a frenzy. I can't honestly say I was worried about Arthur's physical safety; I cannot imagine a man as self-assured and competent as he is having an automobile accident, or any kind of accident. My feelings were entirely self-centered. I was furiously angry at Arthur. I wished he would have an accident, a minor one, and maybe be put in jail. I was beside myself with frustration and loneliness and terribly afraid—afraid somebody might break in on me and the little boys and that something dreadful would happen to us while nobody was within miles.

"Arthur and I rent a huge house on the beach, in a section crowded in the season but isolated and almost completely deserted at this time of the year. I hate the house. It is scary after dark and it is ugly. It is almost impossible to keep clean because the boys track in sand and dirt, and on every sunshiny day hordes of people, all of whom Arthur has invited, stroll in and out in dripping bathing suits. They need to borrow towels and most of them need to be fed. Except for our food and liquor bills, and the expenses of our boat, we would be rolling in money.

"Arthur rented this particular house in order to have a place to entertain his employees, out-of-town visitors who enjoy boating and swimming, and prospective investors in his business. Or anyhow that's what he says. But Arthur is gregarious, fantastically hospitable and he adores to show off his boat. I'm quite sure I've cooked for and waited on dozens of stray people, just because he thinks they might like a ride in a cabin cruiser.

"Arthur owns and operates a small chain of sporting-goods stores; at the moment he holds the controlling interest in five fairly large stores in four different towns. He and I started fresh out of college with no capital whatever just ten years ago. For a young man, Arthur has done remarkably well. Everybody thinks so, including my parents, my brothers and even my sister, Elise. Most women in my shoes would feel lucky. I should be proud of Arthur, I know.

"I *am* proud of him, of course, but it isn't the sort of pride that prevents my feeling pushed aside, left out, ignored. I cry buckets of tears nearly every day. I feel humiliated and in the depths nearly all the time because of the small part I now play in my husband's life and in his thinking. Arthur's business used to fill my thinking too. I couldn't get enough of it. Now I've arrived at the point where I almost hate the business. It always comes first with Arthur. His children and I don't count. In an average month he spends from ten days to two weeks out of town, leaving the boys a me stranded on the beach.

"Whenever he is at home, he is invaria surrounded by swarms of business acquai ances, friends, hangers-on. If Arthur is running around with a hot-shot real-est agent in search of a likely location for the n new store in his chain, he is talking bluepri with an architect, looking over a new line goods with a buyer, promoting another loar the bank. Last spring the bookkeeper in his la est store, which is in a town thirty miles fr here, resigned and Arthur moved into the lo motel and took on the bookkeeping. C baby, Bobby, was born during that six-we period. My parents drove me to the hosp and my sister cared for the two older b until Arthur hired and trained a satisfact bookkeeper and decided it was O.K. for h to move back home.

"When Arthur and I were first married shared his ambitions. His hopes were hopes. Our dreams for the future seemed to identical. First, both of us would work a earn until Arthur was successfully launched whatever business or profession he eventua chose. After that we would start our family back in those days we planned on five ch dren—buy and furnish our home and have t leisure to settle down and really enjoy ea other and our marriage.

"For five years I worked five days a week a math teacher, and Saturdays and vacatio I worked as a tennis instructor. I saved h my earnings and we paid the rent and boug the groceries with the other half. Arthur work night and day at every conceivable kind job. He worked as a waiter; for a short wh he worked as a bouncer in a tavern. He sav *all* his money so we could build up the ca reserves he considered essential before he to the plunge and invested in his first store. H brother Charles, who is ten years older a very prosperous, offered to lend him the nece sary capital, but Arthur refused. Both he a I preferred to be independent.

"During those five years, the two of us we working so hard we seldom saw each oth except at breakfast and on Sunday. On Su days we always celebrated by doing somethi special that cost little but was exciting a different and fun for us both. Several tim Arthur emptied his pockets of coins and rode a bus until our tickets were used u explored some strange unfamiliar neighbo hood and then hiked back to our boardin house. He taught me his favorite sports. A though our time together was so limited, seems to me as I look back that every minu was precious and counted in a big way. those days I had no cause to feel Arthur w inattentive, cold, indifferent.

"When he opened his first store—he d signed the building and I selected the interio decorations—I supposed that at last our op portunity had come and we now could b close and companionable and spend hours an hours together. I resigned my teaching job and for a while I went everywhere with Arthu and everything was fine. At the very time h designed and let out the contracts to build h second store the manager of his first sto quit. While he pinch-hit as manager, and ra back and forth to the building site, I helpe out by taking inventory. Every night we fell i bed exhausted, but we had our arms aroun each other.

"When I became pregnant the first tim both Arthur and I were overjoyed. Howeve

s just about then that our mar- began to go sour. For one thing, ted our first baby to have a bed- I could decorate in a house that wned. By then I knew we could afford a nice place. Instead of g a home for us, Arthur used rofits from his first store to re- the mortgage on his second , and he signed a long lease on the house. I was six months preg- when he planted me in the house e, fifty miles away from my own y and friends.

s Arthur got more and more d up in business and involved people I hadn't met I could feel really *feel* him losing interest in Naturally I commenced to lose dence in myself. The housework, light before I had children, ed and defeated me. I couldn't to get anything done. While I t one room, another room got . While I baked a cake, the bean would boil over.

y mother and sister Elise, who ly ten months younger than my- are wonderful housekeepers, su- omemakers. Elise has always the smartest one in our family; earned to read first and later on skipped a grade and went ahead e in school. She and mother vis- at least once a week to lend a while I was pregnant, but their ist at my sloppiness and ineffi- cy was plain.

Elise already had four children she had sailed through every one er deliveries without the use of s. I was determined to do as well to have my first baby in the 'nat- way. I took a six-week course in kation and breathing exercises. my obstetrician paid no attention y wishes and ordered anesthetics. result I was unconscious when my arrived, and missed out on Elise calls her biggest thrill. 's husband always stays right be- her in the labor room until the last, holds her hand and helps nt the pains, and she says his pres- makes all the difference.

Arthur has been out of town and of reach every single time I have e him a son. He says his bad rec- is plain bad luck. I don't agree. I k it's a sure sign that he regards business as far more important me and his family. Elise's hus- d isn't an extra-good provider, but oes show he appreciates Elise and marvelous with their youngsters. sh I'd married a man with a few of qualities. I think I'm entitled to and companionship from my band; I think our boys are entitled father."

hur Tells His Side:

When I fell in love with Julie she only shared my ambitions, she truly the fountainhead, the in- ation of my ambitions," said Ar- , a tall muscular man of thirty- e with a firm jaw and a square- bed face brightened by merry e eyes. "In those early days she eager for us to try our luck at thing and everything I fancied. was gayhearted and full of fun. ept for tennis, I'm sure she must e been bored with sports.

But every Sunday so I could un- k my nerves—I'm an energetic guy need strenuous exercise for re- ation—Julie hiked miles with me. went mountain climbing. We t swimming and boating, we bi- led and we bowled. Julie would bably have preferred to sit around ome stuffy, smoky restaurant or to e gone dancing. If so, she never on.

I taught her to ski and she became te proficient. I even taught her gliding, though I couldn't ever persuade her to solo. Gliding used to be my favorite sport. My brother Charles, who has always been a nut about the air, taught me how to operate a glider and soar off a mountaintop when I was only ten years old. Charles made a fortune with a basic aircraft patent years ago and indeed tried hard to persuade me to follow him into aeronautical engineering. Much as I admired my oldest brother, I was pretty cocky and independent and awfully glad when Julie urged me to go it on my own. She showed a lot of confidence in me before I myself knew for sure what type of work I wanted. When she and I met as college juniors I was majoring in architecture and wondering how soon I could overtake Frank Lloyd Wright. But then, only a few months before Julie and I received our degrees, I ran a study on the earnings of the average architect, and found out the chances were it would probably be twenty, thirty years before I hit the big time moneywise. I had a sneaking suspicion I might never hit.

"Night after night, Julie and I talked over my problem from every angle. Between us, we decided I should drop architecture and shop around before I settled on my eventual career. We decided to get married right away, though neither her parents nor my mother were exactly overjoyed. Charles was so cut up he conveniently discovered business that would keep him in Japan on our wedding day. He *did* send a handsome present.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Menus and Recipes from Around the World



FROM Blue Bonnet
EASY-TO-PREPARE FOREIGN FAVORITES
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Tempting dinners—delicious recipes—from all over the world. Right at home on your own table. And what better way to prepare them than with BLUE BONNET . . . from recipes on the backs of packages. BLUE BONNET looks, cooks, and *tastes* like the "high-price" spread.



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A Holiday Treat For The Family

Menu

SWEDISH HAMBURGERS*
MASHED POTATOES · SPICED RED CABBAGE
BREAD · BLUE BONNET MARGARINE
SPICE CAKE · COFFEE

RECIPE

*SWEDISH HAMBURGERS

Makes 4 servings

⅓ cup fine bread crumbs
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup water
1½ cups cream
1 pound lean ground pork
1 egg
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ cup (½ stick) Blue Bonnet Margarine
3 cups sliced onion (3 medium onions)
1 tablespoon flour

Combine bread crumbs, salt, paprika, and pepper. Stir in water and ½ cup cream. Let stand 10 minutes. Mix in ground pork, egg and parsley. Shape into 8 round, flat patties.

Melt Blue Bonnet Margarine in skillet. Fry patties about 4 to 5 minutes on each side at medium heat. Place on warm serving platter and keep warm.

Sauté onions in margarine and drippings remaining in skillet. When onions are tender, sprinkle with flour. Stir in remaining cream. Cook mixture a few minutes longer until thickened, stirring constantly. Spoon over meat. Serve hot.

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TOASTERS · FRY PANS · COFFEE MAKERS · BLENDERS · [illegible] · MIXERS · CAN OPENERS · GRILL AND WAFFLE BAKERS · HEATERS · HOME BARBER SETS

NTINUED FROM PAGE 93

"Julie and I had five wonderful years together, in spite of a tight budget and grindgly hard work. She put up with my crazy bs and crazy hours without a murmur of mplaint. Frequently I worked fourteen and teen hours straight and then slept around e clock. She didn't object to the sudden way changed jobs and changed my mind about nat I wanted to do. Most wives would have jected. Eventually a college course in modn-day business opportunities—which I took what I laughingly called my spare time—nvinced me that the shortened work week d the public's growing interest in recreation ovided the answer to my career problem. I cided to hunt out a luxury vacation spot and open a fancy sporting-goods store. Julie eered me on. In fact, she suggested I utilize y architectural training to design a unique ilding—a sporty-type building which would peal to the sports-minded clientele I excted to attract.

That idea of hers was a winner. The five ores now in my chain, each in a carefully lected and pretested location, differ in degn and treatment, and yet all five are estially stamped with my own individual ade-mark. Without Julie's hard work and her crifices, we wouldn't be anywhere near here we are today financially. That's for re. Of course we've got more money on aper than in the bank. For the last six onths, because of a regional recession my mber-three store has been in trouble and I ve had to cut our household budget from 50 a month to $550. Julie hasn't peeped out that.

"I know she is dying to buy a house, but at would be ridiculous in our present cirmstances. I can use my credit to better dvantage. Then, too, the place we rent and e expenses on my boat are partially dectible for income-tax purposes; I entertain ents there and provide my eighty-five emoyees with beach vacations. Julie has no gitimate reason to complain about our ests, who represent our bread and butter. shouldn't be too long now before she can ear mink and diamonds.

"During our first five years of marriage she dn't buy a new dress, and her one new hat as an Easter present from my brother. Julie ied, but she sent the hat back at my request. didn't feel we could afford to accept a favor om Charles. It would be different now; I've ade the grade myself.

"Julie deserves a lot of credit, and I've never enied it. For five years she taught school and oached tennis at a country club; she despised oaching because she imagined the rich girls the club were upstaging her. There's a eculiar streak in Julie. She seems to hunt out ubs. And even in those early years when our arriage was happy, she was not especially ganized. When she was teaching, she freuently stayed up until eleven and twelve clock—stewing over the proper way to fill t blanks and forms, worrying over her reorts on each and every student in her class. e frets too much about our three boys now. e frets too much about everything.

"During our courtship Julie and I talked ours about what the two of us wanted, not st what I wanted. She wanted a houseful of ids; she wanted to be a good mother; she anted to stay home and keep house for me. ow Julie has three fine boys, but they don't ake her proud or happy. She complains of ery tiny infraction of the rules she lays down r the kids. She wants me to discipline them ecause they behave like boys, wants me to elp in their toilet training, wants me to repair eir toys. One evening not long ago I was up my ears in an analysis of sales. Darned if e didn't ask me to interrupt the job and help er restuff Tommy's koala bear. When I owed out she burst into tears and accused e of being cruel to her and a poor father to y sons.

"When the boys are older I expect to take em hunting, fishing, boating, teach them olf and baseball. Right now they are too oung. Babies should be the responsibility of e mother; housework should be the respon bility of the wife. I don't mind lending a hand with the cooking—broiling a steak or baking a loaf of bread helps me get rid of my tensions. But I can't picture myself running a vacuum cleaner or swinging a mop. Nor do I think it's up to me to help fold diapers.

"Julie has every modern convenience at her command. Yet it seems to be beyond her talents to drop clothes that require no ironing in a washer-dryer combination and then to lift them out and put them away. Sometimes our house resembles the interior of a half-loaded moving van. A month ago Julie started to change the shelf papers. She set the canned goods and dishes on the floor and, halfway through the task, apparently got discouraged. It was a week before she finished putting up the new shelf paper; the dishes and canned goods meantime remained on the floor. Julie seems to drift around in a dream.

"Sometimes I wonder about Julie. I wonder if she worked too hard in our early years and burned up her entire stock of energy and vitality. She seems to be chronically exhausted. She whines and she fusses. Nothing is any fun for her. Last winter we drove to Mexico for a weekend with friends. Unfortunately, Julie lost her purse, which contained exactly $45.30. She keened about her ill luck until she spoiled everybody's good time. What she remembers about Mexico is that she lost her purse.

"Last month, hopeful of cheering her up, I postponed two business engagements, hired a baby sitter for the kids, drove her to the mountains where we used to glide and ski and take long hikes on Sundays. I suppose I hoped the mountains might have romantic associations and build her up. Well, the trip was anything but romantic. Julie jumped me in a big way for my faults, and then I guess she saw I wasn't listening. Anyway, she had a fit of hysterics, hopped out of the car and ran down the road. I chased her on foot for fifteen minutes before I caught her. And then, when I tried to kiss her, she socked me in the jaw. She wept in the car all the way home, and we didn't exchange a word. Fine romance! Our sexual relationship used to be perfect. After Bobby was born, sex became nonexistent. Either Julie was too tired and pushed me away—or I was too tired and went to sleep. Fine romance!

"A cranky, critical woman is seldom glamorous. A long list of grievances and complaints rarely whets a man's desire. Julie once thought I was quite a guy; she used to catalogue my virtues and tell me how superior I was to my successful brother. I both idolized and envied Charles; he was the eldest of my mother's five boys. For that reason Julie's words probably sounded extra-sweet to me. Her sweet talk is long gone. Nowadays she compares me unfavorably with Alec, the man who married her sister Elise.

"Alec is out of a job as often as he's on a job, which may explain why he can fetch and carry for Elise, manage a Little League baseball team, supervise the potato races at a Fourth of July celebration. He and Elise live with and on Julie's parents, pay their board when they can. If Julie envies Elise's life, it must be a grave indictment of me.

"When Julie begins to talk about Elise's happy life, I just can't take it. I grab my hat and run for cover. My business is my refuge. When I decide it's absolutely essential to check in with the wife and kids, I find company to come along. Perhaps I'm ducking out on my duty as a husband and a father, but it's gloom, gloom, gloom at home. I've got to stay on my toes and remain effective if I'm to meet the competition in a growing business that's as chancy and fast-moving as mine."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Julie and Arthur were intelligent people who had just got off the track. Arthur subconsciously knew he was investing too much of himself in business, charging off the cost to his wife and children. The fact that Julie's behavior, which would have discouraged almost any husband, was partially responsible was beside the point. Arthur's good-time friends, the business acquaintances who applauded him as a modern-day hero of commerce, couldn't make up for the lack of altruism in his character that gnawed at his conscience.

"As we studied his background, Arthur saw himself objectively for the first time. He was the youngest of five boys whose mother, widowed early, still survived and was still adored by her sons. In the end Arthur realized that he and Charles had been impalpably but mercilessly driven toward success—success in a reputable, respectable field—by the ambitions of their mother.

"Charles's big financial triumph, achieved before Arthur entered high school, had operated like a second spur on the youngest in the family. All through college Arthur dedicated himself to surpassing Charles. The other sons in the family were unresponsive to maternal pressures: two of his brothers held average jobs; the third brother, an alcoholic incapable of work, subsisted in and out of sanitariums on Charles's bounty.

"Although Julie didn't realize it, because of the unusual factors in her marriage, she and Arthur had an artificially long honeymoon. For five years they seldom saw each other except under ideal conditions. Both bride and groom worked exceedingly hard, but when they met at breakfast Julie was lipsticked, combed, brushed and dressed to face her students and it was a simple matter for Arthur to be complimentary and admiring. The couple's Sundays came right out of a dream book. Both were profoundly absorbed in a common goal: fixing upon a career exactly right for Arthur. It was easy for Julie to cheer each new idea of his. There was no must-be-done-on-schedule housework, no washing, cooking, meal planning to dampen her spirits.

"Where Arthur had felt compelled by Charles's exploits to hurl himself into furious competition with the rival for his mother's approval, Julie has reacted differently to a similar situation. As a small girl, bitterly envious but awed by the exploits of her sister, she had forlornly stepped aside. Her parents praised Elise's reading ability and high I.Q. Julie found it hard to learn her letters, required an immense amount of encouragement. Her mother, a perfectionist housekeeper, complimented Elise's deftness in washing the dishes and nicknamed Julie 'Calamity Jane' after she dropped a family-prized platter. By the time Julie married she had developed an inordinate hunger for appreciation and approval, an abnormal sensitivity to criticism.

"Julie and I had a number of interviews before she recognized how deeply her old feelings of failure and inadequacy were compromising her success as Arthur's wife. She was still the captive of envy and jealousy.

"We had a calm discussion on the subject of Elise, a grown woman struggling to rear four youngsters in her parents' home on an insufficient, irregular income. Julie awoke to the fact that her envy of Elise—which still touched off many of her blue moods and motivated much of her behavior—was absurd and had no basis in reality.

"I asked Julie to write down the qualities in Arthur that had attracted and led her to marry him, and then to spell out everything she now disliked and wanted changed. She enumerated many trivial criticisms, but conceded that after ten years she found a great deal to admire in Arthur; she particularly admired his drive and ambition. When I inquired whether it was logical to expect a driving, ambitious man to devote a large part of his time to entertaining his wife and children, Julie burst out laughing and shook her head.

"Julie brought me a second list. This contained a written, detailed, day-by-day report of every domestic chore she had performed over a two-week period. When she analyzed her own activity sheet Julie was dismayed; she habitually put in far more hours postponing and dreading each task than she expended on accomplishing it. As a result she never had an opportunity to experience the automatic lift of spirit that is the reward of achievement. She dragged through a bare minimum of the necessary housework, weighed down by a conviction of defeat before she even approached the task at hand.

"I made no attempt to provide Julie with a daily schedule. She did her own self-examination. She then made a personal list of 'most-loathsome jobs' and decided to do those first. It didn't work perfectly, but it worked pretty well.

"It would be untrue to say that Julie ever learned to enjoy keeping house in the way she had enjoyed earning her own salary check, and being in on Arthur's business projects. Julie's housekeeping did improve. Arthur was grateful, and even more grateful for the improvement in her disposition. She did her level best to shed her tears in secret and pass on the jokes, the amusing incidents about the boys.

"This isn't to say that busy, driving, pushing Arthur was transformed into a homebody or that he lost his taste for crowds and cronies. But nowadays he and Julie do spend a great deal more time together. They still live in the big house on the beach and Arthur's employees, associates and friends still visit and vacation there. But one night a week, sometimes two nights belong to Julie as a matter of right. A regular, well-paid baby sitter now lives with them. Julie and Arthur can come and go almost as they choose.

"Their sexual relationship is once again satisfying. Six months ago I had a phone call from Arthur, who told me everything was fine with him, Julie and the boys. No, they had not bought a new house. But, he told me proudly, he had just signed a contract to build the sixth store in his chain."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

On Christmas Day, 1911, Americans found under the tree countless hand-embroidered and hand-crocheted gifts. Shiny new automobiles were snowbound; horses and sleighs filled the drifted streets. Men began wearing wrist watches for the first time—an "effeminate" touch to some. "What are you doing to keep your boy at home?" a *Journal* ad ran. "Buy him an Edison phonograph."

"*Nobody is afraid of hell any more,*" *mourns* The Plain Country Woman *in the December, 1911,* Journal. "*The 'good-time' mania has hit us with full force.*"

Editor Bok disapproves "the unnecessarily free use of God's name in our conversation, our literature and our plays. 'Thank God' is a common phrase slipping into our daily language."

"*Prettily decorated animal cookies can be hung on the Christmas tree if small brass rings are inserted in the dough before baking.*"

"To keep eggs, pack them in salt in a flat-bottomed stone jar and they will stay perfectly fresh for several months."

"*My elbows used to be pretty and dimpled; now they are hard, coarse and wrinkled. What can I do?*" *worries a bride.* "*Stop leaning on them.*"

"For an invalid, sew little tea bags of white cheesecloth and fill them with a very good quality of tea."

Santa's Cooky Shop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Santa's cookies—a shy angel, a dancing clown, the dizzy butterfly, a glittering ball, the doubting donkey—were each painted by a different helper. When you make them they will have other characteristics. The angel might look happy or wondering? The donkey, balky? It depends on you! If you do not have a favorite cooky dough for holiday occasions, any of the cooky shapes shown can be cut from the dough for sugar cut-outs. The ginger dough is much like an "icebox" cooky dough—very delicate—and must be handled gently while being pressed out on a well-floured board. Allow the cookies to cool after baking before lifting them from the pan. Use for *small* shapes only, or chill the dough in a cylinder shape. Cut into thin slices, bake, cool and decorate as Christmas-tree balls.

If you are planning to hang cookies, use the white dough, pierce them as they rest on the baking sheet with the dull end of a skewer. Twice during baking time work the hole open gently with the skewer, as it will tend to close as the cooky bakes.

To make decorating easier, gather together: basic frosting glaze; small bowls of decorating frosting, each a different color; pastry tubes and tips; candy shot of various colors; colored sugars; egg white, lightly beaten; liquid vegetable colorings; tinted coconut; toothpicks tipped with tightly wound cotton, or fine-tipped camel's-hair paintbrushes; bowl of warm water to keep fingers clean; trays or racks on which to place decorated cookies to dry.

BASIC FROSTING GLAZE

1 egg white
Confectioners' sugar
Light cream
A few drops cooking oil

Beat egg white until slightly foamy. Add confectioners' sugar and a very little cream, until frosting reaches a spreading consistency. Stir in the oil.

DECORATING FROSTING

¼ cup butter
1 box (1-pound) confectioners' sugar
1 egg white
Pinch salt
Light cream

Cream butter until very soft. Gradually beat in some of the sugar. Add egg white and salt. Mix well and then add remaining sugar, slowly, mixing well. Thin, if necessary, with cream. Divide into small portions and color each portion as desired. This frosting is put on with a pastry tube.

The cookies to be decorated should be completely cooled and rubbed free of crumbs. Spread each one as thinly and as evenly as you can with the basic glaze. If you are using candy shot of one or many colors or tinted coconut, sprinkle on at once. Then let dry. For any other decoration, let the basic glaze dry until firm to the touch.

On this firm surface you can do all other types of decorating shown in our Santa's Cooky Shop picture. The darker colors are painted on with a fine brush or with a cotton-tipped toothpick, using liquid vegetable colorings, straight from the bottle. Work lightly, quickly. If the color is not dark enough to please, let one coat dry completely, then paint on another. All types of strokes can be used with this paintbrush technique: wings on ducks can be suggested, boughs on fir trees, a mane on a rocking horse, fins on a fish. Or the surface can be solidly colored, as in the seal, or the elephant, or Santa's bag. Any garnish or glitter applied to this colored coating must be done after it has dried completely. To do this, brush the sections to be decorated with lightly beaten egg white, just a touch, and sprinkle on the glitter or press it lightly into place. Let dry, and shake off any excess.

The thin lines used to draw the face on the clown or to outline the beak on the duck, scales on the fish, or names, are applied with the paintbrush and full-strength liquid vegetable color. Though, if you wish, these can be drawn in colored frosting, using the tip of a toothpick.

Bands of color as on Santa's red suit are made by forcing decorative frosting through a small tip of a pastry bag. The tiny French knots on the elephant's blanket, or on the butterfly's center, are made by forcing a colored decorative frosting through a small star pastry-tube tip.

Cookies with very simple decoration such as candy shot, or ones with smooth frosting and just a bit of line drawing, can be made in quantity and stored, with wax paper between the layers, in a cooky jar or cake box. But the really fancy cookies do not store well and should be considered as gift items, or a gay note to be hung before a mirror or from a tree bough, or used as place cards, or selected and eaten at once by curious, entranced and hungry children!

FRUIT-AND-WALNUT ROLLS

¾ cup sifted flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
3 eggs, well beaten
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped walnuts
Superfine sugar

Sift the dry ingredients together, then stir in the eggs, dates, walnuts. Pour into 8″x8″x2″ pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 40 minutes, or until the top springs back to the touch. Cool for 10 to 15 minutes in the pan. Then while still warm cut into bars and immediately coat in superfine granulated sugar, shaping them into rolls as you do this. Makes about 5 dozen.

SET A PRETTY TABLE



STEWART

Fill a basket with ivy and geranium plants which you have gathered in the five-and-ten-cent store. Cover the table with easy-to-wash Irish linen, set out white pottery. Breakfast is ready!

STRAWBERRY-JAM BARS

1½ cups sifted flour
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup butter
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
1 cup strawberry jam
⅓ cup confectioners' sugar

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Cut the butter into dry ingredients until mixture resembles cornmeal. Add egg, milk and almond flavoring. Mix well. Spread half of the batter in a well-greased shallow 7″x11″ pan. Spread jam evenly over this and drop remaining batter by spoonfuls on top. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 30 minutes. Cool in pan. Cut into bars and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 28 bars.

GRANDMA'S HONEY-FRUIT COOKIES

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
½ cup honey
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla
2⅓ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped mixed candied fruit
½ cup chopped nuts

Cream the butter with the sugar, honey and salt. Add the egg and vanilla and beat well. Sift the flour, baking soda and baking powder together and add. Blend in the candied fruit and chopped nuts. Drop onto baking sheet by rounded teaspoonfuls. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

CREAM-CHEESE-DATE ROLL-UPS

1 cup butter
½ pound cream cheese
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 pound pitted dates
Confectioners' sugar

Cream together butter and cheese. Blend in flour and salt. Chill well. Roll out on a lightly-floured board until about ⅛″ thick. Cut into 1½″x3″ pieces. Place a date on each and roll up. Arrange cookies, folded side down, on baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 12 to 15 minutes, until lightly golden. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

MILK-CHOCOLATE BALLS

FILLING

½ cup ground blanched almonds
1 egg white
1 tablespoon water
½ teaspoon almond extract

Blend into a paste and set aside while preparing dough.

DOUGH

4 ounces milk-chocolate candy
2 tablespoons milk
¾ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
Confectioners' sugar

Melt the milk-chocolate candy with the milk over hot water. Cream the butter with the sugar until fluffy. Add vanilla and melted chocolate mixture. Sift the flour and salt together and gradually add to the dough, mixing thoroughly. Form into balls, using a rounded teaspoonful of dough for each. Make a hole in the center of each with the end of a wooden spoon and fill with about ¼ teaspoon of the almond filling. Gently seal the hole with a bit of dough and place ball, hole side down, on baking sheet. Bake in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Show off a little!
Do something new
with the one-and-only
Baker's Sweet Chocolate

Baker's German's* Sweet Chocolate Cake... becoming the most famous chocolate cake in all America. The secret . . . a very special chocolate. Baker's Sweet Chocolate, created by Samuel German over a century ago. It's the world's first and only sweet cooking chocolate . . . the type of chocolate used in the best European cookery. It's here . . . to make *you* famous, every time you use it!



Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate Cake

Lavishly rich, lusciously moist, unlike any other cake. This luxurious cake can be made *only* with creamy, light Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate.

Melt 1 package Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate in ½ cup boiling water. Cool. *Cream* 1 cup butter or margarine and 2 cups sugar until light and fluffy. *Add* 4 egg yolks, one at a time, beating after each. *Add* 1 teaspoon vanilla and melted chocolate. *Mix* until blended. *Sift* together: 2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt. *Add* flour mixture to the chocolate mixture alternately with 1 cup buttermilk, beating after each addition until smooth. *Fold in* 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten. *Pour* batter into three 9-inch layer pans, lined on bottoms with paper. *Bake* in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. *Frost* between layers and top with Coconut-Pecan Frosting.

Coconut-Pecan Frosting



Combine in saucepan: 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, ¼ pound butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla. *Cook* over medium heat, stirring constantly until thickened, about 12 minutes. Remove from heat. *Add* 1⅓ cups (about) Baker's Angel Flake Coconut and 1 cup chopped pecans. *Beat* until cool and of spreading consistency. Makes 2⅔ cups, or enough for tops of three 9-inch layers.



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THE GIFTS MONEY CAN'T BUY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

china which she has collected and saved through the years. Then she invites children, grandchildren and dearest friends each to make a favorite selection. When the lucky recipients, stirred by her generosity, suggest she keep her possessions for herself, the grandmother fluffs them off with the sincerely philosophical observation that "these pretty things will be much happier being loved in your homes than forgotten in my attic!"

Gifts that put a new dimension on another woman's life can make her feel delectably different. Too often the well-intentioned gift becomes so familiar or so practical that it misses out on holiday excitement. For instance, the fact that "Mary always wears blue" may be just the reason to lift her out of her rut by sending her some little accessory in a gay, bright pink, lemon yellow or emerald green. A dram of some wildly exotic perfume could make mother feel more glamorous than a gallon of the conservative fragrance she always wears. The latest calypso record, instead of the same old lavender sachet, could find grandma feeling as contemporary as a teenager. And how about father? Instead of ties and handkerchiefs for him, the junior members of a family might chip in on a joint gift of a bright wool vest he can wear with his sport jackets. (He's *not* too conservative for a bright wool vest, he just *thinks* he is!) Naturally, the "offbeat" gifts should not involve serious investments of money, but should confine themselves to lighthearted asides that give fun.

The warm personal message is a gift any person, at any time, can give. And whether it is something as simple as "How pretty you look!" or "I've been thinking of you and am writing just to say hello," it puts a festive touch on someone else's life.

One young family has the delightful custom of wishing friends "happy birthday" in unison over the telephone. All members of the family (ages ranging down to thirteen months) gather close to the phone while father dials. When the celebrant is at the other end, the seven sing out in crazily assorted voices "Happy birthday to you," ending in a smashing chorus of "Many happy returns." The holiday sounds burst forth with such spontaneous glee they make you feel happier to be a year older—no matter *what* your age!

A husband and wife who travel the world over make an art of postcard sending. They never send just one card with a no-messag message, but they send *many* cards, eac interesting, each personal. For their fashio minded friends, there are fascinating bits London or Paris news on latest hemlines colors—or some charming little account what the Princess So-and-so was wearir when they saw her at lunch that day. To a appreciators come interesting comments this or that noted museum or painting; food enthusiasts, a countdown on fabulo foreign dinner courses with the promise sharing exotic recipes when they return. Th appealing talent for taking the everydayne out of postcard sending provides the doub pleasure, to all lucky recipients, of being e lightened on favorite subjects as well as bein warmly remembered by friends far away.

A message of encouragement, tactfu submitted, is always welcome. For a fami man who was becoming increasingly worrie over the way his business was going a wi found these words to help restore his beli in himself: "Fear knocked at the doo Faith answered. No one was there."

One personal message has brought a extra dimension of happiness that will la a lifetime for the woman who received i She says, "I came upon it, quite unexpectedl when I was attic cleaning. As I sorted throug old papers, reminiscing over this memen and that snapshot, I was assailed with alte nate feelings of reassurance and doubt th I had been the best possible mother to m children, who were now grown and gon And then, in a pile of family letters which had saved sentimentally through the year an unopened envelope came to light. It w addressed: 'To mother. Not to be opene until I have graduated from college and a living away from home.' I opened the envelo and inside was a letter from my daught Sally, now twenty-five and with a family her own. The letter, written when she w eighteen, was a message of love and appreci tion and admiration from a teenager to h mother. Feelings which Sally had apparent found impossible to express to me in perso at the time were tenderly set down in h careful, backhand slant, sealed, shyly tucke away and then forgotten. I wouldn't emba rass my daughter by following my natur desire to frame the lovely letter and hang proudly for all the world to see. But t beautiful words are forever framed in m heart, adding their sweet and special glow t all the yesterdays, todays and tomorrows shall ever know."

THE WRONG WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

to Marion, and in her warmest voice Marion said, "Oh, Sally's a doll; wasn't my Clete lucky to find her?" *Under a rock*, she added.

Being loyal to her son, she said that only to herself. No matter how selfish and materialistic and blind your son's wife might be, you didn't broadcast it at the bridge table.

While she was still staggering from the blow of this marriage—*Clete darling, how could you do this to me, why didn't you tell me, a mother wants to be at her son's wedding*—it had been plain that this girl was the wrong wife for him. But she had tried even then, right from the beginning, to be friends with Sally.

She'd said, "Sally, dear, I do want you to understand about Clete and me. It's a little different with us, we operate on the same wave length. I do think I've always understood him."

"I know," Sally said—she seemed to be waiting for something, her bright young eyes were watchful—"I guess most mothers always feel like that about their kids, don't they?"

"Perhaps so," Marion said, laughing. "Anyway—honestly, Sally, all I want, all I've ever wanted, is for him to be happy."

"Your way," Sally said, showing her beautiful, small, very white teeth. "Well, that's all I want too. For him to be happy."

Never once since then except to her own husband, Clete's own father, had Marion ever said one word of what she felt about Clete's wife, and when she did Hap shook his head, a worried frown on his face. He said, "If I were you, Marion, I'd keep out of Young people have to fight their own battle and . . . sort of find their own way. It's pretty good idea to mind your own business!

Clete is my own business, Marion's hea cried hotly. *Day and night from the se... he was born, my son has been my business.*

All very well that old saying, "A son is son till he gets him a wife." Was a moth supposed to stop being a mother then? If got himself the wrong wife there was anoth saying as well: "A young man married is young man *marred*." Frightful word. mother who'd given the castor oil, and inte viewed the dean of boys in high school, an comforted the child when his best pal w killed in a silly drag-race accident, didn't b come the bad guy in the pictures because sh felt like shoving a shallow little sexpot- Sally must *bathe* in that perfume—off th cliff, figuratively speaking. Now, today, she saw Clete beginning to looked peaked- *skinny little shoulder blades sticking throug his clothes;* the Millay words always broke he heart in two . . . Clete had always been a pick eater: *Go on, feller, please, for mummy, or more bite of your carrots and you can g down* . . . the big silly darling was still only *boy;* if nobody watched him he ate all th wrong things, *no* vegetables, sugar and starc and fizzy drinks—if his mother saw him strun up too tense, edgy and explosive, flares temper, bursts of laughter, temperamenta wild with frustration because he wasn't pain ing and all his *wife* did was kid him about h hobby, as she called it, his mother had to s he didn't get *marred*, body or soul.

Justifiable to save your own child.

Hap didn't think so.

He kept saying, "Stay out of it, it never does ny good to get mixed up between husband nd wife and even if Sally is all you think she and Clete is a genius—so you say—the fact emains that he loves her."

If you call that love, Marion said to herself.

Hap did. Young married love, he said. Hap ked Sally, but Hap belonged to the I-never-aw-a-good-looking-girl-I-didn't-like school f thought. Clete wasn't like that. He operated y violent contrasts and dynamic loves and ates. "He's temperamental all right," his boss, Harv Ellis, said. "I didn't know whether it'd ork in our racket, but it does. He dramatizes verything; why, I want to tell you," Harv told nem with a big grin, "the scene he made the ther day in Tucson about some color scheme n the new motel, he had 'em jumping like a Hopi Indian dance and they loved it. Every-ody's fascinated," Harv had said, "especially he girls," and then he had turned and winked Sally and said, "You better keep a weather ye on that young man or somebody'll steal im," and Sally drawled, "Oh, I ride him on a oose rein, that's the only way with a genius," t which Hap and Harv roared with laughter.

Harv liked Sally too.

And Sally likes everybody, Marion thought, *except me. Except me*, she said to herself, staring at and past and through the watchful girl on the divan. Sally was always watchful with Marion; *Sally likes everybody but me*, Marion thought, and she felt a sudden bitter anguish seeping through her. A cold tide of oneliness.

She's never liked me, Marion said to herself.

But nobody ought to like everybody; she'd said that to Hap just the other night. People can be horrible, lots of people are horrible. In the Bible, she remembered it vaguely from Sunday school, Jesus had thrown some horrible people out of the temple; "ye generation of vipers," He'd called them. If anybody put a viper in your little boy's Christmas stocking you were not supposed to like him.

The lonely anguish inside her began to turn into strange desperation.

Nobody else cared enough to do anything about Clete.

How unfair it was of Hap to expect Clete's mother to *like* Sally.

I hate her, Marion thought. Sally was lighting another cigarette, she chain-smoked, she dragged in the smoke, deep, blew it out lazily, enjoying each puff as though she might never get another. Her teeth gleamed against the orange-red lipstick. *No, no, not hate, hate kills, hate isn't a civilized emotion, hate belongs in the jungle. I don't hate her. Please, our Father, don't let me hate anybody. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' that's what it said, but if I'd treated Hap like this when we were first married I wouldn't love myself, I'd loathe myself.*

All around her Marion Ten Eyck could see, had seen, she knew, practically everybody could name cases where the right wife or the wrong wife had made all the difference. The wrong wife had ruined a man's career, or blasted his whole life and driven him into an early grave. Look at Mozart. Writing music day and night to get money enough to pay his wife's bills and dying at thirty-five. Mozart, the greatest composer of all time. Gauguin perishing of leprosy in the South Seas because he couldn't stand living with his selfish, greedy wife—or was that Maugham's novel about him? What a common girl like Fanny Brawne had done to Keats was no better than murder.

Impossible to like your son's wrong wife. *Let's face that!* Impossible to like a wife who called Clete's painting a hobby.

Suppose Rembrandt's wife had said, "Never mind about your hobby, all this painting, you have to go to the office today"?

Just the other night at the Kona Kai Club Sally had said that. "Clete and his hobby," she'd said, and giggled. Sally-on-the-divan dissolved into Sally at a ringside table, her small-breasted, golden-tan, know-it-all body wrapped in a second skin of shimmering green, slim and sleek as a mermaid—she could eat gravy and ice cream with rum-pecan sauce, imagine wearing a *nine* without ever having heard of saccharin or nonfat milk—that Sally in a green size nine was saying gaily to Harv Ellis, "I tell him he'll have time enough for a hobby when we're too old to do anything but sit on our bee-hinds." His mother had been looking at Clete, she saw a rush of anger darken his face and then his jaw settled to that line of stubbornness she'd known so well and her heart leaped with hope. But Sally winked at him, she lifted bare shoulders, her eyes said, *It's me, remember what fun we have?* Clete glared and remembered and—began to laugh. Oh—she got around him. A young wife who reminded a man of nights pillowed in silk and scented down—not that they *were* really—where hushed awakenings were dear had an advantage. A mother had advantages too. Woven deep, tied tight, the nights when a small boy woke screaming and heard a voice saying "Yes, darling, mamma's coming," and was held safe against all the powers of darkness.

Coming back to Sally curled on the divan, Marion reached for a cigarette. The lighter flared and illumined Sally's nose wrinkled, her lips clamped, stifling a yawn.

Daughters-in-law. For that matter, daughters. Often when she was Sally's age Dolores hadn't listened, hadn't heard, wasn't interested, had yawned. Just the other day Dolores had written from Detroit that now she and her husband played a lot of bridge, most of the young executive set did. "I wish I'd let you teach me when I was younger," Dolores wrote.



"Certainly women have more endurance than men—they need it."



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Soften 8-oz. package Philadelphia Brand cream cheese with milk. Spread strip of cheese 3" x 6" on serving plate. Combine 1 packet Fritos Brand Onion Dip Mix (or Garlic-Olive Dip Mix) with 2 4½-oz. cans UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. Form mixture into roll 6" long. Place on cheese. Frost ham with remaining cheese to form log. Before serving, cover with chopped nuts, garnish with pimiento bow. 24-30 servings. Excellent with King-Size Fritos Corn Chips, potato chips or crackers.

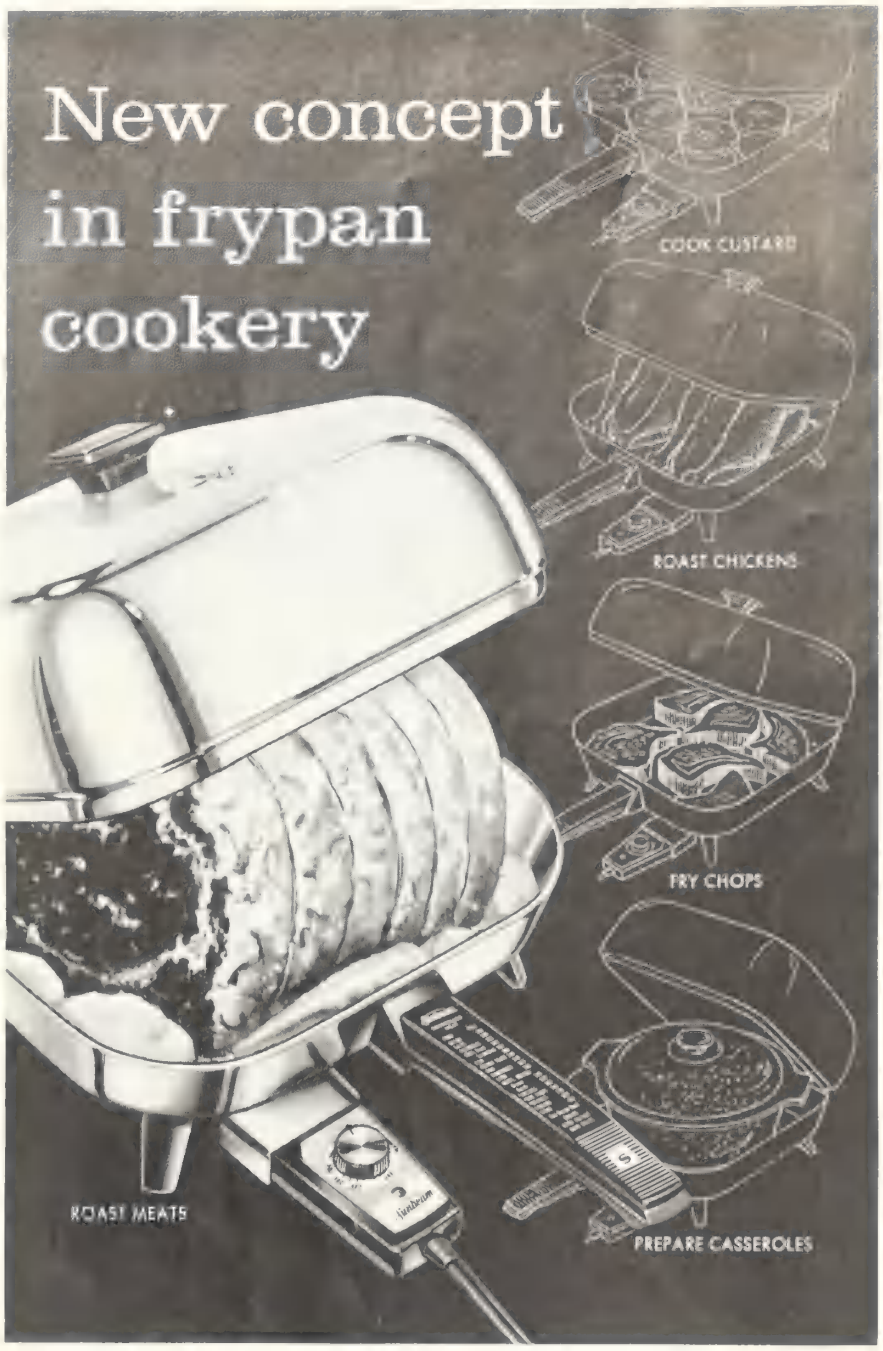
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But she hadn't, she had yawned, daughters didn't want their mother to *teach* them *anything. Be fair, be fair*, something inside Marion said to her, *maybe Sally isn't yawning at you. Don't take everything the girl does so personally; she works hard at her job—she doesn't have to work, she wants the money—she keeps this house, if you can call this helter-skelter keeping a house, maybe she's just tired, only she never gets too tired to prod Clete with the goad of her ambition.*

Just the other night at the Kona Kai she'd said to the whole table, "Success is my watchword. Clete'd turn into a beachcomber with a beard if it wasn't for me. If I didn't keep at him he'd spend the rest of his life being a genius and you couldn't tell him from a beatnik—how could you?"

The easiest way would be to put one of those burnt-orange pillows over Sally's sleek head. *I could hold it down long enough*, Marion thought, and was so shocked at the horrible *heaviness* that seemed to invade her arms, her shoulders, her hands that she cried for help within herself. *What is the matter with me?* she cried. *Deliver me from evil, get thee hence, Satan*—how she happened to remember that all these years—and the commandment itself began to repeat and repeat like the roll of a big drum: "Thou shalt not kill thou shalt not *kill* . . . as a man thinketh in his heart so is he"; it wasn't allowed even to *think* such horrible heavy thought, invading you, nowhere were you allowed —— Marion's uncle had been a missionary to the Far or Near East to teach them about that commandment and now the Zen Buddhists were sending teachers to *us* and *they* wouldn't even let you swat a fly.

The burnt-orange pillow was out, but there must be a way.

Clete had a gift. He'd be miserable the rest of his life if he didn't use it.

In the old days mothers had rights in such a situation. In that book by Michener about Hawaii Marion had just finished, the old Chinese mother ruled, no daughter-in-law talked back to her; a mother's older; wiser heads like a mother's, who wouldn't be considered minding other people's business if a young, lightheaded wife consulted her before she planned to sell a house right over her husband's needs. Ever since this modern craze for letting the young run everything, decide everything, the world had been more troubled than usual. The building of a new world was the responsibility of the young, but they must rely on the judgment, the experience of those older.

The urgent ring of the telephone shook Marion out of her red mist of anger. Sally still kept watching her as she picked up the receiver and said, "This is the Point Loma Termite and Pest Control Company; what do you want exterminated today?" which went to show how young she was, and the next minute she was laughing, that uproarious, sweet, gay, all-out laughter of a child. A child getting her own way.

Clearly his mother could visualize Clete at the other end of the wire that stretched across deserts and mountains between San Diego and Phoenix. Thick, shaggy brown hair, the enormous dark eyes in the sensitive face, a dramatic face, stubborn and vulnerable. Oh, Clete had been a difficult child to raise. He reacted too violently. He responded to sights and sounds and actions nobody else noticed. That was the artist in him.

Sally didn't understand that at all. Didn't even try. Her blindness terrified Marion. She and Clete were at the mercy of Sally's thick-skinned young blindness; Sally was driving all Clete's sensitive emotions in and in and in. Clete wouldn't fight for himself; his sister Dolores always used to say, "Clete can't cope, he just folds up and despises things."

Triumphantly now Sally was shouting as though she expected to be heard without a phone, "Listen, big shot, I've got news for you. You said I wouldn't be able to sell this house; a man came to look at it today and he *loves* it. Just when I'd decided to give it to the Salvation Army here he came, a commercial photog, he can use your studio for a darkroom."

Within her own emptiness, Marion tried to shake herself free of emotional entanglements, to drive facts—facts—into focus. Her [illegible] was hammering against her ribs; this was [illegible] war, that was the worst that could ha[illegible] to anybody. In the family. Where it [illegible] Where everybody got hurt and mangled. [illegible] wheels sputtered and stuck and fizze[illegible] Marion's head. The oldest feud in the w[illegible] But she had to cope; a mother couldn't l[illegible] light be put out and darkness descend, the[illegible] ple of a young painter become a darkn[illegible]

On her feet, aware of Sally's eyes on h[illegible] though she were an enemy who had t[illegible] watched, she said with her lips "Be [illegible] back" and ran up the stairs, fleeing fron[illegible] girl's strangely watchful eyes, the girl's [illegible] ing young, young voice talking to her hus[illegible] in a hypnotic intimacy that shut out all [illegible] as she ran, the old house seemed to[illegible] against her in appeal, like an old dog as[illegible] not to be sent to the gas chamber.

Yes—yes—an old house. Nothing to r[illegible] such a fuss about. Not new even when she[illegible] Hap bought it. Dolores was three, [illegible] brought Clete home from the hospital [illegible] crib in that front bedroom. Way out of t[illegible] it had been then, on a little, round, [illegible] warmed knoll, surrounded by a circl[illegible] hundred-year-old pepper trees dropping [illegible] sticky pink berries over the brown gu[illegible] The garden had been full of old-fashi[illegible] heliotrope and night-blooming jasmine [illegible] the pergola covered with honeysuckle [illegible] great drooping La France roses of the p[illegible] pink. No lawn would grow on the steep a[illegible] hillside, instead frosted gray-green icep[illegible] tumbled down into the bay; when her s[illegible] memory brought back its herb-spice-hot-s[illegible] fragrance with it came a small Clet[illegible] infinitesimal trunks shouting *Beach, mamm[illegible] beach!* he'd lived on that beach, he c[illegible] still zigzag down the old wooden steps on[illegible] cliff and swim every day the year round. [illegible] less Sally sold the house.

To the dark, round, still-young-for-her[illegible] face in the mirror over the washstand Ma[illegible] said in a whisper, "What can you *do?*"

Asking not just the Marion Ten Eyck [illegible] saw there now. All the others who'd loo[illegible] back from that same mirror. Her shocked [illegible] flattered face, as young-wife as Sally's [illegible] downstairs, the night another man had trie[illegible] kiss her at a Hotel del Coronado dance. [illegible] pea-green, cold-sweat, morning-nausea fac[illegible] they gave shots for that now—when she [illegible] ried Clete. The half-pleased, half-sad f[illegible] under a smart, roll-back hat as she got re[illegible] to be mother-of-the-bride at Dolores's w[illegible] ding. The no-no-don't-let-this-happen f[illegible] when Clete said, "Mum, this is Sally."

More than the sum of all these women [illegible] had been, the phalanx of women behind h[illegible] Marion Ten Eyck born Fitzgerald, daugh[illegible] of that grandmother Dolores who'd b[illegible] born a Dominguez, daughter of Agnes b[illegible] O'Brien, whose mother had been b[illegible] Werther. Back, back, generation after gene[illegible] tion forgotten, but flowing into the stre[illegible] with their tradition and belief, habit and c[illegible] tom, taboo and aspiration, faith, fear, vict[illegible] and failure, race and blood and religion. E[illegible] woman was some part of her mother's gene[illegible] tion as *she* had been of *her* mother's; no mat[illegible] how hard she fought, these were all there m[illegible] ing up the sum total of her character a[illegible] looks and personality, she divided herself [illegible] her daughters and their daughters, Eve was [illegible] all Eve's daughters.

They were *women*. Conflicts betwe[illegible] mothers and daughters were also those b[illegible] tween all generations of women; their pro[illegible] lems were in the same areas of whether to ro[illegible] babies or not rock them, to take the advice [illegible] child psychologists as to night lights or trust [illegible] atavism and instinct, to broil or fry a hu[illegible] band's steak and whether to call a doctor [illegible] put him to bed for forty-eight hours on liquid[illegible]

My grandmother, Marion told her you[illegible] middle-aged, unhappy, angry, frightened fac[illegible] *wore a two-and-a-half shoe. Sally wears a si[illegible] To my mother the fact that I didn't nurse m[illegible] babies was a family blot; Sally would regard [illegible] as timesaving, formula-sanitary and econom[illegible] cally sound. If my grandmother saw Sally she [illegible] call the Red Cross to deal with a slum-starvati[illegible] case; if Sally'd seen my grandmother she'd sa[illegible]* "*If that old gal doesn't diet off thirty poun[illegible] she'll drop dead.*" At Sally's age her own gran[illegible]

ers had worn three petticoats; Sally ed the public streets in Capri pants. "My er didn't like children," Sally said once never mentioned her feminine ancestors , but they were here now. Clete's life— n't exaggerate, Marion," Hap said, but ration or fulfillment was the life or death e soul—Clete's life depended on those un- n women who had molded Sally in the five years of her existence.

hrough the bathroom window, Marion d see the barnlike studio she had had into the dry, brown hill with its big north ow to give the best light. *A darkroom.* er the polished-smooth modern exterior cted in the mirror, the Neapolitan-ice- n layers of her whole being were in a mad usion: a layer of compassion, "*My mother t like children*"; a layer of possessive ncy, "*My child isn't going to get what I him to have*"; a layer of prayer, *Little ren love one another;* a layer of savagery, *ve woman would hit her daughter-in-law the head with a club, no doubt.*

the upstairs hall she stopped, steadying lf against the wall because her legs were bling rather alarmingly. A great sense of iness sifted through her. No use. The g must have their ruthless day. *Go home.* y, sadly, the lovely little flame of Clete's t was growing smaller and smaller. Like er Bell. Because nobody but his foolish her believed in it.

aybe she didn't.

t—right up those stairs, right up those s there, in the attic which had a north from the dormer windows, the great Mr. andez of Paris and New York and the hwest Museum, in San Diego to open an xhibit, had first seen Clete Ten Eyck's ting, when the boy was still in his teens.

ap had begun to laugh at her when Clete five. "Every mother thinks her kid's daubs another Picasso," he said, and Marion, stiff and haughty, had said, "Of course it's 's work, but his teacher says his sense of r is truly remarkable. People are getting d to encourage talent any more, but I k it's our duty." And Hap had said, "Oh, if he's got it, only don't go overboard."

e hadn't. She *hadn't.*

e could *see* old Mr. Fernandez, curator, critic, expert, in his dandified gray suit, ing from the canvas to Clete, stroking little white goatee and saying gravely, htily, "You have a right to take your ting seriously, young man, a right to de- d that others take it seriously also." To ion he said, "He must go abroad to study, urse."

he big moment of Marion Ten Eyck's life. women hungered for glamour, day- med of drama, this moment promised all hem, and what happened to Clete hap- d to her. Though even this hadn't fired e's father; when she told him he sat nod- ding his head, saying doubtfully, "That so? Well, Fernandez ought to know what he's talking about, but a million guys these days think they can *paint*, it's a pretty big gamble, isn't it?" The sacrifices, the savings, the plans fell on Marion's shoulders.

Then on the eve—the very *eve* ——

As though following an old pattern, Sally's clear high shout came up the stairs, broke the memory tape, brought her smack up against reality. "Hi," Sally shouted, "if you want to say hello Clete says come on down, it's Harv Ellis's nickel."

Clete's "You all right, mum?" wiped out the miles between San Diego and Phoenix, the years between this moment of truth and that eve almost two years ago which she'd been living over again.

On the eve, the very *eve* of Clete's departure for France he'd met this girl. Clete's voice came to her not over the telephone but in that boyish whisper that had disturbed her slumbers: "*Mummy? Look, it's so foggy you can't see the white line, I've got Sally with me, I'm afraid to drive her home to Del Mar, but she says I have to ask you if she can sleep in the guest room.*" Clock hands at 2:30. She and Clete under the bright hall lights and her own voice, *Who in the world is Sally?* Then through the guest-room door, the girl sitting on the bed giggling, her green skirts rumpling the candlewick spread, her bare shoulders wrapped in an old sweater of Clete's. Smoking a cigarette. Ashes on the floor. *No nice girl,* Marion and all her grandmothers thought in the sudden thump of Marion's heart, *would use that perfume. Not so much of it, anyhow.* Sally still used it, the sun porch was full of it, reeking with it right now.

"Clete," Marion said and put everything she had behind it, "do you remember Mr. Fernandez and the day he came to look at your paintings?"

After a strange little pause, Clete said, "Oh, sure, mum, a great old boy, wasn't he a friend of grandma's?" He laughed then. Men laughed in so many ways at so many things for so many reasons. To read into it all that yearning, that longing—to feel it covering up, playing for time, a laugh expressing pain or panic or frustration—"When you call me that, laugh"—when a man laughs in a fight, he's *really* hurt. Or maybe not. "He had a little goatee," Clete said.

"He was a great expert. He told you to take your painting seriously, remember?"

"Oh, sure," Clete said, "but I wasn't a married man then. A man can't ask his wife to go and live in an attic, can he? Look, mum, Harv wants me to go to El Paso from here; you look after Sally for me, will you?"

"Yes," Marion said.

Clete knew how she felt about Sally. Once or twice she'd tried—tactfully, gently—to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

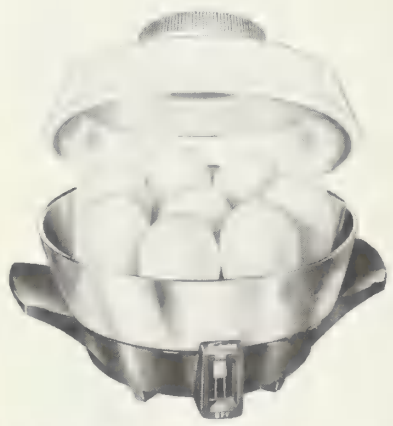


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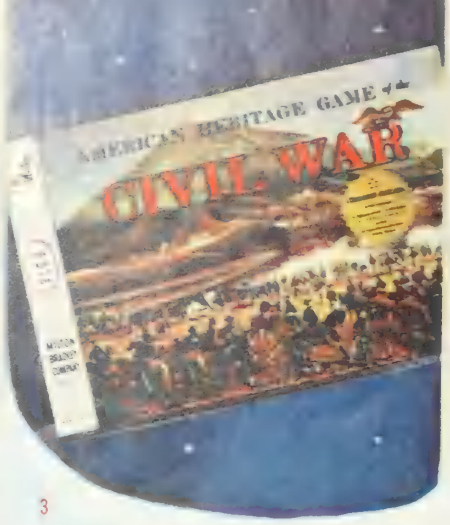
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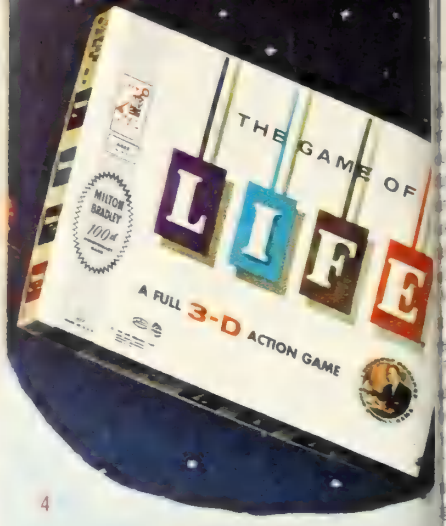
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...NTINUED FROM PAGE 101

... to him about Sally. He kept looking at ... oddly and then he'd said, "You don't ...erstand Sally at all, do you, mum?" and ...rion had said lightly, "Oh maybe I under-...d her better than you do." Clete had ...ked at her oddly then, his face shut up as ...nly as a closed door, and Marion hadn't ... any more. She hadn't dared.

When Sally hung up the phone, finally, she ... still, her eyes showing only a gleaming ...en line, her pointed face almost somber. *...try*, Marion told herself, *you have to try try ...in. Be persuasive. Sell the idea. You're ...re experienced, more intelligent than she is. ... as though she were a child.*

"Sally, honey," she said, "you don't really ...nt to sell this house." She sat down on the ...e of a wicker chair, she lighted a cigarette ...mpanionably. "You know how Clete loves ...t's his home."

"Not his," Sally said, holding up an index ...er and making it go round and round. "...ot *his* home, please, Miss Marion. Let's ... kid ourselves."

"Yours then," Marion said; she tried to ...trol the red indicator of her anger as it ...an to mount into the danger zone again. "...f course whatever is Clete's is yours. So it's ...r house, you know Hap and I didn't keep ... strings on it ——"

"Oh, you gave it to us," Sally said. "Big-...rted mummy. But whatever the escrow ...ce says, it just so happens it's still *your* ...se. You've got to know that. I've never ...atched the surface."

"Nonsense," Marion said, smiling at her. "...e been thinking we could redecorate it, it ...eds it. They do such wonders with old ...uses now. So much charm. The rooms are ...ice size, aren't they? This porch could be ... glass and we could put in a modern kitchen ...d you'll never get a lovelier view."

Both of them turned to look through the ...hering darkness at the gleam of the shining ...s, the stately array of two destroyers and ...arrier, the little white ships inside the yacht-...b basin, all dancing up and down, the pic-...e framed by a frieze of black palm trees ...nding in the wind.

"Oh—views," Sally said, lifting one shoul-..., "you oh and ah over them before you ...ve in and nobody pays any attention to ...em afterward. It's not very . . . cozy. Any-...w, everybody I know lives farther in."

"It's going to be so crowded," Marion said. "I like crowds. And besides, I don't want ...s big barn to take care of."

Daring me, Marion thought frantically, *like ...naughty child seeing how far she can go. ...atching me. Hating me. But it's like when ... kidnapers have your child. She's got Clete!*

"I think Clete would like a family," she ...d carefully, "and he's always loved his ...me ——"

"That's what you think," Sally said. "I ...nk he couldn't care less. As long as I'm in ... it'll be all right with Clete wherever it is."

"All right," Marion said. "Is that good ...ough? I know you young people pretend ...t to care anything about a family home that ...es from father to son, but, Sally . . . all ...rough history it's been the people who had ...cestral homes—acres that they loved ——"

"They built a gas station on my family ...me," Sally said with a hoot. "We were sure ...cky. The folks lived on it—what they got ...r it—for years. I don't see why you want to ...ep an old falling-down house any more ...an you want a car you bought way back in ...50 or sometime."

"The studio!" Marion said desperately. "...ou mustn't take that away from him. He ...esn't have much time to paint ——"

"He spends too much time on it as it is," ...lly said. "Painting!"

"Without a studio he wouldn't paint at all," ...arion said.

In the cold pause, Sally sat up straight on ...e divan, she lighted a cigarette and said in an ...tave that was too high, "Marion, we've been ...er this a dozen times before. I'm not such a ...ol as you've got me down for. Even when ...u don't say things I can read your mind."

Go ahead, read it, Marion thought. Bang ...ng: all day long the good guys on the white horses win. The bad guys fall down. One silly useless girl ruining everything. Life is so cheap on one hand now and so valuable on the other. Atom bombs and antibiotics.

In the same thin high tone Sally said, "All the time I read about how difficult it is for one generation to communicate with another, but we better try. You and I have been getting along all right, haven't we? We've been making it look good. Let's keep it that way. I can see you're getting ready to make a bad mistake. So I'm going to lay all my cards on the table. I can't lose. Clete can't live without me. You better let Clete and me alone. You could really goof." She waited, watching, her eyes now wide open, gleaming, she said, "If I get a chance to sell this tumbledown shack tomorrow, I'm going to sell it and —— Don't you try to pressure Clete. Huh, sweetie? I know you've tried. I know you got that big guy Buck Androski to come over from Palm Springs because Clete thinks he's the greatest. So he gave Clete a big pitch about painting. But—Marion—don't force Clete to a choice. I don't want you to do that. Sometimes mothers can split up their sons and their wives, but not Clete and me. All you can split up is—you and Clete. Get that, please?"

With a swift, sinuous movement she was on her feet, her thinness gave her a sort of modern elegance, her warning smile was orange-red against her beautiful teeth, she didn't look young, all that makeup and perfume and know-it-all and yet she—behind it, under it, she did look young, terribly young; it was easy to forget how young Sally was. How young any of them were.

"You'll be on the outside looking in, not me," Sally said slowly. "Let's settle down and not start a war, huh? So—how about me making some coffee just to show there aren't any hard feelings?"

> To do for the world more than the world does for you—that is success.
>
> HENRY FORD

"All right," Marion said stiffly, her head back, "but, darling, you do remember I can't drink powdered coffee—I try—but I really can't ——"

"I think it's all I have," Sally said. "Clete won't drink anything else, he says nobody can really tell the difference and all that *bother* ——"

The words drifted back from the kitchen. Sounds—clink of silver, rattle of cups—Sally whistling a strange tuneless sound.

No hard feelings.

Family feuds started from hard feelings like the stone that was Marion's heart. Such things did happen. Inconceivable among civilized people, but just a while ago she'd read in the paper about a father leaving his daughter out of a will, they'd had a fight about politics. Brothers didn't speak to each other for years, mothers and sons saw each other only at Christmas and on Mother's Day. They were on the outside looking in at their grandchildren.

"*You don't understand Sally at all, do you, mummy?*"

Give in. Give in. You can't win.

Sounds from the kitchen had ceased. In a minute Sally would come back with the no-hard-feelings coffee, flying that orange-red smile like a banner of victory. A window opened into the future and down a wind tunnel Marion saw Clete. Not dark and haggard and burning, not shaking his head saying *You don't understand Sally*. No no. Sally always at the wheel of the car, doing the driving, and Clete beside her, a tall, thin, wispy man gray with a life of frustration and exhaustion. *Henpecked*—that was a word come down from our grandmothers—a henpecked man, vice president of the motel chain; in the summers Sally would let him pursue his hobby at Laguna and children frolicking would knock over his easel and a nice little sketch of the rocks would go face downward in the sand. An *apologetic* man ——

She hadn't made Sally *see* about Clete's painting, she mustn't give in without one more trial; she ran toward the kitchen and stopped, because Sally hadn't turned on the lights and it was dim-dark, Sally was standing over the sink, fooling with a broken-down coffee percolator.

"What in the world ——" Marion said.

"You're so fussy about it. I did have some, it came in one of those gift packages."

"Let me do it," Marion said. She pulled on the light over the sink, she began to fill the percolator, not looking at Sally, she said, "Will you listen to me a minute—really *listen?*"

"Why not?" Sally said.

"You don't understand about Clete's talent," Marion said.

"Yes, I do," Sally said from the shadows.

"No—or you wouldn't stop him."

"Who's stopping him?" Sally said so loudly that Marion, putting the pot on the gas burner, nearly turned it over. All she could see was a white face and a gleam of eyes, wild eyes, like a cat's in the dark. To them she answered, "You are! He has to have help—and understanding ——"

"Oh, shut up!" Sally shouted. She came out of the shadows; face to face, Marion saw that she had been crying, crying enough so that the tears, the many tears, had left streaks down her cheeks and her eyes were red and swollen. "Who's stopping him?" Sally kept on shouting. "I've heard your little act about Mozart's wife; did she stop him composing music? Sure, sure, I've heard what they all did to poor old Van Gogh or however you pronounce it, did it stop him *painting?*"

"I don't mean ——" Marion began, but Sally paid no attention to her, the tears had begun to flow again.

"Nobody can stop anyone that can paint and wants to or has any kind of that little touch of genius you talk about *all* the time," Sally said wildly. "You or me or ten million other people can't stop them if they're any good. They don't have to have studios built for them; they paint in gutters and garrets, they go hungry. How did your pal Buck Androski get to be such a great painter? He told me, he told me, he worked as a bartender, he worked as a garage mechanic and painted in the garage Sundays and holidays. That coffee's boiling over ——"

Marion reached behind her to turn it down, the lid stopped rattling, the fragrance of it hit her with something nameless as though it spoke for Sally, and she saw Sally wiping her face with her bare arm. Sally hadn't stopped talking at all; she was saying, "Who got mad when I called it a hobby? Did *he?* No. Did he say 'You shut your big mouth you silly little fool, I want to paint and nobody's going to stop me ever'? *You* think all it takes to make it not a hobby is a studio and somebody to bring you coffee and pay the bills. It takes guts and stamina and self-discipline. I know that much. He hasn't got it. Oh, he can paint, but he's got to prove whether he can wrap it up; nobody can do that for him and nobody can stop him either."

What in the world is this? Marion said to herself, and it seemed to her the stone her heart had felt like in her breast was dissolving, but her mind kept on spinning like a top.

"Let's quit kidding ourselves," Sally said. "Let's be honest ——"

"I've tried to be honest ——" Marion said.

"Well, you didn't make it," Sally said. "You're too ladylike and civilized maybe. You didn't like me the first minute you saw me. Remember?"

"It was ——" Marion began.

"One look and you were God, you decided I was going to be the wrong wife for your little genius. You didn't know one thing about me"—the bitterness was plain now, bright and terrible—"but you just didn't like me. Next morning when he drove me home I said to Clete, 'Is your mother praying nothing like me happens to her darling boy?'"

"What did he say?" Marion said.

Sally unexpectedly turned on the top light. The room leaped into view. Their eyes met and Marion felt as though something like a bomb had hit her in the stomach because through the bitterness and the pain—yes it was, it was pain—Sally's eyes were looking at her like a child appealing to a grownup, a lost child, a bewildered child, frightened, asking for help. Inside Sally there was a lost child weeping piteously.

With a snort Sally said, "Oh, he kept on saying you weren't like that at all, but *I* knew you were. You didn't want him to have to support a wife; these boys marry too early and never get a chance to develop what they really want to do; oh, we've all heard that. Clete kept saying you were the greatest, you understood everything ——" She sat down on the ladder chair and buried her face in her hands.

"I've always thought there must be a way ——" Marion said.

"If you hadn't taken such a dislike to me ——" Sally said. "When somebody dislikes you right from the start you have to put your worst foot forward. It makes you."

"I didn't mean ——" Marion said, looking at the forlorn figure drooping on the ladder and trying to believe it was *Sally*.

"So I talk loud-mouth," Sally said. "What else can I do unless I crawl under a rock for good? Did I know anybody? You think I wanted his father and his boss —— *Men!* You're his *mother*." She choked up, but after a moment she said loudly again, "How do you know I'm the wrong wife? That spoiled brat. Oh—I fell for him. I love him. But he hasn't got me fooled any."

"Perhaps we ——" Marion said, but Sally interrupted her with a howl, a regular old-fashioned howl.

"I can't bear it," she said, "I can't stand the way you act to me another minute. That first night I said to Clete when it was so foggy and he took me *home* to his house and so I knew how he felt about me and I said, 'I hope your mother'll like me' and he said, 'She'll love you.' Is that a laugh!"

Without thinking, Marion moved quickly and put her arms around Sally. Why, she was shaking like a child, abandoned to grief as a five-year-old. She put her head down on Marion's shoulder and went on *howling*, her mouth wide open, the tears spouting like a fountain. "I don't *care*," she kept saying, "I don't care if he paints or digs clams or is president of General Motors if that's what he wants enough ——" and broke down.

"Sally, you stop this minute," Marion said. "You mustn't be such a crybaby ——"

"I am *not* a crybaby," Sally said, in an even wilder howl.

"There isn't anything to cry like that about," Marion said. "Please, don't be so silly ——"

"Don't you call me silly," Sally said. "I talk big, but you're his *mother*. You think he'll be happy if he sees you peeking in from outside like somebody that's a poor orphan? Oh, I can do it. But after a while he'll blame me. He'll miss you and in his heart, when I'm older, he'll blame me. He'll wonder why I couldn't—he'll think there must have been some way ——"

The shuddering breaths went on, they grew less, Sally was quiet in the circle of Marion's arms. The kitchen was very still and bright and homelike.

My heart hurts for this child. Marion thought in amazement. *O Lord, let it break for her. Let it.*

"I used to pray there was just some way—I kept praying and praying to see if there wasn't some way and then you made me so *mad* ——"

"Oh," Marion said and laughed, actually laughed, "there's a way all right."

"I didn't take a dislike to you," Sally said. "There you were in the hall with your arm around Clete and your hair all in a mess and kind of like an owl blinking and I thought 'That's Clete's mother ——'"

"Maybe," Marion said bravely, "between us we can make something of him."

There was a clear silence. *This is the moment of truth*, Marion thought. *Your last chance.* She said, "I've been a fool," and she patted Sally's shoulder. *If she loves me—whether I like her or not, I've got to love her.* If you loved a person maybe in time you got to like them. She said simply, "I'll try if you will."

"You got yourself a deal," Sally said. "Oh, mum, please—I don't want to be the wrong wife ——"

"Of course you don't." Marion said. "You aren't either." *This is the way*, Marion thought, *walk ye in it.* END

ST. JEROME AND THE LION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

with her panniers full;
and, after taking his evening meal
(waiting first for grace), he would stretch
himself by Jerome's table
and, sometimes, all night, they conned the
Bible.[7]
"Our lion," praised the brothers, "has grown
so mild
he could truly be led by a little child."
"He's a beast," said the crabbed old monk, "A
beast and wild."

It was high summer; the hazy noonday's
tropical
heat lay on the land, and the ass's lazy
rhythmical
cropping, close by his nose,
as the lion kept guard made his eyelids close
(he had been up all night). Forty winks, then
he opened an eye
but the little she-ass was still close by,
and he fell asleep stertorously.[8]

Up went her heels and off the ass ran
to tread down the crops, while stuffing her
mouth, till a caravan
with bells that gonged came along the road:
merchants and drivers, dark-faced, white-
robed
and camels with trappings, their harness
inlaid
with scarlet; the line of their great humped
shadows swayed
beside them. They were going down to Egypt
to trade

carpets for oil, and when they saw the ass
wandering loose
in the fields, they caught her with a rope and
noose.
"Though we must buy hay and corn for her
feed,
a quick little ass will be useful to lead
our slow-stepping camels." The ass did not
even nicker or bray
(she liked that talk of corn and hay).
Soon even their dust had dwindled away.

Oxen stabled, lambs in fold, every chicken in
its coop.
Benediction was over and, with the smell of
incense and candles, onion soup
filled the convent fragrantly,
and in the long refectory
a napkin, bowl and barley loaf showed
where each brother was to sit.
The little bronze oil lamps were lit
and shone like fireflies; but still the brothers
stayed, to flit

like brown-robed shadows, up and down;
seeking, crying, round the gate.
The empty stall, the lion's untouched plate
made sad forebodings. The old monk
gloated: "Imp of sin!"
(He meant the lion.) "Let us go in
and have our supper." Jerome would not
break a crust
without his friend. Again he said, "I trust
the lion." Then late, late, in the dust

they saw a figure, desperate, prone,
as carved by grief as if in stone;
it was the lion and alone.

"Where is the ass?" The brothers flocked
round the gateway, angry and shocked.
"Where is the ass?" but beasts are dumb
nor could the lion weep, his eyes were numb
with his first fault; and the old monk
chortled: "You see, your good
Christian lion despised our food
and has eaten the ass. I said he would."

With sticks and stones they pelted to drive
the lion outside.
"Away with you," "Hard of heart,"
"Glutton," "Thief," they cried.
"You can fill your greedy belly for yourself,
you sinner,"

[7] *There is a painting of them doing this in the National Gallery, London.*

[8] *Which means he snored.*

And "Who took our pretty ass to eat for
dinner?"
"Go. Finish her off before the vultures rob
you, as you have robbed us," until with a
howl (a lion's sob)
he ran to Jerome and hid his face in the
saint's robe.

"Gently, my brothers," said Jerome.
"Consider: are these ways meant
to touch the heart of one who has sinned and
make him penitent?
No. Treat him, I ask, as before and let him
still be fed,
and do not nag at him and make him
wretched.
Only," and here the saint spoke gravely and
to the lion's face,
"as through him we have suffered and lost our
little ass,
the lion must be our servant, exactly as she
was."

A king to wear harness! Be domestic! The
very stones would laugh
to see a lion carrying fagots home along a
public path.
"I will not," growled the lion and rumbled
dangerously under his breath.
"With a few strokes of this paw I could mangle
you all to death."
From the saint's stern eye, it seemed that a
dart
of light struck the lion. "For the strong
to be strong is easy, but there is a better
part:
for the strong to submit and be gentle is
perfect of heart;

the pattern is our Lord Jesus." This without
a word being said,
and the lion gave a sigh—it rent him like a
tornado—and bowed his head.

For a beast to school himself is hard, the lion
grew thin;
his claws would often come out though he
fought to keep them in;
and often he bristled with anger for, to make
him feel his disgrace,
when the brothers chanced to meet him, each
would turn away his face;
and when he came to the chapel, they shooed
him from his place.

He was denied his cell and slept in the ass's
stall.
His golden body, not used to harness, had so
many a rub and gall
that he was ashamed to appear in the study,
and lay out in the corridor,
wakeful, for he had lost an animal's innocent
snore;
but his mane shone like a halo, and slowly
he grew so meek
that when the brothers rebuffed him, he
turned the other velvet cheek.
Yet still his penance dragged on for week
after weary week.

One evening as he trotted home—he had
learned to trot
with his fagots—as if prompted he came to
a sudden stop
and turned aside to where the lane joined the
Damascus-Egypt road
and waited there, not knowing why, until a
dust cloud showed
coming nearer. His ears pricked. Excitement
rippled
under his skin. His whiskers twitched. His
tail tuft trembled
and deep in his throat a warning rumbled.

Soon, in the dust, he saw men, dark-faced,
white-robed; and, strung
one behind the other, camels. Trappings and
harness swung
and the bell notes gonged. It was a caravan
come
up, rich, laden from Egypt and traveling
home.
The lion looked nearer, his gold eyes grew
astonished and his heart began to swell
with royal anger, for there, in front of the
camels, in bridle and tinkling bell,
finicked and dawdled a little she-ass that he
knew very well.

Up to heaven went his furious roar.
His harness splintered, fagots were
scattered, as he bore
down on the caravan. Men fled to the fields.
The camels plunged after the men,
but the lion was a skillful drover now and he
rounded them up again.
One quick growl at the ass and she became
nimble, sedate
and, as if she had never been away, led the
camels straight
off the road, up the lane and the lion drove
them all in at the convent gate.

He raced to find St. Jerome, tugging at his
gown,
and, in and out of corridors, chased the
brothers up and down,
pushing, pulling. "The devil is in him," they
cried. "Fetch the bell and Book.[9]"
"Not the devil," said Jerome, "His good
angel. Look
how we are brought to justice." In a minute,
every soul
had gathered in the courtyard, where the
lion, in full control,
made the milling camels kneel to show the
she-ass untouched, alive and whole.

The monks knelt, too, asking his pardon and,
no longer sad and melancholic,
the lion patted them to stand upright. Then
began to bound and frolic
through the convent, flattening himself
before each brother,
wagging his tail as if to say, "We forgive each
other."
As each blessed him, he bounded up to race
back to St. Jerome, then to the ass, back to
the saint. It was pure joy, no trace
of righteous pride except, when he met the
old monk, it was the lion who turned
away his face.

A brother aired the lion's cell, strewing sweet
herbs to make his bed.
Others swept his place by the chapel and put
down a carpet of cardinal red.
The brother cooks in the kitchen took
counsel of what he liked to eat
and asked leave, though it was Friday, to
brim his plate with his meat.
When the day was over and shadows filled
the evening sky,
the lion came into the study and, where he
used to lie,
stretched himself by the table with a
contented sigh.
"He is purring," whispered the brothers
and tiptoed saying, "Glory to God on
high."

What of the camels? Late that night a timid
knocking was heard
and the merchants stood outside, too
ashamed to speak a word;
but the brothers had learned a lesson: they
let the merchants in
and gave them back their camels; nor did
anyone mention the sin
of stealing away the ass. "From this day,"
said the wiser brothers, "we shall let
God sift
good and evil." Then from their Egyptian
cruses[10], the merchants made such a gift
that would keep the convent in oil for a year
(used with convent thrift).

"And we shall bring more," they said, "next
year, as we pass by on
our camels; but, first, please, you must tie up
your lion."

In Bethlehem, with its white stone and
towers,
this story blossomed long ago; and, as
flowers
are pressed to keep before they fade,
a scholar wrote it in old Latin, and made
it into a book. The brothers are quiet now.
No convent stands upon the hill.
Jerome is with the saints, and I am sure
that, by God's will,
though the hat and the Bible were left behind,
the lion is with him still.

[9] *When a priest is asked to curse anyone he does it solemnly with a candle, a bell and a Bible.*

[10] *Cruses are earthenware jars.*

Cookies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

moderate oven, 350° F., for 10 to
minutes. Roll in confectioners' su
while still hot and place on wire ra
to cool. Makes about 3 dozen balls.

CHOCOLATE NUT CRISPS

½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1½ teaspoons vanilla
3 ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup sifted fl
¾ teaspoon sa
½ teaspoon baking pow
1½ cups chopp walnuts

Cream the butter or margarine wi
the sugar until light and fluffy. Beat
eggs, vanilla and slightly cooled ch
olate. Sift the dry ingredients
gether, add and mix well. Last, stir
the nuts. Drop dough by teaspoonfu
on baking sheets. Garnish each with
whole walnut half. Bake in a modera
oven, 350° F., for 10 to 12 minut
Makes about 4½ dozen cookies.

BONBON MERINGUES

1¼ cups seedless raisins or pitted dates, ground
1 cup pecans or walnuts, ground
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon sa
⅔ cup super-fine sugar

Grind together the raisins and peca
or the dates and walnuts; then add
teaspoon vanilla. Form into little ball
using about ½ teaspoonful for eac
Beat the egg whites with salt un
foamy. Gradually add the sugar a
continue beating until a stiff meringu
forms and all the sugar is dissolve
Fold in the remaining vanilla. Usi
two spoons, roll the fruit-nut balls i
the meringue, coating well. As yo
place each on a greased baking shee
swirl the top. Bake in a very slow ove
250° F., about 30 minutes, or until th
meringue is slightly golden on the tip
Remove at once to cooling rack
Makes about 4 dozen.

LEBKUCHEN

1 cup honey
¼ cup dark molasses
1 tablespoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ teaspoons cloves
2 tablespoons finely chopped candied orange peel
2 tablespoons finely chopped candied citron
1 cup chopped blanched almonds
1 cup firmly packed brow sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1½ teaspoons grated orang peel
½ teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons h water
1 egg, beaten
4½ cups sifted flour

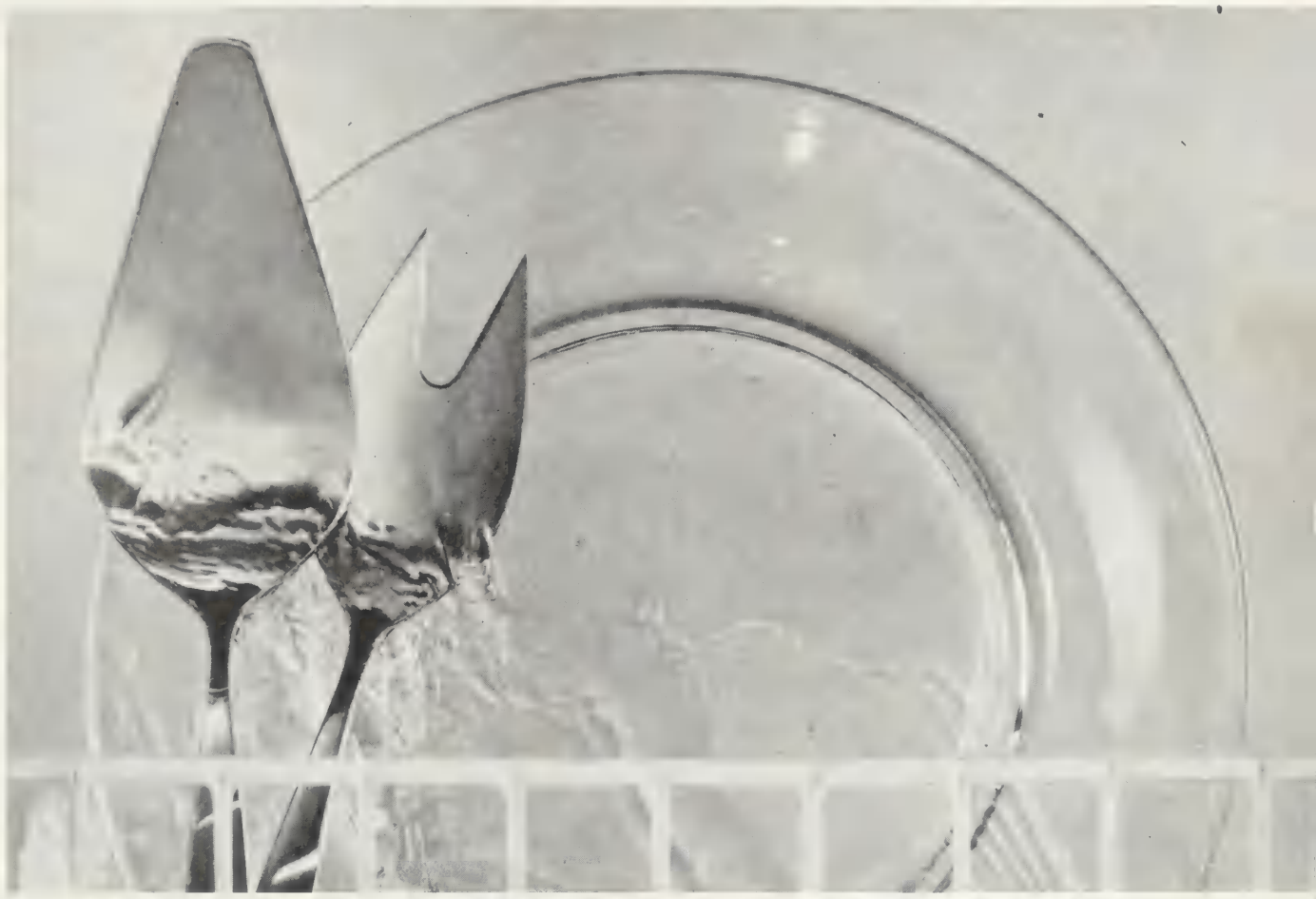
Mix honey, molasses, spices, fruit
and almonds together. Stir the sod
into the boiling water and add to th
fruit mixture along with the egg. Ne
mix in the flour. This will form a ver
stiff dough and should be blende
thoroughly. Set in refrigerator ove
night to ripen. The next day roll mix
ture out to about ½″ thickness, cu
into bars about ½″ x 3″ and plac
on a baking sheet. Bake in a moderat
oven, 350° F., for about 15 minutes
Place on wire rack to cool and whil
still warm brush with a thin icin
made by moistening confectioners
sugar with lemon or orange juice
When cool, store in a tightly close
container. Makes about 6 dozen bars

Why do more dishwasher owners use Cascade than any other product?

Because Cascade eliminates drops that dry into spots!

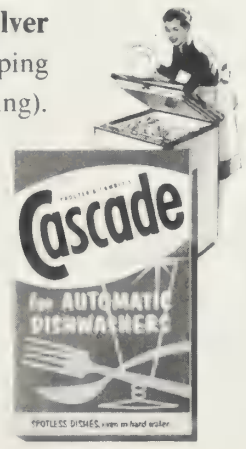


WATER DROPS See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on glassware, silver. This test shows how drops form. These dry into ugly spots.



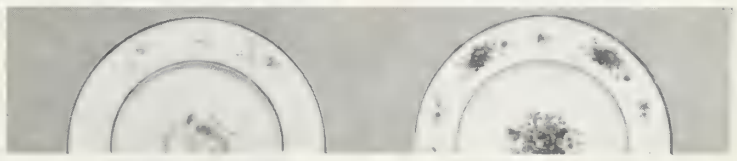
CASCADE But see *with Cascade* no drops form. Just as in your dishwasher, water slides off in clear-rinsing "sheets." Dishes, silver dry spotless, sparkling.

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WASHED 500 HOURS IN CASCADE

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One of 150 Stokely-Van Camp foods for you to enjoy



)PE JOHN XXIII

NTINUED FROM PAGE 50

The audience lasted nearly an hour, and
y talked not only about parishes, but also
out the ambassador's career and his wife
d children. At the end, the Pope suggested
t they be photographed together. "Your
ldren are sure to be interested about this,
d you'd better have a picture to show them."
During the following weeks, the ambassa-
r compared notes with his colleagues and
nd that each one had a story to tell about
informal warmth with which he had been
eived. By then, however, it was beginning
be taken for granted that things were
nged at the Holy See. Indeed, it had been
dent from the first moment after John
XIII's election that a new atmosphere would
vail.

Angelo Giuseppe, Cardinal Roncalli, Patri-
h of Venice, was elected Pope on the after-
on of October 28, 1958. After stepping out
the balcony to bless the crowd gathered in
Peter's Square, he returned to announce to
assembled cardinals that the conclave was
t ended; they were all to stay one more
ht at the Vatican.

Although his motive for making this ex-
ordinary demand has never been revealed
the public, it was immediately understood
those close to the former Monsignor Ron-
li. They knew that wherever a conciliator
s needed, the Holy See had sent him. As he
d progressed from his first important post
the Vatican on to posts in Bulgaria, Turkey
d Greece, then had become nuncio in Paris
d finally Patriarch of Venice, his first task
d invariably been to smooth down ruffled
thers, to promote a spirit of co-operation.
is was what he was doing again.

In the last years of his reign, Pius XII had
n too ill to handle the tremendous burden
work he had laid upon himself, and he had
owed the wheels of government to grow
sty, and in some cases to run down com-
tely. The College of Cardinals was reduced
m its usual strength of seventy members to
y-one, some of whom were tottering on the
nk of the grave. It had become a kind of
use of Lords. The disgruntled cardinals had
t contact with the pontiff and with one
other. The new Pope obviously felt that his
st concern should be to fuse the college into a
ited, efficient body, and he was up to his
d trick of conducting public business through
rsonal contact. Many of the cardinals came
m faraway places and would be returning
me immediately. This was his opportunity
get to know them, to consult with them, to
tain information from them.

The morning after the conclave ended,
unt Della Torre, the director of the *Osserva-
re Romano*, was wakened at six-thirty out of
dead sleep by the ringing of the telephone.
he Pope himself was on the wire, requesting
e count to come see him instantly. What he
d to say during their meeting was even more
attering than the early phone call to the
dition-bound count, who had served at the
tican for most of his long life. John XXIII
shed the *Osservatore Romano* to abandon
ch flowery terms as "the illuminated Holy
ther" or "As we gather from the highest
ntiff's august lips." "We are living in the
entieth century," he said. "Let us have a
yle that suits the times. And if you wrote 'the
pe has done this, the pontiff has said that,'
would certainly prefer it." At the shocked
pression on the count's face, he quickly
rrected himself: "*We* would certainly pre-
r it."

t took him several weeks to grow accus-
med to the use of the royal "we," just as it
ok him a long time to abandon his practice
escorting a visitor to the door. The Master
the Chamber told him that he simply
uldn't go about opening doors for people.
"Why not?" he asked. "It's a courteous ges-
re and we've always done it."

"But now Your Holiness is Pope, and it is
gainst all protocol."

"Very well," the Pope answered. "We still
ink it's absurd, but you undoubtedly know
st about these things." Ever since then, he
s called the Master of the Chamber "our
harming jailer."

Within two days, the Vatican and the world were given clear indications that the seventy-seven-year-old Pope, the first over the age of seventy to be elected since 1730, was not going to be a doddering, fuddy-duddy pontiff, or, as the Italians put it, "a Pope in bedroom slippers." Yet John XXIII cannot be described as a man who is in a hurry. Throughout his life it has been his policy to let events mature, to wait for the right moment before making an innovation or a change. His *modus operandi* is summed up in his three favorite maxims: "See everything, overlook a great deal, correct a little." . . . "Many laws, bad government." . . . "Demand only what you have a good chance of obtaining."

Any Vatican expert might have foretold a thorough shake-up at the Holy See, for rarely are two men as dissimilar as Pius XII and John XXIII. The last Pope was tall and thin. This one is about five feet five, and weighs two hundred pounds. Pius XII looked like a casting director's dream of a pontiff. His successor looks like a jolly country priest. He once confided to an ambassador, "Sometimes in our prayers we say, 'Dear God, You knew that I was going to be Pope. Did You have to make me so ugly?'" There is no doubt about it, the Lord wasn't kind when He gave him small eyes, a heavy, hooked nose and big ears that so fascinate Salvador Dali that he has made dozens of sketches of them.

Pius XII was an aristocrat. John XXIII is of peasant origin, born in a tiny village in the province of Bergamo. He was one of ten children of a sharecropper father and a mother who, although too busy to have time for the outward demonstrations of affection, nevertheless made her five sons and five daughters feel loved. It was a close-knit family, and has remained so in spite of the immense gap that now separates those who stayed on the land from their eminent brother. During the years Roncalli was abroad he never failed to write long letters to his family or forgot old ties.

> Time is a sandpile we run our fingers in.
> CARL SANDBURG

When he was nuncio in Paris, his four brothers went to visit him. At the ceremony when he received the red hat from President Auriol, he tore protocol to shreds by inviting a priest from his native province, who sat with the ambassadors. Soon after his election as Pope, his remaining three brothers and two sisters and most of his thirty-five nephews and nieces came to Rome for the consecration. They arrived at the Termini Station dressed in dark clothes, the kind peasants wear for feast days, and they carried straw suitcases and shapeless bags tied together with string. The prince who had been sent to meet them ushered them into the station's VIP lounge and, while they waited for the transportation that had been provided, tried to start a conversation. The Roncallis sat on the edges of their chairs, not knowing what to do with their hands, and answered in monosyllables.

But they all stopped to see Don Angelo, as they have called the Pope ever since he entered the priesthood, on their way to the hospice on the outskirts of town where they were to stay. At the coronation they sat together in a tribune near the throne, and the newspapermen who were across from them noticed that every now and then the Pope would look up and smile in their direction.

The comment on his election that His Holiness preferred was made by one of his brothers: "So many men in our village have taken holy orders that, according to the law of averages, one of them had to become Pope."

Pius XII liked *the* people, but not people. His friends could be counted on the fingers of one hand, yet he wore himself out giving frequent public audiences to enormous crowds. John XXIII has made friends everywhere he has gone, among people of every conceivable type, and has nurtured these friendships with letters and thousands of handwritten greetings; but although he gives a public audience every Wednesday in St. Peter's, he avoids receiving crowds whenever possible.

Pius XII awed or impressed people. John XXIII charms them. The former was a career diplomat. Roncalli served as a diplomat by chance, and never managed to distinguish between his functions as pontifical representative and his mission as a priest. From Paris he wrote a friend, "Perhaps it helps that, among these splendors, I never forget my native village."

Pope John sees himself as the people see him: a pastoral Pope, with his feet well planted on the ground. But in his special manner he is as shrewd a politician as Pius XII, and there is nothing left of the simple rustic. In the first place, the peasants of Bergamo are noted for being quick and sharp-witted. In the second, John XXIII was trained at the seminary of Bergamo, one of the best in Italy, and any rough edges left were polished away at the *Nobile Collegio Cerasoli* in Rome. He spent ten years as the secretary of a very remarkable bishop, a liberal as well as a great aristocrat, who imbued him not only with progressive ideas, but also with the qualities that go to make up a sense of *noblesse oblige*. As the bishop's constant companion, and later, on his own, he moved in the highest Catholic circles. He gained his diplomatic experience in some of the most difficult posts to which a papal representative can be assigned.

Only his thorough training in public life can explain the assurance with which this deeply modest prelate assumed power as supreme pontiff. A man who had started life as a peasant boy, who had entered the church with the simple ideal of becoming a good parish priest, found himself raised to the throne of St. Peter as the spiritual head of 500,000,000 Roman Catholics all over the world. He is the only absolute sovereign left in the west today. His sovereignty is so absolute that, unlike presidents and kings, he receives no salary or allowance. Everything in his domain belongs to him.

The papacy may be the highest position on earth, but it is also the loneliest. For a man of John XXIII's warmth, who had always cultivated friendships and traveled freely, the prospect of its isolation must have been dismaying. Once the Panamanian ambassador introduced his children at an audience. His Holiness asked the eldest, "Where are you going to spend the summer holidays?" The boy replied that they were all flying to Panama. "How lucky you are to be able to fly about the world like birds!" the Pope cried. "Only your poor old Pope is locked up in the Vatican."

If the Vatican be a prison, it is certainly the most sumptuous one ever seen. The palace is a collection of buildings that have been put up by various Popes at different periods since the thirteenth century. It covers nearly fourteen acres and has 1400 rooms filled with some of the most beautiful and priceless art treasures in the world. The Pope may choose any apartment that takes his fancy, but since the time of Pius X his successors have lived in the one on the third floor that St. Pius selected because it was better suited to his modest tastes than the far grander one on the second floor which housed his predecessors.

It came as no surprise that John XXIII chose to continue the tradition. Since he brought few personal possessions with him, and made scarcely any changes in the furnishings, it didn't take him long to get settled.

Of the apartment's twenty-two rooms, only a few are really used. There is a very splendid drawing room, which the Pope scarcely ever enters. Most of his private life is divided between the bedroom, the study, the chapel and the dining room.

The big flat-topped desk in his study is always piled high with documents sent up by the Secretariat of State for His Holiness to read or sign. A white telephone is set on a stand near the desk, but it doesn't get much use. Nobody in the world can call the Pope, and he picks it up only when he has to get in touch with his closest collaborators. He has never made a long-distance call. A small table holds a typewriter which, like most of the modern gadgets introduced by Pius XII, is not touched by this Pope. He sticks to an old-fashioned pen that has to be dipped into an inkwell. The one frivolous touch in the room is a cage of canaries.

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The most intimate room in the apartment is the dining room. Its furnishings are of no particular value—an oval table, cane-backed chairs with velvet cushions, two or three tall vases with stiff bouquets arranged by one of the household nuns. In theory there would be need for only one chair, for the Pope is supposed to eat by himself, but this Pope is much too hospitable and convivial by nature to enjoy eating alone. When he was patriarch in Venice, the episcopal palace became a small court. As nuncio in Paris, he enchanted the French not only with his exquisite courtesy, sense of fun and erudition, but also with his chef. His grand receptions were very grand indeed, and all Paris sought invitations to his small dinners and lunches.

The memories of his brilliant social life must make his dining room at the Vatican seem very lonely, and he has broken the rule of solitary eating on many occasions by inviting prelates to join him for luncheon or dinner. Just how often this happens is not known, for the secrecy that shrouds all events at the Vatican is nowhere more opaque than around the pontiff's personal habits. The protocol governing a visitor at the Pope's table actually calls for him to sit at another table slightly lower than the one occupied by his host.

The only people who have free access at all times to the Pope's private apartment are the members of his "pontifical family"; that is to say, his personal household. It includes his secretary, four privy chamberlains on constant duty, his valet and a chauffeur. His confessor is a seventy-eight-year-old priest from Lombardy, a close friend of forty years. Two Bergamo nuns of the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor serve as housekeeper and cook. A third nun from the same order is keeper of the linen room—a job which includes looking after the papal wardrobe.

Pius XII was extremely elegant and very fastidious about his clothes, which he changed three times a day. John XXIII's figure precludes elegance, and he is content to look neat and clean. When not officiating at public functions, he wears a white cassock and white silk skullcap, called a *zucchetto*. The *mozzetta*, a short, red velvet cape, edged with ermine, is added when it's cold. For outdoors, he wears a white overcoat and a red silk hat with a gold ribbon and cords with golden tassels.

After the election, the House of Dior sent John XXIII a gift of a cassock, as it had done when he was nuncio in Paris. All his other clothes, however, are made in a very unimpressive looking little shop discreetly tucked away on a street near the Pantheon. The shop is owned by Signor Gamarelli, whose father and grandfather before him served as tailors to Popes, cardinals and other members of the clergy. Bishops and cardinals go to the shop for their fittings, which last for at least an hour, but the Pope is fitted at the Vatican under the personal supervision of Signor Gamarelli. A white woolen cassock costs $100; the red cape, $260; a pair of red velvet slippers with a cross embroidered in gold and silver, $60 to $70.

The nun in charge of the linen room washes the Pope's cassocks in water and the very best quality soap. In order to prevent the material from yellowing, she uses rinses whose formulas have been worked out by generations of nuns who have occupied her post before her. Since almost every item in the Pope's wardrobe is white, and must be kept pristine, the sister could probably write a book on the art of laundering.

The Pope's day is divided between his private apartments on the third floor and the official ones on the second. He gets up at four in the morning and goes to bed at ten at night. In the Vatican it is said that no Pope since Pius IX has displayed such energy. After he gets up and dresses, he stays in his room to say the *Angelus Domini* and other prayers his mother taught him. He meditates and recites the breviary. Then at six-thirty he goes to Mass in his private chapel. Very often at seven o'clock he will receive a large group, perhaps the students of an ecclesiastical college, and say another Mass for them in one of the many Vatican chapels.

At eight o'clock he has breakfast: hot milk, with a few drops of coffee, fruit and rolls. Then he studies his agenda for the day and skims through the newspapers before going down to the private library.

A few seconds before nine, His Holiness enters the private library, a vast room measuring forty by eighty feet, with rosy red silk damask walls, a rose rug and a great chandelier of Venetian glass. The many bookcases are filled with books bound in white, regulation for any volume ordered by or given to the Pope. Eye-catchers in the room are nearly life-sized modernistic wooden statues of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and a four-foot illuminated globe that revolves slowly, showing the church's dioceses and archdioceses. Every piece of furniture is outsize, gilded and carved. On the Pope's red-topped desk are a gold crucifix, a small antique framed Madonna and Child, a gold tray with pencils, and a gold inkwell. A black telephone and a white one flank the desk.

On the dot of nine the Secretary of State arrives, bows low (cardinals don't kneel when greeting the Pope), kisses the ring, and then sits down by the desk to discuss whatever important matters have arisen in his department during the past twenty-four hours.

The audience the Pope grants him is the first of the day and it usually lasts for about an hour. After that, audiences succeed one another until two o'clock. At least that's the theory. In fact, they often drag beyond that hour, because when John XXIII is interested he forgets the time. In this way each audience is progressively tardier, until the final one may be more than an hour behind schedule. After a visiting foreign minister arrived ninety minutes late at an official luncheon because he had had to wait until one o'clock for a noon audience with the Pope, ambassadors to the Holy See have taken the precaution of requesting early-morning audiences for any VIP's they present.

Pius XII received many laymen. John XXIII receives only those of such importance that they cannot be denied. President Gronchi was the first chief of state received. It was one the few audiences conducted with formal for Mr. Gronchi is suspected in high Cath circles of lacking enthusiasm for his Christ Democratic Party's ties with the chur Only at the end did Pope John XXIII unbe As President Gronchi was taking his lea the Pope smiled at him and asked, "Wo you like us to give you a very small blessing

President Eisenhower is another chief state who has paid a visit to the pontiff. this occasion the Pope, in an effort to be ceptionally cordial, made a short speech English, a language he is learning from Irish privy chamberlain, Monsignor Thom Ryan. As he had not advanced very far in studies, he had to read the speech, and at point mispronounced a word. He stopped pressed one foot down hard, as he always do when he has trouble finding the right wo He tried again, and again he failed. Then looked up at Ike and said, "This is all Mo signor Ryan's fault. He's a bad teacher!" that moment the picture was taken whi appeared in newspapers all over the worl showing the Pope and the American Preside roaring with laughter.

Galo Plaza, the ex-President of Ecuado had a private audience with the Pope so after the coronation. When they were about say good-by, His Holiness said, "We shou like to give you a souvenir of this visit, b we've been here such a short time that haven't anything of our own in the offi Still, we may be able to find something. Y look in that drawer and we will look in th one and see what we can discover." For a fe minutes the two rummaged through the dra ers until the Pope let out an exclamation. "A Here is something!" He brought forth thr silver medals, struck during the time of Pi XII. "These haven't our likeness on them, b they should do to give to your children." The he paused and asked, "How many childre have you?"

"Five," Galo Plaza answered.

"In that case, we can't help you. You wi simply have to organize a raffle and the thre



wh draw the winning tickets will get the meals."

hese encounters with visitors from the outsic world are interludes that break the routir of mornings filled with conferences on ch ch business. At two o'clock the Pope has lun h: rice soup, meat or cheese, depending on th day, washed down with mineral water or a gla of wine. At least that's the official menu de ribed by the Vatican's public-relations offic which is determined to make this Pope ap ar to the world as like Pius XII as possibl Pius XII ate like a bird, so this one must ea like a bird. His friends have quite another sto to tell, and insist that he is fond of good fo and has an excellent appetite. According to hem, his favorite dishes are the rather he y Bergamo specialties such as salmis of ga e and polenta with little birds. One of his br hers recalls the occasion when they shared a lunch box at school. There was only one egg—Angelo took the yolk and gave the white to his little brother. Still, it may be true that he is ow eating less than he used to, because du ng an hour-long audience with an old frid he recalled the marvelous *fettuccine* his housekeeper used to make in Venice. Then, pu ng out his loose cassock, he added sadly, "he only disagreeable surprise we have had he is to find that a Pope doesn't have time to ea."

fter lunch he rests for half an hour, and th he may go for a drive or a walk in the Vi can gardens. Pius XII took his walk every da at a certain hour, and not only did the gardens have to be cleared, but the shutters on th windows overlooking them had to be clsed. John XXIII is very erratic about his ex cise, and doesn't mind being observed from w dows.

/hen he remains in the Vatican, he spends th afternoon in his own apartments, working in he study. It is then that he reads the newspers and clippings that have been prepared for him by the Secretariat of State. Wearing th metal-rimmed glasses he uses for reading, he oes through the sheaves of documents deposited on the desk for his inspection and signature. Sometimes he has speeches and sermons to write. At 8:30 he has a dinner of vegetable soup, vegetables, bread and fruit. At 10 o'clock he goes to bed, unless there is urgent work to be done, in which case he will stay at his bedroom desk until 3 or 4 o'clock, and delay his rising hour until 7:30. Preparations for some special ceremony will give him many sleepless nights. After a few years a Pope comes to know most of the rituals by heart, but at first there is a lot of studying and rehearsing to do. No actor preparing for a role on Broadway has to give more concentration to learning his part.

WINTER NIGHT

By ALICE BOYD STOCKDALE

Still she covers me on a winter night,
Fluffing out the comforter of eider down. . . .
In the dark her step is velvet,
Flannel-soft her white nightgown.
I sense her warmth and hear her slide
The window shut as the wan street light
Catches in the brown cascade
Of hair hung loosely down her back,
Hair that turned to snow before she died.
The room goes black.

Shivering, I sit upright.
I'd better check the children. It's cold tonight.

Although the Pope makes light of his schedule, it is nevertheless an extremely heavy one for an eighty-year-old man. When the Spanish ambassador presented his credentials, he was accompanied by a counselor and an imposing array of secretaries. The Pope stared at them thoughtfully and commented, "With such a large staff you must have little to do and lead a very restful life." The ambassador looked so wounded that the Pope added, laughing, "Oh, well, of course the same thing could be said about us. All we have to do is press a button and Dell' Acqua appears, or anybody else we need, but in the end, as you and we know, it isn't as easy as all that, and we both have to work hard."

The pace changes in the summer months when the Pope goes to Castel Gandolfo, fourteen miles from Rome, a property made up of two villas and a palace set in 140 acres of land, part farm and part a series of magnificently landscaped gardens. He usually goes there about the middle of August and returns in the middle of October. This is supposedly his vacation, and the court is reduced to a strict minimum, but the Pope doesn't get much rest, because the audiences continue, and in fact are stepped up because of the influx of tourists. He is also in constant touch with the Vatican by telephone and radio, for there is always church business to be done.

Since the Catholic Church makes a point of thinking in centuries, and hasty action is unknown at the Holy See, it is not yet possible to gauge what has been accomplished during the reign of John XXIII. Still, the Pope already has several achievements to his credit. He has decentralized the government of the Vatican; he has revitalized the College of Cardinals by restoring its original prestige and by increasing the number of members to eighty-five, so that not only the European nations but most of the important ones of every other continent are represented.

However, it is the forthcoming Ecumenical Council that will probably give John XXIII's name a prominent place in the history of the Catholic Church. The date of its opening is still uncertain, and a member of the Secretariat of State who was asked when it would open replied, "As soon as we have answers to all the questions that will be asked." All the Vatican's political wisdom is summed up in this phrase. Unlike lay politicians, those at the Vatican don't schedule important meetings without intense preparation.

An Ecumenical Council is a meeting of the bishops who administer the temporal and spiritual affairs of the church all over the world. Its primary purpose is to review what has been done, plan what must be done, and make any necessary revisions. Ninety years have passed since the last Ecumenical Council. Much has obviously happened that requires reviewing and revising.

There have been many indications that this council will have a wide scope, and a great deal has been said about the possibility of an eventual reunion of all Christian churches. This is irrational speculation. John XXIII is a realist, and he understands the insuperable obstacles that exist to prevent the union of the Catholic and Protestant churches.

However, he is tolerant and cordial toward Protestants, and he has a profound desire to bridge the gulf that exists between the two major branches of the Christian faith so that they can co-operate. He is alarmed at the wave of materialism and atheism that is sweeping the world today, and feels very strongly that all believers of all faiths must work together to promote a revival of the religious spirit. This is one item that is certain to be on the agenda of the Ecumenical Council. John XXIII feels it is imperative for all who believe in a divine power to combat materialism and atheism together.

Probably only this Pope, with his long experience as a peacemaker, could consider it a possibility to persuade Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Seventh Day Adventists and Mohammedans, Shintoists, Buddhists, Jews, Confucianists and many others to work together. If anyone can accomplish such a miracle, it will be John XXIII, the great conciliator.

END



THE FOOF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"It's the foreign-exchange student who's coming here to school," Walter said.

"I never realized before that you were interested in promoting harmonious relations between the nations, Walter," my father said.

"Well, have you seen the photograph of this exchange student, Mr. Paddington?" Walter asked. "I mean, have you studied it closely?"

"No," my father said.

Walter handed him the *Clarion*.

"Aha!" my father said, after a moment. "H'm-m-m. Yes, indeed."

"When did Coach Allan give out the sweaters?" I asked Walter.

"After practice this afternoon," he said. "You know, Mr. Paddington, I don't usually pay much attention to anything Mr. Billman says, but I feel he is one hundred per cent right when he points out that it's up to us to give this girl a warm, affectionate welcome."

Mr. Billman is our civics teacher.

"Mr. Billman feels this way?" my father asked.

"He does," Walter said. "He feels this way and I feel this way, and so does just about every man in the junior class of Central Valley High School."

"Oh, double foof," I said.

"You seem deficient in this sense of destiny and high purpose which permeates the men of the junior class," my father said to me.

"It's ridiculous," I said. "There are millions of boys all over Europe—bright, intelligent boys who will be the scientists and diplomats of tomorrow. So what does our Government do? Does our Government bring one of these serious young men here to study and to learn? No, it does not. Our Government picks out some frivolous French teenager with long eyelashes. That's what our Government does. No wonder we can't get anything into orbit."

"How do you know she's frivolous?" Walter asked indignantly. "Of all the bigoted remarks ——"

"All right, she's another Madame Curie," I said. "Let's change the subject. Walter, dear, seeing you in that sweater reminds me of something interesting."

"Does it?" Walter said. "Mr. Paddington, as I was saying, it's no more than our simple duty to make Angélique feel welcome. She's going to be just a scared, lonely kid in a strange land when she first gets here."

"You feel that?" my father asked. "According to this photograph, she looks rather more mature than the average sixteen- or seventeen-year-old girl."

"It's the hot countries," Walter explained. "Biologically it has been proven that females in hot countries reach ——"

"France isn't one of the hot countries," I told him. "As I was saying, Walter, seeing you in that sweater reminds me of how Ronald Mannheim gave Diane his varsity sweater the very first day he got it. Everybody thought it was such a romantic gesture."

"Ronald Mannheim is a jerk and a creep," Walter said. "How do you say 'welcome' in French?"

I told him, and I even wrote it down to show that I could be as patriotic as he was. In fact, all the girls in the class were extremely co-operative.

My best friend Googie loaned Mrs. Chambers her stuffed poodle for Angélique's bed. Angélique was going to live with Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and be part of a typical American household although, as Googie said, if ten-year-old Paulie Chambers is a typical American child, the United States faces a desperate future.

By the time Angélique was due to arrive everybody was quite excited about meeting her, especially Mr. Billman. Mr. Billman is usually in a semicoma about anything that isn't directly connected with the Declaration of Independence or some other form of American history. He only graduated from college last year. He blushes whenever he calls on one of the girls in class, and he blushed now when I told him the red-white-and-blue crepe paper tacked around the blackboard looked beautiful.

"Just an attempt to achieve a festive atmosphere for our little guest," he said, but he sounded pleased. "I understand she is in the principal's office this very moment, arranging her schedule."

"What does that sign on the door say?" Stretch asked, coming into the classroom. "I can't read Spanish."

"It is not Spanish, Montague," Mr. Billman said, with a pained expression. "It is French."

Stretch is a doll—he goes steady with Googie—but sometimes the process of educating him seems kind of pointless, like the time he set the Monroe Doctrine to the music of *Stardust* for a civics project.

Mr. Billman told him to sit down, and asked the class to come to order.

"I wish to say a few words about this historic adventure we are embarking upon today," he said solemnly. "Perhaps our emotions can be best described by quoting the familiar lines:

"'*Give me your tired, your poor,*

"'*Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free* ——'"

At that moment a girl appeared in the doorway. She had blond hair, long and thick, and round china-blue eyes, and she was wearing a simple sweater and skirt. I realized for the first time in my life that a sweater and skirt, under certain conditions, can give exactly the same impression as a black lace negligee.

Mr. Billman, his back to the door, went right on.

"'*The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,*'" he recited in a low, throbbing voice. "'*Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me* ——'"

One of the boys gave a long wolf whistle. Joe Brandman, who was sitting in back of me, began to make his chattering-ape noise. Mr. Billman frowned.

"'*I lift my lamp,*'" he continued in a louder tone, "'*beside the golden* ——'"

"You are the teacher?" Angélique inquired.

Mr. Billman whirled around. When he saw Angélique he blushed such a fiery red that it made my eyes water to look at him.

"Mr. Beelman?" she went on, drifting into the room on a great cloud of Chanel Number Five.

"No," Mr. Billman said. "I mean, yes! Not Beelman. Billman. That's all right. It's a difficult name to pronounce."

"I am in the right place, no?" Angélique asked, smiling hesitantly.

"You are in the right place, yes!" Stretch shouted from the back of the room.

Mr. Billman told Angélique he was happy to welcome her, and he started to go on some more about sending us the huddled masses, but thought better of it almost immediately and showed her which desk to sit at instead. There was a period of discord before she got settled, with Walter and Stretch becoming so competitive about which one would adjust her desk to the correct height that they ended up shoving at each other.

"You are both so clever," Angélique murmured diplomatically, "to understand this formidable machinery."

"Just a scared, lonely kid in a strange land," I said to Walter as he passed my desk going back to his seat. He ignored me. The remainder of the period was taken up with Joe lending Angélique a pencil, and Kayo Zabroskie sharpening it for her, and Mort giving her his civics textbook and Kenny adjusting the window shade because the sun was glaring into her eyes. Angélique sat demurely through all the fuss, her eyes cast down, while flurries of Chanel wafted intermittently through the classroom.

Lunch period came after civics, and when Googie and I finished eating we decided to go and talk to Angélique. She was at a table with Walter and Stretch and Joe, and Kayo was hanging over the back of her chair and laughing. As Googie and I stood up, Kayo dashed across to us with the news that Angélique had never before seen a hot dog.

"You know what she said?" he asked, still chuckling. "She said: 'But eet ees not like ze dog—eet look like ze sausage'!"

"That's hilarious," I said. "Why don't you write it down and mail it in to *Readers' Digest*? I understand they pay lots of money for comic remarks."

"And when you do, don't forget to include the Lithuanian accent," Googie added.

"Hi, Angélique," I said. "Googie and I didn't get a chance to welcome you in class, so we thought we'd come over and chat awhile."

Angélique gave us her radiant smile and said she was happy we had. She told the boys she would see them later, and they got up and slouched off, grumbling.

"It must be confusing for you to meet so many new people all at once," I said, "so we'll explain a bit. For instance, that tall, good-looking boy sitting opposite you was Stretch Waring. His real name is Montague, but nobody calls him that except Mr. Billman."

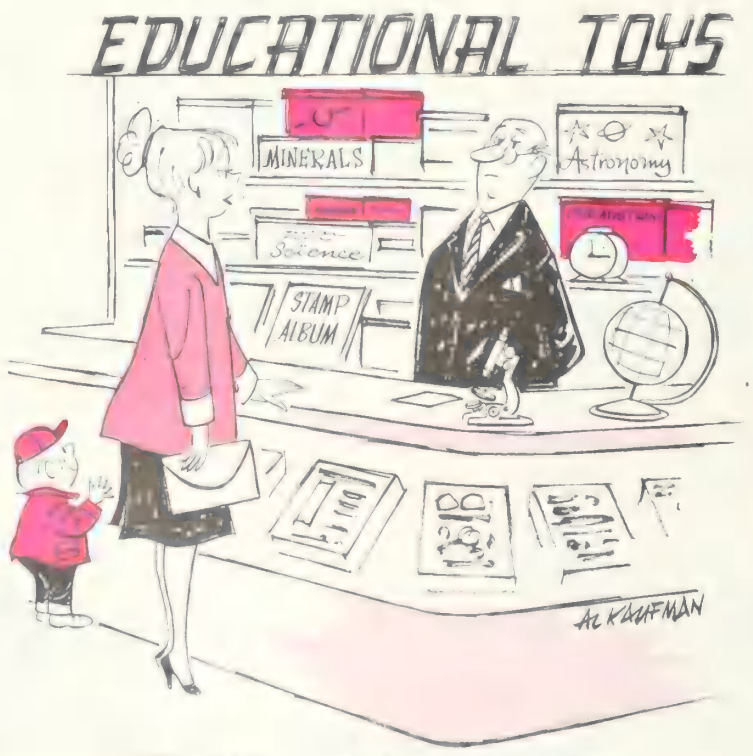
"But Montague is a beautiful name!" Angélique said. "I have at home a white cat called Montague whom I love dearly."

"Yes, well, Stretch or Montague, the point is that he goes steady with Googie here," I said.

"What is 'steady'?" Angélique asked.

I explained.

"In my country is not this custom," Angélique said when I had finished.



"Do you have something he can just play with?"

"In my country is," Googie said. "Isn't t exchange program exciting? We've alrea learned a little about each other's countries

"To continue," I said, "the boy in t orange sweater is Walter. Walter and I a very good friends."

"Steady?" Angélique asked.

"Not exactly," I said.

"His mother won't let him," Googie e plained.

"But very, *very* good friends," I emphasize

"I understand," Angélique said. Then s asked us about some of the courses, ar where she could buy a notebook like min and how she could get a library card, and s said she knew she was going to love Cent Valley because everybody was so friendly.

"Next Saturday I will be a real Americ because I go to my first feetball game," s said.

"Football," I said.

"Kayo has promised to explain the gan to me," Angélique told us, "and your Walt and Montague have invited me to come an cheer for them. I know! Let us all sit togeth and it will resemble a large, happy party!"

The party turned out to be even larger th planned, if not quite so happy. The guest l in our portion of the bleachers include Googie and myself, with Angélique sitti next to Googie, and Kayo and Joe and t Fairbanks twins and half the other boys the class sitting as close to Angélique as th could get on the benches in back and front of her.

Walter had twisted his ankle during practi Friday afternoon and couldn't play in t game. Pretty soon he came limping over. H was wearing his varsity sweater.

"Would you mind getting up and letting m have your seat?" he asked Kayo.

Kayo was sitting on the other side Angélique.

"Why should I?" Kayo demanded.

"The doctor told me to keep weight off m foot," Walter said.

"What's that got to do with your sittin here?" Kayo inquired indignantly. "Go som place else and keep weight off your foo There are plenty of seats at the other end the field."

"I can't walk on it any more," Walter said "If I sit here I can sort of prop it up on th bench below. Come on, pal. Can't you se I'm in pain?"

"That's a shame," Kayo said. "I promise Angélique I'd explain the game to her an I'm not going to move."

Angélique told Kayo he was not being kind and that poor Walter was suffering and should be allowed to sit down immediately.

"I will move over, so," Angélique said "and Kayo will sit here on the other side between Googie and me, and everyone wi be glad, is not?"

"No, is not," Googie said crossly. "About five people too many are on this bench There's only half an inch left for me to sit on.

"Hello all," Mr. Billman said, appearin suddenly in front of us. "I'm wearing m lucky jacket."

Mr. Billman wears the jacket to ever game, even though Central Valley loses mos of them, and he invariably comes over an says, "I'm wearing my lucky jacket." It made of purple satin, with *Camp Mo Go Che Wah Kee* embroidered on it in gold thread He started to explain to Angélique that Mo Go Chee Wah Kee is Indian for Lake Wit No Bottom Where Silver Fish Dart About but halfway through the explanation the teams came out on the field, so he wandered back to where he had been sitting.

The referee blew his whistle and Angélique said, "Why does this man blow his whistle?" which was the first of two thousand question she asked during the game. Walter and Kayo answered every one of them patiently, and Walter even went so far as to draw her a diagram of one of the plays.

"You don't spell quarterback with a *w*," told him, peering around Angélique to see th diagram. His only reply was to ask me rudel since when I had become an expert on foot ball. I was so annoyed that I got up an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

Does she...or doesn't she?*



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squeezed my way out of the row and walked over to the refreshment stand for a soda. I was sipping it and letting my nerves simmer down when I saw Googie hurrying toward me.

"You'd better come right back," she said in an ominous voice when she reached me. "International relations are rapidly reaching a crisis."

"What's the matter?" I asked, but she wouldn't tell me any more.

When we got back to our seats I didn't notice anything different, but after a startled moment I realized what Googie had meant. Angélique was wearing Walter's varsity sweater. It was way too big for her. The sleeves were hanging down over her hands, and it reached almost to the hem of her skirt, and the whole effect only made her look blonder and cuter than ever.

At that moment if I had been the Government of the United States and she had been the Government of France, it would have meant war.

"She was cold so I gave her my sweater," Walter said brightly.

"Is much too enormous for little me," Angélique said, "but he insists. What can we do with such a stubborn boy?"

"Well, let's see," I said. "I can think of a couple of things offhand. We could start by sticking lighted matches under his fingernails, and then we could hang him by the thumbs until ——"

"Wow!" Kayo yelled, jumping up. "There he goes! Come on, Stretch! Let's have a touchdown!"

Stretch was weaving and darting down the field, the ball tucked under his arm. Everybody began to shout and pound one another on the back, and it looked as though he was going to make it until suddenly a huge tackle from the opposing team appeared out of nowhere and hurled himself at Stretch. The ten other men on his team flung themselves on top for good measure, and it took quite a while before the referee got them sorted out and on their feet again. When he finally reached the bottom of the pile and found Stretch, Stretch didn't move.

"He is wounded!" Angélique cried. "Why don't they do something?"

"He probably just had the wind knocked out of him," Googie said. "Yes—see—he's trying to sit up ——"

Her mouth stayed open, but she didn't finish the sentence. Before any of us realized what was happening Angélique had darted down from the bleachers and across the field to where Stretch was lying. There was quite a crowd around him by now—the other players and the coach and the referee and the doctor and even a couple of stray dogs—but it was easy to spot Angélique's blond hair and that orange varsity sweater. She knelt down next to Stretch and bent her head to him and said something.

Googie and I turned and stared at each other. Googie seemed beyond speech. Even Walter looked startled, and Kayo cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, "Angie! Come back! You're not supposed to be out on the field."

"Angie?" I said feebly. "*Angie?*"

"While you were off getting a drink we decided to give her an American nickname," Walter explained.

We watched Stretch stand up and walk slowly to the sidelines while everybody in the bleachers cheered and clapped. Everybody except Googie, that is. She was still open-mouthed at the sight of Angélique walking next to him and holding his arm. Angélique didn't let go until he sat down on the players' bench. Then she climbed back up to where we were sitting.

"He feels better now," she told us, out of breath. "He was only shooken up, the doctor says."

"That's a relief," Googie said coldly. "I was afraid they might have to amputate something. Like his head, for instance."

"You shouldn't run down on the field that way, Angie," Walter said.

"But I was so frightened," Angélique said. "Montague has now explained to me that these accidents happen much at football but I did not know this before. I thought only, 'Oh, he is hurt! Somebody must go to him!' So I ran."

"How was the game?" my father asked when I got home.

"Fifty-three to nothing," I told him listlessly. "We lost. Stretch got shooken up. Angélique wore Walter's sweater. Googie and Stretch had an argument after the game and she took off his class ring and threw it at him, but she missed and it hit Mr. Billman on the head. Mr. Billman thinks Stretch threw it and he says he will flunk him if his attitude doesn't improve."

"My, my," he said.

"Everybody's supposed to call her Angie now," I went on. "It's supposed to be more American and friendly somehow. Two boys so far have asked her to the class dance."

"Well, I should think you would be glad that her attention is being turned elsewhere ——" my father began.

"The two boys are Walter and Stretch," I said.

"I sense a complete absence of international friendship in the junior class of Central Valley High School," my father said.

"You couldn't be more wrong," I told him. "If there were any more international friendship, Angélique might be deported."

"Things look bad," my father said.

Things *were* bad.

However, Googie and I decided that staying away from the dance would only make them worse, even though we would have to go stag and we didn't know if Angélique would show up with Walter or with Stretch or with one of the other boys.

"I wouldn't put it past her to come with all of them," Googie predicted gloomily. "Carried in on a litter, probably, and throwing rose petals all over the gymnasium floor."

The night of the dance I went downstairs to wait for Googie in the living room. My father looked up from his book.

"Good grief!" he said, recoiling.

"It's a beatnik dance," I explained. "Everybody is supposed to come dressed as a beatnik."

"Beatniks don't comb their hair?" my father asked. "Beatniks don't wear lipstick? Beatniks don't clean their sneakers?"

"Hello, Mr. Paddington," Googie said, coming into the living room. She was wearing a black leotard and a long black sweater and black sunglasses. She wasn't wearing any lipstick either.

"This is a terrible thing, Googie," my father said. "I infer from your appearance that some close friend or relative has passed away suddenly. A sad time for you, my dear."

"Come on," I said to Googie. "He's just trying to be funny."

On the way we passed the Chamberses' house. Repulsive little Paulie Chambers was riding his bicycle up and down the path.

"I know where you're going," he chanted at us. "You're going to the dance. You're the ugliest girls I ever saw. Nobody will dance with you."

"He sort of turns you against childhood, doesn't he?" Googie said.

"Angélique isn't going to the dance," Paulie called after us. "She's up in her room crying."

"What's she crying about?" Googie asked him.

"The two of you," he said.

"He's probably lying as usual," I said, "but ——"

We rang the doorbell.

"I'm so glad you girls stopped by for Angélique," Mrs. Chambers said. "Maybe you can talk some sense into her. She refuses to go to the dance. She has some absurd idea that the two boys who invited her should have invited you instead. Isn't that silly?"

"Ridiculous," I said.

"Idiotic," Googie said.

Mrs. Chambers nodded. "I told her so. She insists that you girls are her dearest friends, and that she wouldn't think of being so underhanded as to accept an invitation from a boy who belongs to somebody else."

Googie and I looked at each other. I felt myself blushing.

"You have company, Angélique!" Mrs. Chambers called. "Go right upstairs," she told us.

Angélique was in her bedroom, writing a letter at her desk. She jumped up happily when we came in.

"Why aren't you at the dance?" Googie asked without preamble.

Angélique seemed startled. "But you *know* I would not attend with Walter or Montague!" she said. "It would not be loyal. Besides, they ask me only because I am strange here. They imagine I am more exciting than American girls."

"Let's face it, Angélique," I said. "You *are* more exciting."

She shook her head. "No. They have a certain picture of what I am like—never do they see the real Angélique. They see only what they wish a French girl to be."

I suddenly realized that what she said was the way we had all been acting.

"In a little while they will be used to me," Angélique said. "All will return to peace once again. Meanwhile, you and Googie are my dear friends. Should I risk such friendship over a foolish dance?"

"Angélique," I began—"I mean Ang... we were mistaken too. We thought you ... only interested in dates and dances and bo...

Angélique gave a peal of laughter. "... truly believed I could be serious about t... amusing children?"

"Children?" Googie said indignantly. "... ten, Stretch shaves almost every week; ... not only that ——"

"I do not wish to sound rude," Angél... said in a gentle tone, "but in France boys ... Montague and Walter would be no more t... companions—friends—do you understan...

"No," Googie said.

"In France we would save our roma... thoughts for the older man," Angélique w... on, with a dreamy look on her face. "The ... who is *soigné*—sophisticated—the man w... if you will forgive me, dear Googie, sh... *every* day."

"I could have romantic thoughts about s... a man myself," Googie said. "Unfortunat... there's nobody resembling your descrip... around Central Valley High School."

"But you are so wrong!" Angélique t... her. "I am at Central Valley High School ... two weeks, and already I find one."

"Who?" Googie asked in disbelief. "W... have you found who is sophisticated ... *soigné* and shaves every day?"

"Mr. Billman," Angélique said.

"Mr. Billman?" I said. "*Mr. Billman?*"

Angélique smiled. "You have this pict... of Mr. Billman in your mind, just as you ... a certain picture of me," she said. "It is d... cult for you to see that he is an attractive m... I perceive him from a fresh point of vie...

"You certainly must!" Googie said. "... *Billman!*"

"It's kind of sad," I told Angélique. ... mean, it's so hopeless. He being a teacher a... you only a seventeen-year-old ——"

"Eighteen next month," Angélique m... mured. "However, you are right. It is hopel... Alas, poor me." She gave a deep sigh.

"Yes, it's all too depressing, but supp... we cheer up and get to the dance before ... over," Googie said. "Be a good sport, Ang... and come along."

"Very well," Angélique said. "I shall ... brave, although I have no heart for danci... tonight. I will sit and discourse with ... chaperons."

As we climbed the steps to the gym I cou... hear the music blaring and somebody pour... ing away on bongo drums. The first perso... spotted was Walter.

"Where did you get my sweater?" ... demanded.

"From Angie," I said. "She had nothi... beatnik to wear, so I gave her my fathe... shirt that I had on and she gave me t... sweater. I'll give it back to you tomorrow."

"You might as well keep it," he said. ... mean, now that you've worn it I'd only ha... to have it fumigated or something. Anywa... it doesn't look as bad on you as I though... would."

Stretch and Googie danced by. Goo... waved to me, and I saw that she had Stretc... ring on again.

"It's a nice dance," I said to Walt... "Everybody seems to be having fun."

"Except poor Angie," Walter said. "She... stuck over there in a corner talking to one ... the chaperons."

"Which chaperon is she stuck with?" ... asked.

"Mr. Billman," Walter said.

"Gee, the poor kid," I said.

"I'm glad to see you've developed a frien... lier attitude toward Angélique," Walter sai... "I think you and Googie are beginning ... understand the necessity for sympathetic u... derstanding between foreign ——"

"How often do you shave, Walter?" ... asked him.

"Once a week, practically," he said. "Wh... difference does it make how often I shave?"

"Mr. Billman shaves every single day," ... said.

"Well, that's a nutty remark if I ever hear... one," Walter said irritably. "There's nothin... so special about shaving every day. I will, to... before long."

"I know," I said. "I can hardly wait."

EN

Psychiatrist: modern "confidence man."

No man will ever experience the weird feeling of having a "run" creep up or down his leg.

Some vital information from my cleaning woman: "He married a girl a lot younger; guess it gives him a new leash on life."

Perhaps one reason women are apt to want to leave parties before their mates is that they wear girdles.

If the official inspection stickers for cars were applied with as enduring a glue as those pasted on new appliances (which the housewife is forced to scrub off) then many a driver wouldn't have seen his sticker suddenly take flight out the open car window.

In a suggestion box, in the hall of one school, appeared this anonymous and thought-provoking note from a second-grader: "It dose not do any good to send people out in the hall because they do not do there work and they dont get benfit of the work."

Every other generation spanks because the one that raised *it* didn't.

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

The higher the income, the lower the chairs and tables.

When a parent who has come up the hard way desires to make things easy for his child, he should be reminded that to aid a butterfly from a cocoon cripples its ability to navigate the air; it must emerge with a struggle.

Experience: knowing how much you can say before you have said too much.

The ABC's of a bride: Always Be Cheerful.

To recall the way our small town used to look the day after Halloween is to marvel at the tolerance and humor with which the adults in those days viewed adolescent mischief. Although the havoc wrought was sometimes awesome, no youngster perpetrating it was ever labeled delinquent.

The "proof of the pudding" may be *staying* in love with the cook.

FOR A HUSBAND ON SUBSTITUTE DUTY

If you should housekeep for a day
Don't say there's nothing to it
Until you know how much she *did*
To get you safely through it.



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NO FATHER TO TURN TO

By MARGARET PARTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

"God has helped us through our trouble."

"I'm not always sure
I know the right thing to do,"
says Bonnie.
"But I try to do it anyway."

Last year little James Patrick, who was not quite five, was allowed for the first time to go to the eight-o'clock Christmas Eve Mass with his mother and his four older brothers and sisters.

They walked through the snow the half mile to the glowing church, fragrant with incense. They worshiped, celebrating anew the miracle of birth and the promise of eternal life. And then the family returned through the starlit Idaho night to the home, the stockings on the mantel, the presents under the Christmas tree.

Everything was there to make Christmas as it should be for children with stars in their eyes and excitement in their hearts. Everything, that is, except a father.

For Jimmy, who was only three and a half months old when his father died, five years ago, the absence is a normal way of life. But for his mother the absence of the husband she loved so deeply will never seem normal. For the children, she scrimps and saves for months to buy the presents which make their festival gay. But for herself the most meaningful part of Christmas is the Mass, the worship and the faith.

"The main thing which has kept me going," she says thoughtfully, "is my faith. In my most desperate moments I have turned to God, and He has helped me."

Bonnie has needed a great deal of faith and a great deal of courage since that day in May, 1956, when a car (driven by one of her husband's friends) missed a turn on a mountainous Idaho road—and ended one world for Bonnie and plunged her into another.

There was first of all the world of grief to be met and, after several numbed months, surmounted. And then there was the plain, practical everyday world of money and not enough of it.

Wallace, a small and friendly town set in a bowl of steep, pine-covered mountains, is in the heart of Idaho's lead-, silver- and zinc-mining country. For a man like John Crawford, who operated mining equipment, there was usually a job. But sometimes there were strikes or layoffs, and with one child after another coming along, things were difficult By May, 1956, John was averaging $300 a month—and there were no savings

When Bonnie came out of her first daze of grief she realized that she was in bad financial trouble. For income there was only $200 a month from Social Security. There were a number of debts, including a $225 balance on the delivery of the new baby. Worst of all, Bonnie realized that in the midst of emotional shock she had sanctioned funeral arrangements far beyond her means. Her husband's life-insurance policy was only $1200. And the funeral expenses came to $1567; of this $405 was paid by Social Security and the Veterans Administration (John was in the Army Air Force in World War II), but the insurance was virtually wiped out.

"I don't think I got talked into it," she says now. "It's just that at a time like that you keep thinking that you have to have the best for the person you loved. I wish someone had reasoned with me, or tried to warn me."

Bonnie has numerous brothers and sisters, and some of them told her they'd try to help out if she needed anything. But Bonnie is an independent young woman, and she knew that none of them had money to spare. When her father-in-law suggested that she apply for state aid, she rejected the suggestion indignantly. "For heaven's sakes," she told him, "I'm young and healthy and I can work. I have no right to ask the state for aid!"

But before she settled down to earning a living for the family, she found, she had to deal with two problems: to provide proper care for her children, and to keep them from getting sick.

At that time John Alden was nine, Jonel Treva was seven, Jeffrey Mark was four, Julie Ann was two, and James Patrick less than a year old. Good baby-sitters were hard to find (as they still are) and cost at least $125 a month.

Because John and Bonnie had never scraped enough money together to consider buying a home, they lived in a small, rented house—which was so damp that the children were always getting colds or flu. In the autumn Jimmy went to the hospital with pneumonia. Early in the winter all five children were in the hospital for tonsillectomies. The medical expenses continued to mount.

Bonnie had collected $4600 from the accident. She used part of the money to pay some of her more urgent debts and to live on for the rest of 1956. And when the children's sicknesses continued, she decided to use the remaining $2500 as a down

CONTINUED ON PAGE



"Like all the children, Jimmy helps around the house," says his mother. "But at five he's more interested in eating than in cleaning up."



At thirteen, Jonel has taken over much of the care of Julie—not always appreciated.



John, man of the house at fourteen, fixes everything from Jeff's broken toys to mother's laundry lines.

"I'm a normal woman. I'd love to marry again—and stay home with my children. But who would marry a widow with five children?"

payment on a house. Perched on the side of the mountain overlooking Wallace she found a sunny, pink-shingled bungalow which would, she thought, be perfect. It had a garden and fruit trees, a big living room and fireplace, three bedrooms and a comfortable kitchen. But it cost $12,500. To buy it, she would need an FHA loan.

"The banker didn't think they would give me the loan," she says. "I wasn't at all qualified. But I wanted it so badly—and I think he realized it. He did everything to help me."

Bonnie got her loan, at 6 per cent, made her down payment and moved in. Friends helped with furniture, and one even lent them a piano. The children's health quickly improved to the point where they could safely be left with a baby-sitter. Bonnie, who had learned shorthand and typing in high school, could at last go to work full time.

Today Bonnie still works at the Wallace Hospital, where she began five years ago at $240 a month. But today, in a number of ways, life is easier. For one thing, she has learned medical shorthand, and her salary has risen to $290 a month. For another, in 1960 a veterans' pension bill—providing pensions to dependents of veterans killed in non-service-connected accidents—was passed. This increased her income by $95 a month. And her Social Security payment has risen from $200 to $240.

"I used to think that it was going to be terrible and that I just wasn't going to be able to manage," Bonnie says now. "But I did, and it wasn't as bad as I'd expected—though that first year was rough."

There have been other rough times. In 1959, Jonel was hospitalized with infectious hepatitis. Eight months later, just when Bonnie was getting the hospital bills paid off, she came down with the disease herself. Three months later Jimmy had it. Although Bonnie carries hospitalization insurance, it allows only $8 a day toward hospital expenses and nothing toward doctor bills. Bonnie gets a small discount because she works at the hospital, but has to pay full fees for the children.

An even more serious problem has been the house. "An FHA appraiser and a friend looked it over before I bought it," she says ruefully, "but there were a lot of things wrong with it. We still love it, but it's difficult when you don't have a man around to fix things."

The most serious defect was the roof, which leaked. Last year it had to be reroofed at a cost of $750, which meant, with interest to pay, another $1000 added to the mortgage. The basement leaks. The fuse box had to be moved. The furnace kept going out (only recently an inspired repairman discovered the obscure but necessary repair). The toilets keep overflowing (once Bonnie found that a baby-sitter had thrown a ham bone down one). And the older boys' upstairs bedroom is icy in winter because it has no heating vent.

Still, Bonnie can laugh about it—although there is always a touch of wistfulness in her laughter.

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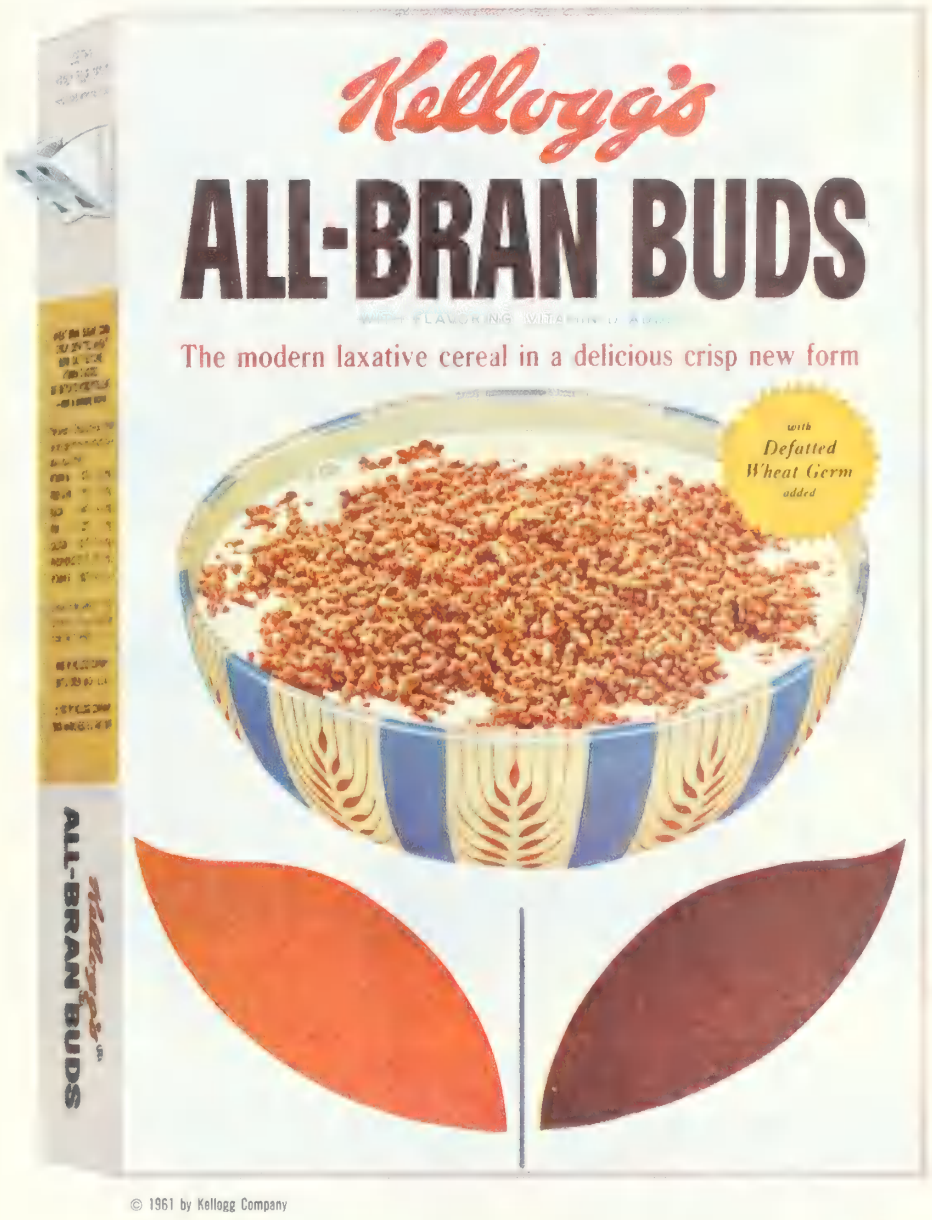


"It's a job to get them all dressed for church on Sunday morning, but we manage."



Bonnie is grateful that her children are so close together in age, and are so companionable.

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HE WORLD'S MOST AMOUS GRANDMOTHER

NTINUED FROM PAGE 58

shes—chicken followed by ice cream for nch, and eggs, either boiled or scrambled, for ernoon tea. They know there are always ngsize boxes of chocolates and candy around dip into. They also know they can rely on r for a little extra spending money; and nen word comes down from the nursery that s time for bed, they can count on granny to ve them another ten minutes.

At Cheam School, where Charles is being ucated, and at Buckingham Palace, where nne and Andrew occupy adjoining bedoms, bedtimes are inflexible: eight o'clock r the two older children. Spending money for th Charles and Anne is normally restricted 35 cents a week. Charles's shopping is nited to the small tuckshop in the school ounds at Cheam. Anne fares even worse. here are no shops at all within the high walls Buckingham Palace. So it is a real treat for em each summer when "Granny" takes em shopping in the small Scottish township Ballaster, close to Balmoral Castle. The other mmer she took them into the local toyshop here she bought Anne a doll and Charles a y crane. Then they came to the small jewelry ore. Eagerly Charles seized the Queen other by the hand and tugged her inside. Come along, Granny," he cried. "Now you ust buy something for *you*."

The Queen Mother, like Antony Armstrongnes, is a commoner—an outsider who has en credited with giving the royal family its ommon touch." Once, during a tour of ondon, she chanced to ask a perky-faced ockney boy where he lived.

"Back o' Selfridge's," he replied promptly, ming one of London's big department ores. "And where do you live, lidy?"

"Back o' Gorringe's," said the Queen other, promptly naming another big department store which stands in Buckingham Palace oad.

Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon as the youngest of the ten children of the arl of Strathmore. She was brought up amid happy atmosphere of home-baked bread, ilk drunk fresh from the cow, homemade tions for hands and cheeks, home-brewed cipes when coughs and colds were troubleme. To this day she still drinks the oldshioned senna tea she was given as a girl.

Her mother was a cousin of the Duke of rtland. She was not Scots-born, as so many ople believe. She first saw the light of day a Queen Anne mansion a few miles north London. But much of her upbringing was Glamis (say it: Glarms) Castle which rears elf up from the grassy Scots plain against e blue backdrop of the Grampian Hills. lamis is an historic pile, with walls in places teen feet thick. King Malcolm II of Scotland as killed there. Shakespeare's Macbeth welt there. Bonnie Prince Charlie fled from lamis so hurriedly he left his watch behind. lary Queen of Scots once stayed there, and earlier Bowes-Lyon was burned at the stake a witch.

t is a fascinating place of hidden stairways d secret hiding places, and the Queen lother, as a child, made full use of them. he was, by all accounts, gay, lively, mischievous. Hidden high in the battlements, she nce sprayed visitors to the castle with the ntents of a garden syringe. Another time, e posed as one of the maids to show some urists round and gleefully collected a tip r her pains. At the age of fifteen, deputizing r her mother at the organ of the local hurch, she substituted the swinging rhythm *Yip I Addy I Ay* for the more sober strains Handel.

The first time I saw the Queen Mother ose at hand was at Christmas, 1946. She was nen the queen. I had been with the royal mily only a few weeks and was visibly nervus as I held two silver dishes for her to help erself to vegetables at dinner.

"Thank you, White," she said, and gave me er warm smile. I was immediately at ease.

Years later, when she was no longer queen, he came to Buckingham Palace to see her daughter and Prince Philip the day they got back from their six-month Commonwealth tour. I opened the elevator door for her to step into the corridor of the queen's private suite. She turned to me with the same smile. "Thank you so much for everything you did for the queen during the tour," she said.

The fact that she even knew I had been among all those who accompanied the queen on that long tour still amazes me.

Where servants are concerned, she is the most considerate of all the royal family. The queen can be tremendously regal, Philip brusque and Margaret offhand. But "the Queen Mum," as her staff affectionately refers to her, is charm personified.

During Britain's short spell of hot weather last summer, London's blue-uniformed bobbies were permitted to work in their shirt sleeves—except at Buckingham Palace. Yet at Royal Lodge the Queen Mother's servants are always allowed to remove their jackets in hot weather. Once, when the weather was exceptionally hot, the Queen Mother suggested that the servants use her private swimming pool when the day's work was done.

A few months ago one of her ex-footmen, Patrick Taylor, now valet to a wealthy American, flew into London. He looked up old friends at Clarence House, the Queen Mother's London residence. As he was visiting in the police lodge, the Queen Mother came across the grounds accompanied by her corgis.

"I heard you were here, Patrick," she said. "It's so nice to see you again. Now tell me—how do you like America?"

The Queen Mother could even charm her husband out of one of his famous tempers—and, I assure you, that was no easy task. At a royal dinner everything seemed destined to go wrong. It started as I was about to serve the king with meat. At that moment he turned to speak to the guest beside him and cracked his head sharply on the dish.

Later, when the dessert was carried round, the serving spoon dropped on the table beside the king with such tremendous clatter he almost jumped out of his seat.

Worse was to follow with the cheese. An unfortunate tilt of the dish as it was borne toward the king sent the cheese knife sliding off to catch him on the back of the neck.

His temper flared. "Now they're bloody well trying to kill me," he boomed, oblivious of his guests.

"Now don't get so upset, darling," said his wife quietly across the table. "It was only an accident, after all."

How different was her own reaction the time a footman (not me!) bent over her so that she could help herself to vegetables from the tureen he was holding. The unfortunate man held a gravy boat in the other hand. Suddenly the Queen Mother jerked upright and the footman flushed a vivid scarlet as the gravy trickled on the back of her neck. The gravy was very hot, but not a word escaped her.

Later, the footman sought her out and tendered profuse apologies.

"Oh, don't worry about me," she told him. "But I think you'd better apologize to Miss Willox [her dresser at that time]. She's very upset that you may have ruined the dress."

Even her father-in-law, grouchy old King George V, confided to friends that his son was "a very lucky fellow" to have won her. And Queen Mary, stiff-backed and regally imperious, commented, "Thank goodness she is not one of those modern girls."

Certainly no one could ever accuse the Queen Mother of being modern in the way she dresses. She loves elaborate clothes—frills, furs and feathers, big hats and loads of jewelry. Her billowing crinolines and cartwheel hats are as symbolic of her as a cigar is of Winston Churchill.

In the country—at Sandringham or Balmoral—she is quick to change into tweeds, flat-heeled shoes and a sloppy felt hat, and set off with her dogs on a cross-country tramp. In Scotland, during the salmon-fishing season, she will don rubber boots, a rubber coat and another sloppy hat to fish knee-deep in the icy, tumbling waters of the River Dee.

The Queen Mother is an equally enthusiastic gardener and will putter for hours in the gardens of Royal Lodge, her head again hidden under one of those sloppy felt hats—"pea-pickin' hats," her household terms them irreverently.

She is not photogenic, and photographs of her invariably fail to do her justice, emphasizing the plumpness of her figure. Her teeth are uneven, and these days her wavy, dark brown hair is flecked with gray. But her blue eyes are warm and friendly and her complexion is flawless.

She is well aware of her plumpness, but cannot resist such toothsome items as cream and butter, chocolates and butterscotch. Except at breakfast, she is a hearty eater, preferring simple fare. She breakfasts in bed, munching on green grapes while she goes through the day's mail and morning papers. She brews her own tea in a silver teapot at the bedside and drinks it with milk but no sugar.

She follows the English habit of "elevenses," more tea and biscuits at eleven o'clock. Lunch is a four-course meal, usually an egg dish followed by meat (lamb chops or steak) or chicken with potatoes, peas, carrots and Brussels sprouts. Dessert—perhaps strawberries and cream, ice cream or a steamed pudding—is followed by cheese and biscuits. She doesn't drink coffee, though it is served to others on the rare occasions she has guests.

She still maintains the five-o'clock habit of afternoon tea—bread and butter with jam or honey, sandwiches and cake—though she seldom eats much of it and often does not even finish the single cup of tea she pours for herself.

Dinner follows much the same pattern as lunch. She usually has a gin-and-orange before and champagne with the meal, stirring the drink with a portion of toast to release the bubbles. When dining alone, she invariably seats herself facing the television set and watches the peak-hour program. Often the meal stretches into a two-hour marathon as she takes in the plays, variety shows and Westerns which are among her favorite viewing.

She is aware that she photographs badly and once lamented the fact to photographer Cecil Beaton. Beaton, determined to do her something more than justice, submitted a selection of carefully retouched proofs. These didn't please her any more than other photographs had done. She sent them back saying she didn't want everyone to think that she had come through her years on earth completely unscathed.

Her life, of course, has been more than usually eventful—marriage to a king's son, the drama of the abdication, the war, the sorrow of her husband's untimely death, the emotional involvement of her younger daughter with an ex-RAF fighter ace named Peter Townsend.

Neither the Queen Mother nor her husband ever expected to come to the throne. Indeed, she had twice rejected the young Duke of York's stammered proposal of marriage before finally accepting him. They were married on April 26, 1923. She was afraid, even as a duchess, of what it would mean "never again to be free to think or speak or act as I really feel I ought to think, speak and act." Yet years afterward, when her brother-in-law abdicated and her husband insisted he must do his duty, she said simply, "Well, we must take what is coming to us and make the best of it."

So they moved into the vast confines of Buckingham Palace.

How well the Queen Mother succeeded in her mammoth task of making a home out of a palace was revealed in a remark the present queen was to make years later. Looking back on her young life, Elizabeth said, "The sun always seemed to be shining."

The Queen Mother did much to bolster her tense husband in his early days as monarch. She helped him conquer the speech impediment which had long dogged him. Other cures had been tried and failed, but the "Queen Mum," hearing of an Australian Lionel Logue, who had devised a new system of treatment, begged her husband to try just once more. She encouraged him to persevere with the strenuous two hours a day of exercises the treatment required. Her reward came when King George opened the Australian parliament in Canberra and won through with honors.

Oblivious of those around, she caught his hand in her excitement. "Darling, you were splendid," she cried. "I was so proud of you."

In all the years I was with them I never once heard him hesitate in ordinary conversation. Only in the radio broadcasts, which were such an ordeal to him, but which he insisted on doing as part of his royal duty, did his long-time stammer reappear.

The Queen Mother made her mistakes, of course, notably in the matter of Peter Townsend. It was an error of omission rather than commission. She liked Townsend personally—as nearly everyone did who came in contact with him. She did not encourage the attachment between him and Princess Margaret, but either she failed to recognize it or hoped, optimistically, that it would disappear if she ignored it.

It was the king, I think, who first recognized the attachment for what it was. This was at Balmoral. Only the king and queen and Margaret were staying there at the time. Townsend was there, too, in his role of royal equerry, but treated more as a friend than as a staff member.

This particular day the Queen Mother had planned a picnic on the heathered moors. I was told to carry the picnic baskets to the front door. Princess Margaret was standing in the doorway and two station wagons, used for shooting, were drawn up outside.

"Put one basket in each car, White," the princess said to me.

I did as she said and waited by the cars. A few moments later the king and queen came down the wide granite steps from the front

FINAL EXAMINATION IN GEOGRAPHY

By KATHERINE REEVES

1. *Bound the largest continent of childhood.*
   On the north and west, someone in the next room bitterly weeping;
   on the south, flowers that bloomed and withered out of reach;
   and on the east—I forget the boundary to the east, unless it was death.

2. *How many miles from now to seven years old?*
   As many miles as there are leaves in April, but the terrain
   is mountainous, the wind is like a blade even in summer,
   snows drift in the lovely valleys and the rains are cold.

3. *Name two important islands and a river.*
   There was the island of the apple tree, and the yellow island
   near the kitchen lamp. The river was the torrent of night and day,
   summer and winter, endlessly flowing in the stony channel.

4. *What is the latitude and longitude of love?*
   When we were tired of playing, we went to find our father and our mother,
   but at the circle of reference, near the orchard, we met our children.
   They were coming home from school, and they laughed, running to us
   with their arms flung wide.

door, followed by Margaret and Townsend. The king turned to his wife. "Why two cars?" he asked.

"Margaret and Peter are going for a picnic on their own," she told him.

"Oh, no, they're not," said the king sharply. "We're all going together."

With that, he walked to the front station wagon and climbed in the driving seat. The Queen Mother got in the other side. Princess Margaret hesitated a moment and then, frowning, climbed into the rear seat, followed by Townsend. I transferred the other hamper from the second car to the first and they drove off.

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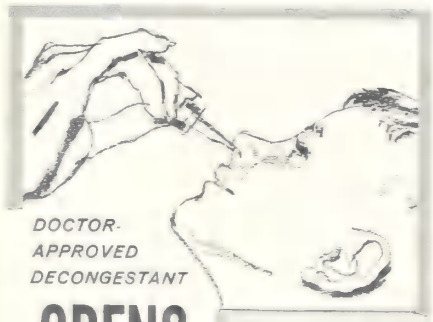
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COMMENDED PARENTS

From the makers of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children

In the years that followed her husband's death it seemed at first that she would withdraw almost entirely from public life. She bought the ruined thirty-room Castle of Mey, 750 miles from London on the northernmost coast of Scotland, and had it done over to her own taste. But apart from fleeting visits, she has never lived there. She is simply not a recluse. Gradually, over the years, she has dropped all thoughts of retirement and taken on more than her share of the royal round.

Over the last eight years she has visited eleven countries as the royal deputy of her daughter, the queen. She has been in New York and Paris, Rome and Bulawayo, Kenya and Uganda, Nyasaland and Tunis. Everywhere excited crowds have gathered to glimpse her. In Kenya, African political leaders decided to boycott her visit as a protest against Britain's colonial policies. But the natives, ignoring their leaders, trudged from all parts of the colony to accord her a tumultuous welcome. In Rhodesia it was suggested that she should change her itinerary because of threat of trouble in the Copper Belt. But she stuck to her schedule and her progress was a triumph.

She has never thought of remarrying, and nothing has annoyed her so much as the story which appeared in an American newspaper that she was contemplating marriage to Sir Arthur Penn, her treasurer, until he died last year. She was in South Africa at the time and a statement issued on her behalf lambasted the report as "complete and utter nonsense." The words she actually used, I have been told, were stronger.

The Queen Mother herself is sometimes amusingly blunt. At a banquet where someone asked what a Latin inscription on a goblet meant, one of the guests studied it and commented, "I think it says something about 'Long live the queen.'" "For all we know," the Queen Mum retorted, "it may say, 'To hell with the queen'!"

She lives by the calendar. Around a month over Christmas and a week each summer are spent at Sandringham; she has a week in Scotland for the salmon fishing each spring, and six to eight weeks in August and September. The remainder of her time is spent at Clarence House, her forty-five-room London residence just down the road from Buckingham Palace; the weekends find her retreating to the comparative intimacy of the pink-tinted Royal Lodge at Windsor.

One of her first tasks each day is to telephone the queen at Buckingham Palace for a mother-and-daughter chat about children, horses, dogs. She makes the call from her bedroom. It seldom lasts less than ten minutes and may easily stretch to half an hour. It is invariably followed by a similar call to Princess Margaret.

The remainder of the morning is devoted to her mail (around fifty letters a day) and to planning her future schedule in conjunction with her comptroller, Lord Adam Gordon, and her private secretary, Lieut. Col. Martin Gilliatt. This is followed by a walk in the gardens of Clarence House with her dogs. The Queen Mother loves walking and is a fresh-air devotee. She adores log fires, eats out-of-doors whenever weather permits. She throws doors and windows open wherever she is in residence.

Those afternoons when she has no official engagements are usually spent with a book, and she will spend as much as two hours of an evening playing patience. She belongs to a subscription library, has half a dozen books delivered to her at a time. She often reads them at the rate of one a day. She revels in tough thrillers by such authors as Ian Fleming and Peter Cheyney, as well as historical novels, particularly those located in her beloved Scotland. She reads herself to sleep at night and will read again in bed in the morning, breakfasting at eight o'clock, but sometimes becoming so engrossed in her book that she does not appear outside her bedroom until eleven.

Just as she prefers thrillers to more serious reading, so she prefers comedy to drama and American musicals to opera. Her last theater outing with her husband before he died was to *South Pacific*. On her 1954 visit to the United States, she saw *The Pajama Game*, and she has seen every knockabout revue six mad comedians called "The Crazy Gang" have staged at London's Victoria Palace Theater.

Though not so keen on horse racing as her daughter, she loves steeplechases and has been known to shelter for hours under a tree in pouring rain to watch a particular race. She owns several jumpers herself, races them in her own blue-and-buff colors, and is not above sending an equerry to place a discreet £5 ($14) bet for her at the totalizator. Her biggest disappointment came in the 1956 Grand National. Britain's No. 1 steeplechase, when her horse, Devon Loch, cleared the last of the thirty jumps a full fifteen lengths ahead of its nearest rival. When it was only fifty yards from the finish line, the horse suddenly tried to leap a fence that wasn't there and came down spread-eagled to be passed by every other horse in the field!

The Queen Mother's wealth is a matter for conjecture. She has an official state allowance of $196,000 a year, but spends lavishly enough to suggest that she has far more under the unpublished will of her dead husband. She buys antiques and paintings freely, spent around $56,000 renovating the Castle of Mey when she first bought it, and she is currently donating $35,000, spread over five years, to one charity alone—the Soldiers, Sailors and Air Force Association.

Certainly her jewel collection almost rivals the multimillion-dollar one owned by her daughter. But unlike the queen, who dislikes wearing more than the bare essentials of jeweled adornment, the Queen Mother is never happier than when she is on show in the tiara, necklace and matching earrings of rubies and diamonds which are among the royal-family heirlooms. Some of her jewelry, including a broad, curving tiara with a large central sapphire, was willed to her by her mother-in-law, Queen Mary. Much has been given to her over the years—a diamond-and-ruby brooch in Australia, an unset marquise diamond of 8.55 carats in South Africa. Some items, like the sapphire-and-diamond floral brooch she wears so often, are sentimental keepsakes of her late husband. Her favorites are the three-strand pearl necklace with its matching earrings and shoulder clip in which she posed for the official portrait issued on her sixtieth birthday.

The Queen Mother is the least punctual of all the royal family. She has no idea of time, a fact which was the despair of her husband. I often saw him pacing up and down the red-carpeted corridor above the King's Door by which he always left the palace, twiddling his signet ring round and round on his finger as he waited for her with growing impatience. Finally, unable to contain himself, he would stalk in through the white-painted door of her dressing room.

The Queen Mother has few close friend many acquaintances. Lord and Lady Eld and Lord and Lady Salisbury are among t small group she sees from time to time. M of her time is spent on her own with only h two corgis, Billy and Bee, her dachshun Riki, her household officials and her twent four servants, including two pages, four foo men, two dressers and three chauffeurs. course her most complete devotion is to h three youngest companions—Charles, An and Andrew.

Where Prince Charles is concerned, nothi is too good or too much trouble for his gran mother. She was at a dinner once where the was a display of magic. Afterward she ask the magician about a trick in which penn are made to appear one by one in a clos hand.

"Please show me how it's done," she sa "I want to show my grandson."

She practiced until she had perfected then surprised Charles and Anne with it. Li Oliver Twist, they begged for more. So t Queen Mum learned more tricks. Today s is a fairly accomplished amateur magicia

"But I simply can't keep up with the d mand," she has said jokingly.

It was "Granny" who sat beside Prin Charles in gray old Westminster Abbey wh his mother was crowned queen, and quie explained this 750-year-old ceremony in whi he will one day play the leading role. But t young prince was more interested in t brilliantine which had been used to make rather unruly hair stay in place. He ran fingers through his hair and pushed the under the Queen Mother's nose. "Sme Granny," he urged. "Doesn't it smell nice

Another time he was sucking candy as drove with her in one of the royal cars. As t car drew to a standstill, he remembered o of the rules of royalty which had been pain takingly drilled into him—never appear public with anything in your mouth.

"Hold that for me, please, Granny," said, taking the candy from his mouth a popping it, still wet and sticky, into h gloved hand.

While there is much about the you prince's serious, painstaking demeanor th is reminiscent of his mother, there is ev more that is a reminder of his grandmothe He is generous, thoughtful and patient—a facets of the Queen Mother's character.

"A very warmhearted boy," the Que Mum herself has called him.

It was Anne who paid the Queen Mum t highest compliment. She was having an En lish lesson in the schoolroom which form part of the royal nursery at Buckingha Palace. Anne had been asked to define t word "charming."

She hesitated only momentarily. "Someo like Granny," she announced. EN

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

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My commission expires February 3, 19

HE CAPTAIN'S
ADY

NTINUED FROM PAGE 45

en she was a proud young girl still newly love.

"And then there will be children."

The young girl had gone pink. "Nor to inge the diapers."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Tib, who knew abutely nothing about diapers herself. "Chil-n have two ends and the care of the one is mportant as the care of the other. Can you se his children to suit him?"

That had been the problem, for in the course ime there had been four children, and when ame to raising them quite alone there had n difficulties.

"Why doesn't my father come home every ht?" Sean, the oldest, had asked almost as n as he could play with other children.

"Because he is busy somewhere else."

"Why couldn't they send somebody else o doesn't have a little boy?"

That had been hard to answer, but she had l to him, being careful to keep her voice it, "I believe you are a little cannibal. You uld eat your father alive in the hopes of orbing his virtues. Your father is not a ning-home-at-night man. He is a striding-oss-the-top-of-the-world man, and you st not hinder him by hanging onto his ttails."

"I never hang on his coattails," Sean had laimed indignantly, and so the discussion ended as discussions with children often with the thought deep-planted and only the levant detail showing to wither as the root w in darkness.

"Why don't we do what other people do?" Christabel had said when she was in the grade.

"Why should we?" the Captain's wife had orted. "We aren't other people. We are us. me tell you the story of the man Procrustes. would invite travelers to stay in his house sleep in his bed. But he demanded of them they fit the bed exactly. Now none of our ghbors are Procrustes. They don't expect o fit their beds. Nor do we expect them to urs. We don't say to them, 'Why don't ever go fog walking?' "

"Nor have they gone wind watching, either, had thought to herself, *nor lain on their cks on the grass in a star-shaped family and ed straight up into the halls of the clouds.*

she had thought of all these things to bring traveler Captain close to his family. A man gauged the wind automatically, who ched the fog and was acquainted with the ds should have his children told.

b, somehow, the Captain's family had gone g being different, yet accepted, in a neigh-hood where all the other fathers came e faithfully at five o'clock and all the r mothers walked with their feet in peanut er and their heads in the clouds and dis-ed connubial details with quite embarrass-practicality. Until, inevitably, the Captain e home again and all the children's ideas attitudes were turned inside out for his ection.

was two years now since the Captain had the Christmas holidays with them. The tain's wife had made new slip covers for iving room, changed her hair style, bought vely amber-colored robe, just a shade er than her hair. She had coached Sean s arithmetic so that he should have a good rt, helped Christabel knit a scarf for the tain (knowing he would never in the world it, nor part with it either), trained Jaime's born cowlick so that it was nearly lying n, and started Justine on piano lessons so she could perform for her father. Every-g had looked promising up to a month ago n Justine, running down the icy school s, had fallen and broken her leg.

h, what will the Captain say, his wife had ght even as she waited in the hospital, ly sick from fright and the sweet drift of fumes, *when he comes home and finds of his treasures broken?*

nd "What will the Captain say?" twelve-old Sean asked her that night, for though were aware of their father's love for them all, it was supposed that there was a favorite, and the favorite must be Justine because she was youngest, because she was so pretty with her mother's amber hair and his own dark eyes, because she was always the first to break through the fog of strangeness at his coming and lean against his knee.

The Captain's wife had shaken her head. She had felt a great desire to yield her position as head of the house to Sean and snuggle down among the children as one of them. She could have done it, too, because the total of their years on earth was greater than the total of her years on earth, a fact which somehow comforted her.

Justine had enjoyed the drama of her stay in hospital, of being brought home to take up her abode on the chaise in the dining room because she was too heavy with the great cast on her leg to be carried up and down the stairs. She had, in truth, got a little spoiled by the whole affair, but somehow nobody had dared to put her in her proper place until the Captain had come home.

He had come this morning, all unannounced at ten o'clock. Because it was Saturday they had been sitting on the living-room floor, with piles of coins and empty savings banks before them, talking of Christmas. Even Justine was there, lying on one elbow, with her great dirty cast thrust out, for she despised lying on the chaise all day and had taken to crawling about. The Captain's wife, who had bought an amber robe for his home-coming, wore a faded orange jersey and a pair of brown paint-speckled pants (meaning to give the house a good cleaning when the question of finances was settled). They heard the key in the lock only a second before the door opened and, accompanied by a gust of fog, the Captain came in. They were frozen with surprise for a moment as he stood in the hall, shrugging out of his greatcoat and taking them all in, gravely attentive to Sean's added inch of wrist and ankle, Christabel's new consciousness of self, Jaime's morning cowlick not lying down at all, Justine's untidy cast, and his wife, the mistress of his household, looking like a teen-aged baby sitter. The older children had jumped and run for him. They had surrounded him with their awkward arms, laid their eager faces against his rough cold cheek. Over their heads the Captain looked at his wife, sitting still as a statue while the flame of delight which the sight of him always lighted began to warm her being. Then they both looked at Justine.

Justine, in the space of seconds, had become as limp and frail as a three-day-old lily. Her natural fairness, accented by a month of being indoors, had become pallor. Her dark eyes were shadowed with pain, her little hands fluttered limp as the wings of wounded birds. The effect was somewhat marred by the fact that she had been enjoying licorice only moments before and had not had time to wipe the evidence off her face, but the over-all effect that she was a pain-racked invalid, a lady whose dolor was equaled only by her saintly patience, was indisputable.

The Captain's wife felt an impulse to laugh, but a quick remembrance of that moment of panic in the hospital—*What will the Captain say?*—stilled her. The Captain looked from Justine to his wife, but there was a strangeness between them because of the months apart, and across the heads of the watching children they were unable to communicate. He came across the room with those great strides of his and knelt to kiss her briefly before he turned to the injured child.

Justine turned a wan cheek at his greeting, leaving him with sticky lips that tasted of licorice. The Captain settled back on his heels and, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his mouth. His quick eye surveyed his youngest child, discovered all the signs of wiry strength beneath the appearance of frailty, discovered, too, despite the drooped lids which veiled her eyes, the same cunning intention which exercised the Old Man of the Sea. "I think, child," he said, "you are well enough now to wash."

Almost at once the Captain's wife was aware of a change in the familial weather from the openhearted joy of greeting to a stiffening against authoritative good sense. It was her



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Her Majesty

own fault the children were not under control. In the month of anxiety and expectation she had slipped the reins here and there, found too much comfort in huddling among her children. Out of sheer loneliness she had abandoned her station of authority and descended to their level. She had not been the mistress of the Captain's house any more than she looked it in her faded jersey and paint-spattered pants. She stole a sidewise look at the Captain, crisp and polished, with the presence of his command always on his shoulder, and felt inadequate.

Now it was evening and the Captain's wife was alone in the quiet house which shone as she had meant it to do for his homecoming. Her amber hair was artfully brushed, her slim curves were molded in a dress of soft turquoise wool. She was looking the part of the Captain's lady, but her essential spirit trembled, and the flame of delight which his appearance had lighted this morning burned low and flickered with apprehension.

They had announced at lunch that they were going Christmas shopping in completion of the project they had been discussing when the Captain suddenly appeared among them this morning. It had never been his wife's intention that the Captain should accompany the children on their petty excursion into the market, but how else, except in his strong arms, could Justine attend to the demands of the season?

"I suppose you'll be wanting money," the Captain had said leniently.

The children's eyes had glinted. They had looked at her speculatively. For a moment she had wavered in an unhappy choice between asserting her authority and exposing her husband to possible humiliation. He was a proud man who drew attention wherever he appeared and who disliked petty dealings. The children's funds were all pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters.

"How much will you give us to spend for Christmas?" Sean had asked last fall. "Bill's father gives him twenty-five dollars."

"Bill's father gets a double value for his money then, doesn't he?" she had answered. "He gives a present to Bill and he lets Bill spend it for a present he gives to someone else. You don't really give at Christmas unless you give of yourself. I shall expect you children to save your Christmas money out of your allowances."

They had grumbled some at first, but after a bit, hearing them compare the rattle of their savings banks, she had understood that they were at least studying this lesson of the heart. It was unfortunate the Captain had come home to watch the recitation. He would hate the delay of the slow counting of small change in a public place with impatient shoppers gaping at him. She was almost tempted to abandon her principle, but at the moment of decision she could not yield.

"The children have plenty of money," she told the Captain. "They've saved from their allowances."

He had arched an eyebrow at her across the luncheon table. She had returned his glance quietly, although her heart begged his forgiveness. *Dear stranger*, she had thought, *they are your children too. Bear with them through these growing years.* Then she had looked away. If only he knew the extraordinary things the inside of her said to him. But he was a venturesome man who strode about the world and carried in his mind a file of important concerns which she was incapable of understanding, and she could no more burden him with her strange private thoughts than she could pack a jelly sandwich for him to eat in London.

Through the long afternoon as she worked at her house and her appearance she had been nagged by vivid pictures of their progress through the neighboring shopping center. The Captain would be conspicuous as a beacon with his air of authority and the beautiful injured Justine in his arms. He would be irritated beyond endurance (what man could help it?) by the long moments of childish indecision. *He will despise me*, she thought. *He will think I teach them penny pinching.*

The children, on their part, would sense irritation and drag every incident out to fullest extent, in retaliation for his slight Justine this morning, in a movement to un mine their mother's principle which did allow a flood of unearned largess. *Let us it*, thought the Captain's wife; *the gro years are years of warfare between the gen tions. Flesh of each other's flesh, blood of other's blood, all similarity and all differe how shall we be reconciled?*

It was nearly six o'clock when they cam through the dining-room door. They wer straggly and awry, with their scarves bunc under their ears, their cheeks scarlet, t arms full of packages. Even the Captain something less than crisp and polished his cap perched perilously over one ea was afraid to meet his eyes. "Did you get y shopping done?"

Out of the corner of her eye she saw children hug their packages close and change secret mischievous glances. The C tain deposited Justine on her chaise, han his cap to Jaime, dropped his greatcoat Sean's arm, smoothed back his hair shrugged his jacket shoulders into place. course," he answered calmly. "That's w we went for."

She could not help it. "How . . . was

"Nothing short of spectacular," her h band answered dryly. "This one"—touch Christabel on the shoulder—"has preco tion. The moment she spies a six-foot pil goods she knows exactly which one wants—on the bottom layer." The child burst into giggles. "And this one," he w on, pointing at Justine, "has a real ta for haggling over a dime. The next tim go to Baghdad I'm going to practice her tics on a certain rug merchant, to his eter regret."

"We had the biggest crowd in the sto Jaime crowed. "Even bigger than Santa Cla Of course Santa Claus has been there fo month. He's old stuff."

"But they followed us," Sean recoun with satisfaction. "Everywhere."

The Captain's wife closed her eyes, should think they might," she said faintly.

"Well of course," said Christabel. "We very interesting. We don't fit everybod beds."

It was too much for the Captain's wife. S went away into the kitchen and stood star fiercely at the stove. She had raised four li monsters.

The Captain came and stood behind h "Aren't you pleased?"

She answered him in a muffled voice, "W should I be pleased?"

"They didn't spend a penny over th allowances."

"Would you have let them?"

"I might have," he said carelessly, "if y hadn't stopped me."

"I? I wasn't even there."

He bent his head and blew on her ne "You are always there," he said, and put arms around her. "You know that, do you?"

So, she thought, *how little I know of own family. He actually enjoyed their an this afternoon. And they enjoyed him. They l a brief skirmish and he won them all over.* F the first time she understood that even as s did he looked forward to his home-comin feeling strange and anxious, aware of the ne to justify himself and make sure his belo were still his.

She stood quiet in his arms, feeling t flame of delight come up again strong a sure. *One of the nicest things about a husba* she thought, *is that he is a contemporary.* S had been, for eight months, mother, fath doctor, lawyer, merchant chief. Now in t circle of his arms (and it wasn't even du she was her essential self again. "Galahad a Confucius," her inner self said to him bold "Pied Piper of Hamelin and Lancelot, u scarred."

He rubbed his cheek against hers. "Mea ing what?"

"Next time you go to London," she a swered him dreamily, "remind me to pa you a jelly sandwich."

E

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers



Prem Leila

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—$10.00 a month.

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THE YOUNG
JACQUELINE KENNEDY
AS I KNEW HER

"She came flying in with a big camera slung over one shoulder and wearing a most devilish smile. 'I've come to interview you,'" she said.

Mini Rhea, custom dressmaker, writes about her favorite customer, the Inquiring Camera Girl of a Washington newspaper, in the days when she was interviewing congressmen (especially one from Massachusetts); schoolchildren; Shakespearean scholars; movie stars; and even a dog named Trudle!

An informal picture of the First Lady in her "career girl" days. Complete

IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

was formed to take care of rapidly increasing donations; contributions were divided among 0 child-welfare organizations. The association proved so effective that by the next Christmas the number of volunteers had leaped to 10,000. About this time the carolers adopted scarlet capes with peaked hoods, bright collection cans, the slogan "Put a light in your window on Christmas Eve."

The lighted windows guided the carolers through the night, but the spiritual guiding light of the movement was William H. Danforth. Mr. Danforth, a distinguished, much-respected St. Louisan, helped organize the Christmas Carols Association, served for over 0 years as its president, and went out caroling every yuletide season until his death at 85—which occurred, rather symbolically, one Christmas Eve as he sat waiting to join his fellow carolers. "It's the spirit of caroling that's important," Mr. Danforth was often heard to say, "*not* the amount of money collected."

Still, appreciative listeners give generously to the red-caped singers who appear cheerfully on their doorsteps regardless of snow or sleet. Each year close to $50,000 in nickels, dimes and quarters clink into the collection cans, a gratifying amount which, when divided among 75 charitable organizations, provides milk, shoes and clothing, medicines, braces and crutches, summer camps, day care and other vital help for the children of St. Louis and St. Louis County.

The people of St. Louis are quick—and proud—to tell you that both the singers and the sung to represent a wide variety of economic groups, ages, races and religions. "We visit the worst parts of towns as well as the best," says veteran caroler Mrs. D'Arcy. "I tell my son it's good for him and his friends to get out in the cold and do something for people less fortunate!" And a settlement worker echoes her: "We say to our kids, 'Look, you don't have money to give, you may not have skills—but you've got a voice and a pair of willing legs!'"

Not surprisingly, organizing the annual caroling takes time. In October Mrs. Toma opens the association office and from then until mid-January she, Dr. William H. Danforth (grandson of the founder, and today's president of the association) and countless volunteers stay busy working to make each season's sing a success. Enormous maps of the city and suburbs are spread out and marked off into caroling districts; church choirs, Boy and Girl Scout troops, "Y" members, schools and neighborhood groups are notified by mail that it's time to sign up, later assigned four-block routes and collection cans, identifying badges, red capes. When possible, groups are kept together from year to year. "Our success is partly due to our practice of sending out singers with leaders who know them and the route," says Mrs. Toma. "If a new person volunteers to sing, we put him in touch with his choir leaders, club or business group." Local chairmen in outlying districts are responsible for the singers in their own areas, but the modest third-floor quarters of the Christmas Carols Association is the nucleus of all activity, and Mrs. Toma's telephone rings constantly throughout the fall and early winter. "*Everybody* wants to sing!" she exclaims with a pleased smile. "This year we even had volunteers from the beatnik crowd down at Gaslight Square!"

Several unusual features help promote the caroling program. A festive tea in early December traditionally ushers in the season and provides an opportunity for nearly 100 young women to discuss their roles as "hostesses." During the week before Christmas, they will accompany groups of well-rehearsed and brightly costumed college students on caroling engagements at hotels, civic-club luncheons, airports and train stations, industrial plants, large parties. This "special singing" usually brings in $7000 in donations. Other specially trained groups are the popular Metropolitan Singers and the two-hundred-strong Boy Choristers.

Another attention-getting event is the city-wide poster contest, sponsored by the Christmas Carols Association. For months before the holidays, artistic youngsters all over town are happily splashing red, green and gold paint on paper, creating designs that are colorful and occasionally exciting. Entries are displayed in the public library for several weeks before and after Christmas, the winners presented with ribbons and scrolls. The gay posters provide a delightful background for the traditional glee-club Christmas concert held at the library.

Such special concerts, which require hours of practice and offer unusual carols from many lands, sung at a high musical level, are increasingly popular—last year Mrs. Toma was deluged with requests for pre-Christmas concerts. But the more casual bands who go about artlessly singing the more familiar carols form the heart of the caroling program. The intrinsic appeal of singing *Noel* in the frosty air, standing before houses bright with varicolored lights and festooned with holly and berries, is heightened in St. Louis by the fact that today's grown-up carolers often remember with nostalgia the thrill of caroling as a child, perhaps carried in the arms of a grandfather or an uncle.

Young Dr. William H. Danforth remembers childhood Christmases with pleasure. There was always a party at the Danforths' after the caroling, crowded with cheerful, red-cheeked friends and neighbors who fell ravenously upon the plates of Christmas cookies and frothy cups of hot chocolate. Now Dr. Danforth, with several children of his own, gladly carries on this pleasant family tradition.

"I always say," Mrs. D'Arcy remarked last Christmas Eve, rearranging the decorations on her handsome mantelpiece, "the great thing about our caroling is the real, deep sense of peace and gladness it inspires. If we didn't collect a cent of money, it would still be worth it!"

"But just the same," her husband said, smiling, "I notice you're quick enough to count the money in those cans!"

Nobody knows better than Mrs. D'Arcy how important it is to help out needy or troubled children. It was due to her repeated requests and reassurances that 25 years ago the Meramec Hills girls were granted permission to go caroling with her on Christmas Eve, and attend a party afterward at her house. Mrs. D'Arcy is proud of the fact that only once in the succeeding years did a girl try to run away. She has never forgotten hearing one girl whisper excitedly to another, "You see! I *told* you they had a real silver teapot!" Since then, she has taken care to serve the girls on her best china, silver and linens.

Mrs. D'Arcy likes to tell the story of how, on a long-ago Christmas Eve, she and her carolers were greeted at one house with an unusual request: "Please sing 'Happy Birthday' for my father—he is ninety years old today and very ill." The children, standing at the foot of the stairway so their voices would carry up to the old gentleman's room, sang the birthday greeting and finished off with some of his favorite carols. On Christmas morning Mrs. D'Arcy was saddened but touched by a message: "My father died in peace and happiness last night because he had the caroling in his heart."

As the yuletide season approaches, most people in St. Louis are hoping this Christmas Eve won't be *quite* so snowy and blowy as the last—when automobiles and buses got stuck, red capes and collection cans failed to reach their destinations, and some of the most inveterate carolers were marooned in the country behind drifts of snow. But no matter how deep the snow on the ground, wherever there is a light shining in a window this Christmas Eve, there will be joyful voices outside, singing "Star of wonder, star of night!" and spreading abroad the glad tidings of Christmas. END

SONG IN SNOW

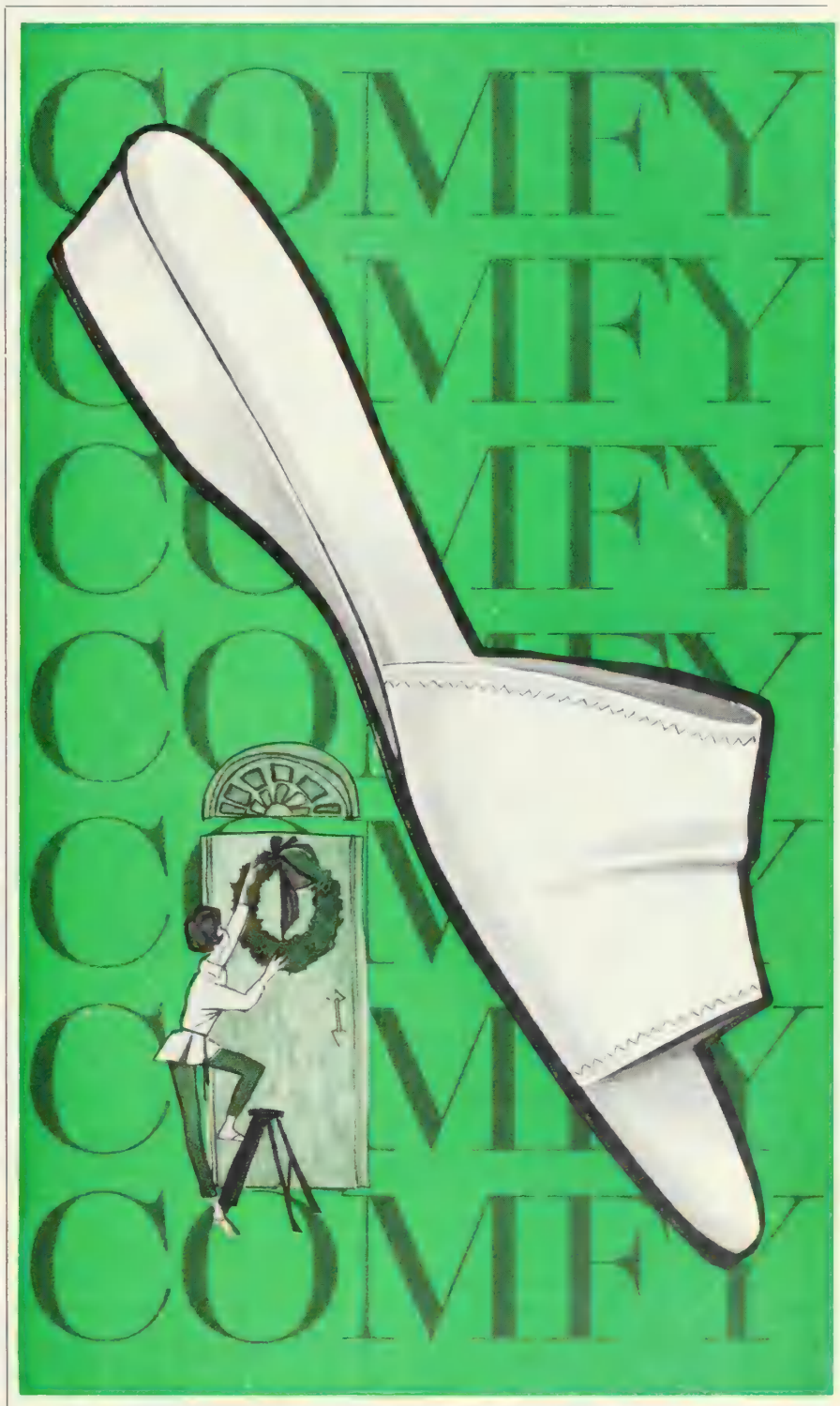
By LOUIS GINSBERG

Snow in the morning,
Petaling peace;
Snow in the street now
White like fleece.

Snowfall flaking
Down a glory,
Falling out of
A childhood story.

Snowfall piling
The past to amaze
People, knee-deep
In olden days.

Snow in the morning,
World made new—
My heart is light as
A snowflake too.



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Why ANACIN gives fast—more complete relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a combination of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!



NO FATHER TO TURN TO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

she remembers, "the plumbing overflowed, the furnace went out, and one of the children broke the television set. We had three repairmen in the house at the same time—all working while I was trying to cook a special dinner, finish wrapping presents, decorate the tree and get everybody ready for Mass. Finally one of the repairmen said to me, 'Lady, if this were *my* home, I'd go crazy.'"

However, Bonnie does not go crazy. In the evenings, after the children are in bed, she may droop a little, but it seems as much from weariness as loneliness. The rest of the time she gives the impression of a gay and steadfast woman, solidly balanced, clearly able to raise five happy children in the remembered illumination of her own childhood.

"My father was a miner and we lived in a tiny place not far from Wallace," said Bonnie. "I had six sisters and two brothers. We never had much money, but we never went hungry. My mother baked a lot and I remember coming home from school and smelling the good smell of the bread in the oven. Sometimes she'd save little pieces of dough and fry them for me. That's the sort of thing a working mother misses—not being able to give her children experiences like that."

Bonnie Arms and one other sister were the only ones in the family to complete high school. Bonnie finished in Richmond, California, where she was living with an older sister, and then returned to Wallace. She was working as a secretary for a mining company when John Crawford, whom she had known in earlier school days, returned from the war and asked her for a date. They were married on April 26, 1946. He was 20, she was 19.

"We were so young, although we didn't think so then," says Bonnie, with the nostalgic pitying logic of age thirty-five. "But we didn't know *anything* about money. John wasn't trained for anything much except to be a ball-turret gunner. We went to Seattle because we thought jobs would be more plentiful there, but all he could get was logging. There was a lot of rain that year, and not much work. After we had our second baby, Jonel, we came back to Wallace because it was home and at least John knew mining. Then the three other children came along, and we were happy about all of them, even if we didn't have any money. We used to talk about how I'd take care of the children if anything happened to John. But it was always a joke, and we never took it seriously."

Today Bonnie is reasonably clear about how she has managed to take care of them financially, and she knows that the fact that she had worked before her marriage and later managed the family finances helped in the adjustment after her husband's death.

She is less clear about how, without the help of a husband and father, she has managed for more than five years to raise children who seem happy, co-operative and emotionally sturdy. She has never glanced at a book on child care, she says—not even *the* book.

"I guess I just thought of how I want them to be," she reflects, "and then went ahead trying to use common sense.

"How do I want them to be? Well, I want them to be dependable. That's very important, I think. And to have good personalities and be happy at whatever work they choose to do in life. And to know that there are other, more important values in life than the material ones.

"The children understand this. We often get down on our knees and pray together, and I know it means as much to them as it does to me. They understand about money too. If they want to buy something, or do something, they always ask, 'But can we afford it?'"

At fourteen, John is the only one of the children old enough to earn any money. The $17 a month he gets for delivering newspapers is a big help, Bonnie explains, because with it he can buy the luxuries of boyhood she would love to give him, but cannot afford. He bought his own baseball mitt and fishing pole, for instance, and occasionally buys himself an extra pair of blue jeans for school.

"And you should see him coming into the house on Christmas Eve," Bonnie says, smiling at the remembrance. "His arms are full o presents for everyone, and he's grinning fron ear to ear—because he bought them himself with his own money. Last year he gave me a electric blender, and he bought me a bedsid lamp for Mother's Day."

None of the children gets an allowance be cause Bonnie decided after a year or so of tri that at least in the case of her big family th allowance system simply didn't work ver well. Now, if a quarter is needed for th movies, or an occasional dollar for a churc bazaar, she checks to see whether assigne tasks have been completed and, if so, hand over the needed money.

"It isn't really money that's so much m problem any more," says Bonnie earnestly "It's *time*."

Bonnie works from nine to five on week days, and from eight in the morning until on P.M. on Saturdays. Since she has been unab to find a baby-sitter who will also function a a housekeeper, a multitude of household job await her when she comes home: cooking an serving dinner, washing the dishes, tidying th house, and always and perpetually, seeming without end, mountains of clothes to be washe and ironed. One Saturday there were seve separate loads of clothes for the washin machine. Sundays she tries to keep free f church and special fun with the children.

Only with the help of the children can Bo nie accomplish the successful management a job and a spotless, functioning home. S realized this early—perhaps instinctively and long ago trained them in responsibil and co-operation.

John dumps the garbage, takes care of t garden, cuts the lawn and does the gene handyman jobs requiring muscle. With t eager assistance of his younger brothers a sisters, he also raises pigeons and guinea pi which he hopes to breed and sell.

Jonel at thirteen is beginning to drift fro dynamic, bright-eyed childhood into drea adolescence, but she nevertheless manages do most of the household dusting, help wa the dishes, polish shoes and keep a watchf eye on her younger sister. Since she com home earlier in the afternoon than her moth does, she sometimes bakes a cake or sta preparations for dinner.

Nine-year-old Jeffrey, shy and full of bo hood's secret laughter, makes his bed (as all the older children), keeps his room tidy a says his mother, "does the things I tell h to do."

Julie Ann, an eight-year-old charm *sometimes* makes her bed, helps dress Jimn sets the table when she sees the need, and che fully runs errands for her mother.

And mischievous Jimmy, who is only fiv "Well, Jimmy carries things," says his moth "And sometimes he dries the silverware, more for kicks than for anything else."

With a family the size of Bonnie's, cloth is of course a big expense even when so things are passed down from an older chil a younger one. But the older children, for wh there is no passing down, keep growing to only last winter Bonnie paid $14.95 for a r coat for Jonel, who has already outgrown "Jonel's getting to an age where she'll n pretty clothes," says Bonnie, with a remi cent look in her soft brown eyes. "I'm going try to see if I can squeeze out enough mo this winter to give her a sewing course. If could make her own clothes, and if I learn how from her, we could save a lot."

Shoes are the biggest item in the cloth budget. Though Bonnie tries to buy the c dren's shoes at sales, she has found that t all have the kind of narrow feet which do take kindly to cheap shoes. At Easter eve one (except Bonnie) had new dress shoes, total cost of $32.00. And last summer each the five needed a pair of $4.98 to $6.98 sne ers every other month.

The one clothing expense which really tates Bonnie is her own expenditure for nyl which she is required to wear to work. "I through three or four pairs a month, and dollar a pair that can really mount up!"

One big help in the clothing line is the ann Christmas gift from Mrs. Leila Crawf Bonnie's mother-in-law. Mrs. Crawford l to sew, and every year sends dresses for

rls and something very special for Bonnie—st year a red velveteen coat, and one year "a autiful walking suit."

Food buying is another area in which Bon- e would like to economize more than she can the moment. Though $165 a month is, she inks, not a really extravagant amount for od, she knows that it might be possible to ave the figure a little. Buying in bulk, for stance, is more economical than buying nall sizes of staples. But there is not much orage space in Bonnie's kitchen, and the sement is damp—so Bonnie buys small sizes nich can fit into small cupboards.

"And I know that if I made my own bread stead of store-bought bread I'd save a lot," e broods. "Or if I made cakes the way my other used to instead of using cake mixes.

HOW THE CRAWFORD FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH

WHAT THEY GET

Mrs. Crawford's Salary	$290.00
Social Security Benefits	240.00
Veteran's Family Pension	95.00
	$625.00

WHERE IT GOES

Social Security Tax	8.70
Food (at home, $150; school lunches, $15)	165.00
Housing (mortgage, $87.28; property tax, $3; insurance, $6; repairs, $15.29; heating, $21.80)	133.37
Household Operation (utilities, $18.63; phone, $6; cleaning supplies, $8.50; home equipment, accessories, $7.50)	40.63
Clothing (purchases, $38; cleaning, repair, $3)	41.00
Medical (medical, dental, $20.70; hospital insurance, $12.85)	33.55
Life Insurance	25.40
Child Care	93.00
Recreation (TV antenna hookup, $3.75; other recreation, $9.75; vacation fund, $5)	18.50
Advancement (school tuition, $11; supplies, $3; magazines, newspapers, $3; club dues, $1.50)	18.50
Church	5.00
Savings (E bonds)	12.50
Cigarettes	5.00
Other (haircuts, toiletries, presents, miscellaneous)	24.85
TOTAL	$625.00

For our financial counselor's budget analysis, see page 124.

B, like most workingwomen, I just don't have tl time for that sort of thing—and frankly, I d 't think it would be worth it. I'd rather sp nd a few dollars more a month, and buy a li e more free time with the children."

ne expense which Bonnie has considered w worth while is parochial school for all the cl dren. "The classes are smaller than they ar at the public school," she explains, "and th children get special attention from the nu s." She decided, however, to let John enter pu lic high school last fall, feeling he had had ei t years of religious training and should no have some of the advantages public sc ol provides, such as a science laboratory, a gy nasium, shop training and male teachers.

either Bonnie's father nor mother com- pl ed high school. Bonnie did. And Bonnie s termined that all her children will go to c ge. This is the one long-term future pr ect about which she is most serious.

think I have it figured," she says. "Right n the sitter I have to have for the younger ch dren comes to $93 a month, and I have to as almost all of the $95-a-month veterans' pe sion for this expense. But in a year or two, wh Jimmy in school and all the others growing older and more responsible, I won't need any sitter at all. Then I can start saving the entire pension every month toward later college expenses. I'd thought of getting education insurance, but it would cost $25 a month for each child, and that's just *too* much."

At the moment, however, there are more pressing needs than a college fund.

The most immediate are beds for Julie and Jimmy, who currently do not have any real place of their own in which to sleep. Jimmy sleeps with his mother in her big double bed. Julie sleeps with Jonel in a single bed far too narrow for two growing girls—often in the night Julie comes in to join her mother and little brother. If Bonnie could afford it she would buy bunk beds for the girls' room, and put Jonel's bed upstairs for Jimmy.

"But bunk beds cost around $79," she says sadly, "and since we have *just* enough money to get by each month and not a cent in a savings account, I don't see how I can afford it, even with time payments."

Another purchase she longs to make is a dryer, which would save her countless trips up from the basement and out to the garden laundry lines. And an automobile is a real dream, for it would not only give her twenty more minutes at home night and morning, but would enable her to take the children on the picnics and fishing excursions they all love. Bonnie taught herself to drive her husband's old 1949 car after his death, but it had to be sold last winter when she couldn't afford to pay the bill for all the repairs it needed.

"I keep thinking that maybe I can squeeze some money out here or there and save enough for a down payment," says Bonnie, "but every time I get started something comes along. One of the children gets sick, or somebody has a birthday, or it's Christmas again."

Each year Bonnie spends about $75 on Christmas, plus a quantity of eagerly hoarded savings stamps and a lot of loving time and thought. She tries to give each child one thing he really wants, and a number of practical presents. Last year Jonel got a little phonograph (cost: $14.95); Julie, a doll; Johnny, a transistor radio; Jeffrey some toy guns; and Jimmy, some bright toys. And there was a sled for everyone to share.

The children also give as well as receive: painted flower planters made from tin cans, table mats woven at Scout meetings, a Christmas apron carefully stitched, paper chains, strings of popcorn and cranberries for the tree—these are the presents Bonnie remembers with pride.

The one thing no one can give Bonnie is the one thing she herself admits she most needs: a father for her children, a companion and mate for herself.

At thirty-five Bonnie looks a good ten years younger. She is pretty, petite, beautifully groomed. She is also sunny by nature and possessed of the same quiet, uncomplaining courage shown by the pioneer women who first settled in these wild Western mountains.

"I'm a normal woman," says Bonnie. "Of course I'd love to marry again—and the thing I'd like most in the world to do would be to stay at home with my children. But who would marry a widow with five children?"

The house is quiet now, the last child abed and breathing deep in sleep. Bonnie curls in a big chair, looking tiny and a little pale after the long busy day, and stares out the picture window at the dark mountains and the twinkling lights of Wallace in the canyon below.

"Anyway," she says at last, "there aren't any single men of my age in Wallace. I know I might go somewhere larger where there would be a chance of meeting more eligible men. But Wallace has been my home, as it is the children's home—we know everyone, and everyone knows us. And I really think that without the help of friends and neighbors I wouldn't have been able to manage at all. Anywhere else, we'd be strangers."

She shrugs her shoulders philosophically, uncurls, stands up straight, sighs very slightly, and heads toward the kitchen where a basket of ironing must still be met and matched tonight. At the kitchen door she turns and smiles.

"I'm doing fine," she says earnestly. "We're all doing fine. It's just that sometimes I get a little nervous." END



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BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS *CONSULTANT ON FAMILY FINANCES OF THE FAMILY SERVICE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA*

AND SUDDENLY A WIDOW...

No one needs financial counseling more than women like Bonnie Crawford. (Read about her on page 112.) There are almost 4,000,000 American women, most of them widows, who are bringing up children alone. Among the problems which surround them, the difficulty of finding financial security for themselves and for their children looms with frightening importance.

Bonnie has been meeting basic expenses, but she has really been in a precarious situation. For protection against any emergency she had just four $18.75 bonds, and not a single penny in the bank. With the revised spending plan we have worked out, she now can cut expenses approximately $450 a year and use the saving as a defense against death or severe illness.

Because she is the only breadwinner in the family, a working widow with young children and no savings needs strong life insurance. She also needs even more medical insurance than the two-parent family. In both of these areas we were able to improve Bonnie's coverage.

The family actually had twelve insurance policies. Each child had two $500 policies, and Bonnie had one on herself for $2000 (at a cost of $4.16 a month). She also had a mortgage-insurance policy currently providing about $9200 of insurance for $5.20 a month. These policies cost just over $300 a year.

We suggested, after consulting insurance-company and other experts, that Bonnie discontinue the children's $500 policies. These had cost a total of $188 a year. We then suggested she add to her own $2000 whole-life policy an "income rider" which would pay an additional $20 a month for ten years from the date of issue if she died. This rider costs only $7 a year, or less than 60 cents a month.

We also advised her to take out a "family plan" policy which would provide an additional $3000 of whole-life insurance on her, and $1000 of term insurance on each child. This is a good buy for Bonnie with her larger-than-usual brood, for it covers all children in a family for the same price. If she pays annually it will cost her $85 instead of the $93 which monthly payments would total. And by paying her two other premiums annually she can save an additional $10.

We suggested she continue her mortgage insurance as it is. It's of a type called decreasing term insurance, and is the least costly form of family protection for a widow or other parents with modest income. It began as $10,000 of insurance to match the original mortgage and will end up with none at all. It will, however, have protected her children during their early years at a cost of only $5 or $6 per $1000 of insurance (for a parent in her thirties). The new "income rider" on Bonnie's whole-life policy is another form of decreasing term insurance.

Thus the new insurance program reduces her life-insurance bill by $104 a year, while increasing her coverage by $5400.

For medical insurance, all Bonnie had was a policy which recently was raised to pay $10 a day for her and $8 for the children for hospital care, plus about 75 per cent of the costs of surgery and extras such as X rays. It did not cover actual hospital charges in Wallace of $15 a day in a ward and $17 for semiprivate care. This policy cost her $12.85 a month.

Instead, for $8.15 a month (nongroup enrollment in Idaho), the Crawford family can join Blue Cross, and in case of illness receive hospital bed and board in full for 21 days, plus 50 per cent for the next 40 days.

However, this insures only hospital care—not surgeon or doctor fees or any nonhospitalized illnesses. By consulting Bonnie's insurance company we found a supplementary plan with a wholesale rate for children: a major-medical policy which would pay 80 per cent of all expenses of an illness, in or out of the hospital, after the first $500. In a serious illness it would take up where Blue Cross left off, and would cost only $5.14 a month in addition to the Blue Cross $8.15.

After revising Bonnie's insurance program, we looked for other ways she could cut expenses and build some protective savings.

Her food expenditure of $165 a month falls between a low-cost budget of $130 for a family this size and a moderate-cost budget of $175. We suggested that if she rearranged her storage space to permit bulk buying, and planned meals around supermarket specials, she could cut the food expense to $150. This will still permit the purchase of timesaving ready-mixes.

The third cut in Bonnie's expenses developed when her baby-sitter, who cost her $93 a month, fell ill early this winter. Her three youngest children now go to a nearby family after school. This costs Bonnie $3 a day, and a cleaning woman twice a month costs $18. The $80 for the new arrangement thus saves her $13 a month.

With the combined savings of about $450 a year, Bonnie will soon be able to buy the bunk beds she needs, acquire a secondhand car and begin building a savings fund.

Bonnie Crawford's struggle underlines the need for every wife to be sensibly prepared for possible widowhood.

For instance, you don't get Social Security or Veterans Administration payments—two primary sources of income—unless you apply for them. And you won't apply if you don't know about them.

Social Security is really a woman's law, with its major role the protection of wives against the deep financial emergencies of life. Not only are widows eligible for regular payments, but the children of a working mother also are eligible in the event of her death, whether or not their father is still living and supporting them.

Veterans' payments are for widows and dependent children of deceased veterans who left their families only small incomes. Since Bonnie's salary is over the $3000-a-year limit, it is actually her children who are eligible and who receive the VA payments.

Any war veteran's family is also eligible for a burial payment of $250, as well as a Social Security burial reimbursement of, usually, $255.

There are other sources of possible benefits, such as the husband's employer, his union, his fraternal order. Some states provide property-tax concessions for widows, such as Bonnie gets in Idaho, or educational benefits for veterans' children—if the widow knows about them and applies.

WHO PAYS THE FAMILY BILLS?

Insurance is usually paid in one to two weeks if the policy is in good order. Social Security usually takes four or five weeks. A family should have on hand at all times a ready cash account with which to pay expenses during this tide-over period. A widow can expedite the payments if on her first visit to the Social Security office she takes with her the death certificate, her marriage certificate, children's birth certificates and her husband's Social Security number.

Many community services stand ready to guide the new widow. The local Family Service agency often gives direct help or advice, or refers her to other sources. The local bar association can recommend a lawyer if she needs one. If her husband died at his job, his union will advise on workmen's-compensation benefits. A relatively new organization, Parents Without Partners, already has 56 chapters, and offers help with financial, emotional and social problems of single parents.

None of these organizations, however, will be on hand at the time of the immediate tragedy, when most families are required, with little preparation, or previous thought, to face the problem of funeral expenses. Bonnie Crawford, who could ill afford it, spent more than twice the national average of $750 on the arrangements for her husband simply because she was unprepared for the decision and lacked the guidance of a less emotionally involved friend or relative.

This, like all other problems which may never arise, needs to be faced beforehand. For if a wife is not prepared to be a widow, a time of tragedy can become a time of complete disaster for herself and for her children.



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CHRISTMAS LOST, CHRISTMAS FOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

slippery pew between my sisters. I would wait in prayerful silence until Santa came prancing out to take the gifts from the tree, sing out the names attached, and bestow them on the fortunate. Thinking to please a humility-favoring Providence one year, I chose a quite plainly dressed doll hidden under a low uncandled bough. And when finally she was reached for, I had squeezed past my sister and was out in the aisle, ready to run down and claim her, when another's name was called and I was yanked back by my skirts to watch another run down with outstretched arms to get her. God's ways were indeed past finding out.

This Christmas, in the log house in the timber, there would be no unworthy yearning after dolls that were for others, and no shamed disappointment before the multitude.

Having heard our talk of Christmas, papa looked at mother, where she stood rolling out biscuit dough, and said, "I have been meaning to tell you that we are asked out for Christmas."

"Asked out? Where? By whom? And how are we to go, and take the children?"

Papa said, "To the Hagens'. They are a large family of stalwart Norsemen and beautiful girls and women. I saw the boys at Heacock's store, at Battle Lake, and they told me they want us all to come, Christmas Eve, and stay all the next day with them. The Heacocks will send their team and bobsled for us. Another neighbor family is invited, the Papineaus."

Mother wiped the flour from her hands and went to take up little Happy, who had just waked. In moments of surprise she needed a baby in her arms. "It is days since you went to the store," she reproached. "Why have you left me only three days to get ready for this?"

"Had you known earlier," papa defended, "you'd have worn yourself out washing, ironing, sewing, cooking. Now we can go as we are, without ostentation or fatigue, being plain country people all." The sheepish grin that hid under his mustache made plain how well he knew he was talking nonsense.

"Go as we are!" mother cried in desperation and looked over the baby's head at my sister Allegra, who, at ten, was the only one of us capable of appreciating the enormity of the work to be done before we would be ready to make a holiday visit. Then she sighed, and said to my brothers Vance and Burrus, "Bring in both tubs and a washboiler full of snow to melt for the washing." She said to papa, "Dorothy must have moccasins. Will you cut them, stitch them tonight?" She looked round at us all, considering all there would need to be done for us, and suddenly a smile took the straightness from her lips, for she loved a visit, and had not been outside the clearing in many weeks. She picked up the rolling pin and flourished it like a baton and said, "To the work, to the work!"

I went to stand by papa, where he worked smoothing an ax handle. "Where is that Christmas of the magazine pictures?" I wanted to ask him. "Where are boys and girls in bright coats, standing outside a lighted window singing carols? In what place live little girls in floor-length palest blue and pink dresses standing beside a low piano that their pretty mother plays? In what country is the Black Forest, where between great trees a red sleigh moves rapidly behind dappled horses, and two little girls hold ermine muffs to hide their pink cheeks and do not see the deer that look out from under the wide green boughs? Are such Christmases real, somewhere? Or are they real only in the way heaven is real?" But there was too much noise too many who would think such questions silly; and father was too busy to be asked anything.

Kennetha came to me and ordered happily, "Dolly, you begin and let's 'tell' the story of our Christmas at the Hagens'."

I took a deep breath and began: "We woke before it was light and got up from our bunks and went to dress behind the stove, in our good dresses. I took down your curls for you. In their rags, one of them had made a deep print on your cheek while you slept."

"Oh, but I did not sleep," Kennetha said. "I could not, for thinking of the morrow. Dolly, go on!"

"Grandma's package had come in time, and there were a hundred beautiful satin, velvet and water-silk ribbons for us girls to choose from. Mine was rose satin, embroidered in silver butterflies."

"And mine," Kenny said, "was palest green with a string of bucking broncos along it."

"I doubt that," I said, in a wicked way I had when Kenny got too farfetched in her telling. "There might be birds, kittens, flowers or butterflies, but I doubt there's a ribbon in the world with wild horses embroidered on it—not in the real world, this side of fairyland!"

"Who says mine is in the real world, or needs to be, in a story we are making up?" Kenny demanded hotly. "My ribbon was palest green, embroidered in a herd of golden unicorns, stallion unicorns, fighting for the crown! What is wrong with you, Dolly, that you don't get us to the Hagens', and begin the real Christmas? You don't believe, do you, that anything will happen to keep us from going?"

"What could happen?" I asked.

"It could get too cold," she said darkly, looking quite fierce and tragic. "It could snow too deep. One of the Heacocks' horses co slip on the ice and break his leg. Or the of the world could come."

"Could it? Could it, Dolly?" our li brother asked.

"It could but it won't," I said. "Sho you like to tell a little, Si? We are going alo the trail, on our way to the Hagens' Christmas."

His round cheeks dimpling, he took a d breath and began, "We came up over a and there in the middle of the road sat a gr big grizzly bear."

"No, Si," Kenny said. "There are no be out this time of year. You'll have to ma him something else, a bobcat or a timl wolf."

"He was a bear all right," he said. "I up front with papa and Joyce, and I saw hi

"All right," said Kenny patiently. "We sh him! Now, Dolly, get on with Christmas. T about the Hagens' tree!"

"They may not have one," I said. "This a house, not a church, and there may not room for a tree. Besides, if there is one, might not be as nice as we'd imagine it."

"Since when has that stopped us telling she asked, surprised. "Whatever happe we've had the fun of telling it! Do you thi there will be candles on the tree, and may little horses, with sleds? Why won't you t about the tree, Dolly?" she asked alm piteously.

"Because I can't stand it!" I said, turn away.

Long after we were in bed, the night befo our visit to the Hagens', mother ironed a sewed. When we got up in the morning, clean set of clothes awaited each of us, la in order, as to age and sex, across the lo table. We were to wear our everyday apro until the sled came and shed them before put on our wraps. I was very proud of my n wool dress.

Mamma had the three sadirons warr against the time they would be slid in o socks and carried out to the sled for fo warmers. Had we all been going on this tr so that the house could be left fireless, t stove lids would have been wrapped in o cloths to serve as warmers, too; but our b brothers Ozro and Vance would be staying home, with Kenneth Heacock. Mother ha found time to bake bread and pies for them

Kenneth came before we expected hin When we heard the jingle of bells Kenny she her apron, grabbed her coat and ran o before the team shivered its bells to a sto

"We are almost ready!" mamma said. have only to get them in their wraps. I hop the team is not skittish! I want the little boy either side of me, should we skid, tip on t hillside and have to jump out."

The hillside above Battle Lake! I had com pletely forgotten its steepness and its terro Now my dread of it began, lessening m pleasure in the journey.

We were tucked into the hay in the sle box, mother and the little brothers facing t three girls, father and Joyce standing at th front. Burrus ran on ahead, to let us pass hin and ride the back runner if he should gro tired.

The going was not easy along the timbe trail papa and the boys had broken the da before. In the snow was the print of falle trees, chopped and pulled aside. We childre threw our heads back, looked up through th high branches of the tall trees and saw th gray-blue sky. Kenny wiggled from her co coon to the front of the sled to stand betwee papa and Joyce and take the reins in her hand pretending she was driving. When we cam into open brush country, she asked to b lifted onto the snow to run on the crust with Burrus.

Mother and Allegra, the two little boys and I were quiet, looking around us. Great Canada blue jays flew down, swooped over us. "Where along this trail, was that grizzly?" I asked Si, and waited for his bubbling laugh. "I'll show you," he said, and when he saw a deep dent in the snow where a pine was uprooted, said, "Right there!" and smiled to himself.

Mother lifted baby Happy into her lap, to nurse him. She held her heavy dark veil protectively close to them, but he thrust it aside

Eggnog Pudding...



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Ingredients: ¼ cup Minute Tapioca • 2⅓ cups milk • ⅓ cup sugar • ⅛ tsp. salt • ⅛ tsp. nutmeg • ⅓ cup candied cherries, halved • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. vanilla extract • ½ tsp. rum extract • whipped cream.

Combine Minute Tapioca, milk, sugar, salt, nutmeg and cherries in saucepan. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Beat eggs until very thick and lemon-colored. Stir a small amount hot mixture into eggs; then slowly stir into hot mixture. Cook and stir over medium heat 1 minute. Add extracts; pour into bowl. Let stand 20 minutes. Blend; pour into serving dishes. Chill. Top with whipped cream and additional nutmeg. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

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his mittened hand, to lean back and look
t the sky—its blue immensity better to
than food or drink. "Come, nurse!" she
, and gave him a loving spank, and he
n to feed again but would not have the
over his face. There was too much to see.
on I said, in a whisper to Allegra, "Look,
ma has fallen asleep. The bells have put
to sleep." We put out our arms and the
struggled from the covers toward us.
caught him, kissed his cold cheeks, and
ed him on our covered knees and said,
the horses! Hear the bells, Happy!"
looked at mother and thought how pretty
looked, sleeping. She would wake long
re we came to the hills above Battle Lake.
half a mile the road was smooth, in its
ard climb, and almost straight. I thought
t the hillside and wondered whether it
true that all fun, every delight was ap-
ched through danger and dread, very
work or boredom.
o keep myself from dread of the hillside
a possible spill I began to think of the
ens and their asking us. The other guests,
Papineaus, I had met.
wonder," I said, as offhandedly as I
d, "whether the Hagens will have a tree."
or an unguarded instant Allegra and I
ed into each other's eyes, remembering
e Kansas trees and their betrayal of our
n.
Do you *want* them to have one?"
Do you?" I countered.
Yes," she said, looking on the stand of
ds we were entering.

We came out on the crest of the mighty hill
looked down on frozen, snow-covered
le Lake and the far spruce-walled hills
nd. We saw below, on the sidling trail,
fans of pressed edged snow where the
ineau sleigh had slid again and again, and
t have come near to turning over, in its
ent.
I want out!" Kenny cried, white with fear.
ant to walk."
Yes," papa said, "you had all best get
and walk down this hill. Burrus can drive
Joyce and I will walk at the side, to hold
sled in the trail."
No," mother cried. "Burrus is too young
rive a team he does not know, down such
ill. Let Joyce drive. You and I will hold
sled."
Now, mamma," papa said, and, at the
she gave him, "just see to the children,
Burrus and I will hold the sled. You
e, Joyce."
Mother carried the baby, Allegra took Si
aback, and we followed the sled. Father
Burrus held it to the slippery track; sweat
red from their faces. Kenny could not
not to be helping, and grasped the box
with both hands and held back. When the sled lurched, she leaped to the sliding upper runner and rode it, her moccasined feet curling to the iron, her hands in their bright mittens grasping the box edge, color coming back to her cheeks. I felt very proud of her and sure that, had they let her drive the team, she would have known just how much to pull on the reins to keep the horses holding back, and how to talk to them. Afterward I heard papa say of her daring, "That was most dangerous."

Remembering now, it seems a very long time that we were on the steep hill, following the lurching, swinging sled and the held-back team. I see it as though from above, looking down from a height of over half a century. I see the wide valley, the smooth expanse of snow-sparkling lake, and the river where for a brief distance the black thread of current coiled, the rising wall of spruce on the lake's far side, and the wide sky arching over. There were other hillsides but none so slippery as that along the sidling sickle of trail down the lake hillside.

When we came to the side hills, all but Joyce got out again, to follow the trail afoot or help hold the sled, but Kenny was not again allowed to follow close or ride the runner. "Weren't you scared?" I asked her. She gave me a woeful look over her shoulder, to let me see how little I understood her courage, that I could ask, and said, "I was scared spitless!"

I had tried to imagine the Hagen house many times, and as we approached it found it prettier far than I had pictured it. Great pines towered over it, blue smoke plumed from the three stovepipe chimneys. Large dogs came bounding out to meet the sled and tall Hagens followed, to greet us with shy courtesy and to carry the younger ones in.

Mrs. Hagen, plump and rosy, waited with her daughters and Mrs. Papineau and her girls, to welcome us into the warm and fragrant kitchen. They made places for us near the stove, smoothed our curls, and made us feel they were very glad to see us.

Mrs. Papineau was a large, black-haired woman with an Eastern Canada accent. All three women were mothers of large families who had come great distances to make homes in new country. They saw other women but seldom, and had much to talk about. We girls were shy with the Papineau girls, not having seen them since summer. The youngest, Edith, was just older than Allegra. Her dark hair, tied at the nape with a broad indigo ribbon, hung in a rippling unbraided strand down her back.

"There's a good fire in the storeroom," one of the Hagen girls said. "We thought the children might like to play until suppertime. Bertie and Freddie Papineau and our younger brothers are there already."

To reach the storeroom we were told to put coats over our heads and run around the house to its door. "No one is to go through the big room and see the tree until time to light the candles," they said.

"You hear that, Dolly?" Kenny whispered, putting her coat over her head. "They have a tree!"

"A *big* tree," Lottie Hagen said. "So big the boys had to cut the top from it, to stand it up in the big room. All yesterday Molly and Julia were trimming it while mamma and I baked."

"Old-country trimmings, some," Mrs. Hagen said. "Others, the boys bring from town, when they come from logging camp. You like oyster stew? Tonight, for supper, we have oyster stew. For dinner tomorrow, chickens and venison. Next year, ducks, turkeys, maybe."

I did not go with the others to play. I watched the Hagen girls at their work, and tried to decide which was the loveliest. Lottie and Molly were slim and fair, and plump Julia had large dark eyes, dark silken hair, very white skin and rosy cheeks where dimples came and went.

The three fathers and the older boys went into the big room, from which all but the children were allowed to come and go freely. I saw Burrus hesitate at its threshold and start to turn away. Father called, "Come in, son!" and he slid in—at twelve a man, for having held the sleigh on the trail, and for its being Christmas.

Joyce discovered his mouth organ in his sheepskin pocket and began to play for Ethel and Effie Papineau and for the Hagen girls. His way of talking to the girls, I observed, was quite new to me, and I thought it became him splendidly. I wondered whether it was what my father would have called "sparking."

Weary from the journey, I curled up on a pile of blankets, and tried to go to sleep. When I shut my eyes, I saw the awful hillside and the steeply slanting trail and the skidding sled. I thought of the climb up that lay ahead of us, after Christmas, and shivered. At least, whatever the tree held or failed to hold, the gifts our parents had made for us would be waiting at home, and we would pick up grandma's package at Heacock's store. After dread and danger, happiness. I slept and woke now and again to the pleasant jargon of kitchen talk in company voices.

Kenny woke me to tell me the supper was ready. The table was of long planks laid across sawhorses and covered with several big tablecloths, one a creamy handwoven one from Norway. We sat close together on the springy plank bench and waited, after grace was said, for our bowls to be filled with the cream-rich oyster stew. There were pickles and preserves from the Papineau larder, and mamma had brought light rolls. Dessert was canned raspberries with cookies so pretty it seemed wrong to eat them.

When the benches were set back and the table cleared, two of the Hagen girls went into the big room to light candles on the tree while the other, with the help of the Papineau girls, washed the dishes. We children waited as best we could. A silence had fallen on us; we sat together on a bench and looked toward the door of the big room. Whatever the tree held or failed to hold, I told myself, I would not let anything spoil the happiness of the trip and the visit. I reviewed its glories quickly in my mind: my new moccasins, the darting blue jays under the winter-blue sky, the warmth and certainty of the Hagens' welcome, the princesslike loveliness of Julia, and the big bowl of raspberries I had had to finish my supper.

When Lottie Hagen said, "Children, come in!" we remembered not to run or crowd. Kennetha led, because her name meant leader and because she led so well. Freddy Papineau came after, and Allegra and I followed with our little brother between us, and Edith Papineau behind us.

Never had we seen such a Christmas tree. It was a tree out of fairyland, a tree out of heaven. Among the many colored and white candles, bright birds of every hue perched and flew and mica-winged angels ascended and descended. Saints galore, cut from shining thin metal, shone, their features and halos enameled richly in blue, red and gold. Holly-



"You know—I think I liked you better with a weak chin."

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sprigged cards hung from silken tasseled cords. There was one little goat, of straw. Golden balls in nets of silver threads weighted heavier branches. Silver stars hung from invisible threads and turned and twinkled in the candlelight, against that green heaven. Through all the branches looped strands of red cranberries.

And under the tree, against a small drift of wrapped presents, stood four lovely dolls in their white boxes. I looked, saw their bright lace-trimmed dresses and matching bonnets, their dainty slippers in white kid or black patent leather, and I could not look away.

Into our awed silence, Lottie said, "Kennetha will choose her doll first, because she is the youngest girl."

Slowly, gravely, Kenny moved forward and knelt, her finger tips touching the floor, to consider the dolls; then looked past and above them, got to her feet and asked most appealingly, "How about swapping my doll for something else I see—that little wooden horse?"

"Look at the name on the horse, Kenny," Joyce said, chuckling.

She looked, and cried, "It's for me!"

"The doll is yours too," Molly reminded.

She quickly chose the doll in yellow and ran to put it in mother's lap, and took the horse first to papa and then to each of the grownups, to have it admired. It was an arch-necked stiff-legged horse carved from birchwood, with dainty hoofs and legs that moved so that it could be made to walk. Its mane and tail were softest silk floss in creamy tan. Kenny flew back to mother, crying, "Did you make it?"

"Burrus drew it for me, first, and helped carve the head and legs," mother said.

Down Kenny went on her knees, to make the horse walk his high-stepping, stiff-legged walk. "He is a circus horse," she said. "His name is Cream Beauty." Then she saw how I stood in a polite agony of waiting and asked, surprised, "Haven't you picked your doll yet?"

I knew well that everyone, beginning with mother, expected me to choose the doll in red. But one of those Kansas dolls, loved and lost, had been dressed in a light blue gown with a cascade of blue ribbon floating from the yoke; and from then on the doll of my dreams was blue. I lifted and held on my arm the box with the doll in the light blue dress. Her little white shoes were not glued on, but came off easily in my hand to be put on and taken off repeatedly. Her cheeks were dimpled, and her hair and eyes dark. I took her to mother and said, "Her name is Julia."

Allegra chose the doll in pale green and the one in crimson was left for Edith, who said that was the doll she had wanted from the moment she saw her.

Mother helped me to untie the cords that held the doll in her box, and I sat down on the deerskin rug and cradled her in my arms, and knew nothing more until mother's present was brought to me from the tree. I rested the doll on my knee while I untied and unwrapped it to find a tiny rolling pin and a breadboard so small I could rest it in the palm of my hand. There was a handkerchief too. I took these things to mother, whose lap was already full, and returned to my treasure.

When all had had their gifts, papa was asked to read aloud from the Bible. With his arm about me he prompted, "Now when ——" and I, very glad to have him proud of me, went on with the telling: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold wise men from the east came ——" After the reading about the shepherds in the field and the angel host, the Hagen boys took down violins and played for us, and we sang together. In papa's church dancing was not approved, but the Hagens moved to the center of the floor when a certain old tune was played and, clasping hands, danced together. Their sons swung their fiddle bows and patted their feet, and their daughters clapped. At the end, Mrs. Hagen fanned herself with her apron, wiped her tears away and went quickly from the room. She returned almost at once, with her butter bowl full of candies and apples. Then someone discovered that the golden balls on the tree were not ornaments, but oranges! They were the first oranges we had seen since we left K sas and when mine was put into my hand d smelled it I felt such a wave of nostalg tha tears came to my eyes. Then, feeling d ya to my father, who had put the States l ind him, and to the good home he had ma fo us, I went to lean within the circle of hi rm

"Shall I peel your orange for you he asked, reaching for the little knife that ung from his watch chain.

"No, I will hold it in my hand," I sa

The music went on, with laughter an talle in the pauses. Then the candles were tin guished one by one so that they mig he lighted on the morrow. I was lifted my father's knee and was glad to rest my ead on his shoulder. His beard moved, tou ing my forehead.

"Someone is getting sleepy," one the Hagen girls said. I looked about to se who that someone might be and decided it w my little brother who sat between the fi ers, blinking solemnly.

"The boys will all sleep in the storero m," Mrs. Hagen said. "The little girls are to een in the room above. Their beds are made own, ready."

"I'll take them up," said Julia.

I went to mother and with my kiss th ked her for the breadboard and the rollin pin, for Kenny's horse, and for rememberi to bring our presents so that we might, a ast, have presents from a big tree.

The stair door had been left open the heat from the big room might go upst s. I sat down on the topmost step, and drew lia down beside me. "There is something I ink would be very nice," I said.

"Yes, what is it?" Julia asked, and p her arm about my shoulders.

"You and Lottie and Molly are three tty girls," I said. "I have three big brothers, ro Joyce and Vance. Sometime, you cou all marry. Don't you think that a fine idea

She hugged me to her in a warm an ra grant hug, and shook with silent laughte "A fine idea," she agreed. "But let's keep it a secret, shall we?"

She helped Kenny and me into our g ns kissed us good night and went downsirs. Kenny set her wooden horse behind the mp where his shadow reared against the rou of the peeled log of the house wall, and od admiring a moment. Then she whirlec nd dived into the pallet bed. "See, Dolly, i as a good tree!" she said, and was asleep.

Allegra lay smiling up into the rafter lis tening to the music that came up the au well. Our dolls lay between us in their en and blue dresses. We had taken off their on nets and slippers; cold as it was, we let em sleep in their stockings.

I rolled to the edge of the pallet and l ed down, through a crack between the bo boards. I looked down on the shining c of my mother's dark hair, and the baby's g len head where he lay sleeping against her b st Lamplight caught the tip of the gold af shaped pin on mother's red dress, and on like a star.

Had Kenny stayed awake I should ve told her why I could not bear, in our t g to anticipate the Hagens' Christmas t. should have told her how I had dr ed Christmas—and was done with dreadi ing now, forever. Through the Hagens' wa ng us and asking us, who were strangers, to ep Christmas with them, preparing such a ge with dolls and gifts for all, I found I lo forgive heaven the hurt of every former e disappointment, and any less than p ect Christmas that might ever come.

Across our dolls, lovely and pristine be- tween us, Allegra turned her head and sm ed at me. There was no need for me to te her anything; she had set her heart on a co in doll on more Christmases than it had en mine to sorrow. My joy for her was almo as great as that for myself. I bent my hea nd kissed her doll. And she, in full understan g, quite forgetting she was ten and would se om have time to pretend or to play with doll my more, reached to kiss my doll.

I lay on the pallet with my sisters, he ng the music, and in all serenity chose care lly the words for my prayer of rejoicing, nd went to sleep.

FRUIT & NUT CANDIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

SESAME STICKS

2 cups sesame seeds (sometimes called benne seeds)
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place the sesame seeds on a shallow tray and toast in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 45 minutes, stirring them occasionally. Melt the sugar in a large heavy skillet, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. When the sugar is melted and amber-colored, quickly add the sesame seeds and vanilla. Pour it once onto a well-buttered metal tray or marble slab. Using a buttered spatula, press mixture to a thickness of about ¼". Then quickly mark, with a buttered sharp knife, into strips about ¼" wide. When the brittle is cold, break along the crease lines into sticks. Makes about 1 pound.

BUTTERSCOTCH-COCONUT BALLS

2 cups sugar
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup water
1⅔ cups flaked coconut
1 package (6-oz.) butterscotch bits
2–3 tablespoons milk

Mix the sugar, cream of tartar and water and then cook until the mixture comes to a boil. Stop stirring and continue cooking to the soft-ball stage (236° F. on a candy thermometer). Remove from heat and beat until candy whitens, then quickly mix in coconut and continue beating until mixture is thick. Pat into a buttered pan. When mixture is cool enough to shape with the hands, form into balls about 1" in diameter (you may have to work a little water into the candy as you shape it). Melt the butterscotch bits in the top of a double boiler and add just enough milk to make them a good coating consistency. Dip each coconut ball into the butterscotch so that it's half covered. Set aside to harden on waxed paper. Makes about 2 dozen balls.

ORANGE-SUGARED PECANS

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
Grated rind of 1 orange
1 tablespoon orange juice
Pinch salt
2 cups pecan halves

Mix the sugar and water together in a heavy saucepan. Cook, without stirring, until it reaches 238° F., on a candy thermometer or forms a soft ball when a little syrup is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and let stand 5 minutes. Stir in the orange rind, juice and salt. Add pecans and stir mixture until the sugar begins to crystallize. Quickly turn out onto cold baking sheets and separate nuts, using 2 forks. Let harden. Makes about 2½ cups candy.

FRUIT-AND-NUT SWEETMEATS

1 cup cut dried figs
1 cup cut pitted dates
2 cups walnuts
Confectioners' sugar
Candied red cherries
Blanched filberts

Put figs, dates and walnuts through the fine blade of a meat grinder twice. Shape mixture into balls about ½" in diameter, roll in confectioners' sugar, and press half a candied red cherry or a filbert in the top. Makes about 4 dozen balls.

CHRISTMAS FUDGE

½ cup cream
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1⅔ cups sugar
⅓ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped mixed candied fruits
¼ cup chopped candied cherries
⅔ cup chopped walnuts

Mix cream, milk, corn syrup, sugars and salt in a heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Lower heat and cook without stirring until mixture reaches 236° F. on a candy thermometer, or forms a soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and drop in butter, almond flavoring and vanilla. Cool to 115° or until lukewarm to the touch. Beat mixture until it is thick and has lost its shine. Drain fruits if necessary. Then add with nuts and turn candy into a buttered 8"x8"x2" pan. Cool. Cut into squares. Makes about 1½ pounds candy.

SUGARED APPLE SLICES

4 firm crisp apples
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
Granulated sugar

Pare, core and halve apples. Cut each into 8 slices. Mix the sugar and water and heat for 5 minutes, or until all sugar is dissolved. Add 10–12 apple slices, and cook slowly until transparent. Remove with slotted spoon to waxed paper. Add 2 tablespoons water to syrup and repeat process until all apples are cooked. Arrange apples on a tray, one layer deep. Leave uncovered in a dry place for 24 hours. Roll in sugar, replace on tray. Repeat this every day for 3 days. After third sugaring, let dry completely. Syrup may be tinted with red cinnamon candies, or green color with mint flavoring added. Makes about 1½ pounds candy.





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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

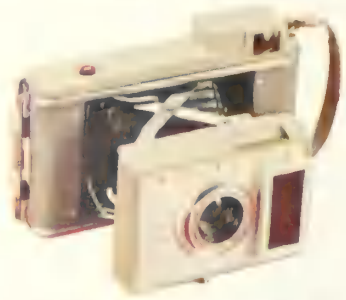
TRAVEL COMPANIONS: Packable steam iron is collapsible, purse size. It has a switch to adjust to 110- or 220-volt AC or DC and a pair of plugs that fit most types of outlets in foreign countries. Water bulb supplies steam for seventeen minutes of ironing. $14.95. Luxurious Siamese silk accessories are a glasses case, $4; tissue case, $2; and a travel jewel box, $6.50. French alligator writing case, $75.



STUART



GOOD MIXERS: Hand mixer stores beaters in one end and locks a wrap-around cord in place with a special plug so that it can hang on a wall. $17.95. Stirrer tool in pan is foe of lumps, scorching and other woes. $1.98. Trusty friend, Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook, $5.95; de luxe edition, $6.95.



SMALL WONDER: Camera, sufficiently light in weight and small in size to fit in a woman's purse or a man's pocket, does everything except pose the subject. It develops its own pictures in 10 seconds and, with the aid of an "electric eye," automatically focuses the lens and adjusts to light conditions. A final refinement is a tiny gun built into the camera for flash bulbs. 7½"x4½"x3" size, $74.95.

SHOPPING LIST FOR SANTA CLAUS

FOR THE WELL-EQUIPPED HOME



TEENAGERS' DELIGHT: A family version of soda fountain's mixer to make milk shakes and other drinks should encourage a conspicuous consumption of milk by youngsters. It comes with a 20-ounce plastic container. $14.95.

COOL COMFORT: No need to heat up the kitchen by lighting the range oven for small jobs when this portable oven will bake, roast, grill and, after its cooking element is switched to the top, broil and toast. Other pluses: a two-hour automatic timer with a signal bell, a pull-out chart of cooking times and temperatures, a lid that opens wide, lifts off for cleaning. $49.95.



For shopping information, write to Miss Judy Waters, Ladies' Home Journal, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York.

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